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A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Twelfth.

Containing the following Translations.

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Dryden's Virgil, Persius & Juvenal,

Pitt's Æneid & Rowe's Lucan.



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PREFACE

THE WORKS

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY A. POPE, ESQ.

VOL. XII.

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Vol. III.

P R E F A C E.

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itself can at best but steal wisely; for art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute: as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself when he reads him. What he writes is of the most animating nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a specta-

tor. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεὶ τὸ πῦρ, ἧλόν τε πάντα νέ-
μοιο,

"They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this "vividitas animi," in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant; in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakspeare it strikes before we are aware like an accidental fire from heaven; but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was likewise a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things, for his descriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls the "Soul of Poetry," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means

the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Table may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemoras. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Simon, and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into

actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open man-

ner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner, it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If, in the next place, we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the scripture; Dupont, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature summoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things in their various views presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer.

Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the Iliad, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises from it, and forms itself about it: for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motions of Hector's plumes in the epithet *καρυθαίολος*, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of *εινόςφυλλος*, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a great mixture of vowels and consonants, and ac-

cordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Eolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed, the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language: Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the muses dictated: and at the same time with so much force and inspired vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full: while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime; his images and descriptions are full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no ways derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than

the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues; they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we reckon some of his marvellous fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full

of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which, however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeably to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes: but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages: in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to be-

long to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes, with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And, indeed, we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of heroes distinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demigods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed*. Now, among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first: a consideration which whoever compares these two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssey* above the *Æneis*: as that the hero is a wiser man: and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other; or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their

* Preface to her *Homer*.

* Hesiod, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

own translations; this is the conduct of Perault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of *Monf. de la Motte*; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and, if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit: Nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contradictions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash para-

phrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is the safest way to be content with preserving this to the utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where he is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style; some of his translators have swelled into sustain, in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness, in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle); others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one would sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dullness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bold and fordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a fop: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the scripture and our author: one may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the divine spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the purity of his thoughts) may, methinks, induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our own language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the

other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *ἰννεσφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis. "The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἰκνεσας*, or "far-shooting" is capable of two explications; one literal, in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing

them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorised to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than an entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odysses*, ver. 312. where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inasmuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in sustin, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Buffy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having fi-

nished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, shows with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led in to that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers: though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fullness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: nor to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity; perhaps, too, he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass, than has hitherto been done by any translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambridge's *Telemachus* may give him the truest idea

of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the Epic poem, the justest notion of his design and conduct. But, after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern, as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish for the sake of the world he had prevented me the rest. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet; that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent essay) so complete a praise.

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more;

"For all books else appear so mean, and poor.

"Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read,

"And Homer will be all the books you need."

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my Lord Bollingbroke, not more distinguish-

ed in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon: but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am sa-

tisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shown me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after-ages for his defenders, his translator has had the beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly useless to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

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POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a counsel, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis, in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddesses sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atreides strove, [Jove.
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of
Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend priest defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses fought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;

VOL. XII.

If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atreides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred fire, and thus reply'd:

Hence, on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in
Till time shall rife every youthful grace, [vain;
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then, to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil, and weeping fire.

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:
Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.

O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's
shores:

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.

Thus Chryses pray'd: The favouring power
And from Olympus lofty tops descends. [attends,
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound;
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights through all the dusky air
The Pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the Goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address'd:

Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.

So heaven aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus reply'd:
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew:
Uprising slow, the venerable sage

Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age,
Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword.
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
'Tis sure, the Mighty will revenge at last.

To whom Pelides. From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without con-
troul.

Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek of all the numerous band
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies;
Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest;
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fire increase,

Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the God may spare.
The prophet spoke; when with a gloomy frown
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
Augur accurst! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill! [bring,
Still must that tongue some wounding message
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their Lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd;
Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold!
A maid, unmatched in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Insatiate king, (Achilles thus replies)
Fond of the power, but sonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should
yield,

The due reward of many a well fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume what'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.

Then thus the king. Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possessest of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim,
This hand shall seize some other captive dame;
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But thus when time requires— It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend:
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;

Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The God propitiate, and the pest assuage,
 At this Pelides, frowning stern, reply'd:
 O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
 Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
 What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me:
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,
 Safe in her vales my warlike courfers fed;
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main.
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 To avenge a private; not a public wrong:
 What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
 A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
 As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
 Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
 Some trivial presents to my ships I bear,
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
 But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
 What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?
 To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly;
 Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
 There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
 Of all the kings (the Gods distinguish'd care)
 To power superior none such hatred bear:
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy;
 If thou hast strength, 'twas heaven that strength
 bestow'd,
 For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born myrmidons; but here
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
 Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;
 But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
 Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
 Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power; [hour,
 And hence to all our host it shall be known,
 That kings are subject to the Gods alone.
 Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,
 His heart swell'd high, and laboured in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haugh-
 ty lord;
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to controul,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While halfunsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,
 Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seized; to him alone confest;
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the Goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:
 Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
 A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
 From Atreus' son: then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.
 Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
 Let great Achilles, to the Gods resign'd,
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is given;
 The king and you are both the care of heaven.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.
 For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
 Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
 Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.
 To her Pelides. With regardful ear
 'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy dictates hear.
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
 Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless.
 He said; observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
 Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
 The Goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
 Not yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
 Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.
 O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
 Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
 When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
 Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
 'Tis ours; the chance of fighting fields to try,
 Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
 And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
 Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
 Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
 Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
 Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
 Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
 Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
 This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
 From whom the power of laws and justice springs
 (Tremenduous oath! inviolate to kings):
 By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain. [spread
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,

Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.

He spoke: and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passions with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wife by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd.
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began: [joy

What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverse Gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful head restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A Godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led:

Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.

Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise;
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside;
Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
Him, awful majesty exalts above

The powers of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
Let both unite, with well consenting mind,
So shall authority with strength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it Gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host.

This said, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control.
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourselves obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway?

Grant that the Gods his matchless force hath given;
Has foul reproach a privilege from Heaven?

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:

Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain;
Should I submit to each unjust decree:
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
The Gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Crysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chriseis plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd;
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid,
The fable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The armies thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will, two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart.

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands:
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:

With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and Gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus haste, the fair Briseis bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to Gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry
vein:

The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought:
She, in soft sorrow, and in pensive thought,
Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the strand,

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:

O parent Goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:
Honour and fame at least the Thunderer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promise of a God;
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.
Far from the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The Goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He deeply sighing said: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè sacred to Apollo's name,
(Ætion's realm) our conquering army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils:
But bright Chryseis, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote selected, to the general's bed.
The priest of Phœbus fought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The generous Greeks their joint consent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair;
Not so Atrides: He, with wonted pride,
The fire insulted, and his gifts deny'd:
The insulted fire (his God's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inspir'd by Heaven, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the
woes.

Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline
To avert the vengeance of the power divine;
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseis to her fire was sent,
With offer'd gifts, to make the God relent;
But now he seiz'd Briseis heavenly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
But, Goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thundering God.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
That thou stood'st forth of all th' æthereal host,
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,

The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heaven,
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came,
(Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name)
Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along;
Not * he that shakes the solid earth so strong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;
Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful lord,
They ropt the letters, trembled, and ador'd.
This, Goddess, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.

Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
So short a space the light of Heaven to view!
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Mean time, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The fire of Gods and all th' ætherial train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

The Goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast, [rose,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Crysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd;
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnacle ty'd.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseis last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the Hero said:

Hail! reverend prince! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatombs the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God, who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this, the fire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately fought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:

* Neptune,

With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power incircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at the priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So Chryles pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to Heaven the victims flew:
The limbs they sever from th' enclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands;
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youths with instruments surround the fire:
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy late
The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning
light

The Gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove first ascending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of æthereal powers.
When like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood the Daughter of the Sea;
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the Goddess stood: one hand she plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd;

If e'er, O Father of the Gods! she said,
My words could please thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heavenly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonoured too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
Till the proud king, and all the Achaian race,
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the Goddess closer prest,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request:
O fire of Gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?

She said, and sighing thus the God replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies?

What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should Jove en-
In foreign contests, and domestic rage, [gaze
The Gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign,
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows----
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod:
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of th' immortals wait
The coming God, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heaven appear;
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the
throne,

All, but the God's imperious queen alone:
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.
Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries)
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.

What favourite Goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?

To this the Thunderer: Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of Almighty mind:
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know
The first of Gods above, and men below;
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that
Deep in the close recesses of my soul. [roll

Full on the fire the Goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: Austere Saturnius, say
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy councils take the destin'd course.

But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen
In close consult the Silver-footed Queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the Goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.
Then thus the God: Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhor'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice; th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be.
Goddess submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
Th' united strength of all the Gods above
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove.
The Thunderer spoke, nor durst the Queen reply:
A reverend horror silenc'd all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interpos'd the Architect Divine:
The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace and constant joy.
Thou Goddess-mother, with our fire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky;
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.

If you submit, the Thunderer stands pleas'd;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd.
Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
Goddess, (he cried) be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from the ethereal
Toft all the day in rapid circles round; [height;
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motions lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.
He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen re-
Then to the rest he fill'd; and in his turn, [ceiv'd.
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Mean time the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was, to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever wakeful eyes of Jove.

To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war;
Then bids an empty phantom rise to fight,
And thus commands the vision of the night:

A iiij

Fly hence, deluding dream ! and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair ;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy
The lofty towers of wide extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend ;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head ;
Cloth'd in the figure of the Pilian sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age ;
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king :

Can'st thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress'd,
Oh, Atreus son ! can'st thou indulge thy rest ?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake ! 'tis Jove's commands I bear ;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain ;
Ev'n now, O king ! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake ; but waking, this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove.

The phantom said ; then vanish'd from his sight,

Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ ;
Elate in thought he sacks untaken Troy :
Vain as he was, and to the future blind ;
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,
What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain !
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw ;
Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied,
The starry falchion glitter'd at his side ;
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.
Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king dispatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and summon all the bands ;
The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey ;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ship the Pylion prince he found ;
There calls a senate of the Peers around ;
Th' assembly plac'd, the king of men express
The counsels labouring in his artful breast :

Friends and confederates ! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my sight ;
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit, and in mien the same.

The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, dost thou sleep, Oh, Atreus' son ? (he said)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes ;
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake ! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain ;
Ev'n now, O king ! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend ;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs on yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
This hear observant, and the Gods obey !
The vision spoke, and past in air away.

Now, valiant chiefs ! since Heav'n itself alarms ;
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
But first, with caution try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war !
To move the troops to measure back the main,
Be mine ; and your's the province to detain.

He spoke, and sat ; when Nestor rising said,
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd)
Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the vision of the Powers divine ;
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
Forbid it, Heaven ! this warning should be lost !
Then let us haste, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.

Thus spoke the sage : The kings without delay
Dissolve the council, and their chief obey :
The sceptred rulers lead ; the following host
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.
As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling, and blackening, swarms succeeding
swarms,

With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms ;
Dusky they spread, a close embody'd crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ships, a lengthening train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'er shades the
Along the region runs a deafening sound ; [plain :
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling
Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove, [ground.
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
The king of kings his awful figure rais'd ;
High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd :
The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came :
To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd ;
Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends :
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.

On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd :
Ye sons of Mars ! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war !

Of partial Jove with justice I complain,
 And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
 A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
 Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
 Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.
 So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all !
 At whose command whole empires rise or fall :
 He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And towns and armies humbles to the dust.
 What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,
 Oh, lasting shame in every future age !
 Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,
 Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe :
 So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd,
 And Greece triumphant held a general feast,
 All rank'd by tens, whole decades when they dine
 Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.
 But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
 And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
 Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
 Since first the labours of this war begun :
 Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
 And scarce ensure the wretched power to fly.
 Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall !
 Our weeping wives, our tender children call :
 Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
 'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
 Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
 Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.
 Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,
 And dream no more of Heav'n-defended Troy.

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve
 Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.
 So roll the billows to th' Icarian shore,
 From East and South when winds begin to roar,
 Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
 The whitening surface of the ruffled deep,
 And as on corn when western gusts descend,
 Before the blast the lofty harvest bends :
 Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
 With nodding plumes, and groves of waving
 spears. [feet

The gathering murmur spreads, their trampling
 Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
 With long-rolling cries they urge the train
 To fit the ships, and launch into the main.
 They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
 The doubling clamours echo to the skies.
 Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
 And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain ;
 But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,
 And sighing, thus bespoke the blue-ey'd maid :

Shall then the Grecians fly ! O dire disgrace !
 And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race ?
 Shall Troy, shall Priam, and th' adulterous spouse,
 In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows ?
 And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
 Lie unreveng'd on yon detested plain ?
 No : let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
 Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms.
 Haste, Goddess, haste ! the flying host detain,
 Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
 Swift to the ships precipitates her flight ;
 Ulysses, first in public cares, she found.
 For prudent counsel like the Gods renown'd :

Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the hero stood,
 Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
 And is it thus, divine Laertes' son !
 Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)
 Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
 And fame eternal leave to Priam's race ?
 Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,
 Still unreveng'd a thousand heroes bleed ?
 Haste, generous Ithacus ! prevent the shame,
 Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
 Your own resistless eloquence employ,
 And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid,
 Ulysses heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd :
 Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand
 Receiv'd th' imperial sceptre of command.
 Thus grac'd, attention and respect to gain,
 He runs, he flies, through all the Grecian train ;
 Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
 He fir'd with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.

Warriors, like you, with strength and wisdom
 By brave examples should confirm the rest. [blest,
 The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears ;
 He tries our courage, but relents our tears :
 Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke ;
 Not thus the king in secret council spoke.
 Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,
 Beware ! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.

But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,
 Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
 Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield ;
 Unknown alike in council and in field !
 Ye Gods, what dastards would our host command,
 Swept to the war, the lumber of a land !
 Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
 That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd :
 To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway ;
 His are the laws, and him let all obey.

With words like these the troops Ulysses rul'd,
 The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.
 Back to th' assembly roll'd the thronging train,
 Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
 Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
 And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores :
 The groaning banks are burst with bellowing
 sound,

The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
 At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
 And a still silence lulls the camp to peace,
 Thersites only clamour'd in the throng,
 Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue :
 Aw'd by no shame, by no respects control'd,
 In scandal busy, in reproaches bold :
 With witty malice studious to defame :
 Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim ;
 But chief he glory'd, with licentious style,
 To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
 His figure such as might his soul proclaim ;
 One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame ;
 His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
 Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mishapen head.
 Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
 And much he hated all, but most the best.
 Ulysses or Achilles still his theme ;
 But royal scandal his delight supreme.
 Long had he liv'd the scorn of every Greek,
 Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.

Sharp was his voice, which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:

Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow:
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers,
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile towers,
And bring the race of royal bastards here,
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
But safer plunder thy own host supplies;
Say, would'st thou seize some valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
Oh women of Achaia! men no more!

Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore;
We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.

Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs,
In generous vengeance of the king of kings;
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:
Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips profane the name of king.
For our return we trust the heavenly Powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And send thee scourg'd and howling thro' the fleet.

He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling he sat, and, shrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.
While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
Ye Gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield;
Great in the council, glorious in the field;
Generous he rises in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shown,
Sollicit silence, and assert the throne.

'Twas thus the general voice the hero prais'd,
Who, rising, high th' imperial sceptre rais'd:
The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celestial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.
Th' expecting crowds in still attention hung,
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
His silence thus the prudent hero broke:

Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race,
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
Not such at Argos was their generous vow,
Once all their voice, but, ah! forgotten now:
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native shore!
What could their wives or helpless children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wintery main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,
When the ship toffes, and the tempest's beat:
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;
But vanquish'd! baffled! oh, eternal shame!
Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,
And try the faith of Chalcas and of Heaven.
What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air,
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd;
('Twas where the plane-tree spreads its shades
around)

The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Strait to the tree his sanguine spire he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmast branch a mother-bird possess'd;
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
Herself the ninth; the serpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crush'd the crying
While hovering near, with miserable moan, [young;
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother last, as round the nest she flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster flew:
Nor long surviv'd; to marble turn'd, he stands
A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands.
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Trust in his omen, and support the war.
For while around we gaze with wondering eyes,
And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,
Fall of his God, the reverend Chalcas cried,
Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.
This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.
As many birds as by the snake were slain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain;
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.
Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.

He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,
The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.
Then Nestor thus---These vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high resolves at last?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?

Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!
While useless words consume th' unactive hours,
No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway;
We march to war, if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
And view with envy our successful wars.
On that great day when first the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main,
Jove on the right, a prosperous signal sent,
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife,
Till every foldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troop to base, inglorious flight;
Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
Among those councils, let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide the train;
His separate troops let every leader call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or foldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
If Gods above prevent, or men below.

To him the king: How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in speaking well?
O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee;
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates.
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provok'd; a captive maid the cause:
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast:
And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield;
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat sit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all:
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
Till bath'd in sweat be every manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest,
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow.
Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day;
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur
rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,

That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;
With hasty feast they sacrifice, and pray
To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
To Jove's high altar Agamemnon led:
There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;
And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.
Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;
And Menelaus came unbid, the last.
The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake.
When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer:
Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heaven of heavens has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone!
Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!

Thus pray'd the chief; his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refus'd, and tost in empty air:
The God averse, while yet the fumes arose,
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew,
The limbs they sever from th' enclosing hide,
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide.
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
The generous Nestor thus the prince address'd:

Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:
Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when Heaven directs the way.
He said; the monarch issued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.
The chiefs enclose their king: the host divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-ey'd Virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in
gold.

With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous
No more they sigh, inglorious, to return, [arms;
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:

So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asius' watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cäyster's springs, [wings;
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.
Thus numerous and conius'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.
Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wandering nation of a summer's day,
That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scattered force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain.
The King of Kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outlines them all;
Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
His subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien,
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.

Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddesses! immortal nine! [height,
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
Oh, say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you
The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
Penelios, Leitus, Prothoenor led:
With these Arcesilaus and Cionius stand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,
And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,
And Mycalestia's ample piny plain.
Those who on Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;
Heleon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus itray,
Or Thespiis sacred to the God of Day.
Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Gopæ, and Thibè, fam'd for silver doves;
For flocks Erythræ, Gliffa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nyssa the divine.

And they whom Thebè's well-built walls enclose,
Where Mydè, Eutrefus, Coroné rose;
And Arnè rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.
Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.

To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,
Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Iälmén and Ascalaphus the strong:
Sons of Aëtyochè, the heavenly fair,
Whose Virgin charms subdued the God of War
(In Actor's court as she retir'd to rest,
The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress'd).
Their troops in thirty fable vessels sweep,
With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.

The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
Epistrophus and Schedius head the war.
From those rich regions where Cephissus leads
His silver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopœa, Chrysa the divine,
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
And fair Lilæa views the rising flood.
These rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Close on the left, the bold Bœotians side.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oïleus' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight;
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send:
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands, [stands,
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia }
And where Boëgrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Taphe's sylvan seats reside:
In forty vessels cut the liquid tide.

Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;
Th' Isteian fields for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air;
But with portended spears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corselets and the brazen shields.
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,
Led by Mnestheus through the liquid plain,
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,
That ow'd his nurture to the blue-eyed Maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.
Him Pallas plac'd amidst her wealthy fane,
Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes resound the Goddess' praise)
No chief like thee, Mnestheus! Greece could yield,
To marshal armies in the dusty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to display,
Or close th' embody'd host in firm array.
Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

With these appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands; [course,
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train
From high Trœzenè, and Mafeta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom strong Tyrintè's lofty walls surround,
And Epidaur with viny harvests crown'd;
And where fair Asinen and Hermion show
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
These by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway;
In four-score barks they plough the watery way.

The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægeon, and Adrastus' ancient reign;
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,
Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred vessels in long order stand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.
High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his host, unrivall'd of his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans exercis'd in arms;
Phares and Brysia's valiant troops, and those
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills enclose:
Or Messè's towers for silver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, Laïs, Augia's happy ground,
And those whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
And Helos, on the margin of the main:
These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,
In sixty ships with Menelaus draws:
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylo's sandy coast,
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;
Where beauteous Arenè her structures shows,
And Thryon's walls Alpheus' streams enclose:
And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awak'd the silver string.

Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Ægyptus stood;
From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;
And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enispe shook by wintry wind,

And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Ancæus' son) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear;
The first to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,
And bounded there where o'er the valleys rose
The Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows;
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came:
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
In separate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.
One was Amphimachus, and Thalphius one
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus son);
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyxenes, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the blest islands of th' Echinades,
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phileus the belov'd of Jove.
To strong Dulichium from his fire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses followed through the watery road,
A chief, in wisdom equal to a God.
With those who Cephalenia's isle enclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct fought the Phrygian shores.

Thoas came next, Andraemon's valiant son,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian steep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore,
For now the sons of Oeneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himself, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow through the main.

Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnoffus, Liclus, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phœxtus silver Jordan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels through the stormy seas;
From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright,
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;
For this, constrain'd to quit his native place
And shun the vengeance of the Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;

Where, many seas and many sufferings past,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the fire of men and Gods;
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And showers of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore,
Nireus, whom Aglaë to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of those Calydne's sea-girt isles contain;
With them the youth of Nysyrus repair,
Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus possess the sway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Theſſalus the king.
Now, Muse, recount Pelagic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers:
From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, blest
With female beauty far beyond the rest.
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaïans, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Theſſalians all, though various in their name;
The same their nation, and the chief the same.
But now, inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array;
Close in his fleet the angry leader lay;
Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne.
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold sons of great Evenus flew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylacè succeed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes,
Sweet Pyrrhaeus, with blooming flowrets crown'd,
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.
These own'd as chief Proteſilas the brave,
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies, far distant from his native plain;
Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain,
And his sad consort beats her breast in vain.
His troops in forty ships Podarces led,
Iphicles' son, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the host;
Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake.
Where Phœre hears the neighbouring waters fall,
Or proud Iöclus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
With bold Enmylus, whom Akeſte bore:
All Pelias' race Akeſte far outshin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Methonè or Thaumachia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,

With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart:
Seven were his ships; each vessel fifty row,
Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poisonous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore, [vain:
Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore. [tain'd,
Th' Oechalian race, in those high towers con-
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To these his skill their * Parent-God imparts,
Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.
Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
Gyrtonè's warriors; and where Orthè lies,
And Oleoſſon's chalky cliffs arise.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypœtes join'd in equal sway
Leontes leads, and forty ships obey.

In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus; Guneus was their leader's name.
With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!

Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
Prothous the swift, of old Tenthedron's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows;
Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus stray'd
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade);
In forty fable barks they stemm'd the main.

Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.
Say next, O Muse! of all Achaïa breeds,
Who bravest fought, or reign'd the noblest steeds?
Eumeleus' mares were foremost in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.
Fierce in their fight, their nostrils breath'd a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age the same;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.
Ajax in arms the first renown acquir'd,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retir'd
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
And his, th' unrivall'd race of heavenly steeds).
But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,

* Aesculapius.

In empty air their sportive javelins throw,
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow :
Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand ;
Th' immortal coursers graze along the strand ;
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.

Now, like a deluge, covering all around,
The shining armies swept along the ground :
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
Earth groan'd beneath them ; as when angry Jove
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
On Airmè when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, prest beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air ;
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,
The old consulting, and the youths around.
Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,
Who from Ælètes' tomb observ'd the foes,
High on the mound ; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
The unwelcome message to the Phrygian king :

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls !
Assembled armies oft have I beheld ;
But ne'er till now such numbers chang'd the field,
Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand,
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
Thou, godlike Hector ! all thy force employ,
Assemble all th' united bands of Troy ;
In just array let every leader call

The foreign troops ; this day demands them all.
The voice divine the mighty chief alarms ;
The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain.
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling
ground ;

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
Amidst the plain in sight of Ilium stands
A rising mount, the work of human hands ;
(This for Myrione's tomb th' Immortals know,
Though call'd Bateia in the world below)
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan host appear.
The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumed crest :
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchises' son by Venus' stol'n embrace,
Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love)
Archilochus and Arcamas divide
The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy vallies till,
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill ;
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood :
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
Grac'd with the presents of his shafts and bow.

From rich Apæsus' and Adrestia's towers,
High Tereë's summits, and Pityea's bowers ;

From these the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius' and Adrastus' equal sway :
Old Merops' sons ; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
The fire forewarn'd, and prophesy'd their doom :
Fate urg'd them on ! the fire forewarn'd in vain,
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Practius' stream, Percote's pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host :
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground :
In equal arms their brother leaders shine
Hippothes bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamus and Pyreus lead their hosts,
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts ;
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores.

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trazenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.

Pyriechmus the Pœonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend :
From Axios' ample bed he leads them on,
Axios, that laves the distant Amydon ;
Axios, that swells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylœmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules,
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus ! ever green ;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Sefamus invades the sky ; [flowers,
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odus and Epistropheus command,
From those far regions where the sun refines
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

There mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
And augur Ennomus, inspir'd in vain,
For stern Achilles lopt his sacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phœris and brave Aseanius, here unite
The Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
Or whom the vales in shades of Tmolus hide,
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake ;
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalè, and Latmos' shady brows,
And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous
tongues.

Amphimachus and Nautes guide the train,
Nautes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war,
Fool that he was ! by fierce Achilles slain,
The river swept him to the briny main :
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior
The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize. [lies ;

The forces last in fair array succeed,
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead ;
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields,
Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues; wherein Paris being overcome, he is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Greeks, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

Thus by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
Proclaim'd their motions, and provok'd the war;
So when inclement winter vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas, the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise, and order, through the mid-way sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
Darkening arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:
So, wrapt in gathering dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
In form a God! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung,
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,
Prest by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.

Thus, fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of
Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind, [fear;
And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.
As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
So from the king the shining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As God-like Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,
Or died at least before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host,
Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair,
In former days, in all thy gallant pride
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
And crowds stood wondering at the passing show;
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And * both her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's
eyes?

This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right!
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.

* Theseus and Menelaus.

Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks;
'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
Thy force like steel a temper'd hardness shows,
Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows.
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain:
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wish can gain them, but the Gods bestow.
Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat
stand,

The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And on that stage of war the cause be try'd:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought:
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow:
While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd;
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:
A parley Hector asks, a message bears,
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midst, in either army's sight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil.
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd:

Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field resign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall that he must, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the rest, secure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a fable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.

VOL. XII.

Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the sanction of confederate age;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
And youth itself an empty wavering state:
Cool age advances venerably wise,
Turns on all hand its deep-discerning eyes;
Sees what befall, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear, with rising hopes possess'd,
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,
And from their chariots issued on the ground:
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the sable shore.
On either side the meeting hosts are seen,
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.
Two heralds now, dispatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Mean time, to beauteous Helen, from the skies
The various Goddesses of the rainbow flies
(Like fair Laodice in form and face
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race).
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crown'd.
The Trojan wars she weav'd (herself the prize)
And the dire triumph of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddesses of the painted bow;
Approach and view the wond'rous scenes below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Rush to her thoughts, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew:
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race.
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace)
The king the first; Thymoetes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetæon, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These when the Spartan queen approach'd the
tower,

In secret own'd resistless beauty's power:
They cried, No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race.

B

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years!
No crime of thine our present sufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the cause;
The Gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile Gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But list thy eyes, and say what Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine!
Though some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride,
Thus ceas'd the king; and thus the fair replied:

Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind?
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form, whose crime it was to please.
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
My brother once, before my days of shame;
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!

With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
O blest Atrides! born to prosperous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state!
How vast thy empire! Of yon matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain?
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood,
But far inferior those, in martial grace
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior-
train:

What's he whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain:
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flock, surveys them round.

Then Helen thus: Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wife:

A barren island boasts his glorious birth:
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myself, O king! have seen that wond'rous man:
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause;
(Great Menelaus urg'd the same request)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest:
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view;
Ulysses seated greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' son harangu'd the listening train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fixt upon the ground,
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand;
But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise;
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant strength endued;
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?
Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied)
Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus superior towers
Amidst yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a God! I saw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in
Castor and Pollux first in martial force, [vain;
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause.
So spoke the fair, nor knew her brother's doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore.
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more. [town.

Mean time the heralds, through the crowded
Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets prest,
Who thus the venerable king address:
Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy son, and Sparta's king advance,
In measur'd lifts to toss the weighty lance:
And who his rival shall in arms subdue
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs pre-
To join his milk-white couriers to the car: [pare
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they guide;
Next from the car descending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.
On either side a sacred herald stands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlace sheath'd beside his ponderous sword;
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the princes share;

Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands:

O first and greatest power! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From east to west, and view from pole to pole
Thou mother Earth! and all ye living Floods!
Infernal Furies and Tartarian Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
Great Menelaus press the fatal plain;
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plough the watery deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And every age record the signal day.
Thus if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.

With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw;
The vital spirit issued at the wound,
And left the members quivering on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the sky;
Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;
May all their comforts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes:
Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son. [fall,

Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall
Heaven only knows, for Heaven disposes all.

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.
Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground enclose:
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all the bands.
Immortal Jove, high heaven's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted, Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies sat the combat to survey,
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lists the generous couriers neigh. }
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:

The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound;
Lycaon's corselet his fair body drest,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast:
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head;
His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes,
With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists the admiring armies stand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.
The Trojan first his shining javelin threw;
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew;
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers:

Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws,
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.
He said, and pois'd in air the javelin sent,
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His corselet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?

When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies;
The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.
Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroidered thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirst of vengeance at his rival's heart,
The Queen of Love her favour'd champion shrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.

Mean time the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd;
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came
In borrow'd form † the laughter-loving dame,

† enus,

B ij

(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
The Goddess softly shook her silken vest,
That shed perfumes, and whispering thus addrest:
Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls.
Fair as a God! with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some gay dancer in the public show.

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft desire.
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said:
Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?
For whom must Helen break her second vow?
What other Paris is thy darling now?
Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest, and a captive wife,
Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A hand-maid Goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame:
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.
Then, thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies;
Obey the powers from whom thy glories rise:
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then the sad victim of the public rage.

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the Goddess of the Smiles and Loves.

Arriv'd and enter'd at the palace-gate,
The maids officious round their mistress wait;

Then all, dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and Goddess to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the Queen of Love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say:
Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies: Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power;
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
There want not Gods to favour us above;
But let the business of our life be love:
These softer moments let delight employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore,
My forc'd, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,
When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field:
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose!
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes!
Hear and attest! from heaven with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found:
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd; his army' loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle.

The Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book).—The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebé, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen:
Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid;
But high in Heaven they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The Queen of Pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, constant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the last despair.

Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atrides, gain'd the glorious strife.
Then say, Ye powers! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates?
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.

Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heaven enrag'd,
And Queen of War in close consult engag'd:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddesses yet her wrath suppress;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke,
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke:

Shall then, O tyrant of th' ætherial reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal couriers scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.
The Sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:
Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
Can wretched mortals harm the power's above?
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'st
confound,

And yon fair structures level with the ground?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! If yet thou thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,
Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heaven!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When Heaven no longer hears the name of Troy:
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay;
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,

Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race,
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the Goddesses roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycæne, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime's sufficient, that they share my love.
Of power superior why should I complain?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.

Yet some distinction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyself from one celestial fire,
A Goddess born to share the realms above,
And styl'd the consort of the thundering Jove:
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
And Heaven shall act as we direct the way.
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.

The Sire of men and Monarch of the sky,
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.

Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her
flight,

And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main)
With sweeping glories glides along in air,
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open fight,
Shot the bright Goddesses in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The power descending, and the heavens on fire!
The Gods (they cried) the Gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!
They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.
Like bold Laodocus, her course she bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycaon's son she found,
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd;
Whose squadrons, led from black Ætæus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddesses: Phrygian! can'st thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart! [dart,
What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain! [gain,
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,

And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of Day.

He heard, and madly, at the motion pleas'd,
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
"Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled:
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread:
The workmen join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.
There meditates the mark; and, couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes,
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering
But thee, Atreides! in that dangerous hour [string.
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian power,
Pallas assists; and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course:
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd,
She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove:
The folds it pierc'd, the plained linen tore,
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph in Caria or Mætonia bred,
Strains the pure ivory with a lively red:
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye:
So, great Atreides! show'd thy sacred blood, [flood.
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming
With horror seiz'd, the king of men descried
That fast infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The shining barb appear'd above the wound.
Then, with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief express'd, [round
And grasp'd his hands; while all the Greeks a-
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound:

Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjurd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: when Heaven's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.

I see the God, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his Ægis o'er their guilty head,
Such mighty woes on perjurd princes wait;
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost,
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
(And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies)
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
"And such the conquests of her King of Kings!"
"Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
"And unreveng'd his mighty brother slain."
Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's
He said: a leader's and a brother's fears [shame.
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.

To whom the King: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art
May staunch the effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft, (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.
With hasty zeal the swift Talthylus flies;
Through the thick files he darts his searching
eyes,

And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machaon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.
The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man:
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around,
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac'd,
He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war; [care,
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive; or surpris'd with fear;
But fond of glory with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight,
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlaid;
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery couriers snorted at his side.
On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves.

Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valours on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
Why stand you gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he saw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy express'd,
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast:
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praise shall we bestow?
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors souls,
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.

To whom the Cretan thus his speech address'd:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:
Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,
Thy firm associate in the day of war.
But let the signal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I ask of Heaven.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course
pursues,

And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gathering storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black at night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the West-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his
To the close covert of an arching rock. [flock

Such, and so thick, th' embattled squadrons
With spears erect, a moving iron wood; [stood,
A shady light was shot from glimmering shields,
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields.

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the king) who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands:
Ah, would the Gods but breathe in all the rest
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast:

Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground.

Then to the next the general bends his course
(His heart exults, and glories in his force);
There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands;
With strictest orders set his train in arms,
The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms,
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
No strength no skill, but just in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,
By laws like these immortal conquest made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art,
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart!
Oh! had'st thou strength to match thy brave de-
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires! [fires,
But wasting years, that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd:
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But Heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with action
those;

The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands,
And next Ulysses with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the sound of war;
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd:

Can Peleus' son forget a warrior's part,
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
The shocks of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are call'd before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:

And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you labouring in the fray?
Say, is it thus those honours you requite:
The first in banquets, but the last in fight?

Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:
'Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold, we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
'Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dar'st to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his generous wrath the king replies;
Oh great in action, and in council wise!
With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side)
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)
Can'st thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye?
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd;
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of
fight!

I saw him once, when, gathering martial power,
A peaceful guest, he fought Mycenæ's tower;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heaven;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;
Dar'd and subdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay;
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire.
Gods! how the son, degenerates from the sire!

No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun:

What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,
Ourselves to lessen, while our fires you raise?
Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
Our valour equal, though our fury less,
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall;
And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty father's dy'd;
The sons subdued, for heaven was on their side.

Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name.

To him Tydides thus: My friend, forbear,
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:
His high concern may well excuse this rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;
His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands;
No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends
A general shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating fill,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills:
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terror reign;
And Discord raging bathes the purple plain;
Discord! dire sister of the slaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but rising every hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet
clos'd,

To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Host against host, with shady squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolas the lance arrives;
Raz'd his high crest, and through his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.

Him, the bold † leader of th' Abantian throng
Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:
But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field;
The nerves, unbrac'd, support his limbs no more;
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.

Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell,
Sept by great Ajax to the shades of hell:
Fair Simoïsius, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore:
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
To seek her parents on his flowery side,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,

And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
To shape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïsius lies
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax Antiphus his javelin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, lov'd by wife Ulysses, flew.
He drops the corpse of Simoïsius slain,
And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.
This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.
A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name;
The weapon enter'd close above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear;
With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound;
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;
Ev'n godlike Hector seems himself to fear;

† Elphenor.

Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
The Greeks with shouts press on and spoil the dead:
But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.
Have you forgot what seem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrors, rouz'd the Trojan powers:
While War's fierce Goddess fires the Grecian foe,
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diore, fell by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illustrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew);
Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous stone,
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone.
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
Before his helpless friends and native bands,
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands,
The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death:
His gushing entrails smok'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent,
Deep in his breast above the pap it went.
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
Then sudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
The Thracian bands against the victor prest;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.
Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of the Epian race:
Death's sable shade at once o'er cast their eyes,
In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art, with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each host with thirst of glory fir'd,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The AEs of Diomed.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him: Panda-

rus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded in the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest
rage.

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegus cast his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force.
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the
Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled, [plain.
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead,
And, had not Vulcan lent his celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But in a smoky cloud the God of fire
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the fire.
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Encreas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
The God of battles, and this speech address:

Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.
Her words allay'd the impetuous warrior's heat,
The God of Arms and Martial Maid retreat;
Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They sat, and listened to the dying sounds.

Mean time the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain every leader slew:
First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car address,
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' portended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son, and only joy)
From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chase,
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race:
Diana taught him all her Sylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,
Through his broad back and heaving bosom
went:

Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabric and the fair design;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystic will of Heaven unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead,
Through his right hip with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it past:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death, in lasting slumber seals his eyes.

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whose generous spouse, Theano, heavenly fair,
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear!
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon
glides,

And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypsenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,
Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand. }
Down sunk the priest; the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,
In every quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,

Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks, he thunders o'er the plain:

Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, [bounds.
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the † leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
His bended bow against the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:
The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd:

Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the dreadful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the king his guardian power address'd,
The purple current wandering o'er his vest:

O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my godlike Sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field,
Now, Goddess, now thy sacred succour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in
And lay the boaster grovelling on the shore, [fight;
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (she cry'd) in every combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and every foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:

Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring Deities. [plain,
These see thou shun, through all th' embattled
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.

If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight:

The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;

† Pandarus,

If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,

Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an instant flew:
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd;
Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad faulchion cleaves,
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyidus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old,
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides spear.

Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage;
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To strangers now descend his heapy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side.
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:

So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued,
Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes,
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun:

Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows, and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal: if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies
fall;

Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice;
(Which, oh, avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man destroy; if God, entreat to spare.

To him the Lycian: Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold!
Such couriers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's disguise;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;

And, but some God, some angry God withstands,
His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid ear.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
In fields aloft the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride:
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his counsels with unheeding mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies un-
known)

Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
And undissembled gore pursued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung.
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield;
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart be prais'd, though here we need
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.
Against yon hero let us bend our course,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight,
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go;
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein;
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.

O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son replied)
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses, practis'd to their lord's command,
Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand,
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terror of the field.

And now both heroes mount the glittering car;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd,
Who thus, alarm'd to great Tydides cry'd:

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of bold Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!

Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he spoke:
Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.

I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my fire.
Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey
Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;
Swift to Æneas empty seat proceed,
And seize the coursers of ætherial breed:
The race of those, which once the thundering God
For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,
Beneath the rising or the setting sun.
Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon;
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world should make our glory
known.

Thus while they spoke the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun:

Prince, thou art met. Though late in vain assail'd,
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and
flung;

On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung. }
He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries)
Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!
Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:
Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the God of war.

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcase lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields,
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields,

Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
Such men as live in these degenerate days. [raise,
He swung it round; and, gathering strength to
throw,

Discharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;
Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:
Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,
Remain'd unheeded of his lord's commands:
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heavenly coursers with the flowing manes:
These, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Mean while (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chase of Venus flies:
No Goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,
Or fierce Bellona, thundering at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the Goddess his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil which all the Graces wove;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded God:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,
And droop'd her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then, with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
The king insults the Goddess as she flies.
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no scene for thee:
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.

Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

Tydides thus: The Goddess seiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled,
To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms she found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way,
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,
And show'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,
A mortal man who dares encounter Heaven.
Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe,
Driven by the Goddess of the painted bow,
The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment scales the lofty skies:
There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food.

Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?

Then she: This insult from no God I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled,
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.
Dione then: Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And share those griefs inferior powers must share:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had perish'd; had not Hermes' care
Restor'd the groaning God to upper air.
Great Juno's self has bore her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heavenly reign;
Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confess'd
The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, sprinkling heavenly balm around,
Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!

But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power con-
tends,

Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late she shall retire,
No infant on his knees shall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground;
Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,

Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!

This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.

Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue ey'd Maid;

Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this mischance the Cyprian Queen befell.

As late she try'd with passion to inflame
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

The Sire o' Gods and men superior smil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:
Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares!
Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars;
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way,
And fearless dar'd the threatening God of day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook: [cloud,
He try'd the fourth: when, breaking from the
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:

O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise and see
How vast the difference of the Gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the powers that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A shortliv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the silver bow
A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
With great Æneas; such the form he bore,
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engag'd.
Mean time on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.

Stern power of arms; by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'd in blood, and shak'd th' embattled
Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes [wall,
Dispatch yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.

First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;
The next he charg'd, and dares all heaven engage:
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal
Sire,

His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.

The God of battle issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd see Priam's people die?
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?

Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd:
Haste all, and take the generous warrior's part,
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words express'd:

Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost? [boast,
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious
That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends,
Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;
With those I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me;
Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd
Or one vast burst of all-involving fate [state;
Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away
Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by
night:

With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.

Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears,
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs;
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they stand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.

As when, on Ceres' sacred floor the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The gray dust, rising with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers;
The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
And adds new honours to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires,
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound:
Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pause of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
 And great Ulysses, bath'd in hostile blood.
 Embodied close, the labouring Grecian train
 The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.
 Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
 Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
 So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
 Along the skies their gloomy lines display;
 When now the north his boisterous rage has spent,
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid element:
 The low-hung vapours motionless and still,
 Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
 Till the mists scatters as the winds arise,
 Dispers'd and broken through the ruffled skies.

Nor was the general wanting to his train,
 From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
 Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
 Your brave associates and yourselves revere!
 Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
 The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
 To meet whose point was strong Deïcoön's chance,
 Æneas' friend, and in his native place
 Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
 Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
 But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
 His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,
 Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:
 The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
 His arms around him rattled as he fell.

The fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,
 In dust Orsilochus and Crethon laid,
 Whose fire Diocleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
 In well-built Phœæ held his lofty seat:
 Sprung from Alpheüs plenteous stream! that yields
 Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.
 He got Orsilochus, Diocleus he,
 And these descended in the third degree,
 Too early expert in the martial toil,
 In sable ships they left their native soil,
 To avenge Atreides: now untimely slain,
 They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
 So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood,
 In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
 Rustle fearless to the plains, and uncontroul'd
 Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold;
 Till pierc'd at distance from their native den,
 O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
 Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
 Like mountain firs as tall and straight as they.
 Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
 Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
 Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
 The Gods but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
 He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
 Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own:
 Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be
 slain,

And all his country's glorious labours vain.
 Already met the threatening heroes stand;
 The spears already tremble in their hand:
 In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
 And fall or conquer by the Spartan king,

These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course;
 Brave as he was, and shun'd unequal force,
 The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,
 Then mix'd in combat, and their toils renew.
 First Pylæmenes, great in battle bled,
 Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians led.
 Atreides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
 Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
 The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
 His flying courser, sunk to endless night:
 A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
 His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone.
 From his numb'd hands the ivory-studded reins,
 Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
 Mean while his temples feel a deadly wound:
 He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground;
 Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
 The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,
 Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet:
 The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
 And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, and raging at the view,
 Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:
 He fires his host with animating cries,
 And brings along the furies of the skies.
 Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
 This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
 That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light,
 Where Hector march'd, the God of battles shin'd,
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydidēs paus'd amidst his full career;
 Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
 As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
 And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
 If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
 And foam impervious cross the wanderer's way,
 Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
 Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at last:
 Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands:
 He stay'd, and, turning, thus address'd his hands:

No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
 Secure of favouring gods, he takes the field:
 His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
 Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
 Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow;
 Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
 Trust not too much your unavailing might;
 'Tis not with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
 And first two leaders valiant Hector slew:
 His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found.
 In every art of glorious war renown'd;
 In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
 And fought united, and united died.
 Struck at the sight the mighty Ajax glows
 With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
 His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
 Through Amphius' belt and heavy belly went:
 Amphius Apæus' happy foil possess'd,
 With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd;
 But fate resistless from his country led
 The chief, to perish at his people's head.
 Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
 And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung;
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;

Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he prest,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast:
He could no more; the showering darts deny'd
To spoil his glittering arms and plumed pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the field,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Till, in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
Prepar'd for combat ere the lance he toss'd,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:

What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain self; nor let their flattery move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,
How vast the difference of their deeds and thine!
Jove got such heroes as my fire, whose soul
No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With six small ships, and but a slender train,
He left the town a wide-deserted plain.

But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
But, wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
Pierc'd by my spear, to endless darkness go!

I make this present to the shades below,
The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd:

Thy fire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his fate;
Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war.
Nor so content, the generous chief defy'd,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boast,
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.

He said: both javelins at an instant flew;
Both struck, both wounded; but Sarpedon's flew:
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood.
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.
Borne from the conflict by the Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each busied in his several part,
Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the
dart.)

The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But Heaven and Fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.

Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strow'd the plain,
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,
But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief:

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;
If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh.
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand;
Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
For manag'd steeds, and Techus press'd the ground:
Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring dy'd;
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side;
Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hyle's watery plain;
A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-ey'd
Maid.

Oh fight accurs'd! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs given
By Jove's great daughter and the Queen of Heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall;
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall!
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!

She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heaven's empress calls her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The bossy knaves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.

Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
Herself, impatient, to the ready ear

The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd,
(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.

Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:

Here all the terrors of grim War appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nod, with four o'erhanging plumes;
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.

The Goddess thus the imperial car ascends;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Swift at the scourge th' ethereal coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.

Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers;
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,

The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.

The sounding hinges ring; on either side
The gloomy volumes pierc'd with light, divide.

The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies
Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise:

Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne;
O'er all the Gods superior and alone.

There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains
The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains:

O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?

What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,
What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!

Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.

Mad, furious power! whose unrelenting mind,
No God can govern, and no justice bind.

Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?

To whom assenting thus the Thunderer said:
Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.

To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.

He said; Saturnia ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aerial way.

Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.

Far as a shepherd from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;

Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,
At every leap th' immortal coursers bound:

Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks
divine
Where silver Simois and Scamander join.

There Juno stopp'd, (and her fair steeds unloos'd)
Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:

For these, impregnate with celestial dew
On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.

Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand:

Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.

Heaven's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,
And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud:

Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whose throat surpasses the force of fifty tongues.

Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame,
And only men in figure and in name!

Once from the walls your timorous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;

Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;

The king beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:

To cool his glowing wound he sat apart
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart);

Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend;
Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,

Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulders lay,
He eas'd, and wash'd the clotted gore away.

The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:

Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;

Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,
And scarce refrain'd when I forebade the war.

Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
And feast, encircled by the Theban foe;

There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.

Thou too no less hast been my constant care:
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:

But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus answer'd mild: Immortal maid!
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.

Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the
plains,

Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains
From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,

And Venus only found resistance here.
Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,

Loth I give way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,

With slaughter red, and raging round the field.
Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear!

Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.
Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:

Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,

And every side of wavering combat tries;
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;

Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.
She said, and to the steeds approaching near,

Drew from his seat the martial charioteer,
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,
Fierce for revenge, and Diomed attends.

The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and so great a God.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:
But first to hide her heavenly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The God, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
Now, rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek; the dreadful God of war!
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled:
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The javelin hiss'd; the Goddess urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heaven rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the perch'd earth, and blacken all the
skies;

In such a cloud the God from combat driven,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heaven.
Wild with his pain he sought the bright abodes,
There fullen sat beneath the Sire of Gods,
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:

Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celestial powers engage,
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild; regardless of the right.
All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:

'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
Well may we deem the wonderous birth thy
own.

Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against th' Immortals lift his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus first his fury found,
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I the God of fight,
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
Else had 'st thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of Thunders view'd, and stern bespoke:
To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?
Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we use;
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly born.
Else sing'd with lightning had'st thou hence been
thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the
wound.

As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and so soon, th' ætherial texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe drest
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he sate, in majesty restor'd,
Fast by the throne of heaven's superior Lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes,
Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

he Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle; and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now Heaven forsakes the fight: th' immortals
To human force and human skill, the field: [yield,
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd † streams, that bound the
deathful plain,

On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thundering arm a deadly stroke imprest
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day:
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, dy'd.

By great Euryalus was Drius slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong em-
brace.)

Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

Astyalus by Polypoetes fell;
Ulysses' spear Pydites sent to hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaon bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unblest Atrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:

Oh, spare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain;
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood, suspended with the lifted dart:

† Scamander and Simois.

As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find!
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!

The monarch spoke; the words with warmth
address'd,

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust,
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage!
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:

Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wise to consult, and active to defend!

Here, at your gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous stand;
Prest as we are, and sore of former fight,
These straits demand our last remains of might.

Mean while, thou Hector to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold;
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold.
Before the Goddess' honour'd knees he spread;
And twelve young heifers to her altar led:

If so the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy re-
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, [tire,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might.

Hector obedient heard; and with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:

Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears :
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears ;
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,

Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud : Ye dauntless Dardans, hear !
And you whom distant nations send to war !
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall ;
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons holy train
And reverend elders, seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past ;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'er shading, to his ankle hung ;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met : the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began :

What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld.
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field ;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires !
But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend ;
Know, with Immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove :
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound ;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arm receiv'd the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move,
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above)
Depriv'd of fight by their avenging doom
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom :
Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurs'd, and hated by the Gods !
I brave not heaven : but if the fruits of earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth ;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my fire,
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' son inquire ?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;
Another race the following spring supplies ;
They fall successive and successive rise :
So generations in their course decay ;
So flourish these, when those are past away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
(Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd)
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
Then call'd Ephyre : Glaucus was his son ;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.

Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptres sway'd,
Whose hard command Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag'd.
For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame :
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :
Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate ;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate :
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, blest by every power who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood :
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd,
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd,
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ;
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
And trusted Heaven's informing prodigies)
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd ;
And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side.

Nor ended here his toils : his Lycian foes
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore ;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the Gods, and God descended chief ;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign :
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd,

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd.
With two brave sons and one fair daughter blest'd ;
(Fair even in heavenly eyes ; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of
But when at last, distracted in his mind, [Jove
Forsook by heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Alein field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way !
Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart ;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart ;
His eldest born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus surviv'd ; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name ;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty fires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart ;
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,

Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race. [old;
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of
Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:
Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
The parting heroes mutual presents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.

This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
(For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine. }
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field,
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.

Now change we arms, and prove to either host,
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they
plight;

Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind:)
For Diomed's brais arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price);
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought,

Mean time the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, entered at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the Gods t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sat:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone. [shone,
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race):
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:

O Hector! say, what great occasion calls [walls?
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our
Com'st thou to supplicate th' Almighty Power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd, }
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl:
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind. }
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer Heaven's great Sire polluted praise.
You with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire, [tire.
Who mows whole troops, and make all Troy re-
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd
Each noble matron and illustrious dame. [came
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Thenano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates,
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:

Oh, awful Goddess! ever dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall,
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou aton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the power with pray-
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs. [ers,
Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part
Assembling architects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length.

The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with the splendid show,
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guidest their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke.
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire,
For the great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.

Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?

Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother fate,
And mourn'd in secret, his and Ilion's fate.

'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.

Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.

But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:

Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame,
That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name!
Would Heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds were
done,

The day that show'd me to the golden sun,
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds
The fatal infant to the fowls of air? [bear

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midst the roarings of the waters died?

Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.

Helen at last a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame?

Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:

The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:

Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long.
Example sad! and theme of future song.

The chief reply'd: This time forbids to rest:
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,

Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.

Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.

Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;

This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:

This day, some God who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;

At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,

Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,

enfive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;

There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,

Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,

Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?

Not to the court, (reply'd the attendant train)
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:

To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.

Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:

Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.

The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,

Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir;

(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade)

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,

Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.

To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream:

Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.

Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:

His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;

Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou
run?

Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,

A widow I, and helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;

And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;

Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,

All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,

And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,

No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire!

Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike fire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;

Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;

His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were
burn'd :

The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's Sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hyppoplacia's Sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall,
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou from this tower defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pale Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train,
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief reply'd: That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep
the ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue re-
lates!

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Emitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!

Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's prayer:

O thou! whose glory fills the æthereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, this chief transcends his father's fame:
While, pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chas'd by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursued:

Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His prince's part with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look: then, moving slow
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall and beats the trembling
ground;

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
is head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
is mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;

He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
 With equal triumph sprightly, bold, and gay,
 In arms refulgent as the God of day,
 The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
 Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
 And now, the warriors passing on the way,
 The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
 To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
 O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
 Thy power in war with justice none contest;
 Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest.

What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,
 Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
 My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
 And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
 Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
 For much they suffer, for thy sake in war.
 These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's de-
 cree
 We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
 While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs
 mourns.
 And Greece indignant through her seas returns,

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The single Combat of Hector and Ajax.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the last of which only is agreed by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting; but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
 Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
 Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms,
 As when to sailors labouring through the main,
 That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
 Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise,
 The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
 So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
 The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.
 Bold Paris first the work of death begun
 On great Menestheus, Arëithous' son:
 Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
 The pleasing Arnë was his native place.
 Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below,
 Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow,
 Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand:
 And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
 By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
 Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
 Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,
 Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
 From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
 Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
 Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height;
 Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
 When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd Maid:

What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
 Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
 Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
 To give to Greece the long-divided day?
 Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
 Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
 This day, the business of the field suspend;
 War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend:
 Since vengeful Goddesses confederate join
 To raise her walls, though built by hands divine.

To whom the Progeny of Jove replies:
 I left, for this, the council of the skies:
 But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
 What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
 To her the God! Great Hector's soul incite
 To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
 Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show
 A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.

At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
 Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew:
 Hector, inspir'd, he sought: so him address,
 Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast:
 O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear
 Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
 Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
 The warring nations to suspend their rage;
 Then dare the boldest of the hostile train
 To mortal combat on the lifted plain.

For not this day shall end thy glorious date,
The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian Maid and glorious God of day
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
As when a general darkness veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)
The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,
At length compos'd they sit, and shake the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke:

Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some God commands:

Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilium falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks appear;
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust:
If mine the glory to despoil the foe;
On Phoebus' temple I'll his arms bestow:
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greek lies there,
"By Hector slain, the mighty man of war."
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:

Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace!
How great the shame, when every age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then, resolve to earth, from whence ye grow,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
Myself will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory. [prest,

These words scarce spoke, with generous ardour
His manly limbs in azure arms he dress'd:

That day, Atrides! a superior hand
Has stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand,

But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:
Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldst thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?
Griev'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand,
The mightiest warrior of th' Achaian name,
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.
Thus to the kings he spoke: What grief, what

shame,

Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name:
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn?
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old! [hear
Once with what joy the generous prince would
Of every chief who fought this glorious war;
Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's fire!
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
Minerva, Phoebus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
When, fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd,
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud, Areithous' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areithous, known from shore to shore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd.
Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he crush'd our level bands,
And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
Till I, the youngest of the host appear'd,
And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd;
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.

What then he was, Oh were you Nestor now !
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
The flower of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day ?

His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame ;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce : but far before the rest
The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast :
Then bold Tydides, great in arms appear'd ;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd :
Oileus follow'd ; Idomen was there,
And Merion dreadful as the God of War :
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage :

Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide ;
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heaven shall choose, be his the chance to
raise

His country's fame, his own immortal praise.

The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own ;
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown ;
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands :
Grant, thou Almighty ! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.

This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove ! [spir'd,

Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven in-
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers ;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own ;
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then casts before him, and with transport cries :

Warriors, I claim the lot, and arm with joy ;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd :
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret ? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread.
Ajax in all the toils of battle bred ?

From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on earth.

He said. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the God, whose thunder rends the skies :
O Father of mankind, superior Lord !
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd ;
Who in the highest heaven has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods ! unbounded and alone :
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day :
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on ;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone :
He moves to combat with majestic pace ;
So stalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.

Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God :
Grimly he smil'd ; earth trembled as he strode :
His massy javelin, quivering in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new transport ran ;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man :
Ev'n Hector paus'd ; and, with new doubt op-
press'd,

Felt his great heart suspended in his breast :
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear ;
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'er-
cast,

Of tough bull-hides ; of solid brass the last,
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd :)
This Ajax bore before his manly breast.

And, threatening, thus his adverse chief address'd :
Hector ! approach my arm ! and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian
foe.

Achilles shuns the fight ; yet some there are,
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war :
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more ;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;
No more---be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride !
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me as a boy or woman would'st thou fright,
Now to the field, and trembling at the fight ?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms :
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war ;
To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow ;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said ; and, rising high above the field,
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw ;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends :
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their javelins
drew,

Then close impetuous, and the charge renew :
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends ;
The blunted point against the buckler bends :
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear.
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength in-
pell'd ;

Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus : but, stooping down,
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,

Black, craggy, vast : to this his force he bends ;
 Pull on the brazen boss the stone descends ;
 The hollow brass resounded with the shock,
 Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock,
 Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
 With force tempestuous let the ruin fly : [broke :
 The huge stone thundering through his buckler
 His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke ;
 Great Hector falls extended on the field,
 His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield ;
 Nor wanted heavenly aid : Apollo's might
 Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight,
 And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew :
 In flaming circles round their heads they flew ;
 But then by heralds' voice the word was given,
 The sacred ministers of earth and heaven :
 Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
 And sage Idæus on the part of Troy.
 Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd ;
 And first Ideus' awful voice was heard :

Forbear, my sons ! your farther force to prove,
 Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
 To either host your matchless worth is known,
 Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own,
 But now the night extends her awful shade ;
 The Goddess parts you : be the night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd :
 O Sage ! to Hector be these words address'd ;
 " Let him who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,
 Let him demand the sanction of the night ;
 If first he ask it, I content obey,
 And cease the strife when Hector shows the way."

Oh first of Greeks ! (his noble foe rejoin'd) }
 Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind, }
 With strength of body, and with worth of mind ! }
 Now martial law commands us to forbear ;
 Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
 Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
 And let the Gods decide of death or life !
 Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
 And Heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
 Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends ;
 As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
 Who wearies Heaven with vows for Hector's life.
 But let us, on this memorable day, [say,
 Exchange some gift ; that Greece and Troy may
 " Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend ;
 " And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."

With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
 The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
 He gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow'd
 A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
 Then with majestic grace they quit the plain ;
 This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
 And hail with joy the champion of their state :
 Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
 Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound.
 To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
 Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
 The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
 A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
 Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
 The victim falls ; they strip the smoking hide,
 The beast they quarter, and the joints divide ;

Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share,
 The king himself (an honorary sign)
 Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
 When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
 Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd,
 The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,
 In words like these his prudent thought express'd :
 How dear, O kings ! this fatal day has cost !
 What Greeks are perish'd ! what a people lost !
 What tides of blood have drench'd Scamandra's
 shore !

What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more !
 Then hear me, chief ! nor let the morrow's light
 Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight ;
 Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
 While we to flames our slaughter'd friends be-
 queath.

From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear ;
 And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear ;
 So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
 And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
 Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
 High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd ;
 Next, to secure our camp, and naval powers,
 Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers ;
 From space to space be ample gates around,
 For passing chariots ; and a trench profound,
 So Greece to combat shall in safety go,
 Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe,
 'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd ;
 The sceptred kings of Greece his words ap-
 prov'd.

Mean while, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
 The Trojan peers in nightly council sate ;
 A senate void of order, as of choice ;
 Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
 Antenor rising, thus demands their ear :
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear !
 'Tis Heaven the counsel of my breast inspires,
 And I but move what every God requires :
 Let Sparta's treasure be this hour restor'd,
 And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
 The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
 Our impious battles the just Gods provoke.
 As this advice ye practise, or reject,
 So hope success, or dread the dire effect.

The senior spoke, and sate. To whom reply'd
 The graceful husband of the Spartan bride ;
 Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,
 But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears :
 Old man, if void of fallacy or art,
 Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
 Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given,
 But wisdom has its date, assign'd by Heaven.
 Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name !
 Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame ;
 My treasures too, for peace, I will resign ;
 But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,
 Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose :
 His godlike aspect deep attention drew :
 He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue :
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands !
 Now take refreshment as the hour demands :
 Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
 Till the new sun restore the cheerful light :

Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The monarch spoke! the warriors spoke with
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast. [haste
Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice; the host stood listening round:

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy and Troy's great monarch hear,
Pleas'd may ye hear (so Heaven succeed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh, had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.

But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce, to burn
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke:
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor even the Spartan dame.
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their
And Troy already totters to her fall. [wall,

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes corpse; I war not with the dead:
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain:
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move;
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage search the mournful
plain. [plore,

Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend ex-
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead;
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead;

The cold remains consume with equal care:
And, slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. [light
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then, to secure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots, and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the Greeks: mean while the Gods above
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd beheld the wonderous works of man:
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began:

What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No God consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends,
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures rais'd by labouring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies:
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid Earth's eternal basis shake:

What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subject of our realms above?
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.
But you proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew,
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge
wall:

Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian
The rolling sun descending to the main [train,
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
Black from the tents the savoury vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' stands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands,
Of fragrant wine the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent.
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore)
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.
But Jove averie the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade:
Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder shook th' aerial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd;
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The second Battle, and the Distress of the Greeks.

Jupiter assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field, in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians: but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reembarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise,
The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke:
Celestial states, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree, which not all Heaven can move;
Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye Powers, approve!
What God but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,
Gath'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven:
Or far, oh far from steep Olympus' thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarian gulf shall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye Powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove;
Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth [main:
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
For such I reign, unbounded and above;
And such are men and Gods, compar'd to Jove.
Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the Powers re-
A reverend horror silenc'd all the sky; [ply,
Trembling they stood before their Sovereign's look:
At length his best-belov'd, the Power of Wisdom
spoke:
Oh first and greatest! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our Father and our Lord!
But ah! permit to pity human state;
Is not to help, at least lament their fate.

From fields forbidden we submit refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove.
The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,
And smil'd superior on his best-belov'd.
Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;
The steadfast firmament beneath him shook:
Rapt by th' æthereal steeds the chariot roll'd;
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heaven's undrossy gold the God's array
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he shines: his coursers fly
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.
But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car the sacred Sire
Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire:
Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd:
High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.
Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy rouz'd as soon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:
Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling
ground;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd:
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams encreasing bright,
O'er heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light;

Communal death the fate of war confounds,
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
 But when the sun the height of heaven ascends;
 The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends,
 With equal hand: in these explor'd the fate
 Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
 Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
 Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies,
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horror spreads;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
 Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls;
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
 The God in terrors, and the skies on fire,
 Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,
 Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
 Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd;
 Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
 Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
 Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part:
 Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain:
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
 Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed
 Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed,
 When dreadful Hector thundering thro' the war,
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless
 hand

The hoary monarch of the Pylian band:
 But Diomed beheld: from forth the crowd
 He rush'd and on Ulyssus call'd aloud.

Whither, oh whither does Ulyssus run?
 Oh flight unworthy great Laertes' son!
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
 Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound?
 Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage
 The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.
 His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,
 Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
 But bold Tydides to the rescue goes,
 A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;
 Before the coursers with a sudden spring
 He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king:

Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
 These younger champions will oppress thy might.
 Thy veins no more with ancient vigor glow;
 Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.
 Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car
 Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
 To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
 These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein,
 Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;
 With these against yon Trojans will we go,
 Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe;
 Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
 The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,
 Approves his counsel, and ascends the car:
 The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold;
 Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:
 The reverend charioteer directs the course,
 And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.
 Hector thy face; unknowing how to fear,
 Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear.

The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
 But plung'd in Eniopeus' bosom lay.
 His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;
 The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain.
 Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,
 Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field;
 Till, to supply his place and rule the car,
 Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
 And now had death and horror cover'd all;
 Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall
 Enclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful sound
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
 Full in Tydides face the lightning flew;
 The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;
 The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight;
 And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright:
 He dropp'd the reins; and, shook with sacred
 dread,

Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:

O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
 Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence.
 This day, adverse, the Sovereign of the skies
 Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.
 Some other sun may see the happier hour,
 When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly power.
 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
 The great will glory to submit to Jove.

O reverend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But ah, what grief, should haughty Hector boast,
 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast!
 Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
 O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warrior's shame.
 To whom Gerenian Nestor thus reply'd;
 Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
 Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast?
 Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,
 Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;
 Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
 That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.
 He said, and hasty o'er the gasping throng
 Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along.
 The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
 The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.
 Then, with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
 Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies.
 Go, mighty hero, grac'd above the rest
 In seats of council and the sumptuous feast;
 Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
 Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
 To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
 To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince! are
 fled, [dead.

This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee
 Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
 To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight;
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
 On Ida's summits thunder'd from above:

Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,
 (The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight:

Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
 All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
 Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.
 Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame
 Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame.

In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall
bound;

And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,
Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing
brand;

Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke:
Now, Xonthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chase,
And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.
For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand;
For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,
So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine.
Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold;
From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:

These if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul;
She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
And thus to Neptune: Thou, whose force can make
The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,
See'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress'd,
Nor swells that heart in thy immortal breast?
Yet Ægæ, Helicæ, thy power obey,
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay,
Would all the Deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:
Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend,
And see his Trojans to the shades descend:
Such be the scene from his Idæan bower;
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen Power!

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
What rage, what madness, furious Queen, is
I war not with the Highest. All above [thine!
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd
shields.

Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array;
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.

The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.

High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;
There, from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard:
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,

Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
Oh Argives! shame of human race, he cry'd;
(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd)

Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?

Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;

But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?
O mighty Jove! oh fire of the distress'd?
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?

With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!

To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;
What altar smok'd not with our victims' gore?

With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.

Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand!

Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand,
And save the relics of the Grecian land!

Thus pray'd the king; and Heaven's great Fa-
ther heard

His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd;

The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.

His eagle, sacred bird of Heaven! he sent,
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)

High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,

Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;

Then let the prey before his altar fall,

The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:

Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,

And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.

Tydidēs first of all the Grecian force,

O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,

Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle
tore,

And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.

Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)

With flying couriers shun'd his dreadful ire:

Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress'd;

The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:

Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:

His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.

Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;

Th' Attidæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:

Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,

And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound:

Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,

And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.

Secure behind the Telamonian shield

The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,

With every shaft some hostile victim slew,

Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:

The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,

Retires for safety to the mother's arms.

Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,

Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.

Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?

Orsiloehus; then fell Ormenus dead:

The god like Lycophon next press'd the plain,

With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain:

Bold Hamopæon breathless sunk to ground;

The bloody pile great Menalippus crown'd.

Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,

A Trojan ghost attended every dart.

Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye

The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:

Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)

Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;

Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,

Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!

Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace,

The vigorous offspring of a stolen embrace,

Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If heaven's high
powers

Give me to raze Troy's long defended towers;
Whatever treasures Greece for me design;
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
With courfers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompence the warrior's toils with love.

To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.
What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight fork'd arrows from his hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But sure some God denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon
flies

At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:
He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drench'd, in royal blood the thirsty dart.
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line).
As full blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain:
So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.
Another shaft the raging archer drew:
That other shaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:
Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipt its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew:
The shaft already to his shoulder drew:
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone;
The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd the useless bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
Till great Alastor, and Mecistheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.

Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian Sire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with
fire.

The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
First of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terror cloth'd, and more than mortal strong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase,
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,

Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;
Thus following Hector still the hindmost flew.
When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;
Before the ships a desperate stand they made,
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame
That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood;
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God!
Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
Then pensive thus, to wars triumphant maid:

Oh daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield!
Now, in this moment of her last despair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,
Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of Heaven's relentless hate?
Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all!
What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall!
What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?
Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!

So spake th' imperial Regent of the skies.
To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes;
Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with
gore,

Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore;
But he above, the fire of heaven, withstands,
Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.
The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my service and deserv'd reward:
Sav'd I, for this, his favourite & son distress'd.
By stern Euristheus with long labours press'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;
I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
Averse to me of all his heaven of Gods,
At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,
My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd maid his best lov'd.
Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;
Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
Then, Goddess! say, shall Hector glory then,
(That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)
When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
All dreadful in the crimson walks of war!
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more, [gore?
Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with

She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, mean while, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove,
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends;
Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends;

Hercules.

Huge, ponderous, strong! that, when her fury
burns,

Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Saturnia lends the lash; the courfers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.

Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,

Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged hours.

Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,

The sun's bright portals and the skies command;

Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,

Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.

The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;

Prone down the steep of heaven their course they

But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd, [guide.

And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid: [car;

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their

Against the highest who shall wage the war?

If furious yet they dare the vain debate,

Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate.

Their courfers crush'd beneath the wheel shall lie,

Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;

My lightning these rebellious shall confound,

And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground.

Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep

The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.

So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,

Nor dare to combat her's and nature's fire.

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,

She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid

From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;

To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,

There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,

Restraints their progress from the bright abodes,

And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods,

What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move

Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?

Desist, obedient to his high command;

This is his word: and know, his word shall stand.

His lightning your rebellion shall confound,

And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:

Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,

Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky:

Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep

The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.

So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,

Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,

She claims some title to transgress his will.

But thee what desperate insolence has driven,

To lift thy lance against the King of heaven?

Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,

She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd:

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield

Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!

No more let beings of superior birth

Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:

Triumphant now, now miserably slain,

They breathe or perish as the fates ordain,

But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find;

And, ever constant, ever rule mankind. [light.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of

Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.

The hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,

And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.

There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;

The chariot propt against the chrystal walls.

VOL. XII.

The pensive Goddesses, abash'd, control'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height,
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky.

'Twas Neptune's charge his courfers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal base:

There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.

He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,

Th' eternal thunderer sat thron'd in gold;

High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,

And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.

Trembling afar th' offending powers appear'd,

Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd.

He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:

Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?

Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd

Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.

But know, whose'er almighty power withstand!

Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:

Who shall the sovereign of the skies controul?

Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.

Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,

And each immortal nerve with horror shake.

For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;

What power so'er provokes our lifted hand,

On this our hill no more shall hold his place;

Cut off, and exil'd, from th' æthereal race.

Juno and Pallas, grieving, hear the doom,

But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.

Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,

The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress:

But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:

What hast thou said, Oh tyrant of the skies!

Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;

'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.

For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,

To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:

From fields forbidden we submit refrain,

With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;

Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may

Left all should perish in the rage of Jove. [move,

The Goddess thus. And thus the God replies:

Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies:

The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,

Shall see th' Almighty thunderer in arms.

What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,

Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.

Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,

The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,

Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain

That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)

Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain. }

For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course

With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.

Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,

Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;

Where curs'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,

Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell;

No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there;

No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air;

There arm once more the bold Titanian band;

And arm in vain; for what I will shall stand.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,

And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:

D

The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks, rejoicing, bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial counsel near the navy walls;
These to Scamander's banks apart he led,
Where, thinly scatter'd, lay the heaps of dead.
Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince surround.
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on this lance reclin'd,
And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind:

Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering
flame

Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with
But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls, [fame.
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought
And strengthening bread, and generous wine be
brought.

Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays;
Left, in the silence and the shades of night,
Greece on her fable ships attempt her flight.
Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe; [care,
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses'
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;
To bid the fires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers:
Left, under cover of the midnight shade,
Th' insidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to night, these orders to obey:
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
The Gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
From these detested foes to free the land,
Who plough'd, with fates averse, the watery way;
For Trojan vultures a predestin'd prey.

Our common safety must be now the care;
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage,
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove:
To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne;
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gor'd,
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death secure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!
As the next dawn the last they shall enjoy,
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.

The leader spoke. From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light:
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shout a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn;
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embassy to Achilles.

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this; and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution; he orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice: and Nestor farther prevails upon

him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches; but are rejected, with roughness, by Achilles, who, notwithstanding, retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp; and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

Thus joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.
As, from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
A double tempest of the west and north
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;
Such various passions urge the troubled host.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers;
But bid in whispers: these surround the chief,
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.
The king amidst the mournful circle rose;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In fable streams soft trickling waters shed.
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd,
Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his breast;

Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care;
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too justly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils:
Now shameful flight alone can save the host;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees. Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towers and armies humbles to the dust.
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,
Haste to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ;
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.

He said; deep silence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand,
A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours spring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.
They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;
The noblest power that might the world controul
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
Is this a general's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own to every Grecian breast?

Confiding in our want of worth he stands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main;
A nobler car the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece shall stay; or, if all Greece retire,
Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire:
Myself and Sthenelus will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
And voice to voice resounds Tydides praise.
Wise Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He spoke; the host in still attention heard:
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well. [moves,
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom
Applauding Greece, with common voice approves.
Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with truth.

And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I bring
Distaste the people, or offend the king:

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.
Wise, weighty counsels, aid a state distressed,
And such a monarch as can choose the best.
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can close to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall.

Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey;
Swift through the gates the guards direct their
His son was first to pass the lofty mound, [way.
The generous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen, stood,
The double offspring of the Warrior-God.
Deipyrus, Apharius, Merion, join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.

Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands;
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall;
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men on public counsels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd,
And, slowly rising, thus the council mov'd:

Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
Assembled states and lords of earth obey,
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.
O king! the counsels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
And ratify the best for public good.

Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment, and my past:

When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I first oppos'd, and faithful durst dissuade;
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the king: With justice hast thou shown
A prince's faults, and I with reason own.

That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself an host.
Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands,
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic
rage,

The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow:
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;
Seven sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;

(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed).
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
And solemn swear those charms were never mine:
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These, instant, shall be his; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brais his loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.

Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve;
I ask no presents, no reward for love:
Myself will give the dower; so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.

Seven ample cities shall confess his sway,
Him Enopé, and Phære him obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil;
There shall he reign with power and justice
And rule the tributary realms around. [crown'd,
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him as the worst of Gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus. The reverend Nestor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And such as fits a generous king to make.
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent;
Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.
Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.

Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the sands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:
Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most,
To deprecate the chief, and save the host. [roar
Through the still night they march, and hear the
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
And now, arriv'd where on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amus'd at ease the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound:
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebes
came,

Of polish'd silver was its costly frame):

With this he sooths his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
 Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
 Full opposite lie fate, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
 To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
 Achilles, starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
 With like surprize arose Menœtius' son:
 Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:

Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
 Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
 To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
 And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
 Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
 Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
 Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
 Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire:
 The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
 Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat, contains:
 Achilles at the genial feast presides,
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Mean while Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
 The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
 Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
 With bread the glittering cannisters they load,
 Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
 Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight,
 Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
 The first fat offerings, to th' Immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
 Then each, indulging in the social feast,
 His thirst and hunger soberly repress.

That done, to Phoenix Ajax gave the sign;
 Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
 The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
 His speech addressing to the godlike man:

Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
 Not those more honour'd whom Atreides feasts:
 Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
 That Agamemnon's regal tent affords,
 But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
 Troy, and her aids, for ready vengeance call;
 Their threatening tents already shade our wall:
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they pro-
 claim,

And point at every ship their vengeful flame!
 For them the Father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
 See, heaven and earth the raging chief defies;
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his
 eyes!

He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
 Heavens! how my country's woes distract my mind,
 Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
 And must we, Gods! our heads in glorious lay
 In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
 Return, Achilles! oh return, though late,
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
 If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
 The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt; that courage rise in vain.
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
 When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting son, these accents were his last:
 My child! with strength, with glory and success,
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
 Trust that to Heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtues of humanity be thine——
 This, now despis'd, advice thy father gave;
 Ah, check thy anger, and be truly brave.
 If thou wilt yield to great Atreides' prayers,
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store:
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
 Seven sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course;
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed).
 Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms.
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
 And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
 With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
 These, instant, shall be thine; and if the Powers
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil di-
 vides)

With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
 With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
 Such as thyself shall choose; who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
 And with Orestes' self divide his care.
 Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Crysothemis with golden hair;
 Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
 He asks no presents, no reward for love:

Himself will give the dower; so vast a store
 As never father gave a child before.
 Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,
 Thee Enopé, and Phœæ thee obey,
 Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd;
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Anthéia with her flowery fields:
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
 Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.
 There shalt thou reign with power and justice
 crown'd,

And rule the tributary realms around.
 Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king,
 But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,
 If honour, and if interest, plead in vain;
 Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
 And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
 If no regard thy suffering country claim,
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
 For know that chief, whose unresisted ire
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
 Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.

Then thus the Goddess-born: Ulysses, hear
 A faithful speech, that knows not art, nor fear;
 What in my secret soul is understood,
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain:
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus, in short, my fixt resolves attend,
 Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend;
 Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
 Fight or fight not, a like reward we claim,
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
 From danger guards them, and from want defends:
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her wives, her infants, by my labours sav'd;
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
 Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possessest;
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to every prince was paid;
 And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
 I only must refund, of all his train;
 See what preeminence our merits gain!
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
 But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?

What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?
 Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face,
 Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
 The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
 Sure every wise and worthy man will love.
 Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
 Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.
 Ye have my answer---what remains to do,
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake?
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought:
 He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
 Achilles fury at the Scæan gate;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate.
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
 To-morrow we the favouring Gods implore;
 Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
 The third day hence, shall Pthia greet our sails,
 If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
 Phthia to her Achilles shall restore
 The wealth he left for this detested shore:
 Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
 The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining bras;
 My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
 One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
 And that resum'd, the fair Lyrnessian slave.
 Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
 (For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
 Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes
 Is what he dares not; if he dares he dies)
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join;
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
 No---let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
 His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
 Not though he proffer'd all himself possessest,
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
 The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
 Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
 The world's great empress on th' Ægyptian plain,
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
 And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
 Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars)
 Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number
 more
 Than dust in fields, or sand along the shore;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call;
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
 Atrides' daughter never shall be led
 (An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;

Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
 Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
 If heaven restore me to my realms with life,
 The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife.
 Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
 Blest in kind love my years shall glide away,
 Content with just hereditary sway;
 There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
 Lost herds and treasures, we by arms regain,
 And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:
 But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
 Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
 My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd;
 Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown;
 If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
 Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
 Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.
 Go then---digest my message as ye may---
 But here this night let reverend Phoenix stay:
 His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
 But whether he remain, or sail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free.

The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
 In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
 Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
 And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,
 With accent weak these tender words return'd:

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind?
 The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
 He sent thee early to th' Achaian host;
 Thy youth, as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field:
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
 To shine in councils and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not though the God, that breath'd my life, re-
 store

The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,
 When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
 (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames!)

My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
 Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
 I try'd what youth could do (at her desire)
 To win the damsel, and prevent my fire.
 My fire with curses loads my hated head,
 And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
 Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
 And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.
 Despair and grief distract my labouring mind!
 Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd!
 I thought (but some kind God that thought sup-
 press'd)

To plunge the poinard in my father's breast:
 Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
 With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
 They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
 Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights
 entire;

The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire.
 The tenth, I forc'd the gates unseen of all;
 And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
 My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend;
 In Pthia's court at last my labours end.
 Your fire receiv'd me, as his son caress'd,
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blest'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd:
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Thy infant breast, a like affection show'd;
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
 Or at my knee, by Phoenix would'st thou stand;
 No food was grateful but from Phoenix' hand.
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares;
 The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee:
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:

The Gods (the only great, and only wife)
 Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily prayers atone for daily sins.
 Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
 With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow, where injustice flies:
 Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er man-
 kind, [behind.]

While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above:
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughter's sake;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce injustice then
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
 Oh, let not headlong passion bear the sway;
 These reconciling Goddesses obey:
 Due honours to the seed of Jove belong:
 Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the
 strong.

Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king:
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
 But since what honour asks, the general sends,
 And sends by those whom most thy heart com-
 mends,

The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!
 Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
 A great example drawn from times of old;
 Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
 Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
 Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
 To guard it those, to conquer these advance;
 And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
 The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
 In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;

On Oeneus' field she sent a monstrous bear,
 That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore:
 This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
 Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.

Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
 The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
 Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
 While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:

Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast
 (For rage invades the wisest and the best).
 Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
 And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.

" (She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
 " And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
 " The God of day ador'd the mother's charms:
 " Against the God the father bent his arms:
 " Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
 " From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
 " And call'd Alcyone; a name to show
 " The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")

To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
 But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
 Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
 Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;
 She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
 On her own son to wreak her brother's death:
 Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round,
 In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,

War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
 She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
 Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land;
 Besought the chief to save the sinking state:

Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great:
 (Full fifty acres of the richest ground, [crown'd
 Half pasture green, and half with vineyards
 His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came;

His sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame
 Althæa sues; his friends before him fall:
 He stands relentless and rejects them all.

Mean while the victor's shouts ascend the skies;
 The walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise;
 At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;

She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd:
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.

Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their
 turn,

And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
 Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire:
 Accept the presents; draw thy conquering sword;
 And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus he. The stern Achilles thus reply'd:
 My second father, and my reverend guide:
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:

Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:
 And here I stay (if such his high behest)
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
 No more molest me on Atrides' part;
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
 For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
 One should our interests and our passions be;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.

Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a generous part;
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
 Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd: then order'd for the sage's bed
 A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
 With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
 And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke:

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
 See what effect our low submissions gain!
 Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
 The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.

Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
 Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
 On just atonement, we remit the deed;

A fire the slaughter of his son forgives;
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murderer lives:
 The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
 And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.

The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield,
 One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms:
 Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.

Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
 And know the men, of all the Grecian host,
 Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
 (To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)
 Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
 My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame:

'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
 Return then, heroes! and our answer bear,
 The glorious combat is no more my care;

Not till, amidst yon sinking navy slain,
 The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;
 Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
 Consume your vessels, and approach my own;

Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
 There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.
 This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
 And cast a large libation on the ground;

Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shades,
 The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.
 Mean time Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed,
 With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
 There, till the sacred morn restord the day,
 In slumber sweet the reverend Phoenix lay,
 But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
 Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace
 Fair Diomed of the Lesbian race.
 Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
 Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd;
 Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
 When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.
 And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had

sent,
 Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
 Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
 The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands,
 Hail'd their return. Atrides first begun:

Say what success? divine Laertes' son!
 Achilles high resolves declare to all;
 Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?

Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
 Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
 He flights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
 And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns:
 To save our army, and our fleets, to free,
 Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.

Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the
 Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly. [sky,
 Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy:
 For Jove o'er shades her with his arm divine,
 Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine.

Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
 The sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
 But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
 Safe to transport him to his native plains,
 When morning dawns: if other he decree,
 His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
 With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
 Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
 The general silence, and undaunted spoke:
 Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
 Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?
 His country's woes he glories to deride,
 And prayers will burst that swelling heart with

pride.
 Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd;
 Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;
 Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
 That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit:
 What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
 This night, let due repast refresh our powers
 (For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
 And those are ow'd to generous wine and

food);
 But when the rosy messenger of day
 Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
 Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine,
 In flaming arms, a long extended line:
 In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
 The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,
 Then each to Heaven the due libations pays;
 Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows
 The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awakening the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
 And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
 All but the king; with various thoughts oppress'd,
 His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
 As when, by lightnings, Jove's ætherial power
 Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty shower,
 Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
 Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
 By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
 And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.
 So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
 Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess,

Now o'er the field, dejected, he surveys
 From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
 Hears in the passing wind their music blow,
 And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
 Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
 Anxious he sorrows for the endanger'd host.
 He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove,
 And swears to him that ever lives above:
 Inly he groans; while glory and despair
 Divide his heart, and wage a double war.

A thousand cares his labouring breast involves,
 To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,

With him in wholesome counsels, to debate
 What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
 He rose, and first he cast his mantle round;
 Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
 A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
 His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.
 Mean while his brother, prest with equal woes,
 Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
 Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
 So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
 A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread;
 A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
 Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
 To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
 Already wak'd, Atrides he deserv'd,
 His armour buckling at his vessel's side.
 Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
 Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
 Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
 To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
 But say, what hero shall sustain that task?
 Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;
 Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
 And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe!

To whom the king: In such distress we stand,
 No vulgar counsels our affairs demand;
 Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
 But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art:
 For Jove averse our humble prayer denies,
 And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
 What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd,
 In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
 Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
 And we beheld, the last revolving sun.
 What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
 Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born,
 Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
 There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
 Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair;
 To keep the guards on duty be his care;
 (For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
 Whose son with Merion o'er the watch presides.)
 To whom the Spartan: These thy orders borne,
 Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return?
 There shalt thou stay (the king of men reply'd)
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
 Still, with your voice the slothful soldiers raise,
 Urge, by their father's fame, their future praise.
 Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
 Not titles here, but works must prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below;
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

This said, each parted to his several cares;
 The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
 The sage protector of the Greeks he found
 Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
 The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears:
 The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said:

What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,
 While others sleep thus range the camp alone?

Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel?
 Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O son of Neleus (thus the king rejoin'd)
 Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
 Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
 Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands;
 Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
 And woes, that only with his life shall end!
 Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
 And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
 No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
 Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
 With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;
 And all my people's miseries are mine.
 If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
 (Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)
 Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;
 Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
 At every gate the fainting guard excite,
 Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
 Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
 So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor: Trust the Powers above,
 Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
 How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
 And the wise counsels of th' Eternal Mind!

Audacious Hector! if the Gods ordain
 That great Achilles rise and rage again,
 What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
 Lo faithful Nestor thy command obeys;
 The care is next our other chiefs to raise:
 Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need;
 Meges for strength, Oileus fam'd for speed.
 Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet,
 To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
 Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
 To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share
 With his great brother in this martial care:
 Him it behov'd to every chief to sue,
 Preventing every part perform'd by you;
 For strong necessity our toils demands,
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the king: With reverence we allow
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.
 My generous brother is of gentle kind;
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;
 Through too much deference to our sovereign
 Content to follow when we lead the way. [sway,
 But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
 Long ere the rest, he rose, and sought my tent.
 The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,
 Prepare to meet us near the navy wall;
 Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
 Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.

Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule with-
 stand,

For great examples justify command.

With that the venerable warrior rose;
 The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;
 His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
 Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
 Then, rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
 His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past.
 The camp he travers'd through the sleeping crowd,
 Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.

Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.
What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wandering in the silent night.
O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage reply'd)
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd:
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight,
All, all depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.

Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All sheath'd in arms: his brave companions round:

Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quivering light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes:

Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the
foe [low!

Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls be-
At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled:
The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said,
Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows,
Though years and honours bid thee seek repose,
Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.

My friend (he answer'd) generous is thy care,
These toils my subjects and my sons might bear;
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
To ease a sovereign, and relieve a fire.
But now the last despair surrounds our host;
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost;
Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age:
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest:
He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung; [long.
Then seiz'd his ponderous lance, and strode a- }
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed,
The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments
led,

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their listening leaders keep,
And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train,
When the gaunt lions, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded
fold: [hear;

Through breaking woods her rustling course they
Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
Watch every side, and turn to every sound.

Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes,
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright,
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.

Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
And thus accosted through the gloomy shade:
'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ;
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero
said;

Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His son, and godlike Merion, march'd behind
(For these the princes to their council join'd);
The trenches past, th' assembled kings around
In silent state the consistory crown'd.

A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before;
When night descending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relics of the Grecian band:
(The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son
The council opening, in these words begun:

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country save?
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
Or, favour'd by the night, approach so near,
Their speech, their counsels, and designs, to hear?
If to besiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night,
What fame were his through all succeeding days,
While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to
praise?

What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
What must not Greece to her deliverer owe?
A fable ewe each leader should provide,
With each a fable lambkin by her side;
At every rite his share should be increas'd,
And his the foremost honours of the feast.
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear
Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here.
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous
way,

Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen warrior join,
To raise my hopes, and second my design.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made;
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose:
Each generous breast with emulation glows:
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the contest ends:
Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Just be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth or office, no respect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd):
My choice declares the impulse of my mind,
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of
fire.

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame:
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,
The reddening orient shows the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on th' æthereal plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with generous ardour prest,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest.
A two-edg'd faulchion Thrasymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn;
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd:
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;
The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples prest'd.
Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
And dark through paths oblique their progress
Just then, in sign the favour'd their intent, [take.
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:
This, though surrounding shades obscur'd their
view, [knew.

By the shrill clang, and whistling wings, they
As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the Maid:

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
O thou! for ever present in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils, survey!
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then godlike Diomed prefer'd his prayer:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'st the fire, defend the son.
When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and fought the Theban tow-
ers, show,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers
So now be present, Oh celestial Maid! [yield.
So still continue to the race thine aid!

A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns.

The heroes pray'd; and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd
plain,
Through dust, through blood, o'er arms and hills
of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
On high designs the wakeful hours employ:
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd:

What glorious man for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture, for a rich reward,
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make, [take?
What watch they keep, and what resolves they
If now subdued they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well.

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy
(Five girls beside the reverend herald told)
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold,
Not blest by nature with the charms of face,
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
Hector! (he said) my courage bids me meet
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize:
Th' immortal coursers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war,
Encourag'd thus, no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know.
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way,
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky:
Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore: the Gods were call'd in
vain;

But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
Across his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shin'd.
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along),
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed:

O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet,
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet:
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace,

But if too swift of foot he flies before,
 Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
 Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
 And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their
 (As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead: [head
 Along the path the spy unwary flew;
 Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
 So distant they, and such the space between,
 As when two teams of mules divide the green
 (To whom the hind like shares of land allows),
 When now new furrows part th' approaching
 ploughs.

Now Dolon listening heard them as they pass;
 Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his
 Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw, [haste,
 No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
 As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind;
 Or chace through woods obscure the trembling
 Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way, [hind;
 And from the herd still turn the flying prey:
 So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew;
 So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.
 Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
 And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
 When brave Tydides stopp'd; a generous thought
 (Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
 Left on the foe some forward Greek advance,
 And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
 Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art remain;
 This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain.
 He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
 Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder pass;
 Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
 The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he
 A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head; [stood;
 His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
 The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
 And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
 Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.
 To whom Ulysses made this wise reply;
 Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
 What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the
 To roam the silent fields in dead of night? [sight,
 Can'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
 By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
 Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
 Through heaps of carnage to despoil the dead?
 Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
 (Still as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)
 Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
 Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
 No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,
 And those swift steeds that sweeps the ranks of
 Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make; [war,
 To learn what counsels, what resolves you take;
 If, now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
 And, tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize!
 (Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies)
 Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
 And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
 Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,
 Achilles, sprung from an immortal dame,

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
 Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to night?
 Where stand his couriers? in what quarter sleep
 Their other princes? tell what watch they keep:
 Say, since their conquest, what their counsels }
 Or here to combat, from their city far, [are;
 Or back to Ilion's wall transfer the war.

Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
 What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
 Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
 A council holds at Ilus' monument,
 No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
 Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake:
 Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
 Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
 Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
 Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
 (Enquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain?
 To whom the spy: Their powers they thus dis-
 pose:

The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
 The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
 And Leleges, encamp along the coast.
 Not distant far, lie higher on the land
 The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
 And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbras' ancient wall;
 The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.
 These Troy but lately to her succour won,
 Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son:
 I saw his couriers in proud triumph go,
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow:
 Rich silver plates his shining car infold;
 His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
 No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
 Celestial Panoply, to grace a God!
 Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
 Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
 In cruel chains; till you return reveal,
 The truth or falsehood of the news I tell.

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
 Think not to live though all the truth be shown;
 Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
 To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
 Or that again our camps thou may'st explore;
 No---once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
 With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
 Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
 Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
 One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
 The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
 The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
 The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;
 These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
 To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize:

Great Queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
 And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
 Thee first of all the heavenly host we praise;
 O speed our labours, and direct our ways!
 This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
 High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;
 Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the
 To guide their footsteps to the place again. [plain,
 Through the still night they cross the devious
 fields [shields,

Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of

Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day. [band :
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand ;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons
shin'd :

Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the coursers, and the car behold !
Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides ! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ;
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,

Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds,
Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms ;
Where'er he pass'd a purple stream pursued
His thirsty falchion, sat with hostile blood ;
Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.

So the grim lion from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen ;
On sheep or goats, resists in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
'Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses following, as his partner slew,
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew ;
The milk-white coursers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way ;
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they
found ;

Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent ;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore :
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins ;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along ;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the signal to retire ;
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire :
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands :

Enough, my son ; from father slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace ;
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of Troy.

The voice divine confesses the martial Maid ;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd ;
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd : the God of Light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's
flight

Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast.

Swift to the Trojan camp descends the Power,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning hour
(On Rhesus' side accusom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend).
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty space where late the coursers stood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast ;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most :
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain ;
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.

Mean while the chiefs arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd ; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore :
Then mounts again ; again their nimble feet
The coursers ply, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around :
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear ;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods ! of pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain !)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train ;
Perhaps, ev'n now pursued, they seek the shore ;
Or, oh ! perhaps those heroes are no more.

Scarce had he spoke, when lo ! the chiefs ap-
pear, [fear :
And spring to earth ; the Greeks dismiss their
With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the kings : and Nestor first demands :
Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name !
Say, whence these coursers ? by what chance be-
stow'd ?

The spoil of foes, or present of a God ?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field ;
But sure till now no coursers struck my sight
Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Blest as ye are, and favourites of the skies ;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And † her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father ! not so (sage Ithacus rejoind)
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew ;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
By Hector sent our forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew ;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn :
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.

† Minerva.

But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighbouring
main:

Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libations pour:
They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third Battle, and the AAs of Agamemnon.

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded, and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy: Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time, Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.

THE ~~fast~~ morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonius' bed:
With new born day to gladden mortal fight,
And gild the course of heaven with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand.
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian throng
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The king of men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
And first he cas'd his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,
The same which once king Cinyras possess'd:
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;
'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain).

Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales, against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showry cloud
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies).
A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;
Ten zones of brais its ample brim furround,
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield:
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along;
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
Cast o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse hair formidably grac'd:
And in his hands two steely javelins weilds,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war,

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery couriers to their chariots bound [wield
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with those who
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these, in close array combin'd,
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
As with the light the warriors toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near Ilus' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground:
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' æthereal race;
Great Hector cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thusthrough the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heapy harvest at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strow'd on every side,
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight;
But horse to horse, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the
day.

Discord with joy the scene of death describes,
And drinks large laughter at her sanguine eyes:
Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Mean while apart, superior and alone,
Th' eternal monarch on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate;
On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers arise;
The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.

Thus while the morning beams increasing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the glowing light,
Communal death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal,
When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;
But not till half the prostrate forest lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.

Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
And slew Bienor at his people's head:
Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the
ground.

Atrides spoil'd, and left him on the plain:
Vain was their youth, that glittering armour vain:
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love!
In the same car the brother warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other talk, than when they went to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep!
These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;
Then to their fire for ample sums restor'd;
But now to perish by Atrides' sword;
Pierc'd in the breast the base born Ifus bleeds:
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
And stript, their features to his mind recalls,
The Trojans see the youths untimely die;
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion, raging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift through rustling thickets bursts her way:
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false Antimachus were slain;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,
And slew the children for the fathers fault;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the filken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:

O spare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,
And steel well-temper'd and persuasive gold.
These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply---
If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace?
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast,
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last,
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.
Then where the thickest fought, the victor flew;
The kings example all his Greeks pursue.

Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,

And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all;
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whose squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low:
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors' lives;

More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of Heaven he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way;
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.

As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood,
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Mean while on every side, around the plain,
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train:
So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successful haste:
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last:
Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;
Hurl'd from their cars, the bravest chiefs are kill'd,

And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove descending, shook th' Idæan hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd Maid bespoke:

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey---
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,

Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands:
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.
He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds descends the various Maid.

VOL. XII.

The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,
Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The Goddess then: O son of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear---
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,

Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns:
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix'd on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer, or to die.

Ye sacred Nine, celestial Muses! tell,
Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;
Whom from his youth his grandfire Cisseus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace, where snowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his generous breast,
When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.
But, call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand,

Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he springs,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides first discharg'd the missile spear;
The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air.
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart Atrides stands,
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,

At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with presents her embraces meet,
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his passion lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!

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Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,

And the pale features now deform'd with blood,
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.
The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
And through his arm flood forth the barbed dart,
Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear:
His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to assert his cause,
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with the brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The social shades the same dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'er-
thrown.

This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send
(The powers that cause the teeming matron's
throes,

Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts his car, and gives his squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:

O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong:
The horses fly! the chariot smokes along.
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce couriers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold the general flies! deserts his powers!
Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds;
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms
His fainting host, and every bosom warms;
As the bold hunter clears his hounds, to tear
The brindled lion, or the tusked bear; [heart,
With voice and hand provoke their doubting
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.

On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, [showers,
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory
crown'd,

Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Assæus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their side,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night:
Æsymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with
storms,

Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms,
The gust continued, violent, and strong,
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the skies the foaming billows rear,
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares;
Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
Now the last ruin the whole host appals;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.
The warrior thus: and thus the friend reply'd:

No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.

But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train:
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain,
He sigh'd; but, sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.
There slain, they left them in eternal night,
Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight:
So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
Then swift revert, and wounds return for
wounds.

Stern Hector's conquest in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respir'd again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war;
Towering they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain!
Their breast no more the vital spirit warms;
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize;
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his fight,
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh;
Through broken orders, swifter than the wind
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverse the lies, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend,

Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:

Mark how this way yon bended squadrons yield!
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here stand his utmost force---The warrior said;
Swift at the word his ponderous javelin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely
glanc'd.

Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands:
But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydides followed to regain his lance;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance:
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd:
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.
Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
If any God assist Tydides' hand.

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay,
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war)
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,
The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in
vain,

But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.
He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my
dart;

Would the same God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear, [stand:
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lions fear.

He dauntless thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel.
Where this but lights, some noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects as distract the fair.
Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:

But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul:

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?
What shame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart:
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part.

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press;
These, in the warrior, their own fate enclose:
And round him deep the steely circle grows,
So fares a boar, whom all the troop surrounds
Of shooting huntmen, and of clamorous hounds;
He grins his ivory tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eye balls glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on every part is ply'd;
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.
Pierc'd through the shoulder, first Deïopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to hell;
Cheridamas, beneath the navel thrust,
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust,
Charops, the son of Hippalus, was near;
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wise:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began:

O great Ulysses, much enduring man!
Not deeper skill'd in every martial flight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great Hippasian race,
Or thou beneath this lance shall press the field—
He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:
Through the strong brass the ringing javelin
thrown,

Plough'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,
Then furious thus (but first some steps withdrew):
Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace:
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
No longer check my conquests on the foe;
But, pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
And add one spectre to the realms below!

He spoke; while Socus, seiz'd with sudden
fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;
Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its passage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound;
He falls; his armour rings against the ground.
Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain:
Fam'd son of Hippalus! there press the plain;
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by Fate,
Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
And hovering vultures scream around their prey.
Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb.

Then, raging with intolerable smart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart,

The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,
And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who shares his labours, and defends his side:
O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair.
And feel a loss, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
Great Ajax, like the God of war, attends.
The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.
As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;
Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
Till, life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,
The lion rushes through the woodland shade,
The wolves, though hungry, scour dispers'd away;
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.

Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warrior, half an host sustains:
But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And, sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys,
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew.
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyfander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintery rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progress through the plain,
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariots height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey.
A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain;
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
By the broad glittering of the seven-fold shield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the stroke, the couriers scour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
The horses' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,
And, dashing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle sable drops distils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he shuns through all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whose force he felt so late,
But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
Shot heaven-bred horror through the Grecian's heart;

Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And, glaring round, with tardy steps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,
Long stands the showering darts, and missile fires;
Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd.
While his swollen heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength endued,
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,
Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backwards bears the yielding
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly, [bands;
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
While hissing darts descend in iron showers:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;
And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,
Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his slack knees desert their dying load.

The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood,
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd:

What God, O Grecians! has your heart dis-
may'd?

Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save.

Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears,
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their
spears, [stand

To guard their wounded friend: while thus they
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His coursers, steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with
gore,

The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.
That hour Achilles, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain,
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch his vengeful breast.
Straight to Menætiüs' much-lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.

Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er they will, Patroclus shall obey.

O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought;
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,
The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd;
The chiefs descending from their car he found;
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
He paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arfinoüs' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new press'd, the sacred flower of wheat,
And wholesome garlic, crown'd the savoury treat.

Next her white hand a spacious goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings
From eldest times: the massy sculptur'd vase,
Glittering with golden studs, four handles grace;
And curling vines around each handle joll'd,
Support two turtle-doves emboss'd in gold.
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's-milk cheese a flavoured taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares:
Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Mean time Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led
To his high seat: the chief refus'd, and said:
'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds.
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report my hasty course I bend:
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)
Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppress'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds,
These, as my first essay of arms, I won:
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering son.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,
When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war;
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest

gain'd,
My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.
(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,

When Elis' monarch at the public course
 Detain'd his chariot and victorious horse.)
 The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd
 The just partition, and due victims pay'd.
 Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
 With many a courser, and with many a car;
 The sons of Actor at their army's head [led.
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons
 High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,
 Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
 Not far the streams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents
 below.

Pallas, descending in the shades of night,
 Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial
 Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd, [pride;
 Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms,
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
 My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
 Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
 And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
 To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.
 There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid:
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid;
 A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain
 To the blue monarch of the watery main.
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,
 Flam'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day;
 Bright scenes of arms, and works of war, ap-
 pear;

The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
 The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled;
 King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede:
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
 And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led:
 Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd,
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
 Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.
 Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,
 Through wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the
 foes,

Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;
 Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alifium flows.
 Ev'n there the hindmost of their rear I slay,
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day,
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
 There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
 As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind.
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
 So prov'd my valour for my country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,
 And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid?

O friend! my memory recalls the day,
 When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea;
 I and Ulysses touch'd at Pthia's port,
 And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.
 A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
 Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire
 Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
 Achilles sees us, to the feast invites:
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
 We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
 Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave:
 Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave:"
 Menœtius thus: "Though great Achilles shine
 "In strength superior, and of race divine,
 "Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
 "Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."
 Thus spoke your father at Theffalia's court;
 Words now forgot, though now of vast import.
 Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
 Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey.
 Some favouring God Achilles' heart may move;
 Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
 If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
 If aught from heaven withhold his saving arm,
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
 If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
 Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
 Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
 Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his generous heart, and from the
 tent

Along the shore with hasty strides he went:
 Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
 The public mart and courts of justice stand,
 Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
 And altars to the guardian Gods arise,
 There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son,
 Large painful drops from all his members run;
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
 The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
 As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart;
 Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
 Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd:

Ah! hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
 Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast?
 Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
 Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
 Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
 Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
 Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
 And this the period of our wars and fame?

Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
 Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
 Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
 Her force increasing as her toil renews.
 Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,
 Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the
 But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part, [flee,
 Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;
 With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
 With healing balms the raging smart allay,
 Such as sage Chiron, sire of Pharmacy,
 Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.

Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
 This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
 And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
 Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.
 To him the chief: What then remains to do?
 Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
 Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
 And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply:
 But thy distress this instant claims relief.
 He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.

The slaves their master's flow approach sur-
 vey'd,
 And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:
 There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
 Patroclus cut the forky steel away,
 Then in his hands a bitter root he brais'd;
 The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.
 The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
 The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

B O O K XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian Wall.

The Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

W H I L E thus the hero's pious cares attend
 The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
 Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
 And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
 Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
 With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
 Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
 The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the Gods, how short a period stands
 The proudest monument of mortal hands!
 This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
 While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
 But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
 And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
 Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
 Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store;
 Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
 Careus roaring down the stony hills,
 Æsopus, Granicus, with mingled force,
 And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;
 And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main
 Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:
 These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
 Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
 The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
 And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
 Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
 And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.
 The God of Ocean, marching stern before,
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
 And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
 Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
 No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
 Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the Gods in later times perform;
 As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;

The strokes yet echoed of contending powers;
 War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd
 the towers.

Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
 Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
 Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
 And Hector's fury every moment fear.
 He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,
 Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
 So 'midst the dogs and hunters daring bands,
 Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
 Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
 And hissing javelins rain and iron storm:
 His powers untam'd their bold assault defy,
 And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
 With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
 Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
 The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
 But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
 Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
 And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
 Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
 Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
 The bottom bare (a formidable show!)
 And bristled thick with sharpened stakes below.
 The foot alone this strong defence could force,
 And try the pass impervious to the horse.
 This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
 Restrain'd great Hector, and his counsel gave:
 Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
 And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
 What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
 The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
 No pass through those, without a thousand
 wounds,

No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.

Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
 On certain dangers we too rashly run:
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
 Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
 Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
 And one great day destroy and bury all!
 But should they turn, and here oppress our train;
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
 Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruise'd;
 All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
 Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
 Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led,
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
 Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way:
 So Greece shall stoop before our conquering
 power,

And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
 Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung:
 The chief's example follow'd by his train,
 Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
 By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
 Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.
 The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
 And all obey their several chiefs' commands.
 The best and bravest in the first conspire,
 Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
 Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
 Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
 Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
 And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
 The sons of Priam with the third appear,
 Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer;
 In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
 Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
 And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
 The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.
 Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
 And great Aeneas, born on fountful Ide.
 Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
 Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid;
 Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields, in close array,
 The moving legions speed their headlong way:
 Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
 And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
 Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
 Asius alone, confiding in his car,
 His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
 Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the
 plain;

No more those coursers with triumphant joy
 Restore their master to the gates of Troy!
 Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
 And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall.
 Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
 The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
 Swift through the wall their horse and chariots
 pass,

The gates half-open'd to receive the last.
 Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
 His following host with clamours rend the skies;

To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
 Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were
 vain.

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
 Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend;
 This Polypoetes, great Perithous' heir,
 And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
 As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;
 Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
 Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
 Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
 High on the hill appears their stately form,
 And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
 So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
 Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
 Orestes, Acamus, in front appear,
 And Oenomaus and Thoön close the rear;
 In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,
 In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
 The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
 To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
 Ev'n when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
 And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,
 Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
 Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the
 war.

So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
 Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
 On every side the crackling trees they tear,
 And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare; [roll,
 They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls
 Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
 Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,
 With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung;
 Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
 Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers;
 To save their fleet, their last efforts they try,
 And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
 The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
 Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
 Descend, and whiten all the fields below:
 So fast the darts on either army pour,
 So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower;
 Heavy and thick resound the batter'd shields,
 And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,
 The frantic Asius thus accuses Heaven:
 In Powers immortal who shall now believe?
 Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
 What man could doubt but Troy's victorious
 power

Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
 But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
 To guard the entrance of their common hive,
 Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
 They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;
 A race determin'd, that to death contend:
 So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
 Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
 Repel an army, and defraud the Fates!

These empty accents mingled with the wind;
 Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
 To godlike Hector, and his matchless might
 Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight,
 Like deeds of arms through all the forts were
 And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide; [try'd,

Through the long walls the stony showers were heard,

The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.

The spirit of a God my breast inspire,

To raise each act to life, and sing with fire !

While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,

Secure of death, confiding in despair ;

And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,

With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain

The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.

First Damafus, by Polypætes' steel

Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell ;

The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore ;

The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more !

Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath,

Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death :

First through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,

Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword ;

Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,

The falchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke ;

Iamenus, Orestes, Menon, bled ;

And round him rose a monument of dead.

Mean time, the bravest of the Trojan crew,

Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue ;

Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,

And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.

These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,

By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd :

A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,

Their martial fury in their wonder lost.

Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies ;

A bleeding serpent, of enormous size,

His talons truss'd ; alive, and curling round,

He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound :

Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,

In airy circle wings his painful way,

Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries :

Amidst the host the falling serpent lies.

They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,

And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.

Then first Polydamas the silence broke,

Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke :

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,

For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere !

True to those counsels which I judge the best,

I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.

To speak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,

In peace and war, in council and in fight ;

And all I move, deferring to thy sway,

But tends to raise that power which I obey.

Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain ;

Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain ;

For sure, to warn us Jove his omen sent,

And thus my mind explains its clear event.

The victor eagle, whose sinister flight

Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright.

Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,

Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize ;

Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,

Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,

Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed ;

More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.

So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise ;

For thus a skillful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd :

(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)

Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue !

Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong :

Or, if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,

Sure Heaven resumes the little sense it lent.

What coward counsels would thy madness move,

Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove ?

The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod,

And happy thunders of the favouring God,

These shall I slight ? and guide my wavering mind

By wandering birds, that flit with every wind ?

Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend,

Or where the suns arise, or where descend ;

To right, to left, unheeded take your way,

While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,

And asks no omen but his country's cause.

But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success ?

None fears it more, as none promotes it less :

Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,

Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.

Troy and her sons may find a general grave,

But thou can'st live, for thou canst be a slave.

Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests

Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,

My javelin can revenge so base a part,

And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,

Calls on his host ; his host obey the call ;

With ardour follow where their leader flies :

Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.

Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,

And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide :

He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,

And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.

Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,

Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.

In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,

While these they undermine, and those they rend ;

Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall ;

And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.

Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms ;

The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,

Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row ;

Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.

The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,

And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.

The generous impulse every Greek obeys ;

Threats urge the fearful ; and the valiant, praise.

Fellows in arms ! whose deeds are known to fame,

And you whose ardour hopes an equal name !

Since not alike endued with force or art ;

Behold a day when each may act his part !

A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,

To gain new glories, or augment the old. [cite ;

Urge those who stand ; and those who faint, ex-

Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight ;

Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all ;

Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall ;

So Jove once more may drive their routed train,

And Troy lay trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers ;

And now the stones descend in heavier showers.

As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
 And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
 In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
 A snowy inundation hides the plain;
 He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
 Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
 And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
 Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
 Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
 And one bright waste hides all the works of men:
 The circling seas alone, absorbing all,
 Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
 So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
 And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.
 Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
 To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
 Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would
 yield,

Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
 For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
 His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
 In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
 Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile
 gold:

And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
 Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
 So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's
 brow

Descends a lion on the flocks below;
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
 In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
 With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
 He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
 To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
 Then, casting on his friend an ardent look,
 Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
 Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous Powers above?
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe;

Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live;
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He said; his words the listening chief inspire
 With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;
 The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
 Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
 Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
 Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field:
 Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
 What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
 And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood,
 Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
 In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
 Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,
 The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
 Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all
 the ground. [said]

Then thus to Thoös;---Hence with speed (he
 And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
 Their strength, united, best may help to bear
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
 Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
 The best and bravest of the hostile force.
 But, if too fiercely there the foes contend,
 Let Telamon; at least, our towers defend.
 And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
 To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Swift as the word, the herald speeds along
 The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
 And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
 Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
 Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
 Your aid (said Thoös) Peleus' son demands,
 Your strength, united, best may help to bear
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
 Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
 The best and bravest of the hostile force.
 But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
 At least, let Telamon those towers defend.
 And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
 To share the danger, and repel the foe.
 (Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
 And thus bespoke his brothers of the war:
 Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
 And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
 To you I trust the fortune of the field,
 Till by this arm the foes shall be repell'd;
 That done, expect me to complete the day---
 Then, with his seven-fold shield he strode away.
 With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
 Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
 Like some black tempest gathering round the
 towers;

The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
 Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
 The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
 Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the
 Fierce Ajax first th' advancing hosts invades, [skies.
 And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
 Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
 Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
 In modern ages not the strongest swain
 Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
 He pois'd, and swung it round; then, toss'd on
 high,

It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;

Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore;
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance and severer fight;
Then, rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's
 charms,

His fainting squadrons to new fury warms:
O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast!
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain;
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew:
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As, on the confines of adjoining grounds, [bounds;
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their

They tug, they sweat; but neither gain or yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obstinate to death they fight, they fall:
Nor these can keep, nor those can win, the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms re-
 found;

The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful
 loads,

From side to side the trembling balance nods
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
Till, pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
With Fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries:
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raise scaling-engines, and ascend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A ponderous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could
 raise

Such men as live in these degenerate days;
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful
 sway,

Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a God, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
 the sky.

B O O K XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks

who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Afus, and Alcatous; Deiphobus and Aeneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light:
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food;
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.

Mean time the * Monarch of the watery main
Observ'd the Thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
Below fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen,
The crouded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he sat; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
The forest shakes! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands: [reins,
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in aukward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his couriers fly:
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:

* Neptune,

There the great Ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band;
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay,
The Father of the floods pursues his way;
Where, like a tempest darkening heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd as Hector rush'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most the Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praise:
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part
o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his fire.
If yet some heavenly Power your grace excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to
fight,

Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain:

Then with his sceptre, that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their dar-
ing hearts.

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the power of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, Oileus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:

Some God, my friend, some God in human form
Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the Power appear:

I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God;
Ev'n now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns:
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune mean while the routed Greeks inspir'd,
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal
hour:

But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:

Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace,
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frightened fawns, from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to every savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards if your king's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecian's fainting hearts in-
spire,

And listening armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:
So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a just surprize.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And, level'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to
the plain: [prov'd,
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, un-
mov'd.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their faulchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering
power,

Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms.

He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deiphobus; but, marching held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a
foe:

Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Mean while with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,

The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
 And blest'd in bright Medeficaste's arms:
 (This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
 Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)
 To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
 And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
 He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
 As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
 Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
 And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
 So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
 From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled:
 He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
 Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
 Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
 When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
 Repuls'd, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)
 Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd
 fawn,
 In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
 So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
 Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head:
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
 At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his δ grandson slain,
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their bands,
 And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
 He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete:
 His pensive brow the generous care express'd
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
 Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
 That office paid, he issued from his tent,
 Fierce for the fight; to whom the God begun,
 In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
 Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring
 Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost! [boast,
 To whom the king: On Greece no blame be
 thrown,

Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
 Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
 Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.

† Amphimachus,

'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
 That far, far distant from our native home
 Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
 Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
 Or arms, or counsels, now perform thy best,
 And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.

Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake: [make
 Ah! never may he see his native land,
 But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
 Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
 Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
 For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
 And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
 Together let us battle on the plain;
 Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:
 Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
 But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
 Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:
 From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
 And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
 Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
 Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
 Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
 Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
 In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
 Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
 Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him near his tent, Meriones attends;
 Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!
 O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
 On some important message art thou bound,
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
 Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care
 Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war;
 This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;
 The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.

To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
 The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
 Spears I have store (and Trojan lances all)
 That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.
 Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
 Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear,
 Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
 And thence these trophies and these arms I gain.
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roil'd,
 And high-hung spears, and shields that flame
 with gold.

Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
 We too can boast of no ignoble spoils,
 But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war.
 What need I more? if any Greek there be
 Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this Idomeneus: The fields of fight
 Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
 And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
 Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
 In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
 The fear of each, or valour, stands confest,
 No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
 He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;

A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye balls stare;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening }
And looks a bloodless image of despair! [hair,
Not so the brave!—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide destroyer of the race of man).
Terror, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless, they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the
Or combat in the centre of the fight? [right,
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd):
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, or more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax sells not on th' ensanguin'd ground:
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the duffy whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:

Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd hea-
ven.

All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breast-plates, helmets, and
shields,

And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won,
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with stern disdain, }
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tie
Is stretch'd on both, and, close-compell'd, they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd,
The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd, with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king:
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine,
Mean time, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.

This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.

As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
But falls tranſfix'd, an unrefiſting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
Remain the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.

Stabb'd at the fight, Deiphobus drew nigh,
And made with force the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan ſaw; and, ſtooping, cauſ'd to glance
From his ſlope ſhield the diſappointed lance.
Beneath the ſpacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected in deſenſive ſhade;
O'er his ſafe head the javelin idly ſung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the ſpear the vigorous arm confeſt,
And pierc'd obliquely king Hypſenor's breaſt:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!

Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Aſius lies: [play'd,
For thee though hell's black portals ſtand diſ-
This mate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.

Heart-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boalt,
Touch'd every Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd
Till ſad Meciſtheus and Alator bore [friend;
His honour'd body to the tented ſhore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws:
Reſolv'd to periſh in his country's cauſe,
Or find ſome foe, whom heaven and he ſhall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom,
He ſees Alcathous in the front aſpire:
Great Aſyetes was the hero's fire:
His ſpouſe Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, ſenſe, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the lovelieſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
His fate, he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as ſome column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the
ſtroke.

Before the ponderous ſtroke his corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His labouring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a
bound, [wound:
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain;
Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend.
Approaching now, thy boalted might approve,
And try the prowels of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er ſpacious Crete and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips transport me through the
main:

Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father and thy line.

The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliari force; at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Aeneas riſes to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remotest lines he fought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperior poſts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.

Aeneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſtics riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the bristly honours riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes;
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
So ſtood Idomeneus, his javelin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deipyros, were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warrior ſent his voice around:
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Aeneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtriſe,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.

He ſpoke; and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their liſted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Aeneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native lands:
Paris, Deiphobus, Ajenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train,
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:

With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known
meads,

So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
On every side the steely circle grows; [ring,
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.
Above the rest two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual
blood.

The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missile wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke,
The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumbersome arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course;
In standing fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd slow steps he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast:
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift couriers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine
ground,

Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;

VOL. XII.

His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield, emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Faci'd every foe, and every danger fought;
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind;
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound. }
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring
His bulk enormous on the field displays; [side,
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life de-
cays.

The spear, the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deipyros in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the
ground:

So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe, [bow,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the
But good Agenor gently from the wound [sands,
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold ! Pisander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs ! to enhance thy fame ;
High-towering in the front, the warrior came.
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown ;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield ;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.

His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield :
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs ; and brazen was the blade) ;
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow ;
The plume dropt nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel :
Deep through his front the weighty faulchion
fell ;

The crashing bones before its force gave way ;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay ;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said :

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length he taught to
O race perfidious, who delight in war ! [fear ;
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A prince's rapt transcends a navy storm'd :
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes shall bend your glory
down,

And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father ! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man ! supremely wise !
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust ?
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy ;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy ;
The feast, the dance ; whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass
heav'd)

The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd :
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew,
Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war ;
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more !
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king ;
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends :

Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away ;
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the
wound.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more !
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore ;
And unavailing tears profusely shed ;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd ;
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race ;
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town ;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.

Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home :
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent ;
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field) ;
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands :
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he * that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd and bulwarks
gain'd ;

There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides ;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force ;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong the Epeian bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold ;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line ;
Iphiclus' son : and that (Oileus) thine :
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stoll'n embrace ;
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain.)
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war :
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
O'er the bright ploughshare thro' the fallow soil,

* Neptune.

Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their four foreheads
A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field, [flow.
Who bore by turns great Ajax' seven-fold shield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with incessant slaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave associate grace:
In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the founding pebble from the sling;
Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.

Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But sage Polydames, discretely brave,
Addreis'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:

Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of Heaven.
To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet music, and the charm of song;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind;
Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety blest.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best:
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war main-
tain?

And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain?
Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires)
To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a
bound, [ground;
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling
Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound.
To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day.

This said; the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topt with snow. }
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear.
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground:
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:

Ill-fated Paris! slave to woman-kind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the Gods alone.

These words the hero's angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage,
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood.
Cebrius, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood.
Palmus, with Polypætes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps:
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to
the shore:

Thus rank on rank the thick battallions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commision'd to confound mankind.

Before him flaming, his enormous shield
Like the broad sun illumin'd all the field :
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in his
look ;

Whole nations fear'd ; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd :

Hector ! come on, thy empty threats forbear :
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear :
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo ! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet : the Greeks have hands, and
Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall, [hearts.
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground ;
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round,
The time shall come, when, chas'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain ;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the
skies :

Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side :
They ceas'd ; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd :
From whence this menace, this insulting
strain ?

Enormous boaster ; doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate ;
That giant corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along :
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host : the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain ;
A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

B O O K XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon : on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands ; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence ; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him ; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic circle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter ; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks : Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions succeed ; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way : the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BUT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul ;
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend :
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend :

What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mixt events attend this mighty day ?
Hark ! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet !
Here, with the cordial draught, dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore ;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said : and seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field ;
(That day, the son his father's buckler bore)
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.

Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew ;
Dire disarray ! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps ;
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey ;
Jove sends one gulf, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the general haste ;
Debating long, he fixes on the last ;
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms ;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms ;

The gleaming faulchions flash, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand:
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor:
Who landed first lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.

Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the general of the host address:
O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?

Gerenian Nestor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aerial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress. If counsel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls ex-
cite:

These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now Heaven, averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. }
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous
heart.

Oh, were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.

And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in
vain?

In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign sway
The bandied legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate de-
nies, [prize.

Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coast,
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal unfold.
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold sons was generous Prothoüs blest,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass
The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field. }

Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend; and in the son, respect the sire:
Though sore of battle, though with wounds op-
Let each go forth, and animate the rest, [prest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wound on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not: the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Prest in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.

So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But heaven forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renowned,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd a-
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew;
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thundering
sound

Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Mean time Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' aerial
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets [way;
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heaven, with decent
Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd; [pride
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.

How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide?

Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?

Let Heaven's dread empress (Cytheræa said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (said the Queen) those conquer-
ing charms,

That power, which mortals and immortals warms,

That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of Heaven with sacred fires!

For lo, I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?

She said. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill, and high embroidery grac'd,
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm;
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand, the Cyprian Goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smile she took the charm; and smiling prest
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother,

Sleep.
Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour still:
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold, unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.

Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain:
The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since, too venturous at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore;
Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,

But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd;

Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies,
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son? [won,
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.

Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking
Gods:

Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.

The queen assents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the fable subterranean Powers,
And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos smoky isle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,
Through air unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills);
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod;
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies;
Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymidis by the race of earth).

To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The God, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport
spoke:

Why comes my goddess from th' æthereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariots nigh?

Then she---I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.

I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years;
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through th' aerial way
Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that (said Jove) suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.

Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame
Whence rose Perithoüs like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, when Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Nor Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke: the Goddess with the charming eyes
Glow with celestial red, and thus replies:
Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight;
Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky.
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

She ceas'd; and, smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his
rays,

And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocuses made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with Love and Sleep's soft power oppress'd,

The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God:

Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,

To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the Power of Slumber flew
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,

Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo still he vaunts, and threatens the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay:
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range. [pain,
The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield.
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
Glad in his might, th' Earth-shaking Power ap-
pears;

Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.
Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God:
And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
The seas stern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall
Around the ships; seas hanging o'er the shores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall;

Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven.
The first bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But escap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand,
(Where heaps, laid loose beneath the warrior's
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet) [feet,
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;

Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand:
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain:
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly,
And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round:
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear:
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide, [side,
With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground,
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax first his javelin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks, on Satnio's silver shore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand their flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary
hall! [breast!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest,
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel:
The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes
(The towering Ajax loud insulting cries)

Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage
known,

Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall;
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most:
At the proud boaster he directs his course:
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear,
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of
gain):

Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the
He lifts his miserable arms in vain! [plain:
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head:
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet striking through the bleeding eye,

The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such as the house of Promachus must know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on
high;

The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax, on th' ensanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Myfian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphaetes and Prothoon bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor, fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the
wound.

But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

B O O K XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks. He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions: she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular, touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter: Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,

And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Mean while, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;

These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;

And, midst the war, the Monarch of the Main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke:

POPE'S HOMER,

O thou, still adverse to th' Eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering squadrons from the field.

Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our power immense, and brave th' Almighty hand?

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.

The Thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:

By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow

Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts be-
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, sway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the Sire of Heaven.

Think'st thou with me? fair Empress of the Skies!

(Th' immortal Father with a smile replies!)
Then soon the haughty Sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phoebus hastes, great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise;
And lo! that instant godlike Hector dies.

From that great hour the war's whole fortune
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns: [turns,
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage

In aid of Greece. The promise of a God
I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise:

Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th' almighty order giv'
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heaven. [en)

As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of Gods,
There sat the Powers in awful synod plac'd:
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd

They hail her queen: the nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus re-
plies:

Enough thou know'st the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall:
But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such stern decrees, such threat'ned woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The Goddess said, and fullen took her place:
Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.

To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat steadfast care, and lowering discontent.

Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:
Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey:

Fierce in the majesty of power controls, [poles.
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the
Submits, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun:
Thus then, Immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and
To join his rapid couriers for the fight: [Flight
Then, grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heaven;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and
spear;

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said :

By what wild passion, furious ! art thou tost ?
Striv'st thou with Jove ? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command re-
And was imperial Juno heard in vain ? [strain,
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be
driven,

And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven ?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage ;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin overwhelm th' Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to eall ;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall,
Why should Heaven's law with foolish man com-
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die ? [ply,

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne :
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan,
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide ;
There in the Father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and sat : the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game) ;
There sat th' Eternal ; he, whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles,
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round :
Well-pleas'd the Thunderer saw their earnest
care,

And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air ;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddess of the showery bow :

Iris ! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven ?

Th' Almighty spoke : the Goddess wing'd her
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height. [flight
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely
So from the clouds descending Iris falls, [blows ;
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddess calls :

Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove :
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all power is
given ?

And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven ?

What means the haughty Sovereign of the Skies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)

Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high ;
No vassal God, nor of his train, am I.

Three brother Deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame :
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know ;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below ;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain ;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep :
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie ;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky ?
Far in the distant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole ;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of Heaven.

And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods ?
Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods ?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent ;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Hea-
ven.

Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When ministers are blest with prudent mind :
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven ;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race :
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain.
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of Light :

Behold ! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe ; whose earthquakes rock the
Desists at length his rebel war to wage, [world ;
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage ;
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking
round,

Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound ;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance spar'd ;
Ev'n power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son ! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm ;
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war :
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ships, and Hellepont again :
Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The God-
head said ;

His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies ;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze ;

Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
 Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
 Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.
 To whom the God who gives the golden day:
 Why sits great Hector from the field so far?
 What grief, what wound, withholds thee from
 the war?

The fainting hero, as the vision bright
 Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:
 What blest Immortal, with commanding breath,
 Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?
 Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
 Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
 The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
 Had almost sunk me to the shades below?
 Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
 And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him Apollo: Be no more dismay'd;
 See, and be strong! the Thunderer sends thee aid.
 Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
 Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.
 Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
 And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:
 Ev'n I will make thy fiery couriers way,
 And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
 And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
 As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;
 With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
 To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood;
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies:
 He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again:
 Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
 Full of the God; and all his hosts pursue.
 As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
 Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
 Close in the rock (not fated yet to die);
 When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
 They fly: at once the chasers and the prey.
 So Greece, that late in conquering troops pur-
 sued, [blood,

And mark'd their progress through the ranks in
 Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.
 Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
 Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force:
 Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,
 And bold to combat in the standing fight;
 Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
 Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
 Gods! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes in-
 vades?

Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
 We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
 What God restores him to the frighted field;
 And, not content that half of Greece lie slain,
 Pours new destruction on her sons again?
 He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
 Lo! still he lives, pursues and conquers still!
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
 The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
 But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.

Thus point your arms; and when such foes ap-
 Ppear Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear. [pear

The warrior spoke, the listening Greeks obey,
 Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.

Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
 The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
 And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
 Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
 Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
 And Hector first came towering to the war.
 Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head.
 High-held before him Jove's enormous shield
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
 Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
 The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
 From different parts, and mingle in the skies.
 Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
 These drink the life of generous warriors slain;
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
 As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
 Sat doubtful Conquest hovering o'er the field;
 But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
 Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confest.
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
 No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,
 And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
 Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
 And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
 Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
 First great Arcefilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
 One to the bold Boeotians ever dear,
 And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
 Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;
 This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
 But hapless Medon from Oïleus came;
 Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
 Though born of lawless love: from home ex-
 pell'd,
 A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
 Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
 Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
 Mecystes next Polydamas o'erthrew;
 And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
 By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
 Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.
 Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
 The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall;
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic Death.
 On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
 Points to the fleet: For, by the Gods, who flies,
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
 No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
 No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
 Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,
 The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.

Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The courfers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound, [mound:
Push'd at the bank; down sunk th' enormous
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wondering crouds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the
God.

Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Easy, as when ashore the infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:

O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious God!
This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,

And peals of thunder shook the firmament:
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus, loudly roaring, and o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each side arise:
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the javelin
throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he express,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
Though yet thy state requires redress (he cries)
Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high-commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.

Perhaps some favouring God his soul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.

He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though numerous, to repulse, in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a shipwright with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were
And every ship sustain'd an equal tide. [try'd,
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telemon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd
fires.

Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies!

This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.

Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight;

Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.

Where are those darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phoebus taught to
Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid, [bend?
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;

The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytius, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong courfers spurn his empty car;

Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every
blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
Th' all-wise Disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;
Down dropt the bow: the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our destin'd enterprise;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unsailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with
art,

Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by,
(Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield;
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain,
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost
might

Shall find its match---no more: 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields: and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours.
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!

This rous'd the soul in every Trojan breast.
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address:
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire disgrace!
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live or die!

What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far, in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious
hands.

The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame;
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of th' Epian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew,
(That valued life, O Phoebus, was thy care);
But Cræsmus' bosom took the flying spear:
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Seles' winding shore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale);
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Mean time their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:
Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies;
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on---a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage,
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end,
Or Ilion from her towery height descend,

Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus--Oh Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His generous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause:
Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.

He said; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize:
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While, conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilium burn.
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightening, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.

Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles;
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendor round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!

Now, all on fire for fame his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single every prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveless as a tower,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes:
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew:
Mycenian Periphus, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Corpreus was his fire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as generous as the fire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.

Chac'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate band.

Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)

Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.

O friends! be men: your generous breasts in-
flame

With equal honour, and with mutual shame?
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, share:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day.

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw,
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size:
A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies:
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd, threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their
fire

No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!

Like strength is felt from hope and from despair
And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Protefilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood, [blood.
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's
hearts

With falchious, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud com-
mand: [years

Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long
Is finish'd! and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now portends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend.

This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead;
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

B O O K XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sixth Battle: the A&as and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
Mean time Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the fable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best-belov'd:

Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with sonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their childrens' praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim!
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care, [share.
And speak those sorrows which a friend would

A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke:

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son

And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan, [own.
More for their country's wounds than for their }
Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress, [dress?
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope re-

No---men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.

Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh

Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply:

Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest:
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage: [engage,
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me; I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this-- the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears;
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears. }

Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
 In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
 Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
 Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
 See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
 At the last age of yon deserted land!
 Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
 How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
 It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
 Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
 Had not the injurious king our friendship lost,
 Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host.
 No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
 Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
 No longer flames the lance of Tydides' son;
 No more your general calls his heroes on;
 Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
 Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
 Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain:
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
 And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,

Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
 And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
 Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
 But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
 Though Jove in thunder should command the war;
 Be just, consult my glory, and forbear:
 The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chase,
 Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
 Some adverse God thy rashness may destroy;
 Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
 Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
 Do her own work; and leave the rest to Fate.
 Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
 Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
 That not one Trojan might be left alive,
 And not a Greek of all the race survive;
 Might only we the vast destruction shun,
 And only we destroy th' accursed town!

Such conference held the chiefs; while on the strand
 Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan
 Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
 So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
 On his fir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
 His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
 His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes and goes;
 And painful sweat from all his members flows.
 Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
 Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
 Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
 And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
 How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?

Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing near
 Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
 Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
 That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head:
 His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
 The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
 Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
 Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;

Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
 The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower;
 O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
 And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
 And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
 Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
 The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
 Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
 Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
 I haste to bring the troops—the hero said;
 The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brass; and first around
 His manly legs with silver buckles bound
 The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
 The flaming cuirass, of a thousand dyes;
 Emblaz'd with studs of gold his faulchion shone
 In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
 Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
 Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
 Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
 He flash'd around intolerable day.

Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
 Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
 From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
 Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire;
 Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
 The second to his lord in love and fame,
 In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
 The winged couriers harness'd to the car;

Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
 Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
 Whom the wing'd Harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
 By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:
 Swift Pedasus was added to their side
 (Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
 Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
 A mortal courser, match'd th' immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
 His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
 All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
 A grim terrific formidable band:
 Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
 When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
 When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
 Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,

To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
 With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
 Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
 And, gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.

Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
 Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
 Directs their order, and the war commands.
 He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's shores
 Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
 Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
 Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
 Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
 Divine Spirchius! Jove-descending flood!
 A mortal mother mixing with a God.

Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.

Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, fly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The God pursued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echeclæus, blest in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her fire she bare;
Her fire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was
grac'd;

Laërtes' valiant offspring led the last.

Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan
throng,

Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
" Stern son of Pelus! (thus ye us'd to say,
While, restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
" Oh, nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
" Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field;
" If that dire fury must for ever burn,
" What make we here? Return; ye chiefs, re-
turn!"

[no more.

Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts prest;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the
As when a circling wall the builder forms, [king.
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear,
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.

This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd:
O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling rocks, thy dark de-
crees;

And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield;
Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Press'd by his single force, let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again.

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Mean while the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high way,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and with a general cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms;
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:

Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
Unblest Protefilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood):

His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound ;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies :
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies ;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanse like one black cieling
spread,

Sudden the Thunderer, with a flashing ray, [day:
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes ;
'The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
And all th' unmeasur'd æther flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost bold Patroclus flew ;
As Ariëycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound ;
The brazen pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone :
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away ;
In darkness and in death the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band :
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth ! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground :
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage ;
But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow ;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below :
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er ;
And vents his soul, effus'd with gushing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' feed ;
Amisodarus, who, by Furies led,
The banè of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred ;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Qileus' arm, a living prize ;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood ;
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood :
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies ;
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came ;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
On the plum'd crest of his Boeotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow ;
The sword broke short ; but his, Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head :
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hang by the skin : the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mounts his
steeds ;

Back from the car he tumbles to the ground :
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel :
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in
gore :

His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood ;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks, neglected by the swain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey :
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came ;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breast his javelin flam'd :
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the clouds to blacken heaven with
forms,

Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies :
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled ; through heaps of disarray
The fiery coursers forc'd their lord away :
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd ;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruise'd :
Chariots on chariots roll ; the clashing spokes
Shock ; while the madding steeds break short their
yokes :

In vain they labour up the steepy mound ;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies ;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies ;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight ;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from
light.

Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heros under axles groan.

No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew ;
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse : the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying
And thunders after Hector ; Hector flies, [war,
Patroclus shakes his lance ; but Fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause) ;
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies :

Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept
away;

Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires
rose,

All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronous died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk-up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly;
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the
jaws

The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Groveling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
For sake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountains height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,

And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?

Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? O Sovereign of the Skies!
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial
Jove.

Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' ascending soul has wing'd her
flight,

Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.

She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom. [till'd
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens dis-
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averting from the plain
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native
reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear:
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery
ground.

His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fights advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.

Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart;
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.

So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking
blood; [the wood.

Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command:

Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare

The glorious dangers of destructive war,

To lead my troops, to combat at their head,

Incite the living, and supply the dead.

Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.

What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!

Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;

Defend my body, conquer in my right;

That, taught by great examples, all may try

Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his labouring
breath,

And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.

Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode

The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;

Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,

The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;

From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of
blood,

And the soul issued in the purple flood.

His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,

Unguided now, their mighty master slain.

All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,

Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.

His painful arm, yet useless with the smart

Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,

Supported on his better hand he stay'd;

To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd:

All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,

Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,

Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart!

O hear me! God of every healing art!

Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with
pain,

That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' every vein,

I stand, unable to sustain the spear,

And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.

Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,

Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.

But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,

To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.

For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,

To head my Lycians, and support the fight.

Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,

His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:

He drew the dolours from the wounded part,

And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart:

Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,

And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.

First to the fight his native troops he warms,

Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:

With ample strides he stalks from place to place;

Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;

Æneas next, and Hector, he accosts;

Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast
employ?

Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!

Those generous friends, who, from their country
far,

Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.

See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,

In action valiant, and in council wise,

Who guarded right, and kept his people free;

To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!

Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,

O save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:

Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,

Nor on his cost revenge her heroes lost.

He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,

Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.

Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown

At once his country's pillar, and their own;

A chief, who led to Troy's beleagu'ring wall

A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.

Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,

And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,

And, rousing Ajax, rous'd the listening bands:

Heroes, be men! be what you were before;

Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.

The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,

Lies pale in death, extended on the field.

To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;

'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.

Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him

And send the living Lycians to the dead. [spread,

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;

The martial squadrons close on either hand:

Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,

Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.

With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;

The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.

Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,

O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;

And round his son confounds the warring hosts,

His fate enobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;

Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls:

Who, chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came

To Peleus and the silver-footed dame;

Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,

He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.

Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,

A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;

Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain

His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the
slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;

And, like an eagle darting at his game

Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;

What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,

Oh generous Greek! when with full vigor thrown

At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,

Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too
near

That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.

Far as an able hand a lance can throw,

Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;

So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;

Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd.

Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,

The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:

Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,

With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain:

Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,

And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.

His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,
And trembling struck and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from Heaven:
This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.

O friend (Menœtius' son this answer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.

To speak, befits the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy sound the storm of blows.
As thro' the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,

While crackling forests fall on every side:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heavenly form defac'd with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,
On every side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,

This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son;

Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms; and, that his last of days
Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended see the shades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, or before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall,
(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the chrystal flood:
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs celestial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and drest
His manly members in th' immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Mean while Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming couriers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Against what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whose counsels uncontrol'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last, beneath thy vengeance, press'd the plain;
When Heaven itself thy fatal fury led, [plain;
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Autonous then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epittor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The slaughter, Elafus and Mulius crown'd;

Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power,

But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook: [cloud,
He try'd the fourth; when bursting from the
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:

Patroclus! cease; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand:
Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accosts him: What a shameful fight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrión drive the rapid car;
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war:
The God the Grecians' sinking souls deprest,
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight; [breast.
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
The falling ruin crush'd Cebrión's head,
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound:
The bursting balls drop fightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides;
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:

Good heavens! what active feats yon artist shows!

What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land!

Then, rushing forward on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tum-
bles slain;

And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.

Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan;
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage. [ring;
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcase
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the

plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding
reins!

Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each host with equal tempest fell
The showering darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press, like Mars himself, he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
The last, black remnant of so bright a line;
Apollo dreadful stops the middle way;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!

For lo! the God, in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,
That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for Fate pursues him, and the God.

His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick strows the field:
The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes:
Loose is each joint: each nerve with horror
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands: [shakes.
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to
fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood;
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.

Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues:
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So, scorched with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;

At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The fancy'd scenes of Ilium wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like
But thou a-prey to vultures shalt be made; [thee:
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might
say,

And much enjoin thee, this important day.
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)"
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped. }

Supine and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaster! cease, and know the Powers di-
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine; [vine!
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next, the third mean part thy own:
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I; [nigh:
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws
Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!

Then Hector, pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead:
From whence this boding speech, the stern de-
cree

Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given [ven?
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Hea-
Pensive he said; then pressing, as he lay,
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away,
And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal couriers drove,
Th' immortal couriers were the gift of Jove.

B O O K XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The seventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus: the AAs of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death; then returns to the fight; where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer
moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend:
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd:
Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior
throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?

Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his fire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed:
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
'To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe;
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire,
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him

roar,
And see his jaws distill with smoking gore;
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Mean while Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize
(In Mentès' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war:)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' couriers, of ætherial race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and instant view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks
he flies,

And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:

Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
Desert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend!
Sure where such partial favour heaven bestow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor heaven, shall give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus---This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A fable scene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the god like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But soon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield)
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Mean while great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind he stood:
Thus, in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow
lowers.

Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy;
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycian's stake
Their lives for you? those Lycian's you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.

On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
(Such, as should burn in every soul, that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause;)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain---Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:

Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroul'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and
now

Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon squadron let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day:
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero can defend the dead.

Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.

He strode along the field, as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.

There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he fate,
And conscious look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said:

Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend!
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away:
For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires:
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs fires;
The great Thesilocus like fury sound,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.

Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a violent foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy;
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their
fears,

They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number shall the field o'er-
spread,

What victims perish round the mighty dead!
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far;
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:

Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
 And all our wars and glories at an end!
 'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
 Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
 We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
 On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
 See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
 And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
 The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
 The field re-echoed the distressful sound:
 Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given
 The rule of men; whose glory is from Heaven!
 Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
 Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race! [far,
 All whom this well-known voice should reach to
 All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
 Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
 And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
 Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
 And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
 And long succeeding numbers who can name?
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
 Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
 Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
 Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,
 And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
 Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
 Dead he protects him with superior care.
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain;
 Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain:
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon
 (Ajax, to Peleus' son the second name,
 In graceful stature next, and next in fame);
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore:
 So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar.
 And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
 The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
 Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war;
 The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
 With thongs, inserted through the double wound:
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed,
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
 It cleft the helmets brazen cheeks in twain;
 The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain:
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
 The brain comes gushing through the ghastly
 wound:

He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead:
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
 And ill requites his parent's tender care.

Lamented youth? in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
 Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies:
 The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
 Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind:
 In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
 Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood;
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
 Phorcy's, as slain Hippothous he defends,
 The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
 And through the wound the rushing entrails broke:
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
 The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
 And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
 Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
 With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
 But Phoebus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
 He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight
 (A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
 Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold).

Thus he---What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
 To save your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
 There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
 By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
 Have forc'd the Powers to spare a sinking state,
 And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
 But you, when Fortune smiles, when Jove de-
 clares

His partial favour, and assists your wars,
 Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
 And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.

Æneas, through the form assum'd, describes
 The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
 Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day!
 A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
 And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
 The bold example all his host pursue.
 Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
 In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomedes;
 Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
 The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'd,
 Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
 From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
 Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.
 Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
 Rank within rank, or buckler buckler spread,
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecian
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood. [stood
 Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
 And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the centre and the soul of all:

Fixt on the spot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;
Fiercer as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all th' ætherial host,
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's splendors blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' ærial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head;
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Mean while the sons of Nestor in the rear
(Their fellows routed) tofs the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corpse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs and feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills
their eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to
side,

The brawny curries stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So, tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilions equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose auger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene: such rage, such horror
reign'd;

Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heaven had destin'd to his friend;
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would
Who dares desert this well-disputed day! [say])
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!

First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost! [said,

Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!

Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors
And shake the brazen concave of the skies. [rise,

Mean time, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their god like master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.

In vain Automedon now shakes the rein, [vain!
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread;
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:

Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miserable race! but cease to mourn;
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
Ourselves will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourselves with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said; and, breathing in th' immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course;
From their high manes they shake the dust, and
bear

The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon behold distress'd,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd:

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?

Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:

Patroclus while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the feat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the feat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy deserv'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side:
Lo, to my fight, beyond our hope, restor'd
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the
fight:

Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of Venus to the council yields!
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields:
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds:
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
Oh keep the foaming couriers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a
bound,

Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd,

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibration spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice!
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have
paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade!

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his feat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid,
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow.
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
In such a form the Goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phoenix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
'To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the Powers address,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er!)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore
(Bold son of air and heat!) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardor fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podès was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And ponderous as he falls, his arms rebound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main):

Oh prince (he cried) oh foremost once in
fame!

What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies!
By the same arm illustrious Podès bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ido and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:

At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus
led:

For, as the brave Boetian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and, raging with the }
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain. [pain,]

As Hector follow'd, Idomen addrest
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corselet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields;
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam hurl'd the missive wood;
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Coeranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax le! he will of Heaven descry'd,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:

Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the God, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who trembled yet, scarce rescued from their
fates,

And still hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In general darkness---Lord of earth and air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!

With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight;
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,

Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news---Atrides hastes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by
hounds:

Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untal'd prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:

O guard these relics, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid ærial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, fousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted flight
Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found;
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.

To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achæians mourn;
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant, fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands,
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain,
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigor must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

'Tis well (said Ajax); be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:

Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side ;
 What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said ;
 High from the ground the warrior's heave the
 A general clamour rises at the fight : [dead.
 Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
 With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
 Voracious hounds, that many a length before
 Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar ;
 But, if the savage turns his glaring eye,
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
 Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
 Wave their thick faulchions, and their javelins
 shower :

But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corpse they bear,
 Behind them rages all the storm of war ;
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along :
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
 To overwhelm some city under waves of fire ;
 Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes ;
 Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods ;
 The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.

The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load :
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,
 From the steep mountain with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length ;
 Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
 Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill :
 So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
 Thus, when a river swell'd with sudden rains
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding
 tides.

Still close they follow, close the rear engage ;
 Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage :
 While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
 That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
 High on pois'd pinions, threatens their callow young.
 So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry :
 Within, without the trench, and all the way,
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour
 lay ;

Such horror Jove imprest ! yet still proceeds
 The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

B O O K XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments. The fight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions ; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan ; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent, on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

Thus, like the rage of fire, the combat burns ;
 And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
 Mean while, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
 Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe :
 There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
 On hoisted yards extended to the gales ;
 Pensive he sat ; for all that Fate design'd
 Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
 Thus to his soul he said : Ah ! what constrains
 The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains ?
 Is this the day, which heaven so long ago
 Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe ?
 (So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
 The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
 Should lose the light ? Fulfill'd is that decree ?
 Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he ?

In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
 And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain !

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
 And tells the melancholy tale with tears :
 Sad tidings, son of Peleus ! thou must hear ;
 And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger !
 Dead is Patroclus ! For his corpse they fight,
 His naked corpse ; his arms are Hector's right.

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
 And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief ;
 Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head ;
 His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears :
 On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grov'ell'd, as to earth he grew.

The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gathering
round,
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground!
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereos, and the watery train,
The mother Goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Thalia, Glaucē (every watery name)
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodocē were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear;
Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,
Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay;
Next Callianira, Callianassa, show
Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow;
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow;

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a god like hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him: but the Fates ordain
He never, never, must return again.
So short a space the light of heaven to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
Th' immortal Mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
Along the coast the mingled clamours ran,
And thus the Silver-footed Dame began:

Why mourns my son? thy late prefer'd request
The God has granted, and the Greeks distress:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's are.

VOL. XII.

He deeply groaning---To this cureless grief
Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus---Ah!--say, Goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed?
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed,
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'st---Let Hector die!
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand:
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve, than I to kill),
Let me---But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove!
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste:
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fetid blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis past---I quell it; I resign to fate.
Yes---I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So shall Achilles fall? stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields,
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long dishevel'd hair?
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms---
In vain you hold me---Hence!--My arms, my
arms!

Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.

My son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh)

H

The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee ; the duty of the brave.
But canst thou naked issue to the plains ?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains ;
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet a while, thy generous ardour stay :
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddesses thus dismiss'd her azure train :

Ye sister Nereids ! to your deeps descend ;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend :
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine :
So tell our hoary fire---This charge she gave :
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave :
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's
force,

Urg'd to broad Hellespont their headlong course :
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind ;
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew ;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew :
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain ;
But check'd, he turns ; repuls'd, attacks again ;
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires :
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcase slain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day :
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various Goddesses of the showry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below ;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame :
Rise, son of Peleus ! rise divinely brave !
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save :
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead,
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends :
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends :
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame !

Who sends thee, Goddesses ! from the æthærial
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies : [skies ?
I come, Pelides ! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empress of the realms above ;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky,
Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd ?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms : what other can I wield ;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield ?

That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead :
The gallant chief defends Menæti's son,
And does, what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go !
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear :
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose ;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws ;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread ;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleagu'rd town arise
The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze ;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light :
So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forthmarch' the chief, and, distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud ;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangor sounds the alarm of war,
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply ;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard ;
And back the chariots roll, and couriers bound,
And steeds and men lay mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd :
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariot's crush'd :
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears :
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war ;
(Unhappy change !) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping
wound.

Mean time, unwearied with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their steeds unharnes'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd : each chief appear'd
In haste, and standing ; for to sit they fear'd.
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate ;
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood : Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears ;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years ;

The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wife in counsel, one in action brave):

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while, engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, nor fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue,
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
When morning dawns, our well-appointed
powers,

Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent couriers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.

Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite;
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy we will pour our arms;
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger. I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whoso'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;

To their own sense condemn'd, and left to chuse
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp'd his clay-cold limbs: then gushing
start

The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young:
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage.
When, to console Menæceus' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor, designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore, [alike:
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!

While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.
He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd
A massy caldron of stupendous frame [wound.
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream:
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Mean while to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove:
At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such Grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these (th' imperial dame re-
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes) [plies,
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second Power above, [Jove,
Heaven's Queen, and consort of the thundering

Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?
So they. Mean while the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions
shine.

There the lame architect the Goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That, plac'd on living wheels of massy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with
flowers,

In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours:
Just as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Observ'd her entering? her soft hand she press'd,
And, smiling, thus the watery Queen address'd:
What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatso'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainty of the bower.

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd:
A footstool at her feet; then, calling, said,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis asks your aid.
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redrest,
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I
wrought.

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs, oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine, (such wonders are in heaven!)
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penive Thetis sat;

There, plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the Silver-footed Dame:
Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
Oh, Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd, as mine?
Of all the Goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care!
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
The bravest sure that ever bore the name;
Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)
Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppress'd
Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredrest.
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
In vain--- he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy.
Then, slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more!

To her the Artist-god: Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breath'd; at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults re-
bound.

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he design'd;

Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex
crown'd;

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymenæal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
And rising, solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in fight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Mean time the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare: [band
Their wives, their children, and the watchful
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march, by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear; [war;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast;
One held a living foe, that freshly bled [dead.
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a
Now here, now there, the carcases they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.

And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field deep-furrow'd, next, the God design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side:
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd: [soil:
And fable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here, stretch'd in ranks, the level'd swarths are
found, [ground-
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the
lands;

The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of
The rustic monarch of the field describes, [corn-
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the womens' care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace.
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling
bear

The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine four dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withstood:
They tore his flesh, and drank the fable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnosius, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft cymars of linen drest;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,

That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend
 With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique
 ways,
 Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
 And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
 The gazing multitudes admire around,
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
 And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist
 crown'd
 With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
 In living silver seem'd the waves to roll, [whole.
 And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the
 This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
 He forg'd; the cuirass that outlines the fires.
 The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
 With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
 At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay:
 She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
 Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
 And bears the blazing present through the skies.

B O O K XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophecy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat. The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
 Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
 (With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)
 Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
 Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
 Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
 Their sovereign's sorrows in their own express.
 A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
 And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said:
 Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
 It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
 Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd?
 Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
 Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
 Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores a-
 round:
 Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
 And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
 Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
 And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
 From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
 And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
 He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
 On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
 Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that
 shine
 With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
 Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
 But ah! the relicks of my slaughter'd friend!

In those wide wounds through which his spirit
 fled,
 Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead?
 That unavailing care be laid aside,
 (The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
 Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
 Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
 But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
 Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
 Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
 And Heaven with strength supply the mighty
 rage!
 Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
 Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
 O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
 Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
 Achilles to the strand obedient went:
 The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
 The heroes heard, and all the naval train
 That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
 Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
 Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
 Studious to see that terror of the plain,
 Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
 Tydides and Ulysses first appear. [spear;
 Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the
 These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
 The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
 He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
 Achilles (rising in the midst) began:

Oh monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If, (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our
gore: [wail,

Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd be-
And sad posterity repeat the tale.

But this, no more the subject of debate,
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
Why should, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends; let war succeed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hosts, and try, if in our fight
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmov'd, the king of men begun:

Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence
hear!

And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause,
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnyes, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I against the will of Heaven?
Not by myself, but vengeful Atë driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The wrath of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long festering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the Sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were
run,

And Jove expected his immortal son:
To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thunderer, unsuspecting of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddess from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She push'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (said he) of Jove's immortal kind

"Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
"And claims thy promise to be king of kings."
Grief seiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd the fate,
He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the starry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in secret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with
dead.

What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treasures, are thy own:
This instant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.

O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation what I act survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.

The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food:
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten every band;
But let the presents to Achilles made
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men shall rise in public fight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign
might

Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they
wrong'd.

To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee,

Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
 And Heaven regard me as I justly swear!
 Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
 Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay:
 Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
 And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
 A train of noble youths the charge shall bear;
 These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
 And the fair train of captives close the rear:
 Talthibius shall the victim boar convey,
 Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.

For this (the stern Æacides replies)
 Some less important season may suffice,
 When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
 And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
 By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
 All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:
 Those call to war! and, might my voice incite,
 Now, now, this instant should commence the fight:

Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
 And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,
 Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
 Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
 Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
 Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
 And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.

O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoind)
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
 But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
 The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
 Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
 The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,
 Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
 Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?

Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
 The tribute of a melancholy day.
 One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
 Our care devolves on others left behind.
 Let generous food supplies of strength produce,
 Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
 Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,
 And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
 Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
 Expect a second summons to the war;
 Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
 If trembling in the ships he lags behind.
 Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
 And all at once on haughty Troy descend.

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
 To bear the presents from the royal tent,
 The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
 Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
 With Lycomedes of Creontian strain,
 And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.
 Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd;
 Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;

A row of six fair tripods then succeeds:
 And twice the number of high-bounding steeds:
 Seven captives next a lovely line compose;
 The eighth Briseis, like the blooming rose,
 Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
 First of the train, the golden talents bore:
 The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
 A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
 The boar Talthibius held: the Grecian lord
 Drew the broad cutlafs, sheath'd beside his sword
 The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
 He crops, and offering meditates his vow.
 His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
 On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes
 The solemn words a deep attention draw,
 And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness, thou first! thou greatest Power above!
 All-good, all-wise, and all-surviving Jove!
 And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
 And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
 The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
 Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
 If this be false, Heaven all its vengeance shed,
 And level'd thunder strike my guilty head!

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
 The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
 (A feast for fish) into the foaming main.

Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
 Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
 Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
 Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
 'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all,
 That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks
 to fall.

Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite!
 Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
 To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
 Achilles sought his tent. His train before
 March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
 Those in the tents the 'squires industrious spread:
 The foaming courfers to the stalls they led;
 To their new seats the female captives move:
 Briseis, radiant as the Queen of Love,
 Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey,
 Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay
 Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
 Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
 All beautiful in grief her humid eyes
 Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries:

Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
 Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
 I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay!
 Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
 What woes my wretched race of life attend!
 Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
 The first-lov'd comfort of my virgin-bed
 Before these eyes in fatal battle bled!
 My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
 All trod the dark irremeable way:
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
 And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain;
 Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
 The first, the dearest partner of his love;

That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land,
Accept these grateful tears ! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe !

Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus fortunes, but their own :
The leaders press'd their chief on every side ;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd :

If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear ;
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face :
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phoenix, strive to calm his grief and rage :
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control ;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

Thou too, Patroclus ! (thus his heart he vents)
Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents :
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas ! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquets but revenge can glad my mind ?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd ?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) sink into the grave ?
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend ;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care.
From Schyros isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain ;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd ;
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd ;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid :

Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war ;
Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend :
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.

He spoke : and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift through æther the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address'd,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods !)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issued from the ships, the warrior-train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow ;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies :

So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields ;
Broad-glittering breast-plates, spears with point-
ed rays,

Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze ;
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the
fields around.

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest ;
Arms, which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire ;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire ;
He grinds his teeth ; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody
day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold :
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold :
The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side ;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the
field.

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears,
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky :
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again ;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the
main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd ; behind
The sweepy crest, hung floating in the wind ;
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war ;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glo-
ries shed.

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes ;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries ;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Ponderous and huge ! which not a Greek could
rear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire ;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields :

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side) ;
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.

All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire ;
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' etherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands :

Xanthus and Balius ! of Podarges' strain
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care ;

Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord. [sword,

The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and dropp'd his head!
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.
Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;

The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day
(Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies t' d,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate, to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy! he said, and rush'd to fight.

B O O K XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Aëts of Achilles.

Jupiter, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the battle described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

Thus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While, near impending from a neighbouring
height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamant dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural Power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure Sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) sat the Powers around.
Ev'n * he whose trident sways the watery reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:
What moves the God who heaven and earth
commands,
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands.
Thus to convene the whole ætherial state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the skies

* Neptune.

In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celestial Powers! descend,
And, as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
Assist them, Gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He said, and fir'd their heavenly breasts with
rage:
On adverse parts the warring gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen; and he whose azure round
Girds the vast globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the fire;
And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire!
These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
The vessels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another God of War.

But when the Powers descending swell'd the fight,

'Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now the thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrors shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilium's topmost towers;
Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid streams stood still.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his hoary head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should
His dark dominions open to the day, [lay
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: such horrors
rend [tend.

The world's vast concave, when the Gods con-
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
Against Latona march'd the Son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side)
Saturnia, Majesty of Heaven, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;
Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning through the ranks, and
vow'd

To glut the God of Battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded, to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aspect, seem'd the Power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn
In distant threats he brav'd the Goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain:
To meet Pelides, you persuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrnessus, Pedasus, in ashes lay;
But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day;
Else had I sunk, oppress'd in fatal fight
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might,

Where'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful
plain,

And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm should check his
power,

Though strong in battle as a brazen tower.

To whom the Son of Jove: That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.

From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
And he, but from a Sister of the Main;

An aged Sea-god father of his line,

But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,

Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Through the thick troops th' embolden'd hero
prest:

[vey'd,
His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen sur-
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said:

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care;

Lo great Æneas rushing to the war;

Against Pelides he directs his course,

Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.

Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend

Our favour'd hero, let some Power descend,

To guard his life, and add to his renown,

We, the great armament of heaven, came down.

Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,

That spun so short his life's illustrious line:

But, lest some adverse God now cross his way,

Give him to know what Powers assist this day:

For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,

When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?

Thus she: and thus the God whose force can
make

The solid globe's eternal basis shake:

Against the might of man, so feeble known,

Why should celestial Powers exert their own?

Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene,

And leave to war the fates of mortal men.

But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,

Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,

Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:

Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;

And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,

Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the Tyrant of the Sea,

Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.

Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound

Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;

In elder times to guard Alcides made

(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)

What-time a vengeful monster of the main

Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,

With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:

The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,

Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.

In circle close each heavenly party sate:

Intent to form the future scheme of Fate;

But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high

Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.

Mean while the rushing armies hide the ground;

The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:

Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
 The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
 There, great Achilles: bold Æneas here.
 With towering strides Æneas, first advanc'd,
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
 Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
 Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
 Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
 Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
 Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone:
 He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
 Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
 He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
 So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
 Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
 The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
 Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
 Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
 In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
 And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
 Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
 The martial monarch may refuse the prize:
 Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
 Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land?
 An ample forest, or a fair domain,
 Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
 Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
 And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
 Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
 Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
 Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
 In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
 Defrauded of my conquest once before,
 What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
 Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening
 fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
 To this Anchises' son: Such words employ
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
 Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:
 Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
 Each Goddess born; half human, half divine,
 Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies:
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
 For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
 If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
 (A tale resounded through the spacious earth)
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove
 From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:

Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
 (The city since of many-languag'd men)
 Was not. The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
 From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
 Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead;
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
 These, lightly skimming when they swift the
 plain,
 Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
 And when along the level seas they flew,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew;
 Such Erichthonius was; from him there came
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
 Ilus' Assaracas, and Ganymed:
 The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
 Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air
 To bear the cup of Jove (ætherial guest,
 The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast).
 The two remaining sons the line divide:
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
 From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old,
 And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold):
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
 From great Assaracas sprung Capys, he
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
 Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
 He, source of power and might! with boundless
 All human courage gives, or takes away. [sway,
 Long in the field of words we may contend,
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
 Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong
 (So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
 Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
 For every man has equal strength to rail:
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
 And vent their anger impotent and loud.
 Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
 Is not to question, but to prove, our might.
 To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
 Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
 He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
 Far on his out-stretch'd arm Pelides held
 (To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful
 shield
 That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
 Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
 His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
 Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms. [held
 Through two strong plates the point its passage
 But stoop'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
 Five plates of various metal, various mold,
 Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
 Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:

There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the slight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering spear:
A fate so near him chills his soul with fright;
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone:
A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.
But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the
ground,

Saw the distress, and mov'd the Powers around.

Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone,
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his constant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future Father of the Dardan line:
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to th' all-seeing Mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
The great Earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes:
Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The king of Ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucas close the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heavenly form conies'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd:

What power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,

Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own.

With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away:
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
Then thus amaz'd: What wonders strike my
mind!

My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword.
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers celestial sure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This said, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd,
O Greeks (he cries, and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies
No God can singly such a host engage, [fly:
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatfoe'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire:
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the squadrons with my single spear.

He said: nor less elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with
words

Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:
The weakest Atheist-wretch all Heaven defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hand were
fire;

That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero said;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears obedient to the God of Light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphityon, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naiad of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain:

Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gyge boast thy birth;

Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are
roll'd,

And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more---Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.

The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel, with full-descending sway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:

The lance arrest him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's shrine on Helicé's high shores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound,

Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass);
Of all his sons, the dearest and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the first folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel:
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,
Thus sadly slain th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight;
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight:
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.
The son of Peleus sees, with joy possest,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
No more shall Hector and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war---
Then with revengeful eyes he scan'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But Heaven alone confers success in war:
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heavenly
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death, [breath
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:

The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:

Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more
thy flight

Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any power assist Achilles' hand.

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir.
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.

Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy fire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
This difference only their sad fates afford,
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

Nor less unpitied young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age, so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthless faulchion ope'd his tender side;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Thro' Muli's head then drove th' impetuous
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear. [spear,
Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous faulchion
cleaves;

Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight,
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corpse extended lies.
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends:
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And stretch'd the servant o'er the dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This way and that the spreading torrent roars;
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores:
Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine showers,
As, with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor:
When round and round with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd
grain:

So the fierce courfers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes
souls.
Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they
fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:

The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axels dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still insatiate; still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

B O O K XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Mean while Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and, while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.

The river here divides the flying train,
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound:
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors
drown'd.

As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
The clustering legions rush into the flood:
So, plung'd in Xanthus, by Achilles' force,
Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
His bloody lance the hero casts aside
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide);
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword high-brandish'd o'er the
waves:

Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge Dolphin tempesting the main,
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;

With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their
chains).

These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his passage flood,
The son of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel);
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
He felt the sweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and visor he had cast aside
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His useless lance and unavailing shield)

As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said:

Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom so late I bound
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
That bar such numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;

If earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, [tears;
And his soul shivering at th' approach of death,
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me
here;

Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I sprung from Priam and Laothœ fair
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd):
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For, ah! one spear shall drink each brother's
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore. [gore;
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.

These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?"
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born;
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then---he said: and, as the word he spoke,
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear:
While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand;
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround
Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound:

There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worshipp'd
stream,

His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid.

These boastful words provoke the raging God;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Mean while the hero springs in arms, to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axis, stream divine:
(Fair Peribœa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his reflux waters circled round).
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I
came

In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axis, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!

Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could
wield)

One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:

So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
How dost thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son,
Ev'n Acheloüs might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said, then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies, the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood. [slain]

All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest
Th' amaz'd Pæonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſius flew;
Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound:

O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchless, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
See! my chok'd streams no more their course can
keep,

Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.

In human form confess'd before his eyes,
The river thus, and thus the chief replies:
O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay:
Not till within her towers the perjurd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.

He said, and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the silver bow
The yellow flood began: O son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the fire above
Full and express? that Phœbus should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?

He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay
Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate
Then, rising in his rage above the shores, [way.
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A watery bulwark) skreen the bands who fly.
Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded shield beads to the rushing tide;
His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,

Vol. XII.

Sliddering and staggering. On the border flood
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood:
He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
Bridg'd the rough flood aerofs: the hero stay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur
The God pursues, a huger billow throws, [rose;
And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace
(Swiftest and strongest of th' aerial race)
Far as a spear can fly; Achilles springs
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every side,
And winds his course before the following tide;
The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
So, when a peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and
flowers;

Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
And marks the future current with his spade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
The first of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil:
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion
thrown)

Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:

Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No Power t' avert his miserable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the sport of Fate.
Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcase, to the sea.

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus in human form address the chief.

The Power of Ocean first: Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall spoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heap'd on the bounding billows dance the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of
gold

And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois: Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a God:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilium tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye; [lie,
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.

He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he
raves,

And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every step, before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven: she saw dis-
may'd;

She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.
Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind.
These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,

Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!

The Power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil,
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
The watery willows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive, the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.

At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said:

Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight— [might?
I yield—Let Ilium fall, if Fate decree;
Ah, bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:

Ah, why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilium, and her destin'd state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms;
With horrid clangor shock'd th' ætherial arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending
ground.

Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,
And views contending Gods with careless eyes.
The Power of Battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War:

What mov'd thy madness thus to disunite
Ætherial minds, and mix all Heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God?

Thy implous hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her fire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy,
This at the heavenly homicide she cast. [vast:
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.

The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:

Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day,
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright Empress of the heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing, thus to War's victorious Maid:

Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue.

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
On earth together lay the lovers spread;
And like these heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygians be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd---
Thus she; and Juno with a smile approv'd.

Mean time, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns
the sound?

Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age:
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own) }
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We shar'd the length'd labours of a year?
Troy's wall I rais'd (for such were Jove's com-
mands)

And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our
With menace stern the fraudulent king defy'd [pain,
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands,
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilium grace,
And not, like us, infect the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?

Apollo thus: To combat for mankind,
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that, now with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior Power submits retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades:

And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!
Now boast no more, in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking
Power.

Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What insolence has driven
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?
What though, tremendous in the wood and chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage---
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumed pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow:
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow!
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her, Latona hastes with tender care,
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.

He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low,
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to the blest abode,
Where all-confus'd she sought the Sovereign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The Sire superior smil'd; and bade her show
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's
Abash'd, she names his own Imperial spouse; [woe?
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:

The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire,
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still proceeds,
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky:
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire dismay;
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,
And the near hero rising on his fight!
No step, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face.

Fast as he could, he fighting quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls:

You, to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were
flung

The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung,
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And, glad some, see their last escape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier strides, that lengthen'd tow'rd the
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear; [town.
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But † he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave);
In aid of him, beside the beech he sate,
And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll);
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:
What! shall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road,
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I scorn to fall—
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?

† Apollo.

So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood,
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
What if---But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate,
Yet sure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.

He said, and stood collected in his might:
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;
Tho' struck, tho' wounded scarce perceives the
pain;

And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield, (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he stood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils, remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ,
And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said: with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cushions rung
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in the ætherial arms.
Then, fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Mean while the God, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice and shape,
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
The furious chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd
strides, [glides;

Now urge the course where swift Scamander
The God, now distant scarce a stride before,
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
'Who scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

B O O K XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilions rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe their briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greek's embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by Fate,
There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The Power confest in all his glory burns).
And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of Day:
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.

Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies:
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the fight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous
night,

Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age;

He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest; bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the
shore,

And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more! }
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live;
What heaps of gold, what treasures, would I give!
(Their grandfire's wealth, by right of birth their
own,

Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know;
What anguish I! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes, }
And number all his days by miseries!

My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd;
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
 The last sad relick of my ruin'd state
 (Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness! must fall,
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
 Well have they perish'd; for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best,
 Struck through with wounds, all honest, on the
 breast.

But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
 This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
 That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!

He said; and, acting what no words could say,
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.
 With him the mournful mother bears a part;
 Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
 The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:

Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
 The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
 If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
 Ah, do not thus our helpless years forego,
 But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe,
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
 Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst
 thou bleed,

Nor must thy corpse lie honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.

So they; while down their cheeks the torrents
 roll:

But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
 Resolv'd he stands; and with a fiery glance
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.
 So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
 When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood; and question'd thus his mighty mind:
 Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
 Honour and shame th' ungenerous thought recall?
 Shall proud Polydamus before the gate
 Proclaim, his councils are obey'd too late;
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight!
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 I feel my folly in my people slain.
 Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear;
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
 No--if I e'er return, return I must
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:

Or, if I perish, let her see me fall
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
 And yet, suppose these measures I forego,
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay
 down,

And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
 The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
 With honourable justice to restore;
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd
 Greece [peace?

May share our wealth, and leave our walls in
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a
 blow?

We greet not here as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
 No season now for calm familiar talk,
 Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
 War is our business; but to whom is given
 To die or triumph, that determine Heaven!

Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
 The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
 Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land;
 And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
 Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun:
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
 Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies:
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
 Obliquely wheeling through th' aerial way,
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings.
 No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
 Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage
 broad

(A wider compass) smoke along the road.
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
 With exhalations steaming to the skies;
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
 Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
 By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might).
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife).
 The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's funerals are decreed,
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
 Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
 (Some golden tripod or some lovely dame);

The panting couriers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectators' soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke:

Unworthy sight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy:
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye Powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man.

Then Pallas thus: Shall he whose vengeance
forms

The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?

Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.
Swift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus, step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

As men in slumber seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chace,
Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
What God, O Mule! assisted Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with
power:

And great Achilles, lest some Greeks advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the
weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing cries:

Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours cease.
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deiphobus the martial Dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms, the same)
In show and aid, by hapless Hector's side [ly'd:
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice be-

Too long, O Hector, have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd
more!

Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own

Again the Goddess: Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly:
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:

Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate.

(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the Gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.

No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
 Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath
 Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
 But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
 He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
 Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
 Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
 Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
 Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy, [Troy.
 Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of
 The life you boasted to that javelin given,
 Prince! you have mis'd. My fate depends on
 Heaven.

To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
 Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
 Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
 And with false terror sink another's mind.
 But know, whatever fate I am to try,
 By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
 I shall not fall a fugitive at least;
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
 But first try thou my arm; and may this dart
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy
 heart!

The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
 Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
 The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
 Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
 Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
 He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
 In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
 All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
 'Tis so---Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
 I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
 A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
 Death, and black Fate, approach! 'tis I must
 No refuge now, no succour from above, [bleed,
 Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
 Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
 Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
 So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
 Stoops from the clouds to trust the quivering hare.
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian frame!)
 And, as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er;
 One place at length he spies, to let in Fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed
 plate

Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
 Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
 Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
 At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
 Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what now
 you feel;

Achilles absent, was Achilles still.
 Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
 While, cast to all the rage of hostile power,
 Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.
 Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
 By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
 By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,
 To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
 And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurst! relentless he replies,
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
 Not those who gave me breath should bid me
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer. [spare
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
 No---to the dogs that carcase I resign.
 Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
 And, giving thousands, offer thousands more;
 Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
 Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
 Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
 Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
 The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
 Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
 And angry Gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
 Phoebus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.

He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his labouring
 breath,
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
 (The manly body left a load of clay)
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
 Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard replies:)
 Die thou the first! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
 I follow thee---He said, and stripp'd the slain.
 Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
 The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground,
 The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
 His manly beauty and superior size:
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
 With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace,
 "How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of
 late
 "Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate."
 High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
 Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;

And thus aloud, while all the host attends :
 Princes and leaders ! countrymen and friends !
 Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
 The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
 Is not Troy fall'n already ? Haste, ye powers !
 See, if already their deserted towers
 Are left unmann'd ; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain ?
 But what is Troy, or glory what, to me ?
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
 Divine Patroclus ! Death has seal'd his eyes ;
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies !
 Can his dear image from my soul depart,
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart ?
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last ; mine undecay'd
 Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
 Mean while, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
 The corpse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
 Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
 " Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
 (Unworthy of himself and of the dead).
 The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs insert'd through the double wound ;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds ; the rapid chariot flies ;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air ;
 The face divine, and long-descending hair,
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand ;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng !
 And in his parents' sight now dragg'd along !

The mother first beheld with sad survey :
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans ;
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe :
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
 From her foundations curling to her spires,
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course.
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force ;
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun :
 Imploring all, and naming one by one :
 Ah ! let me, let me go where sorrow calls :
 I, only I, will issue from your walls
 (Guide or companion, friends ! I ask you none)
 And bow before the murderer of my son.
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage ;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
 He has a father too, a man like me ;
 One, not exempt from age and misery
 (Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me and all my race) ;

How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb !
 Thee, Hector ! last : thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh, had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
 The son expiring in the fire's embrace,
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower :
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief !

Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amid'st her matrons Hecuba appears
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears)
 Ah, why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death ?
 O Hector ! late thy parents' pride and joy,
 The boast of nations ! the defence of Troy !
 To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd ;
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her God !
 O fatal change ! become in one sad day
 A senseless corpse ! inanimated clay !

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,
 Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate,
 Far in the close recesses of the dome,
 Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom ;
 A growing work employ'd her secret hours ;
 Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
 The bath preparing for her lord's return :
 In vain : alas ! her lord returns no more !
 Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore !
 Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
 And all her members shake with sudden fear ;
 Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
 As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls :

Ah, follow me ! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
 Invades my ear ? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
 My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart ;
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
 (Ye Gods avert it !) threatens the Trojan state.
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest !
 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
 Confronts Achilles ; chac'd along the plain,
 Shut from our walls ! I fear, I fear him slain !
 Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
 And sought for glory in the jaws of fate :
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She spoke ; and furious, with distracted pace,
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
 Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue)

And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
 Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
 The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes :
 She faints, she falls ; her breath, her colour, flies.
 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
 The net that held them, and the wreath that
 The veil and diadem, flew far away [crown'd,
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
 Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
 To raise her, sinking, with assistant hands.

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife !
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life !
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we
came;

At different periods, yet our fates the same !
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd ?
Would I had never been !---O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband ! miserably lost ;
Thou, to the dismal realms for ever gone !
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !
No more to smile upon his fire, no friend
To help him now ! no father to defend !
For should he 'scape the sword, the common
doom,

What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come !
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :
He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears !
Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,

While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread :
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion ! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, " Be gone ! thy father feasts not here ;"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Aëtyanax appears !
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk in soft down upon the nurse's breast,
Must---ah what must he not ? Whom Ilion calls
Aëtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !
Since now no more the father guards his Troy,
But thou my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove:
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day !
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.

So spake the mournful dame : her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

B O O K XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast, he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial ; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile ; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book. In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

Thus, humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:

Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Release your smoking coursers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.

Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe, [flow.
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to
But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:

All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
Hear, and rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;
And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre.

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound,
All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire.
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feeble cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod vase surround;
To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile
gore,

They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore:

No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair:
Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
And soothe my sorrows while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
And share your feast; but with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,
And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid
To heroes slumbering in eternal shade).
Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.
He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and the thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides stretch'd along the shore,
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.
Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall;
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When, lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;
In the same robe he living wore, he came;
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head:
And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below;
Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,
But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chace

The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make
known;

Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy Goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at least that melancholy joy.

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he fees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the
bands

Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:

'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the same!

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with
And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears, [tears:
Shews every mournful face with tears o'erspread,
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggon sends a chosen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper instruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
First march the heavy mules, securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the shockt axles
bound.

But when arriv'd at Ida's spreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods)
Loud sounds the ax, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets
brown;

Then, rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return.
The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given them) to the sandy shore;

There, on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
 They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load;
 Circling around the place, where times to come
 Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
 The hero bids his martial troops appear
 High on their cars, in all the pomp of war;
 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
 All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
 Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
 Next these a melancholy band appear,
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
 O'er all the corpse their scatter'd locks they throw;
 Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,
 Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
 Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
 Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
 They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
 But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
 And from his head divides the yellow hair;
 Those curling locks which from his youth he
 vow'd,

And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood;
 Then, sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
 And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:

Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
 Delightful roll along my native coast!
 To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
 These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
 Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
 Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
 And where in shade of consecrated bowers
 Thy altars stand, perfum'd with native flowers!
 So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
 No more Achilles sees his native plain:
 In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
 Patroclus bears them to the shades below.

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
 Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow:
 And now the sun had set upon their woe,
 But to the king of men thus spoke the chief:
 Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
 The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
 He said: the people to their ships return;
 While those deputed to inter the slain
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
 The growing structure spreads on every side;
 High on the top the manly corpse they lay,
 And well-fed sheep and fable oxen slay:
 Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
 And the pil'd victims round the body spread;
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
 Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan,
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
 Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
 Fall two, selected to attend their lord,
 Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
 Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
 On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
 Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
 Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
 And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry:

All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
 Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast.
 Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,
 Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
 But heavier fates on Hector's corpse attend,
 Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.

So spake he threatening: but the Gods made
 vain

His threat, and guard inviolate the slain;
 Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
 And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance shed:
 She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
 And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd
 prey.

Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care;
 He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
 And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,
 Against the solar beam and Syrian fire.

Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
 Smokes, nor as yet the fullen flames arise;
 But fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
 Invok'd the Gods, whose spirit moves the air,
 And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
 To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
 He call'd th' aerial Powers, along the skies
 To breathe and whisper to the fires to rise.
 The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
 Where, in old Zephyrs open courts on high,
 Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.
 She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
 The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
 All from the banquet rise, and each invites
 The various Goddesses to partake the rites:
 Not so (the dame reply'd) I haste to go
 To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
 Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
 And Heaven is feasting on the world's green end,
 With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
 Far on th' extreme limits of the main.
 But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
 The Western Spirit, and the North, to rise;
 Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,
 And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.

Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view:
 Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
 Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,
 And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before.
 To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
 The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise:
 Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
 Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
 The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
 And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
 All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
 With large libations from the golden bowl.
 As a poor father, helpless and undone,
 Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
 Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
 And pour in tears, ere yet they close the urn:
 So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
 So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no
 more.

[night,
 'Twas when, emerging through the shades of
 The morning planet told th' approach of light;
 And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
 O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:

Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd;
Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,
Exhausted with his grief: mean while the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke:

Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame
With sable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known, they lie
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margin will be seen
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men).
These, wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.

Mean time erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers
glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next, the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected in the golden vase.
The sacred relicks to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ships
proceeds

A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods (for the funeral games)
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:

A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the last.

These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train:

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To brave the rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal couriers take the plain
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)

But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit with them the games of this sad day:

Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.
Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful honours on the sand;
Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courser, and the flying car.

Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise;
But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed,
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).

Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courser of the king of kings;
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave)
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days,
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylia horse.
Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears:

My son! though youthful ardour fire thy
breast, [blest.

The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known;
Compare those rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.

'Tis more by art, than force of numerous strokes,
The dextrous woodman shapes the stubborn-oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.
In vain; unskilful, to the goal they strive,
And short or wide, th' ungovern'd courser drive:
While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal, his eye fore-runs the course,
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.

Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of some once stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains:
Inclos'd with stones, conspicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race);
Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand steed:
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short: till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course;

Left, through incaution failing, thou may'st be
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.
 So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
 And leave unskilful swiftness far behind;
 Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
 Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed;
 Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
 That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.

Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
 Concludes; then fate, stiff with unwieldy age.
 Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
 The last, but not least ardent for the prize. [pose
 They mount their seats; the lots their place dis-
 (Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws).
 Young Nestor leads the race: Eumelus then;
 And next, the brother of the king of men:
 Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
 And far the bravest, Diomed, was last.
 They stand in order, an impatient train;
 Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
 And sends before old Phoenix to the place,
 To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
 At once the coursers from the barrier bound;
 The lifted scourges all at once resound; [fore;
 Their hearts, their eyes, their voice, they send be-
 And up the champain thunder from the shore:
 Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
 And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
 Loose on their shoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
 Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
 The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
 Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
 While, hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
 (Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
 Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein, [plain.
 They pant, they stretch, they shout along the
 Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
 At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
 Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
 Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main,
 First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
 With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds:
 Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
 And seem just mounting on his car behind;
 Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
 And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.
 Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize:
 But angry Phoebus to Tydides flies, [vain
 Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders
 His matchless horses' labour on the plain.
 Rage fills his eye, with anguish to survey,
 Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
 The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
 Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
 And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
 She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
 Nor more their way the startled horses held;
 The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
 Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
 Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;
 His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
 Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd
 wound:

Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
 Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
 Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
 And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, though distant, Menelaus succeeds;
 While thus young Nestor animates his steeds:
 Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
 Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,
 Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
 And gives their lord the honours of the day.
 But reach Atrides! shall his mare out-go
 Your swiftness, vanquish'd by a female foe?
 Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
 The last ignoble gift be all we gain;
 No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
 The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
 Haste then; yon narrow road before our sight
 Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.

Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat
 With quicker steps the sounding champain beat.
 And now Antilochus with nice survey
 Observes the compass of the hollow way.
 'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
 Fast by the road a precipice was worn:
 Here, where but one could pass to shun the throng,
 The Spartan hero's chariot smok'd along.
 Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,
 Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.
 Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below,
 And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
 Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
 This narrow way! Take larger field (he cry'd)
 Or both must fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
 He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.
 Far as an able arm the disk can send,
 When youthful rivals their full force extend,
 So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
 Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
 His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears
 The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
 The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,
 And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain;
 But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
 Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise!
 Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;—
 Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.
 Then to his steeds with all his force he cries,
 Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
 With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
 And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
 Already at their heels they wing their way,
 And seem already to retrieve the day.

Mean time the Grecians in a ring beheld
 The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
 The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
 High on a rising ground, above the ring,
 The monarch sate: from whence with sure survey
 He well observ'd the chief who led the way,
 And heard from far his animating cries,
 And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
 On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
 Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
 He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks begun:
 Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
 Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
 And other steeds, than lately led the way?
 Those, though the swiftest, by some God withheld,
 Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
 For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain
 I search to find them, but I search in vain.

Parchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courfers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.

Old man! (Oileus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chase,
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race;
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride:
To vile reproach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the prize.

He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes: but Thetis' godlike son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun:

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, should others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching steeds your contest
No sooner had he spoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a stream of dust the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courfers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-ply'd whip is lung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-past Atrides) second in the course.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courser in his swift career
The following car, just touching with his heel
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and so narrow now the space between
The rivals, late so distant on the green;
So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd,
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursued, at greater distance still,
With tardier courfers, and inferior skill.
Last came Admetus! thy unhappy son:
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:

Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day.

The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had received the prize,
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?

Perhaps he sought not Heaven by sacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow)
Some gift must grace Eumelus; view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore;
An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give.
But this my prize I never shall forego:
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.

Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore)
Whose glittering margins rais'd with silver shine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine.

He said: Automedon at his command
The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands,
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash, Antilochus, has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But shall not we ourselves the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent. [tent
Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave
the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

So spoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare contested to the king restor'd.

Joy swells his soul : as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew ;
Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said :

Still may our souls, O generous youth ! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To wave contention with superior sway ;
For ah ! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend !
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own :
Generous alike, for me, the sire and son
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield ; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride prefer'd before my friend.

He said ; and, pleas'd his passion to command,
Resign'd the courser to Noëman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief : himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd ;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares :

Accept thou this, O sacred fire ! (he said)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead ;
Dead, and for ever lost, Patroclus lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes !
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side ;
With joy the venerable king reply'd :

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd !
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.

Oh ! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore !
Victorious then in every solemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name ;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,
Surpass'd Iphycus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the spear.
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force :
For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car ; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was ! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds :
I yield, alas ! (to age who must not yield ?)
Though once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son ! by generous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead ;

While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent) ;
Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me :
Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
May the just Gods return another day !

Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.
A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound ;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.
Achilles, rising, thus : Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight :
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke,
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay ;
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combat great Epæus chose ;
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk ! he rose,
And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say :
Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away !
(Prize of his ruin :) for who dares deny
This mule my right ; th' undoubted victor I ?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine ;
For who excels in all ? Then let my foe
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know ;
Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound :
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain.

The giant spoke ; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze !
'Twas thou, Euryalus ! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy fire,
The great Mecistheus ; who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm'd with the hopes of conquest for his friend ;
Officious with the cincture girds him round ;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands ;
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows. }
At length Epæus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe ;
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting : not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand ; and gives him to his friends ;
Whose arms support him reeling through the throng.
And dragging his disabled legs along ;
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er ;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore ;

Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose,
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are
mixt;

Below, their planted feet at distance fixt:
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintry wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders,
thighs,

Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.

While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.

He said; and, straining, heav'd him off the
ground.

With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves com-
His ankle struck: the giant fell supine; [bine
Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,

He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:

Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain:
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.

And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd;
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.

VOL. XII.

A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train---
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the
plain.

The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oilean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass
His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All start at once; Oileus led the race;
The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought descends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas); where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore
(The self-same place, beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.

Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address:

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a Goddess was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore;
A burst of laughter echo'd through the shore.

Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:

Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The Gods still love them, and they always
thrive.

Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise
(A green old-age, unconscious of decays,
That prove the hero born in better days!)

Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles! He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th' effect succeeds the speech: Pelides cries,
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his fire.

K

Next these; a buckler, spear, and helm, he
brings
Cast on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries)
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
Now grace the list before our army's fight,
And, sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;
The sword Asteropus possess of old
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, up-rose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:
Lowering they meet, tremendous to the fight;
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge re-
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made [new'd.
Through the broad shield, but at the corselet
stay'd:

Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove,
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A mass of iron (an enormous round)
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
Let him whose might can hurl this bowel, arise;
Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
From hence: nor ask the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Stern Polypoetes stept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Up rose great Ajax; up Epëus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epëus threw;
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling
Leontes next a little space surpast, [circle flew.
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypoete's arm, the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,

So past them all the rapid circle flies;
His friends (while loud applauses shake the
skies) [prize.
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty
Those who in skilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes cast amidst the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound).
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall
bear

These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.
He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And skilful Tencer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice.
No firstling lambs, unheeded! didst thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-mast fell the parting string,
And the free bird to heaven displays her wing:
Seas, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
And, following with his eye the soaring dove,
Implores the God to speed it through the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its passage
found,

And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast;
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To close the funeral games Achilles last
A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,
An ample charger of un sullied frame, [flame.
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too Great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:
Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest, and their best.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glittering charger to Talthibius' hands.

B O O K XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the body of Hector.

The Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen; with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded
strand;

All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they
wrought, [fought;

What seas they measur'd, and what fields they
All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There, as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
But not deserted by the pitying Skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corpse his golden shield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.

But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To Heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:

Unpitying Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain!
And, can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to comfort, mother, son, and fire?
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughter's wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd.
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, insatiate, the commission given
By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo! how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.

If equal honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ætherial race
Springs from a Goddess by a man's embrace
(A Goddess by ourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of Heaven).
To grace those nuptials from the bright abode
Yourself were present; where this minstrel-
God
(Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial Dame:
 Let not thy wrath the court of Heaven inflame;
 Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
 But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
 Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay
 (The only honours men to Gods can pay);
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.
 Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,
 We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
 But haste, and summon to our courts above
 The azure Queen: let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave.
 He added not; and Iris from the skies,
 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies.
 Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps,
 Between where Samos wide his forest spreads,
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads.
 Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves re-
 found);
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
 As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
 So pass'd the Goddess through the closing wave,
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her sacred cave:
 There, plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
 Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
 Then thus the Goddess of the painted bow,
 Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below:
 'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
 Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies,
 Sad object as I am for heavenly sight?
 Ah, may my sorrows ever shun the light!
 Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade;
 Which flowing long, her graceful person clad;
 And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.
 Then through the world of waters they repair
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies,
 There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
 And all the Gods in shining synod round.
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
 (Minerva, rising, gave the Mourner place);
 Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
 She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
 The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
 Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast;
 Maternal sorrows; long, ah long to last!
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
 But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
 Nine days are past, since all the court above
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
 We will, thy son himself the corpse restore,
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far:

Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
 But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
 The mournful father, Iris shall prepare,
 With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.
 His word the silver-footed Queen attends,
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes;
 The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
 She prest his hand, and tender thus begun:
 How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow;
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe;
 Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain?
 O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
 Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
 Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain:
 But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.
 To whom Achilles: Be the ransom given,
 And we submit, since such the will of Heaven.
 While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian
 bowers
 Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
 Haste, winged Goddess to the sacred town,
 And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
 Alone, the Ilrian ramparts let him leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
 Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
 May the slow mules and funeral car command.
 Nor let him death, nor let him danger, dread,
 Safe through the foe by our protection led:
 Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
 Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair,
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
 Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
 And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary fire,
 (Sad scene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire,
 Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
 A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
 Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
 Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
 And thus, in whispers, greets his trembling ears:
 Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
 For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
 Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,

Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command;
Nor shalt thou, death, nor shalt thou danger, dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay;
His pious sons the king's command obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:

Unhappy consort of a king distressed!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
For sake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpse of Hector, at yon navy, slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now, that aw'd man-
kind;

[known;
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fallen! To calm his rage,
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No--pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents woe!
Doom'd, from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Pelus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.

Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night
(Reply'd, unmov'd, the venerable man).
'Tis Heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid;
Nor augur, priest, or seer, had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content--By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at last may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many veils, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers, shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowel had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy:

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall:
The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost, by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
O send me, Gods! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relicks of his numerous line:

Inglorious sons, of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Nestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these; a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they
bring

(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car;

Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation destin'd to the Power divine)
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from
harms,

His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heaven, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.

'Tis just (said Priam, to the Sire above)
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?
He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring
(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:

Oh first, and greatest! Heaven's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.

Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury! [high

The swift-wing'd chacer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Peronos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.

A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears;
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he past,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.

Then thus to Hermes: Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers;

Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the fire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.

A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight-veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
(Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.

Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,

(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame;
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accosts with kind demand:
Say whither, father! when each mortal fight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the
night?

Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures
view;

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread:
From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those
lines

The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide
(The sacred messenger of Heaven reply'd);
But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand:
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land!
Or fly'st thou now?—What hopes can Troy re-
tain;

Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?

The king, alarm'd: Say what, and whence
thou art,

Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,

And know so well how godlike Hector dy'd ?

Thus Priam spoke ; and Hermes thus reply'd :

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch :

On this sad subject you enquire too much.

Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd

In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued :

I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he tost

On thousand ships, and wither'd half an host :

I saw, but help'd not : stern Achilles' ire

Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.

For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race ;

One ship convey'd us from our native place ;

Polyctor is my fire, an honour'd name,

Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame :

Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast

To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.

To watch this quarter my adventure falls :

For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls :

Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,

And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern Pelides' train

(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)

Ah, tell me truly, where, oh ! where are laid

My son's dear relicks ? what befalls him dead ?

Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains)

Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains ?

O favour'd of the Skies ! thus answer'd then

The Power that mediates between Gods and men)

Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,

But whole he lies, neglected in the tent ;

This the twelfth evening since he rested there,

Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.

Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,

Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead :

Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,

All fresh he lies, with every living grace,

Majestical in death ! No stains are found

O'er all the corpse, and clos'd is every wound ;

Though many a wound they gave. Some hea-

venly care,

Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :

Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led

A life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide !

And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd :

Blest is the man who pays the Gods above

The constant tribute of respect and love ;

Those who inhabit the Olympian bower

My son forgot not, in exalted power ;

And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,

Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.

But thou, oh generous youth ! this goblet take,

A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's sake ;

And, while the favouring Gods our steps survey,

Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God : O King forbear

To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err :

But can I, absent from my prince's sight,

Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?

What from our master's interest thus we draw,

Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.

Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence ;

And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.

Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey ;

Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way :

On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,

O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.

He said, then took the chariot at the bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash
around !

Before th' inspiring God, that urg'd them on,

The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.

And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found

The guards repasting, while the bowls go round :

On these the virtue of his wand he tries,

And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes :

Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,

And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.

Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,

And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.

Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er

With reeds collected from the marshy shore ;

And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state,

(The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.

Large was the door, whose well-compacted
strength

A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length ;

Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty

But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. [weight,

This Hermes (such the power of Gods !) set wide ;

Then swift alighted the celestial guide,

And thus reveal'd---Hear, prince ! and understand

Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand :

Hermes I am, descended from above,

The King of arts, the Messenger of Jove.

Farewell : to shun Achilles' sight I fly ;

Uncommon are such favours of the Sky,

Nor stand confest to frail mortality.

Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers ;

Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,

His son, his mother ! urge him to bestow

Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,

And in a moment shot into the skies :

The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,

And left his aged herald on the car.

With solemn pace through various rooms he went,

And found Achilles in his inner tent :

There sate the hero ; Alcimus the brave,

And great Automedon, attendance gave :

These serv'd his person at the royal feast :

Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made ;

And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,

Sudden (a venerable sight) appears ;

Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears ;

Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embrued

Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood !

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,

Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)

Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd !

All gaze, all wonder : thus Achilles gaz'd :

Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise ;

All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes :

Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,

Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke :

Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine !

Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !

In me, that father's reverend image trace,

Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;

His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !

In all my equal, but in misery !

Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate

Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ;

Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
 And, hearing, still may hope a better day
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain:
 The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!
 Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
 The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
 Nineteen one mother bore---Dead, all are dead!
 How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense:
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.
 Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
 Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!

For him, through hostile camps I bend my way,
 For him, thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
 Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
 O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
 See him in me, as helpless and as old!
 Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
 The first of men in sovereign misery!
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
 Suppliant my childrens' murderer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
 And now the mingled tides together flow:
 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
 A father one, and one a son, deplore:
 But great Achilles different passions rend,
 And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.
 Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
 One universal solemn shower began;
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
 The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
 On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
 Not unrelenting: then serene began
 With words to soothe the miserable man:

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known
 Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
 To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
 Heaven sure has arm'd the with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
 Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
 To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear.
 Such is, alas! the Gods' severe decree:
 They, only they, are blest, and only free.
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good;
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
 To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
 Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
 The happiest, taste not happiness sincere;
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.

Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power!
 What stars concurring blest his natal hour!
 A realm, a Goddess to his wishes given;
 Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
 One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day:
 No race succeeding to imperial sway;
 An only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd
 To fall untimely in a foreign land.

See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
 In riches once, in children once excell'd;
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
 But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
 What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
 War and the blood of men surround thy walls!
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
 But thou, alas! may'st live, to suffer more!

To whom the king: Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
 On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.
 Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes restore
 His corpse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give [Troy;
 A weak old man to see the light and live!

Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies,
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes);
 Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
 To yield the Hector, I myself intend:
 For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
 Nor com'st thou but by Heaven: nor com'st alone,
 Some God impels with courage not thy own:
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
 To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
 Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
 I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The fire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
 Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
 Automedon and Alcimus attend
 (Whom most he honour'd since he lost his friend);
 These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
 And led the hoary herald to the tent;
 Next heap'd on high the numerous presents bear
 (Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
 Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
 They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.
 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
 To wash the body and anoint with oil,
 Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy fire,
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age, [rage.
 Nor Jove's command, should check the rising
 This done, the garments o'er the corpse they
 Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed: [spread;
 Then, while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:

If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below;
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.

He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam fate:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun—
Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes. }
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's
line;

But two the Goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhumate them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone):
The Gods themselves at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,
The watery Fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
She stands, her own sad monument of woe; }
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

Such griefs, O king! have other parents known:
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.

He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest:
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to sleep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:

For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear;
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer;
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Hea-

ven!

This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy;
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald rest,
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
Now Gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Power descending hover'd o'er his head:
And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said)
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee,
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age, and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling fire arose,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged Deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray, [day:
Sprung through the gate of light, and gave the
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;

Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,

Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scaean's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day:
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.

The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.

First to the corpse the weeping comfort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in my bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise;
Or with encreasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
New hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companions of thy mother's woe:
Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek whose father prest the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his comfort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear; [dear,

Which never, never, could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan:

Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part:
Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpse was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair, as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief, appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
Ah, dearest friend! in whom the Gods had join'd

The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perish'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curst the authorefs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!

In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:---
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And sell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,

Roll back the gather'd forests to the town,
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise;
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn.

Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead

(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun). [done
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

WE have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the common reader, to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse; the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the *Æneis*.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, Book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan; but, being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus, his brother; and, at the taking of Troy, betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaüs, her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon, at his return, was barbarously murdered by Ægytus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra, his wife, who, in his absence, had dishonoured his bed with Ægytus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom. It is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's *Odysses*.

I must end these remarks by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead: the merit of their kindness to me

will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. Broome: And the whole essay upon Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But, instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

MARCH 25. }
1720. }

A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐπαῖα---τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με
προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι,
ἐν οἷς ἰσῶς ἂν κατεχέσθην, εἰ ἡθόρμην ἑμαυτὸν
εὐδοκῶς προϊόντα.

M. AUREL. ANTON. de seipso. l. i. § 14.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EPIC POEM,

AND OF

THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY:

EXTRACTED FROM BOSSU.

S E C T. I.

OF THE NATURE OF EPIC POETRY.

THE fables of poets were originally employed in representing the Divine Nature, according to the notion then conceived of it. This sublime subject occasioned the first poets to be called Divines, and Poetry the Language of the Gods. They divided the Divine Attributes into so many persons; because the infirmity of a human mind cannot sufficiently conceive, or explain, so much power and action in a simplicity so great and indivisible as that of God. And, perhaps, they were also jealous of the advantages they reaped from such excellent and exalted learning, and of which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy.

They could not describe the operations of this Almighty Cause, without speaking at the same time of its effects: so that to Divinity, they added Physiology; and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorical expressions.

But man being the chief and the most noble of all that God produced, and nothing being so proper, or more useful to poets than this subject; they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of morality after the same manner as they did that of divinity and philosophy; and from morality thus treated, is formed that kind of poem and fable which we call Epic.

The poets did the same in morality, that the divines had done in divinity. But that infinite variety of the actions and operations of the divine nature, (to which our understanding bears so small a proportion) did, as it were, force them upon dividing the single idea of the Only One God into several persons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the rest.

And, on the other hand, the nature of moral philosophy being such, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general; the epic poets were obliged to unite in one single idea, in one and the same person, and in an action which appeared singular, all that looked like it in different persons and in various actions; which might be thus contained as so many species under their genus.

The presence of the Deity, and the care such an august cause is to be supposed to take about any action, obliges the poet to represent this action as great, important, and managed by kings and princes. It obliges him likewise, to think and speak in an elevated way above the vulgar, and in a style that may in some sort keep up the character of the divine persons he introduces. To this end serve the poetical and figurative expression, and the majesty of the heroic verse.

But all this, being divine and surprising, may quite ruin all probability; therefore the poet should take a particular care as to that point, since his chief aim is to instruct, and without probability any action is less likely to persuade.

Lastly, since precepts ought to be concise, to be the more easily conceived, and less oppress the memory; and since nothing can be more effectual to this end than proposing one single idea, and collecting all things so well together, as to be present to our minds all at once; therefore the poets have reduced all to one single action, under one and the same design, and in a body whose members and parts should be homogeneous.

What we have observed of the nature of the Epic Poem, gives us a just idea of it, and we may define it thus:

“ The Epic Poem is a discourse invented by art, to form the manners, by such instructions as are disguised under the allegories of some one important action, which is related in verse, after a probable, diverting, and surprising manner.”

S E C T. II.

THE FABLE OF THE ILIAD.

IN every design which a man deliberately undertakes, the end he proposes is the first thing in his mind, and that by which he governs the whole work, and all its parts: thus, since the end of the Epic Poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this first view the poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philosophical and the poetical doctrine of Manners. The schoolmen content themselves with treating of virtues and vices in general; the instructions they give are proper for all states of people, and

for all ages. But the poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the necessities of his own nation. With this design he makes choice of some piece of morality, the most proper and just he can imagine; and in order to press this home, he makes less use of the force of reasoning, than of the power of insinuation; accommodating himself to the particular customs and inclinations of those who are to be the subject, or the readers of his work.

Let us now see how Homer has acquitted himself in these respects.

He saw the Grecians, for whom he designed his Poem, were divided into as many states as they had capital cities. Each was a body politic apart, and had its form of government independent from all the rest. And yet these distinct states were very often obliged to unite together in one body against their common enemies. These were two very different sorts of government, such as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one single poem.

The poet, therefore, has made two distinct fables of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into one body, but composed of parts independent on each other; and the other for each particular state, considered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumstances and the necessity of being united.

As for the first sort of government, in the union, or rather in the confederacy of many independent states; experience has always made it appear, "That nothing so much causes success as a due subordination, and a right understanding among the chief commanders. And on the other hand, the inevitable ruin of such confederacies proceeds from the heats, jealousies, and ambition of the different leaders, and the discontents of submitting to a single general." All sorts of states, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the most useful and necessary instruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loss which both the people and the princes must of necessity suffer, by the ambition, discord, and obstinacy of the latter.

Homer then has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth: that a misunderstanding between princes is the ruin of their own states. "I sing (says he) the anger of Achilles, so pernicious to the Grecians, and the cause of so many heroes deaths, occasioned by the discord and separation of Agamemnon and that prince."

But that this truth may be completely and fully known, there is need of a second to support it. It is necessary in such a design, not only to represent the confederate states at first disagreeing among themselves, and from thence unfortunate; but to show the same states afterwards reconciled and united, and of consequence victorious.

Let us now see how he has joined all these in one general action.

"Several princes independent on one another, were united against a common enemy. The person whom they had elected their general, offers an affront to the most valiant of all the confederates. This offended prince is so far

"provoked, as to relinquish the union, and obstinately refuse to fight for the common cause. This misunderstanding gives the enemy such an advantage, that the allies are very near quitting their design with dishonour. He himself who made the separation, is not exempt from sharing the misfortune which he brought upon his party. For having permitted his intimate friend to succour them in a great necessity, this friend is killed by the enemy's general. Thus the contending princes, being both made wiser at their own cost, are reconciled, and unite again: then this valiant prince not only obtains the victory in the public cause, but revenges his private wrongs, by killing with his own hands the author of the death of his friend."

This is the first platform of the Poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and universal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place, it must be rendered probable by the circumstances of times, places, and persons: some persons must be found out, already known by history or otherwise, whom we may with probability make the actors and personages of this fable. Homer has made choice of the siege of Troy, and feign'd that this action happened there. To a phantom of his brain, whom he would paint valiant and choleric, he has given the name of Achilles; that of Agamemnon to his general; that of Hector to the enemy's commander, and so to the rest.

Besides, he was obliged to accommodate himself to the manners, customs, and genius of the Greeks his auditors, the better to make them attend to the instruction of his poem: and to gain their approbation by praising them; so that they might the better forgive him the representation of their own faults in some of his chief personages. He admirably discharges all these duties, by making these brave princes and those victorious people all Grecians, and the fathers of those he had a mind to commend.

But not being content, in a work of such a length, to propose only the principal point of the moral, and to fill up the rest with useless ornaments and foreign incidents, he extends this moral by all its necessary consequences. As for instance, in the subject before us, it is not enough to know that a good understanding ought always to be maintained among confederates: it is likewise of equal importance, that, if there happens any division, care must be taken to keep it secret from the enemy, that their ignorance of this advantage may prevent their making use of it. And in the second place, when their concord is but counterfeit and only in appearance, one should never press the enemy too closely; for this would discover the weakness which we ought to conceal from them.

The episode of Patroclus, most admirably furnishes us with these two instructions. For when he appeared in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who took him for that prince now reconciled and united to the confederates, immediately gave ground, and quitted the advantages they had before over the Greeks. But Patroclus, who should

have been contented with this success, presses upon Hector too boldly, and, by obliging him to fight, soon discovers that it was not the true Achilles who was clad in his armour, but a hero of much inferior prowess. So that Hector kills him, and regains those advantages which the Trojans had lost, on the opinion that Achilles was reconciled.

S E C T. III.

THE FABLE OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE *Odyssey* was not designed, like the *Iliad*, for the instruction of all the states of Greece joined in one body, but for each state in particular. As a state is composed of two parts; the head which commands, and the members which obey; there are instructions requisite to both, to teach the one to govern, and the others to submit to government.

There are two virtues necessary to one in authority; prudence to order, and care to see his orders put in execution. The prudence of a politician is not acquired but by a long experience in all sorts of business, and by an acquaintance with all the different forms of governments and states. The care of the administration suffers not him that has the government to rely upon others, but requires his own presence: and kings, who are absent from their states, are in danger of losing them, and give occasion to great disorders and confusion.

These two points may be easily united in one and the same man. "A king forakes his kingdom to visit the courts of several princes, where he learns the manners and customs of different nations. From hence there naturally arises a vast number of incidents, of dangers, and of adventures, very useful for a political institution. On the other side, this absence gives way to the disorders which happen in his own kingdom, and which end not till his return, whose presence only can re-establish all things." Thus the absence of a king has the same effects in this fable, as the division of the princes had in the former.

The subjects have scarce any need but of one general maxim, which is, to suffer themselves to be governed, and to obey faithfully; whatever reason they may imagine against the orders they receive. It is easy to join this instruction with the other, by bestowing on this wise and industrious prince such subjects, as in his absence would rather follow their own judgment than his commands; and by demonstrating the misfortunes which this disobedience draws upon them, the evil consequences which almost infallibly attend these particular notions, which are entirely different from the general idea of him who ought to govern.

But as it was necessary that the princes in the *Iliad* should be cholerick and quarrelsome, so it is necessary in the fable of the *Odyssey* that the chief person should be sage and prudent. This raises a difficulty in the fiction; because this person ought to be absent for the two reasons above mentioned, which are essential to the fable, and which constitute the principal aim of it: but he

cannot absent himself, without offending against another maxim of equal importance, viz. That a king should upon no accounts leave his country.

It is true, there are sometimes such necessities as sufficiently excuse the prudence of a politician in this point. But such a necessity is a thing important enough of itself to supply matter for another poem, and this multiplication of the action would be vicious. To prevent which, in the first place, this necessity, and the departure of the hero, must be disjoined from the poem; and in the second place, the hero having been obliged to absent himself, for a reason antecedent to the action, and placed distinct from the fable, he ought not so far to embrace this opportunity of instructing himself, as to absent himself voluntarily from his own government. For at this rate, his absence would be merely voluntary, and one might with reason lay to his charge all the disorders which might arise.

Thus in the constitution of the fable he ought not to take for his action, and for the foundation of his poem, the departure of a prince from his own country nor his voluntary stay in any other place; but his return, and this return retarded against his will. This is the first idea Homer gives us of it †. His hero appears at first in a desolate island, sitting upon the side of the sea, which, with tears in his eyes, he looks upon as the obstacle which had so long opposed his return, and detained him from visiting his own dear country.

And lastly, since this forced delay might more naturally and usually happen to such as make voyages by sea; Homer has judiciously made choice of a prince, whose kingdom was in an island.

Let us see then how he has feigned all this action, making his hero a person in years, because years are requisite to instruct a man in prudence and policy.

"A prince had been obliged to forsake his native country, and to head an army of his subjects in a foreign expedition. Having gloriously performed this enterprise, he was marching home again, and conducting his subjects to his own state. But spite of all the attempts, with which the eagerness to return had inspired him, he was stopt by the way by tempests for several years, and cast upon several countries, differing from each other in manners and government. In these dangers, his companions, not always following his orders, perished through their own fault. The grandees of his country strangely abuse his absence, and raise no small disorders at home. They consume his estate, conspire to destroy his son, would constrain his queen to accept of one of them for her husband; and indulge themselves in all violence, so much the more, because they were persuaded he would never return. But at last he returns, and discovering himself only to his son and some others, who had continued firm to him, he is an eye-witness of the insolence of his enemies, punishes them according to their deserts, and restores to his island that tranquillity and repose to which they had been strangers during his absence."

† *Odyssey* V.

As the truth, which serves for foundation to this fiction, is, that the absence of a person from his own home, or his neglect of his own affairs, is the cause of great disorders: so the principle point of the action, and the most essential one, is the absence of the hero. This fills almost all the poem: for not only this real absence lasted several years, but even when the hero returned, he does not discover himself; and this prudent disguise, from whence he reaped so much advantage, has the same effect upon the authors of the disorders, and all others who knew him not, as his real absence had before, so that he is absent as to them, till the very moment of their punishment.

After the poet had thus composed his fable, and joined the fiction to the truth, he then makes choice of Ulysses, the king of the isle of Ithaca, to maintain the character of his chief personage, and bestowed the rest on Telemachus, Penelope, Antinous, and others, whom he calls by what names he pleases.

I shall not here insist upon the many excellent advices, which are so many parts and natural consequences of the fundamental truth; and which the poet very dexterously lays down in those fictions which are the episodes and members of the entire action. Such for instance are these advices: not to intrude one's self into the mysteries of government, which the prince keeps secret; this is represented to us by the winds shut up in a bull-hide, which the miserable companions of Ulysses would needs be so foolish as to pry into: not to suffer one's self to be led away by the seeming charms of an idle and inactive life, to which the Syrens song invited*: not to suffer one's self to be sensualized by pleasures, like those who were changed into brutes, by Circe: and a great many other points of morality necessary for all sorts of people.

This poem is more useful to the people than the Iliad, where the subjects suffer rather by the ill conduct of their princes, than through their own miscarriages. But in the Odyssey, it is not the fault of Ulysses that is the ruin of his subjects. This wise prince leaves untried no method to make them partakers of the benefit of his return. Thus the poet in the Iliad says, "He sings the anger of Achilles, which had caused the death of so many Grecians;" and, on the contrary, in the Odyssey he tells his readers, "That the subjects perished through their own fault."

S E C T. IV.

OF THE UNITY OF THE FABLE.

ARISTOTLE bestows great encomiums upon Homer for the simplicity of his design, because he has included in one single part all that happened at the siege of Troy. And to this he opposes the ignorance of some poets, who imagined that the unity of the fable or action was sufficiently preserved by the unity of the hero; and who composed their Thebais, Heraclids, and the like, wherein they only heaped up in one poem every thing that happened to one personage.

He finds fault with those poets who were for

reducing the unity of the fable into the unity of the hero, because one man may have performed several adventures, which is impossible to reduce under any one general and simple head. This reducing of all things to unity and simplicity, is what Horace likewise makes his first rule.

"Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat, & unum,"

According to these rules, it will be allowable to make use of several fables; or (to speak more correctly) of several incidents, which may be divided into several fables, provided they are so ordered, that the unity of the fable be not spoiled. This liberty is still greater in the Epic Poem, because it is of a larger extent, and ought to be entire and complete.

I will explain myself more distinctly by the practice of Homer.

No doubt but one might make four distinct fables out of these four following instructions.

I. Division between those of the same party exposes them entirely to their enemies.

II. Conceal your weakness; and you will be dreaded as much, as if you had none of those imperfections, of which they are ignorant.

III. When your strength is only feigned, and founded only in the opinion of others, never venture so far as if your strength was real.

IV. The more you agree together, the less hurt can your enemies do you.

It is plain, I say, that each of these particular maxims might serve for the ground-work of a fiction, and one might make four distinct fables out of them. May not one then put all these into one single Epopea? Not unless one single fable can be made out of all. The poet indeed may have so much skill as to unite all into one body, as members and parts, each of which taken asunder would be imperfect: and if he joins them so, as that this conjunction shall be no hindrance at all to the unity and regular simplicity of the fable. This is what Homer has done with such success in the composition of the Iliad.

1. The division between Achilles and his allies tended to the ruin of their designs. 2. Patroclus comes to their relief in the armour of this hero, and Hector retreats. 3. But this young man pushing the advantage which his disguise gave him, too far, ventures to engage with Hector himself; but not being master of Achilles' strength (whom he only represented in outward appearance) he is killed, and by this means leaves the Grecian affairs in the same disorder, from which, in that disguise, he came to free them. 4. Achilles provoked at the death of his friend, is reconciled, and revenges his loss by the death of Hector. These various incidents being thus united, do not make different actions and fables, but are only the uncomplete and unfinished parts of one and the same action and fable, which alone, when taken thus complexly, can be said to be complete and entire: and all these maxims of the moral, are easily reduced into these two parts, which, in my opinion, cannot be separated without enervating the force of both. The two parts are these, That a right understanding is the preservation, and discord the destruction of states.

* "Improba Syren desidia," *Hera.*

Though then the poet has made use of two parts in his poems, each of which might have served for a fable, as we have observed: yet this multiplication cannot be called a vicious and irregular Polymythia, contrary to the necessary unity and simplicity of the fable; but it gives the fable another qualification, altogether necessary and regular, namely, its perfection, and finishing stroke.

S E C T. V.

OF THE ACTION OF THE EPIC POEM.

THE action of a poem is the subject which the poet undertakes, proposes, and builds upon. So that the moral and the instructions which are the end of the Epic poem are not the matter of it. Those the poets leave in their allegorical and figurative obscurity. They only give notice at the exordium, that they sing some action: The Revenge of Achilles, the Return of Ulysses, &c.

Since, then, the action is the matter of a fable, it is evident, that whatever incidents are essential to the fable, or constitute a part of it, are necessary also to the action, and are parts of the epic matter, none of which ought to be omitted. Such, for instance, are the contention of Agamemnon and Achilles, the slaughter Hector makes in the Grecian army, the re-union of the Greek princes; and lastly, the re-settlement and victory which was the consequence of that re-union.

There are four qualifications in the epic action: the first is its unity, the second its integrity, the third its importance, the fourth its duration.

The unity of the epic action, as well as the unity of the fable, does not consist either in the unity of the hero, or in the unity of time: three things, I suppose, are necessary to it. The first is, to make use of no episode, but what arises from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The second is, exactly to unite these episodes and these members with one another. And the third is, never to finish any episode so as it may seem to be an entire action; but to let each episode still appear in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itself not complete.

OF THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE ACTION.

Aristotle not only says, that the epic action should be one, but adds, that it should be entire, perfect, and complete; and for this purpose, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. These three parts of a whole are too generally and universally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more precisely, and say, That the causes and designs of an action, are the beginning: that the effects of these causes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of these designs, are the middle; and that the unraveling and resolution of these difficulties are the end.

THE ACTION OF THE ILIAD.

Homer's design in the Iliad, is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning

of this action is the change of Achilles from a calm to a passionate temper. The middle is the effects of his passion, and all the illustrious deaths it is the cause of. The end of this same action is the return of Achilles to his calmness of temper again. All was quiet in the Grecian camp, when Agamemnon their general, provokes Apollo against them, whom he was willing to appease afterwards at the cost and prejudice of Achilles, who had no part in his fault. This, then, is an exact beginning: it supposes nothing before, and requires after it the effects of this anger. Achilles revenges himself, and that is an exact middle; it supposes before it the anger of Achilles, this revenge is the effect of it. Then this middle requires after it the effects of this revenge, which is the satisfaction of Achilles: for the revenge had not been complete, unless Achilles had been satisfied. By this means the poet makes his hero, after he was glutted by the mischief he had done to Agamemnon, by the death of Hector, and the honour he did his friend, by insulting over his murderer; he makes him, I say, to be moved by the tears and misfortunes of king Priam. We see him as calm at the end of the poem, during the funeral of Hector, as he was at the beginning of the poem, whilst the plague raged among the Grecians. This end is just; since the calmness of temper Achilles re-enjoyed, is only an effect of the revenge which ought to have preceded: and after this nobody expects any more of his anger. Thus has Homer been very exact in the beginning, middle, and end of the action he made choice of for the subject of his Iliad.

THE ACTION OF THE ODYSSEY.

His design in the Odyssey was to describe the return of Ulysses from the siege of Troy, and his arrival at Ithaca. He opens this poem with the complaints of Minerva against Neptune, who opposed the return of this hero, and against Calypso, who detained him in an island from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? No; doubtless, the reader would know why Neptune is displeased with Ulysses, and how this prince came to be with Calypso? He would know how he came from Troy thither? The poet answers his demands out of the mouth of Ulysses himself, who relates these things, and begins the action by the recital of his travels from the city of Troy. It signifies little whether the beginning of the action be the beginning of the poem. The beginning of this action is that which happens to Ulysses, when, upon his leaving Troy, he bends his course for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all the misfortunes he endured, and all the disorders of his own government. The end is the re-instating of this hero in the peaceable possession of his kingdom, where he was acknowledged by his son, his wife, his father, and several others. The poet was sensible he should have ended ill, had he gone no farther than the death of these princes, who were the rivals and enemies of Ulysses, because the reader might have looked for some revenge, which the subjects of these princes might have taken on him who had killed their sovereigns: but this danger over, and the people vanquished and quieted, there was no

thing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the *Odyssey* differs from that of the *Iliad*, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

OF THE CAUSES AND BEGINNING OF THE ACTION.

The causes of the action are also what the poet is obliged to give an account of. There are three sorts of causes, the humours, the interests, and the designs of men; and these different causes of an action are likewise often the causes of one another, every man taking up those interests in which his humour engages him, and forming those designs to which his humour and interest incline him. Of all these the poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conspicuous in his principal personages.

Homer has ingeniously begun his *Odyssey* with the transactions at Ithaca, during the absence of Ulysses. If he had begun with the travels of his hero, he would scarce have spoken of any one else, and a man might have read a great deal of the poem, without conceiving the least idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her suitors, who had so great a share in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, besides these personages whom he discovers, he represents Ulysses in his full length, and from the very first opening one sees the interest which the Gods take in the action.

The skill and care of the same poet may be seen likewise in inducing his personages in the First Book of his *Iliad*, where he discovers the humours, the interests, and the designs of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, and several others, and even of the Deities. And in his second he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies; which is full evidence, that all we have here said is very necessary.

OF THE MIDDLE OR INTRIGUE OF THE ACTION.

As these causes are the beginning of the action, the opposite designs against that of the hero are the middle of it, and form that difficulty or intrigue, which makes up the greatest part of the poem; the solution or unravelling commences when the reader begins to see that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his poems into two parts; and has put a particular intrigue, and the solution of it, into each part.

The first part of the *Iliad* is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himself upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The intrigue comprehends the three days fight which happened in the absence of Achilles: and it consists on one side in the resistance of Agamemnon and the Grecians: and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not suffer him to be reconciled. The loss of the Grecians, and the despair of Agamemnon, prepare for a solution by the satisfaction which the incensed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus joined to the offers of Agamemnon, which of itself had proved ineffectual, re-

move this difficulty, and make the unravelling of the first part.

This death is likewise the beginning of the second part; since it puts Achilles upon the design of revenging himself on Hector. But the design of Hector is opposite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant, and resolved to stand on his own defence. This valour and resolution of Hector are on his part the cause of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles used to meet with Hector, and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach and defend himself, are the intrigue; which comprehends the battle of the last day. The unravelling begins at the death of Hector; and besides that, it contains the insulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the entreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king and the other Trojans, in the sorrowful obsequies they paid to Hector's body, and the unravelling; they justify the satisfaction of Achilles, and demonstrate his tranquillity.

The first part of the *Odyssey* is the return of Ulysses into Ithaca. Neptune opposes it by raising tempests, and this makes the intrigue. The unravelling is the arrival of Ulysses upon his own island, where Neptune could offer him no farther injury. The second part is the re-instating this hero in his own government. The princes, that are his rivals, oppose him, and this is a fresh intrigue: the solution of it begins at their deaths, and is completed as soon as the Ithacans were appeased.

These two parts in the *Odyssey* have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the *Iliad*; and it is so far the matter of this *Epopœa*, that the very beginning and end of this poem depend on the beginning and end of this anger. But let the desire Achilles had to revenge himself, and the desire Ulysses had to return to his own country, be never so near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the same notion: for that desire of Ulysses is not a passion that begins and ends in the poem with the action: it is a natural habit: nor does the poet propose it for his subject, as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already observed what is meant by the intrigue, and the unravelling thereof; let us now say something of the manner of forming both. These two should arise naturally out of the very essence and subject of the poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is so exact and natural, that it seems as if their action had presented them with whatever they inserted, without putting themselves to the trouble of a farther inquiry.

What is more usual and natural to warriors, than anger, heat, passion, and impatience of bearing the least affront or disrespect? This is what forms the intrigue of the *Iliad*: and every thing we read there is nothing else but the effect of this humour and these passions.

What more natural and usual obstacle to those who take voyages, than the sea, the winds, and the storms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the first part of the *Odyssey*: and for the second,

he makes use of almost the infallible effect of the long absence of a master, whose return is quite despaired of, viz. the insolence of his servants and neighbours, the danger of his son and wife, and the sequestration of his estate. Besides, an absence of almost twenty years, and the insupportable fatigues joined to the age of which Ulysses then was, might induce him to believe that he should not be owned by those who thought him dead, and whose interest it was to have him really so. Therefore, if he had presently declared who he was, and had called himself Ulysses, they would easily have destroyed him as an impostor, before he had an opportunity to make himself known.

There could be nothing more natural nor more necessary than this ingenious disguise, to which the advantages his enemies had taken of his absence had reduced him, and to which his long misfortunes had inured him. This allowed him an opportunity, without hazarding any thing, of taking the best measures he could, against those persons who could not so much as mistrust any harm from him. This way was afforded him, by the very nature of his action, to execute his designs, and overcome the obstacles it cast before him. And it is this contest between the prudence and the dissimulation of a single man on one hand, and the ungovernable insolence of so many rivals on the other, which constitutes the intrigue of the second part of the *Odyssy*.

OF THE END OR UNRAVELLING OF THE ACTION.

If the plot or intrigue must be natural, and such as springs from the very subject, as has been already urged; then the winding-up of the plot, by a more sure claim, must have this qualification, and be a probable consequence of all that went before. As this is what the readers regard more than the rest, so should the poet be more exact in it. This is the end of the poem, and the last impression that is to be stamped upon them.

We shall find this in the *Odyssy*. Ulysses by a tempest is cast upon the island of the Phæacians, to whom he discovers himself, and desires they would favour his return to his own country, which was not very far distant. One cannot see any reason why the king of this island should refuse such a reasonable request, to a hero whom he seemed to have in great esteem. The Phæacians indeed had heard him tell the story of his adventures; and in this fabulous recital consisted all the advantage that he could derive from his presence; for the art of war which they admired in him, his undauntedness under dangers, his indefatigable patience, and other virtues, were such as these islanders were not used to. All their talent lay in singing and dancing, and whatsoever was charming in a quiet life. And here we see how dextrously Homer prepares the incidents he makes use of. These people could do no less, for the account with which Ulysses had so much entertained them, than afford him a ship and a safe convoy, which was of little expence or trouble to them.

When he arrived, his long absence, and the travels which had disfigured him, made him altogether unknown; and the danger he would have incurred, had he discovered himself too soon, forced him to a disguise: Lastly, This disguise gave him an opportunity of surprising those young suitors, who for several years together had been accustomed to nothing but to sleep well, and fare daintily.

It was from these examples that Aristotle drew this rule, that "Whatever concludes the poem, should so spring from the very constitution of the fable, as if it were a necessary, or at least a probable, consequence."

SECT. VI.

THE TIME OF THE ACTION.

THE time of the epic action is not fixed, like that of the dramatic poem; it is much longer: for an uninterrupted duration is much more necessary in an action which one sees and is present at, than in one which we only read or hear repeated. Besides, tragedy is fuller of passion, and consequently of such a violence as cannot admit of so long a duration.

The *Iliad* containing an action of anger and violence, the poet allows it but a short time, about forty days. The design of the *Odyssy* required another conduct; the character of the hero is prudence and long-suffering; therefore the time of its duration is much longer, above eight years.

THE PASSIONS OF THE EPIC POEM.

The passions of tragedy are different from those of the epic poem. In the former, terror and pity have the chief place; the passion that seems most peculiar to epic poetry, is admiration.

Besides this admiration, which in general distinguishes the Epic Poem from the Dramatic; each epic poem has likewise some peculiar passion, which distinguishes it in particular from other epic poems, and constitutes a kind of singular and individual difference between these poems of the same species. These singular passions correspond to the character of the hero. Anger and terror reign throughout the *Iliad*, because Achilles is angry, and the most terrible of all men. The *Æneid* has all soft and tender passions, because that is the character of Æneas. The prudence, wisdom, and constancy of Ulysses do not allow him either of these extremes; therefore the poet does not permit one of them to be predominant in the *Odyssy*. He confines himself to admiration only, which he carries to an higher pitch than in the *Iliad*: and it is upon this account that he introduces a great many more machines, in the *Odyssy*, into the body of the action, than are to be seen in the actions of the other two poems.

THE MANNERS.

The manners of the Epic Poem ought to be poetically good, but it is not necessary they be always morally so. They are poetically good, when one may discover the virtue or vice, the

good or ill inclinations of every one who speaks or acts: they are poetically bad, when persons are made to speak or act out of character, or inconsistently, or unequally. The manners of *Æneas* and of *Mezentius* are equally good, considered poetically, because they equally demonstrate the piety of the one, and the impiety of the other.

CHARACTER OF THE HERO.

It is requisite to make the same distinction between a hero in morality, and a hero in poetry, as between moral and poetical goodness. *Achilles* had as much right to the latter, as *Æneas*. *Aristotle* says, That the hero of a poem should be neither good nor bad; neither advanced above the rest of mankind by his virtues, or sunk beneath them by his vices; that he may be the proper and fuller example to others, both what to imitate and what to decline.

The other qualifications of the manners are, that they be suitable to the causes which either raise or discover them in the persons; that they have an exact resemblance to what history, or fable, have delivered of those persons, to whom they are ascribed; and that there be an equality in them, so that no man is made to act, or speak, out of his character.

UNITY OF THE CHARACTER.

But this equality is not sufficient for the unity of the character; it is further necessary, that the same spirit appear in all sorts of encounters. Thus *Æneas* acting with great piety and mildness in the first part of the *Æneid*, which requires no other character; and afterwards appearing illustrious in heroic valour, in the wars of the second part; but there, without any appearance either of a hard or a soft disposition, would, doubtless, be far from offending against the equality of the manners: but yet there would be no simplicity or unity in the character. So that, besides the qualities that claim their particular place upon different occasions, there must be one appearing throughout, which commands over all the rest; and without this, we may affirm, it is no character.

One may indeed make a hero as valiant as *Achilles*, as pious as *Æneas*, and as prudent as *Ulysses*. But it is a mere chimera, to imagine a hero that has the valour of *Achilles*, the piety of *Æneas*, and the prudence of *Ulysses*, at one and the same time. This vision might happen to an author, who would suit the character of a hero to whatever each part of the action might naturally require, without regarding the essence of the fable, or the unity of the character in the same person upon all sorts of occasions: this hero would be the mildest, best-natured prince in the world, and also the most choleric, hard-hearted, and implacable creature imaginable; he would be extremely tender like *Æneas*, extremely violent like *Achilles*, and yet have the indifference of *Ulysses*, that is incapable of the two extremes. Would it not be in vain for the poet to call this person by the same name throughout?

Let us reflect on the effects it would produce in several poems, whose authors were of opinion,

that the chief character of a hero is that of an accomplished man. They would be all alike: all valiant in battle, prudent in council, pious in the acts of religion, courteous, civil, magnificent; and, lastly, endued with all the prodigious virtues any poet could invent. All this would be independent from the action and the subject of the poem; and upon seeing each hero separated from the rest of the work: we should not easily guess, to what action, and to what poem, the hero belonged. So that we should see, that none of these would have a character; since the character is that which makes a person discernible, and which distinguishes him from all others.

This commanding quality in *Achilles*, is his anger; in *Ulysses*, the art of dissimulation; in *Æneas*, meekness. Each of these may be stiled, by way of eminence, the character in these heroes.

But these characters cannot be alone. It is absolutely necessary that some other should give them a lustre, and embellish them as far as they are capable: either by hiding the defects that are in each, by some noble and shining qualities; as the poet has done the anger of *Achilles*, by shading it with extraordinary valour: or by making them entirely of the nature of a true and solid virtue, as is to be observed in the two others. The dissimulation of *Ulysses* is a part of his prudence; and the meekness of *Æneas* is wholly employed in submitting his will to the Gods. For the making up of this union, our poets have joined together such qualities as are by nature the most compatible; valour with anger, meekness with piety, and prudence with dissimulation. This last union was necessary for the goodness of *Ulysses*; for, without that, his dissimulation might have degenerated into wickedness and double dealing.

SECT. VII.

OF THE MACHINERY.

WE now come to the machines of the Epic Poem. The chief passion which it aims to excite being admiration, nothing is so conducive to that as the marvellous; and the importance and dignity of the action is by nothing so greatly elevated as by the care and interposition of Heaven.

These machines are of three sorts. Some are theological, and were invented to explain the nature of the Gods. Others are physical, and represent the things of nature. The last are moral, and are images of virtues and vices.

Homer and the ancients have given to their deities the manners, passions, and vices of men. The poems are wholly allegorical; and in this view it is easier to defend Homer than to blame him. We cannot accuse him for making mention of many Gods, for his bestowing passions upon them, or even introducing them fighting against men. The Scripture uses the like figures and expressions.

If it be allowable to speak thus of the Gods in theology, much more in the fictions of natural philosophy; where, if a poet describes the deities, he must give them such manners, speeches, and ac-

tions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they represent under those divinities. The case is the same in the morals of the deities: Minerva is wise, because she represents prudence; Venus is both good or bad, because the passion of love is capable of these contrary qualities.

Since among the Gods of a poem some are good, some bad, and some indifferently either; and since of our passions we make so many allegorical deities, we may attribute to the Gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But these deities do not act constantly in one and the same manner.

Sometimes they act invisibly, and by mere inspiration, which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous, being no more than what we say every day, "That some God has assisted us, or some dæmon has instigated us."

At other times they appear visibly, and manifest themselves to men, in a manner altogether miraculous and preternatural.

The third way has something of both the others; it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly so accounted: this includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All these ways must be probable; for however necessary the marvellous is to the Epic Action, as nothing is so conducive to admiration; yet we can, on the other hand, admire nothing, that we think impossible. Though the probability of these machines be of a very large extent, (since it is founded upon Divine Power) it is not without limitations. There are numerous instances of allowable and probable machines in the Epic Poem, where the Gods are no less actors than the men. But the less credible sort, such as metamorphoses, &c. are far more rare.

This suggests a reflection on the method of rendering those machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly so. Those, which require only divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that one might subtract them from it, without destroying the action. But those, which are essential and necessary, should be grounded upon human probability, and not on the sole power of God. Thus the episodes of Circe, the Syrens, Polyphemus, &c. are necessary to the ac-

tion of the *Odyssæy*, and yet not humanly probable: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human probability, by the simplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he causes those recitals to be made.

The next question is, Where, and on what occasions, machines may be used? It is certain Homer and Virgil make use of them every where, and scarce suffer any action to be performed without them. Petronius makes this a precept: "*Per-ambages, deorumque ministeria, &c.*" The Gods are mentioned in the very proposition of their works, the invocation is address'd to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The Gods are the causes of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the solution. The precept of Aristotle and Horace, that the unravelling of the plot should not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a God, has place only in Dramatic Poetry, not in the Epic. For it is plain, that both in the solution of the *Iliad* and *Odyssæy*, the Gods are concerned: in the former, the deities meet to appease the anger of Achilles: Iris and Mercury are sent to that purpose, and Minerva eminently assists Achilles in the decisive combat with Hector. In the *Odyssæy*, the same Goddess fights close by Ulysses against the suitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the Ithaceni-ans, which completes the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the poet out of any difficulty which embarrasses him: but that the presence of a Divinity, and some action surprising and extraordinary, and inserted into almost all the parts of the work, in order to render it more majestic and more admirable. But this mixture ought to be so made, that the machines might be retrenched, without taking any thing from the action: at the same time that it gives the readers a lesson of piety and virtue; and teaches them, that the most brave and the most wise can do nothing, and attain nothing great and glorious, without the assistance of heaven. Thus the machinery crowns the whole work, and renders it at once marvellous, probable, and moral.

POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's Descent to Ithaca.

The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the Gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the shape of Mentis, king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned: then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following.

THE man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound,
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd,
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unblest'd!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh, snatch some portion of these acts from Fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the war of ten long years surviv'd,
And 'scap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile power restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the God, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the general feast
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys);
There on the world's extremest verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th' assembly thus the Sire supreme address'd,
Ægythus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost.

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægythus gave the rein,
Did fate, or we, th' adulterous act constrain?
Did Fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should re-assert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heaven foretold.
Here paus'd the God; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast,
For brave Ulysses, still by Fate oppress'd,
Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home
A goddess guards in her enchanted dome:
(Atlas her fire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind;
Successful all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his country's love;
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment would he close his eyes?

And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?

Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unblest'd abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?

Daughter! what words have pass'd thy lips un-
weigh'd?

(Reply'd the Thunderer to the martial maid)

Deem not unjustly by my doom oppress'd
Of human race the wisest and the best.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-son,
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light!
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoösa bore (the bright increase
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the sounds and seas:
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty blest,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compress'd.
For this, the God constrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeless exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn!
Let all combine t' achieve his wish'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath shall now refrain,
Or thwart the synod of the Gods in vain.

Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bower reside
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantic * isle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypso's court,
The sanction of th' assembled powers report:
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Mean time Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine to form his green unpractis'd years,
In sage debates; surrounded with his peers,
To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train:
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless power
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire
That from his realm retards his god-like fire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promise of a great, immortal name.

She said: the sandals of celestial mould,
Fledg'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with
gold,

Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
Th' ætherial space, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vast; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends.

Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of *Mentes*' form conceal'd from human eyes
(*Mentes*, the monarch of the Taphian land);
A glittering spear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and mis-rule survey'd.

On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad spoils of luxury) the suitors sate.

With rival art, and ardour in their mein,
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen;

* *Ogygia*.

Divining of their loves. Attending nigh
A menial train the flowing bowl supply:
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,
And form the costly feast with busy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle shines: but hope and fear
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd;
The stranger guest, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Instant he flew with hospitable haste,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly guest:
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare.

Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown Celestial leads.
The spear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd;
Where seemly rang'd in peaceful order stood
Ulysses' arms, now long disus'd to blood.
He led the Goddess to the sovereign seat,
Her feet supported with a stool of state
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide);
Then drew his seat, familiar to her side;
Far from the suitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free guest, unnotic'd, might relate,
If haply conscious, of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish from the cool, translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver, of capacious size:
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering cannisters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast:
Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste:
Marshall'd in order due, to each a sewer
Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxuriant then they feast. Observant round
Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets
crown'd.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance:
To *Phemius* was consign'd the chorded lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling
wire:

Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
High strains, responsive to the vocal string.

Mean while, in whispers to his heavenly guest
His indignation thus the prince express'd:
Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With song and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays,
His treasur'd stores these cormorants consume,
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb

And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled!
And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice he made his own,
And, curious much to know, he far was known.

My birth I boast (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:

A duteous people, and industrious isle,
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land,
I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce for the labour'd masts,
A just proportion of refulgent brass.
Far from your capital my ship resides
At Reithras, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
Thence to revisit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary guest I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unspotted, and its early date;
Who, prest with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural shade prefers,
Where, sole of all his train, a matron sage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.

With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return, I came;
But still the frown of some celestial Power
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair;
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep furrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd
breast,

To me, no seer, th' inspiring Gods suggest;
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky,
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,
And soon restore him to his regal seat.
But, generous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to
Troy;

But, parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.

To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth assenting faith relies;
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulysses' son: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the storms which toss the
great!

Happier the son, whose hoary fire is blest
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!

To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine:
Oh true descendant of a scepter'd line!
The Gods a glorious fate from anguish free
To chaste Penelope's increase decree.
But say, yon joyful troop so gaily drest,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast?
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine;
Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye?

Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (so heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;
Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
New to his friends' embrace, had breath'd his
last! [raise

Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would
Historic marbles, to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:
Vanish'd at once! unheard-of and unknown!
And I his heir in misery alone.

Nor for a dear, lost father only flow
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:
To tempt the spouseless queen with amorous
wiles,

Resort the nobles from the neighbouring isles;
From Samos, circled with the Æonian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign:
Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t' ascend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expence devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.

With tender pity touch'd, the Goddess cried:
Soon may kind heaven a sure relief provide!
Soon may your fire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
When social mirth unbent his serious soul,
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl):

He then from Epyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus, sprung from Jason's royal strain,
Measur'd a length of seas, a toilsome length,
in vain.

For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Observant of the Gods, and sternly just,
Ilus refus'd t' impart the baneful trust:
With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'd.
Appear'd he now with such heroic port,
As then conspicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty strife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wish'd return the care resign,
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the suitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple east,
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods attest;
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate,
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste queen connubial rites require;
Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the messenger of Jove)
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean first to sandy Pyle;
Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand:
Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coast
Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.
If yet Ulysses views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year.
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night:
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaste queen select an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy,
And, starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?
His virgin-sword Ægysthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly bless'd with every blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of Fame.
But my associates now my stay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore.
Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed:
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.

The counsel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So father's speak (persuasive speech and mild)
Their sage experience to the favourite child.

But, since to part, for sweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.

Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddess cries,
Celestial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temesé return'd, your royal court
I shall revisit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.

Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky;
Instant invisible to mortal eye.
Then first he recogniz'd th' ætherial guest;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate;
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the suitor-throng;
Hush'd in attention to the warbled song.
His tender theme the charming lyrist chose,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes,
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The thrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends;
Their sovereign's step a virgin train attends:
A veil, of richest texture wrought, she wears,
And silent to the joyous hall repairs.

There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand:

Phemius! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear disastrous name,
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound.

Why, dearest object of my duteous love,
(Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's æthereal rays (resistless fire)
The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire:
Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the sadly pleasing strain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a perish'd lord, alone.
What Greeks now wandering in the Stygian
gloom,

With your Ulysses shar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His sage reply, and with her train retires.
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Mean time, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus assum'd the man.

Instant (he cry'd) your female discord end,
Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend;
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feast;
But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
I, to the peers assembled, shall propose
The firm resolve, I here in few disclose:
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your several states with speed resort;
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!--
By him, and all th' immortal thrones above,
(A sacred oath) each proud oppressor, slain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain.

Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and
young, [tongue.
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the
Silence at length the gay Antinoüs broke,
Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke:
What God to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of state!
Those toils (Telemachus serene replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the
wife.

Fast by the throne obsequious Fame resides,
And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinoüs rage, if strong desire
Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire:
Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of night,
Should factious power dispute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title would precede.
At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train.

To this Eurymachus: To heaven alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
Undoubted, all your filial claim confess:

Your private right should impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But say, that stranger guest who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage
His grave demeanour and majestic grace [shew.
Speak him descended of no vulgar race:
Did he some loan of ancient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your scepter'd fire?

Oh, son of Polybus! the prince replies,
No more my fire will glad these longing eyes:
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with incircling seas,
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name of old
High in Ulysses' social list inroll'd.

Thus he, though conscious of th' etherial guest,
Answer'd evasive of the sly request.
Mean time the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the star of eve with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of sable night;
The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
And to their several domes to rest resort.
A towering structure to the palace join'd;
To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the sage Euryclea bears;
(Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In rosy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
With dear esteem: too wise, with jealous strife
To taint the joys of sweet connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)

Whilst to his couch the prince himself address'd,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest:
The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,
The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the filken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in silent shade,
Pensive, the rules the Goddess gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

B O O K II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Council of Ithaca.

Telemachus, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an Augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Rose anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd majestic as a God.
Then by his heralds, restless of delay,
To council calls his peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in solemn form th' assembly sate,
From his high dome himself descends in state.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin shin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.

His father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
The hoary peers, and aged wisdom bow'd.

'Twas silence all. At last Ægyptius spoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and sorrows broke:
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldest † hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;
But (hapless youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
Three sons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires;
The rest with duteous love his griefs assuage,
And ease the fire of half the cares of age.
Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And, as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns:

Since great Ulysses fought the Phrygian plains,
Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.
Say then, ye peers, by whose commands we meet!
Why here once more in solemn council sit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose:
Arrives some message of invading foes?
Or say, does high necessity of state
Inspire some patriot, and demand debate?
The present synod speaks its author wise;
Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies!

He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majestic rose
(His royal hand, th' imperial sceptre sway'd);
Then thus, addressing to Ægyptius, said:

Reverend old man! lo here confess he stands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No story I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my lost fire continual sorrows spring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more; our house from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your sons the foes;
Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;
Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome?
If she must wed, from other hands require
The dowry: is Telemachus her fire?
Yet through my court the noise of revel rings,
And waste the wise frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.

† Antiphus.

But come it will, the time when manhood grant
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! insufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.
Rise then, ye Peers! with virtuous anger rise!
Your fame revere, but most th' avenging skies.
By all the deathless powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies;
Success; and humbles, or confirms the wise)
Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow
For my lost fire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,
And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.

If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.
Then might we hope redress from juster laws,
And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause:
But while your sons commit th' unpunish'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too strong.

While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he
frown'd,

And dash'd the imperial sceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,
Then silent sate—at length Antinoüs burns:
With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns:

O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame.
Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the sun, through heaven's wide azure
roll'd,

For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While she, laborious in delusion spread
The spacious loom, and mix'd the various threads:
Where as to life the wondrous figures rise,
Thus spoke th' inventive queen, with artful sighs:
“ Though cold in death Ulysses breathes no
more,

“ Cease yet a while, to urge the bridal hour;
“ Cease, till to great Laërtes I bequeath
“ A task of grief, his ornaments of death;
“ Lest when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
“ The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
“ When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
“ Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade.”

Thus she: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in Virtue's fair disguise.
The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils;
A wondrous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear
(I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear):
Dismiss the queen: and if her fire approves,
Let him espouse her to the peer she loves;

Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;

Though Tyronor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boast of Fame)
Yet, thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
She shines with fatal excellence to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
Till righteous heaven reclaim her stubborn breast.
What tho' from pole to pole resounds her name,
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For, till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.

While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
Ev'n nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dower?
How from my father should I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curse my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise?
Abhor'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.
If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowls shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal host above,
(A sacred oath) if heaven the power supply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.

With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind,

Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And, shrieking loud, denounce approaching Fate,
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they rend,

And from their plumes huge drops of blood de-
Then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full tow'rd the east, and mount into the sky.

The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppress'd,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.
Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Prescient he view'd th' aerial tracks, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew.

Ye sons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.

Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye Great! the way.
For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate;
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.

When great Ulysses fought the Phrygian shores
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds be-
I see (I cry'd) his woes, a countless train; [hold.
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams:
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!

To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wife dreams, and fables of the sky.
Go prophecy at home; thy sons advise: [skies,
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aerial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulysses lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.

From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And interest, not the God, thy voice inspires.
His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age
Mistled fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deserv'd thy malice shall repress,
And but augment the wrongs thou wouldst re-
Telemachus may bid the queen repair [dress,
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O Prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler suit we cease;
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.

To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.
But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:

To Heaven, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.
Yet this I ask, (nor be it ask'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And seek my royal fire from shore to shore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful Fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty shades; I measure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.

He ceas'd; and while the peers abash'd attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he fought the scenes of war,
"My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
"Years roll'd on years my godlike fire decay,
"Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."]
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around, [frown'd:
That flash'd with rage; and as he spoke, he

O never, never more! let king be just,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his trust!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share;
Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:
They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,
Ere long shall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain!
Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.

While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'st thou to rise in arms, the Greeks, advise?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, arise!
Yet would your powers in vain our strength oppose!

The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes.
Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breast his spouse with transport flies,

Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the vessel, Mentor! be thy care,
And, Halitherses! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the son attend.
But yet, I trust, the boaster means to stay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.

Then, with a rushing sound, th' assembly bend,
Diverse their steps: the rival rout ascend
The royal dome; while sad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and sorrowing treads the shores.

There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,
The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd:

O Goddess! who descending from the skies
Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my wondering eyes,
By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,
And seek my fire thro' storms and rolling seas!
Hear from thy heavens above, oh, warrior-maid!
Descend once more propitious to my aid.
Without thy presence, vain is thy command:
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withstand.

Indulgent to his prayer the Goddess took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke:

O prince, in early youth divinely wise,
Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise!
If to the son the father's worth descends,
O'er the wide waves success thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he stood prepar'd;
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wise sons descendents of the wise,
And did not heroes from brave heroes rise:
Vain were my hopes: few sons attain the praise
Of their great fires, and most their fires disgrace.
But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy soul inspires:
Go, and succeed! the rivals aims despise;
For never, never, wicked man was wise.
Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall;
Death hastes a main: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with speed we plough the watery way,
My power shall guard thee, and my hand convey:

The winged vessel studious I prepare,
Through seas and realms companions of thy ear,
Thou to the court ascend: and to the shores
(When night advances) bear the naval stores;
Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies
Mean while the mariners, by my command,
Shall speed aboard, a valiant chosen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides;
The best I choose to waft thee o'er the tides.

She spoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And, as he moves, with royal anguish mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawless train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous preft,
And, thus deriding, with a smile address:

Grieve not, oh, daring prince! that noble heart
Ill suits gay youth the stern heroic part;
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides.

In this, returns the prince, for mirth a time?
When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luscious wines, dishonour'd lose their taste;
The song is noise, and impious is the feast.
Suffice it to have spent with swift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wise instructions of the sage,
And manly thoughts inspir'd by manly age,
Teach me to seek redress for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I pass the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow;

And where on earth I live, I live your foe.

He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to
Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away. [stay,
Mean time, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they }
feast,

Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest,
And each in jovial mood his mate address:

Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyré with poisons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?

Or, who can say (his gamesome mate replies)
But, while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his fire, may sink depriv'd of breath,
And punish us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To seize his treasures, and divide his state,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him she blesses in the bridal day!

Mean time the lofty rooms the prince surveys,
Where lay the treasures of th' Ithacian race:
Here ruddy brags and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome
(Pure flavoured wine, by Gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feasts of heaven).
Untouch'd they stood, till, his long labours o'er,
The great Ulysses reach'd his native shore.

A double strength of bars secur'd the gates :
Fast by the door the wife Euryclea waits ;
Euryclea, who, great Ops ! thy lineage shar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day ; a faithful guard.

To whom the prince : O thou, whose guardian
care [air :
Nurs'd the most wretched king that breathes the
Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand,
Till great Ulysses views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd ;
Next these in worth, and firm those urns be
seal'd ;

And twice ten measures of the choicest flour
Prepar'd, ere yet descends the evening hour.
For when the favouring shades of night arise,
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes,
Me from our coasts shall spreading sails convey,
To seek Ulysses through the watery way.

While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with
cries,

And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my son ? she cry'd,
To realms, that rocks and roaring seas divide ?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all must perish, and by fraud you die ! [main ;
Then stay, my child ! storms beat, and rolls the
Oh, beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain !

Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be
driven : [ven.

Heaven calls me forth ! these counsels are of Hea-
But, by the powers that hate the perjur'd, swear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
Till twice six times descends the lamp of day :
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief destroy what time a while would spare.

Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Attests th' all-seeing Sovereign of the skies.
Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,
The strength of wheat, and wines an ample store.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial Goddesses with impatience burns ;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size,
With speed divine from street to street she flies,

She bids the mariners prepar'd, to stand,
When night descends, embody'd on the strand.
Then to Noëmon swift she runs, she flies,
And asks a bark : the chief a bark supplies.

And now, declining with his sloping wheels,
Down sunk the sun behind the western hills.
The Goddesses shov'd the vessels from the shores,
And stow'd within its womb the naval stores,
Full in the openings of the spacious main
It rides ; and now descends the sailor-train.

Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid step the Goddesses urg'd her way !
There every eye with slumberous chains she
bound,

And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground,
Drowsy they rose, with heavy fumes oppress'd,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to rest.

Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.

Lo ! on the seas, prepar'd the vessel stands,
Th' impatient mariner thy speed demands.
Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads ;
The footsteps of the Deity he treads.

Swift to the shore they move : along the strand
The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand.

He bids them bring their stores ; th' attending
train

Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The Prince and Goddesses to the stern ascend ;
To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the west she bids fresh breezes blow ;
The sable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives ; th' obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command ?
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails
Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales ;
The crooked keel the parting surge divides,
And to the stern retreating roll the tides.

And now they ship their oars, and crown with
The holy goblet to the powers divine : [wine
Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.

Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

B O O K III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Nestor.

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming ; and Nestor relates what past in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice ended with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle : Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva ; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea-shore of Pylos.

THE sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,
Through heaven's eternal brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.

There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood,
Each held five hundred (a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They take the entrails, and the altars load
With smoking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already prest the shore;
Not first, the Power of Wisdom march'd before,
And, ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:

Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched fire detain,
We pass'd the wide, immeasurable main.
Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies.

Oh, tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)
How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.

To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoind:
Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting
mind;

And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.

She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where fate, encompass'd with his sons, the fire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistatus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sat with youthful Thrasymed.

To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent Goddess in these words address'd:
Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
The first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
Thee due libation and the solemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like
mine,

He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!

He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,

To see the preference due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's king she then implores the grace:
Oh, thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desir'd success.

Thus she; and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims dress'd,
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:

Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask you, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relate (if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
Where savage pirates seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own.

Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddess given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
And fam'd among the sons of men, replies:
Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
(Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'erarching shades and pendent
Us to these shores our filial duty draws, [woods,
A private sorrow, not a public cause.

My sire I seek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses; fam'd from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall,
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,
Lo! at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And, oh! whate'er heaven destin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer and to die.

Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word:
Far as thy mind through backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred Truth I ask, and ask of thee.

To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoind:
O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we rovd, Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:

There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
 There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave:
 There too my son—ah, once my best delight,
 Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight;
 In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
 A faultless body, and a blameless mind:
 Antilochus—what more can I relate?
 How trace the tedious series of our fate?
 Not added years on years my task could close,
 The long historian of my country's woes:
 Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,
 And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
 Nine painful years on that detested shore,
 What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
 Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found
 Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
 Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
 In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
 Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
 With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
 So like your voices, and your words so wise,
 Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
 Thy fire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
 In public sentence, or in private thought;
 Alike to council or th' assembly came,
 With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
 But when (by Wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
 And in their ships the conquering Greeks re-
 turn'd;
 'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
 And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
 Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
 (Not all were prudent, and not all were just).
 Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
 Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
 The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate;
 Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
 But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
 Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
 Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim).
 Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came.
 To these the cause of meeting they explain,
 And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;
 Not so the king of men: he will'd to stay:
 These sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
 And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to
 Fate!
 The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
 With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
 Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
 Now different counsels every breast divide,
 Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
 Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd
 (So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
 We with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
 And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
 But half the people with respect obey'd
 The king of men, and at his bidding stay'd.
 Now on the wings of winds our course we keep
 (For God had smooch'd the waters of the deep);
 For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
 There land, and pay due victims to the Powers:
 To bless our safe return we join in prayer;
 But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
 And rais'd new discord. Then (so Heaven de-
 creed)
 Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed:

Wife as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
 He there, though late, to please the monarch,
 But I, determin'd, stem the foamy floods, [stay'd.
 Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
 With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haste;
 And Menelaüs came, but came the last.
 He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
 While yet we doubted of our watery way;
 If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
 (The safer road) beside the Psyrrian isle;
 Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,
 And anchor under Mima's shaggy brow?
 We sought direction of the Power divine:
 The God propitious gave the guiding sign;
 Through the mild seas he bid our navy steer,
 And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.
 The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
 Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
 With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
 And reach Gereestus at the point of day.
 There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
 High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
 The fourth day shone, when all their labours
 o'er,
 Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore.
 But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
 The Gods still breathing on my swelling sails;
 Separate from all, I safely landed here;
 Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
 Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sat,
 And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
 Curious to know, and willing to relate. }
 Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
 Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
 Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
 Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
 And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
 Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.
 How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
 And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
 And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
 What lands so distant from that scene of death
 But trembling heard the fame; and, heard, ad-
 mire
 How well the son appeas'd the slaughter'd fire!
 Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
 Heaven gives posterity, t' avenge the deed.
 So fell Ægysthus; and may'st thou, my friend,
 (On whom the virtues of thy sire descend)
 Make future times thy equal act adore,
 And be what brave Orestes was before!
 The prudent youth reply'd: O thou the grace
 And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
 Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
 Shall long posterity resound the praise.
 Some God this arm with equal prowess bless!
 And the proud suitors shall its force confess:
 Injurious men! who while my soul is sore
 Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
 But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
 Nor shall my father repossess the land:
 The father's fortune never to return,
 And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn?
 Thus he; and Nestor took the word: My son,
 Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
 That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
 Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?

Say, is the fault through tame submission thine?
 Or, leagu'd against thee, do thy people join,
 Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine?
 And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
 An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted state;
 When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
 Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
 But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
 The happy son will, as the father, aid,
 (Whose fame and safety was her constant care
 In every danger and in every war:
 Never on man did heavenly favour shine
 With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
 As those with which Minerva mark'd thy fire)
 So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
 Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
 And long oblivion of the bridal bed.

Ah! no such hope (the prince with sighs re-
 plies) [nies.
 Can touch my breast; that blessing Heaven de-
 Ev'n by celestial favour were it given,
 Fortune or Fate will cross the will of Heaven.

What words are these, and what imprudence
 thine?
 (Thus interpos'd the martial Maid divine)
 Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
 With ease can save each object of his love;
 Wide as his will extends his boundless grace:
 Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
 Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
 Long labouring gains his natal shore at last;
 Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life
 By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
 Death only is the lot which none can miss,
 And all is possible to Heaven, but this.
 The best, the dearest favourite of the sky
 Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.
 Thus check'd, reply'd Ulysses' prudent heir:
 Mentor, no more---the mournful thought forbear;
 For he no more must draw his country's breath,
 Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of
 death!

Pass we to other subjects; and engage
 On themes remote the venerable sage
 (Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
 Of men decay, and through three ages shin'd
 Like Gods majestic, and like Gods in mind).
 For much he knows, and just conclusions draws,
 From various precedents, and various laws.
 O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
 How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?
 By what strange fraud Ægythus wrought, relate
 (By force he could not) such a hero's fate?
 Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
 Was then the martial brother's pious care?
 Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
 Or sure Ægythus had not dar'd the deed.

To whom the full of days: Illustrious youth!
 Attend (though partly thou hast guest) the truth.
 For had the martial Menelaüs found
 The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
 Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies,
 Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies.
 But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
 And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
 While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
 The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;

He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,
 (Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless)
 With flattery's insinuating art
 Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
 At first, with worthy shame and decent pride,
 The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.
 For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind,
 Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
 Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
 Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
 True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
 In honour's limits; such the power of song.
 But when the Gods these objects of their hate
 Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
 The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
 And left all helpless in a desert isle:
 There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
 Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
 Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
 She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.

Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adulterous spouse,
 With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
 With images, with garments, and with gold;
 And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
 Mean time from flaming Troy we cut the way,
 With Menelaüs, through the curling sea.
 But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
 Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame;
 Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
 (Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
 To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
 When the storm thickens, and the billows boil):
 While yet he exercis'd the steerman's art,
 Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
 Even with the rudder in his hand he fell.
 To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,
 We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
 And laid our old companion in the ground.
 And now, the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
 Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
 Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
 Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the skies,
 And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
 Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
 The tempest scatters and divides our fleet:
 Part the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
 Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
 The streams of Jardan issue to the main.
 There stands a rock, high eminent and steep,
 Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
 And views Gortyna on the western side;
 On this rough Auster drove th' impetuous tide:
 With broken force the billows roll'd away,
 And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
 Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstian
 shores,

With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars:
 But five tall barks the winds and waters tost,
 Far from their fellows on th' Ægyptian coast.
 There wander'd Menelaus through foreign shores,
 Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores;
 While curst Ægythus the detested deed
 By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
 Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
 And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
 The eighth, from Athens, to his realm restor'd,
 Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,

Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile assassin, and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,
Return'd Atrides to the coast of Greece.
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treasure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand
Too long a stranger to thy native land;
Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the }
And thou return with disappointed toil, [spoil;
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more;
And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore.
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has survey'd;
And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;
Or, if by land thou choose thy course to bend,
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:
Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And sure he will; for Menelaus is wise,

Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,
And twilight grey her evening shade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd Maid: O full of days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the Powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast,
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest.

So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial Maid.
The sober train attended and obey'd.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets
crown'd:

From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows:
While to the final sacrifice they rose.
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian Maid.
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:
But this the hospitable sage deny'd.
Forbid it Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send
Of such a hero, and of such a friend!
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Whom Heaven denies the blessing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boast imperial sway,
When beds of royal state invite your stay?
No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,
Or as my children imitate their fire,
Here shall the wandering stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome.

Well hast thou spoke, (the blue-ey'd Maid re-
plies)

Belov'd old man! benevolent as wife.

VOL. XII.

Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew. }
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the vessel shall I pass the night;
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy strong couriers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way.

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And soars an eagle through the liquid skies.
Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.
But chief the reverend sage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke:

Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian Deities!
Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For, lo! none other of the court above
Than she, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid,
Concest is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my consort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns.

Submissive thus the hoary sire prefer'd
His holy vow: the favouring Goddess heard.
Then, slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long procession) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His sons and grandsons the wide circle grac'd.
To these the hospitable sage, in sign
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy-bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And slept beneath the pompous colonade;
Fast by his side Pisistratus lay spread,
(In age is equal) on a splendid bed:
But in an inner court, securely clos'd,
The reverend Nestor and his queen repos'd.

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sate
On polish'd stone before his palace-gate:
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
Where ancient Neleus sate, a rustic throne;
But he descending to th' infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the sceptre sway'd.

M

His sons around him mild obeisance pay,
 And duteous take the orders of the day.
 First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed :
 Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed ;
 The last Pisistratus arose from rest :
 They came, and near him plac'd the stranger-
 To these the senior thus declar'd his will : [guest.
 My sons ! the dictates of your fire fulfil.
 To Pallas, first of Gods, prepare the feast,
 Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.
 Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead
 A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead ;
 One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,
 And bring thy friends, Telemachus ! ashore
 (Leave only two the galley to attend) ;
 Another to Laerceus must we send,
 Artificer divine, whose skilful hands infold
 The victim's horn with circumfulcile gold.
 The rest may here the pious duty share,
 And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
 The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
 And limpid waters from the living spring.
 He said, and busy each his care bestow'd :
 Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
 Already came the Ithacensian crew,
 The dextrous smith the tools already drew :
 His ponderous hammer, and his anvil sound,
 And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
 Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
 She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
 With reverend hand the king presents the gold,
 Which round th' intorted horns the gilder
 roll'd,
 So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold. }
 Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower }
 Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour, }
 And canisters of consecrated flour.
 Stratius and Echephron the victim led ;
 The axe was held by warlike Thrasymed,
 In act to strike : before him Perseus stood,
 The vase extending to receive the blood.
 The king himself initiates to the Power ;
 Scatters with quivering hand the sacred flour,
 And the stream sprinkles : from the curling brows
 The hair collected in the fire he throws.
 Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
 And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,
 Strong Thrasymed discharg'd the speeding blow
 Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
 Down sunk the heavy beast : the females round,
 Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.
 Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join
 (The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line ;
 In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
 And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).

From earth they rear him, struggling now with
 death ;

And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breath.
 The soul for ever flies : on all sides round
 Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the
 ground.

The beast they then divide, and disunite
 The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite :
 On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from every part.
 The sacred sage before his altar stands,
 Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
 And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire :
 The youth with instruments surround the fire,
 The thighs now sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.
 While these officious tend the rites divine,
 The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,
 Sweet Polycaeste, took the pleasing toil
 To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
 O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
 And issued, like a God, to mortal view.
 His former seat beside the king he found
 (His people's father with his peers around) ;
 All plac'd at ease the holy banquet join,
 And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.

The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress,
 The monarch turns him to his royal guest ;
 And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
 The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car.
 Observant of his word ; the word scarce spoke,
 The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
 Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
 And presents, such as suit the state of kings.
 The glittering seat Telemachus ascends ;
 His faithful guide Pisistratus attends ;
 With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew :
 He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.
 Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
 Their equal pace, and smok'd along the field.
 The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,
 Fields after fields fly back, till close of day :
 Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way. }

To Pheræ now, Diocleus' stately seat
 (Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
 His house affords the hospitable rite,
 And pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the night).
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn ;
 Again they mount, their journey to renew,
 And from the sounding portico they flew.
 Along the waving fields their way they hold,
 The fields receding as the chariot roll'd :
 Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
 And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night.

B O O K IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conference with Menelaus.

Telemachus with Pisistratus arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso. In the mean time the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprised of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphima.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels re-
founds,

Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds :
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends ;
Where fate Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bless his sons and daughters nuptial hour.

That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
Hermione, the fairest of the kind,
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy;
Espous'd before the final doom of Troy :
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Mean while at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a stol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore :
To Helen's bed the Gods alone assign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line ;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.

While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound :
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings ;
Whilst, warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that, issuing through the palace gate,
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state :
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son :
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And, speeding, thus address'd the royal ear :

Two youths approach, whose semblant features
prove

Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or must they bend
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend ?

Insensate ! (with a sigh the king replies)
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise :
But sure relentless folly steels thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest ;
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft reliev'd my woe :
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till pitying Jove my native realm restor'd---
Straight be the coursers from the car releas'd,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.

The seneschal rebuk'd in haste withdrew ;
With equal haste a menial train pursue :

Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choicest grain furcharg'd ;
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd :
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight ;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend ;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend ;
Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where circled with his peers Atrides sat :
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the chrystal springs ;
High on a massy vase of silver mold,
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold ;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.
When thus the king with hospitable port :---
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court ;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare :
Say from what scepter'd ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame ?
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace.

Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
The royal portion of the choicest chimes
To each accepted friend : with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun :

View'st thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd most !
These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost !
Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines :
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray :
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.

The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd :
Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest !
With all my affluence, when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.
For eight slow-circling years by tempest tost,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coast

(Sidon the capital), I stretch'd my toil
 Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
 Next, Æthiopia's utmost bound explore,
 And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian shore :
 Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
 O'er the warm Libyan wave to spread my sails :
 That happy clime ! where each revolving year
 The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear ;
 And two fair crescents of translucent horn
 The brows of all their young increase adorn :
 The shepherd swains, with sure abundance blest,
 On the fat flock and rural dainties feast ;
 Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
 But every season fills the foaming pail.
 Whilst, heaping unwish'd wealth I distant roam ;
 The best of brothers, at his natal home,
 By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
 Ends the sad evening of a stormy life :
 Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
 These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd !
 My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
 To you, your fathers have recorded long :
 How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
 With a sack'd palace, and barbaric spoils.
 Oh ! had the Gods so large a boon deny'd,
 And life, the just equivalent, supply'd
 To those brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
 Far from their country in my cause expir'd !
 Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,
 Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
 I to the glorious dead, for ever dear !
 Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
 But, oh ! Ulysses---deeper than the rest
 That sad idea wounds my anxious breast !
 My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain ;
 The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain,
 Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,
 When imagin'd to my soul his sorrows rise.
 No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,
 His labours equal'd only by my love :
 And both alike to bitter fortune born,
 For him to suffer, and for me to mourn !
 Whether he wanders on some friendless coast,
 Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
 No fame reveals ; but, doubtful of his doom,
 His good old fire with sorrow to the tomb
 Declines his trembling steps ; untimely care
 Withers the blooming vigour of his heir ;
 And the chaste partner of his bed and throne
 Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.

While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,
 From the brave youth the streaming passion
 broke :

Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress,
 His face he shrouded with his purple vest :
 The conscious monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,
 And view'd his filial love with vast surprize :
 Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
 To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.

In this suspense bright Helen grac'd the room ;
 Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
 So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
 The silver-shafted Goddess of the chace !
 The seat of majesty Adraсте brings,
 With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings ;
 To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
 Of softest woof, is bright Alcippe's care.

A silver canister, divinely wrought,
 In her soft hands the beauteous Phyllo brought ;
 To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
 Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace :
 For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign sway
 The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
 When to that court Atrides came, carest
 With vast munificence th' imperial guest :
 Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,
 With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd ;
 And bounteous from the royal treasure told
 Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
 Alcandra, consort of his high command,
 A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand ;
 And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
 Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phyllo
 brought :

The filken fleece impurpl'd for the loom,
 Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
 The sovereign seat then Jove-born Helen press'd,
 And pleasing thus her scepter'd lord address'd :

Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
 Speak they their lineage, or their names declare ?
 Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd,
 Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.
 With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
 The feature of the Ulyssæan race :
 Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear,
 In just similitude, the grace and air
 Of young Telemachus ! the lovely boy,
 Who blest Ulysses with a father's joy,
 What time the Greeks combin'd their social arms,
 T' avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms !

Just is thy thought, the king assenting cries,
 Methinks Ulysses strikes my wondering eyes :
 Full shines the father in the filial frame,
 His port, his features, and his shape, the same :
 Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow :
 Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow !
 And when he heard the long disastrous store
 Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore ;
 Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
 Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose :
 Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
 His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.

See there confest, Pisistratus replies,
 The genuine worth of Ithacus the wise !
 Of that heroic fire the youth is sprung,
 But modest awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue,
 Thy voice, O king ! with pleas'd attention heard,
 Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.

With him at Nestor's high command I came,
 Whose age I honour with a parent's name.
 By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue
 For counsel and redress, he sues to you.
 Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
 Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
 Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
 If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain :
 Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
 The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.

Is Sparta blest, and these desiring eyes
 View my friend's son ? (the king exulting cries)
 Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
 Whose sword was sacred to the man he lov'd :
 Mirror of constant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd !
 When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,

No Greek an equal space had e'er possess'd,
Of dear affection in my grateful breast.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;
Argos the seat of sovereign rule I chose;
Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone dissolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious Power the blissful scene destroys;
Vanish'd are all the visionary joys:
The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,
Fated to wander from this natal coast!

He ceas'd; a gust of grief began to rise,
Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
Fast for the fire the filial sorrows flow;
The weeping monarch swells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial † brother: on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by swarthy Memnon slain!
But silence from the son of Nestor broke,
And, melting with fraternal pity, spoke:

Frequent, O king, was Nestor wont to raise
And charm attention with thy copious praise:
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that superior attribute control
This unavailing impotence of soul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd;
But when, from dewy shade emerging bright,
Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
Let each deplore his deed: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can bestow:
O'er the congenial dust injoin'd to shear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then, mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of Fame:
With strength and speed superior form'd in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early snatch'd by Fate, ere known to me!
I boast a witness of his worth in thee.

Young and mature! (the monarch thus rejoins.)
In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to shower
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great fire transmissible to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary state.
But now let each be calm his troubled breast,
Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.
To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay,
Till Heaven's revolving lamp restores the day.

† Antilochus.

He said, Asphalion swift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful springs:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen gust the savoury viands share.
Mean time, with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, t' assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful sluices of Despair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted
All sense of woe delivers to the wind. [mind
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific Nile
With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.
With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon sprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t' inspire the feast,
The circle thus the beauteous queen address:

Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm sanction of his sovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Myself, assisting in the social joy,
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witness of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.

Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre
In the vile habit of a village-slave, [gave,
The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
In this attire secure from searching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark disguise
The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit
Knew all the serpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dress'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek con-
fess'd.

A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war against the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the secrets of the state,
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate:
And, safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Plato's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy:
For then, with dire remorse and conscious shame,
I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord;

M iij

Admir'd among the first of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace.

Right well, reply'd the king, your speech displays

The matchless merit of the chief you praise:
Heroes in various climes myself have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:
But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
May boast a title to the loudest fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
Wife to resolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vast fabric of the steed we rear'd!
Some Dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deiphobus to come,
T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th' insidious pile:
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke:
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd
But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the steed we both impatient press,
Threatening to answer from the dark recess.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul:
Ulysses straight, with indignation fir'd,
(For so the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
Mean time Minerva, from the fraudulent horse,
Back to the court of Priam bent your course.

Inclement Fate! Telemachus replies.
Frail is the boasted attribute of wise:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost!
But now let sleep the painful waste repair
Of sad reflection, and corroding care.

He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of state;
Beneath an ample portico, they spread
The downy fleece to form the slumberous bed;
And o'er soft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold:
Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy rest
Th' obsequious herald guides each princely guest:
While to his regal bower the king ascends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.

Soon as the morn, in orient purple drest,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate east,
The monarch rose; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw:
The glittering zone athwart his shoulder cast,
A starry faulchion low-depending grac'd;
Clasp'd on his feet th' embroider'd sandals shine;
And forth he moves, majestic and divine:
Instant to young Telemachus he press'd,
And thus benevolent his speech address'd:

Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report
What cause hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domestic cares constrain
This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?

O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A suppliant to your royal court I come.

Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race
With lawless riot and misrule disgrace;
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:
For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aspire.
But prostrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful series of my father's fate:
Each known disaster of the man disclose,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with storied grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
To the fire's merit give the son's request.

Deep from his inmost soul Atrides sigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
Heavens! would a soft, inglorious dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns:
Mean time return'd, with dire remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulysses soon shall re-assert his claim.

O Jove, supreme, whom Gods and men revere!
And thou * to whom 'tis given to gild the sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial Maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when contending on the Lesbian shore
His prowess Philomelidus confess'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor blest'd:
Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.
With patient ear, O royal youth! attend
The storied labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of Fate.

Long on th' Ægyptian coast by calms confin'd,
Heaven to my fleet refus'd a prosperous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim slain!
For this the Gods each favouring gale restrain:
Jealous, to see their high behests obey'd;
Severe, if men th' eternal rights invade.
High o'er a gulfy sea, the Pharian isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile:
Her distance from the shore, the course begun
At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,
A galley measures; when the stiffer gales
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lie,
Whilst limpid springs the failing cask supply.

And now the twentieth sun, descending lave
His glowing axle in the western waves;
Still with expanded sails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores,
When, lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to dispel my fears;

Æ Apollo;

Proteus her fire divine. With pity press'd,
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What-time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease th' afflictive fierce desires of food.

Whoe'er thou art (the azure Goddess cries)
Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise:
Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?

Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply;
Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A Goddess sure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks the descendant of ætherial race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view?)
What power becalms th' innavigable seas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?

I ceas'd, when affable the Goddess cry'd;
Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
Th' oraculous seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast:
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various God:
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.
If, studious of your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the God obsequious will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.

She ceas'd, and suppliant thus I made reply:
O Goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely;
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful seer?
For perilous th' assay, unheard the toil,
T' elude the prescience of a God by guile.

Thus to the Goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of heaven the mounted
sun

Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the consecrated train
Of * her, whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd ex-
hales

An oily stream, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprise,
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,
With me repair; and from thy warrior band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil:
For strong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian God surround:

⊗ Amphitrite,

So with his battering flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape:
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain passive form constrain his flight.
But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And soothe the vanquish'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say
What godhead interdicts the watery way:
Who straight, propitious, in prophetic strain
Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.
She ceas'd, and, bounding from the shelly shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves resound-
ing roar.

High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern lawn,
In saffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her rosy steps, before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,
With three associates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed strand
For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny spoils
Of four vast Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath the finny spoils, extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse the scaly frauds diffuse
Unsavory stench of oil, and brackish ooze;
But the bright sea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restor'd.

Thus till the sun had travell'd half the skies,
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
When, thronging thick to bask in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:
Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep;
Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the sum complete).
Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies
And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.
Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the God: our force t' evade,
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
A lion now he curls a surgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
Then, arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obscene shape the God belies:
On spiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:
And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior power compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd:

M iij

Say, son of Atreus, say what God inspir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?

I thus; O thou whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriend'd of the gales. All-knowing! say,
What Godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?

To Jove (with stern regard the chief replies)
And all th' offended synod of the skies,
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosperous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a safe return accord.

He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A shelly tract and long!) O seer, I cry,
To the stern sanction of th' offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay,
Sustain those peers, the reliques of our host,
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep?
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore?

Prefs not too far, reply'd the God; but cease
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the rest, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were
crown'd,

Fell by disastrous fate; by tempests tost,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.

By Neptune rescued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyrae, safe Oilean Ajax fate, [floods,
His ship o'erwhelm'd; but, frowning on the
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own prowess all the glory gave,
The Power defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.
This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His spear, indignant, for such high disdain,
He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th' aerial summit from the marble base;
The rock rush'd sea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyss the boaster bore.

By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast,
Secure of storms, your royal brother past:
Till coasting nigh the cape, where Malea shrouds
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds;
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.
In an ill fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd;

But, when his hoary honours bow'd to Fate,
Ægythus govern'd in paternal state.
The surges now subside, the tempest ends;
From his tall ship the King of Men descends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain salutes the soil:
With rapture oft' the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the distant strand
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand,
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægythus told
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale ca-
reer;

And now, admonish'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprize:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
Vain shows of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of coursers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads! the royal guest,
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudulent feast.
The troop, forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppres!
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Ægythus sole survives to boast the deed.

He said; chill horrors shock my shivering soul,
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll;
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began—
Forget the brother, and resume the man:
To Fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be Fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death
deplor'd,

But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow;
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast.

He said: new thoughts my beating heart em-
ploy,

My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I address
The prescient Godhead to reveal the rest.
The doom decreed of those disastrous two
I've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale pursue;
What third brave son of Mars the Fates constrain
To roam the howling desert of the main:
Or, in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.

That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives;
Laertes' son: girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abides.

Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
Th' enamour'd Goddess, or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.
But oh, belov'd by Heaven! reserv'd to thee
A happier lot the smiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns,
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow:
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
To thee the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's
lord.

He ceas'd, and, plunging in the vast profound,
Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.
Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the shore I sought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
Till night with silent shade invests the pole;
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.---
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then, steering backward from the Pharian Isle,
We gain the stream of Jove-descending Nile:
There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
These rites to piety and grief discharg'd,
The friendly Gods a springing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!

Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond request;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
Till, from his eastern goal, the joyous sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Mean time my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three sprightly couriers, and a polish'd car:
With these, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the Gods) shall prove
A pledge and monument of sacred love.

My quick return, young Ithacus rejoind,
Damps the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and humane,
Lost in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my listening soul.
But now to Pyle permit my destin'd way,
My lov'd associates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the present of the promis'd vase;

The couriers, for the champain sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:
To sea-surrounding realms the Gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.

His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
And, smiling, thus the royal youth address'd:
O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung,
Selected from my stores, of matchless price
An urn shall recompence your prudent choice:
Not mean the massy mould of silver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the scepter'd power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.

Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare:
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.

Mean while, in Ithaca, the suitor-powers
In active game divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with mosaic art,
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
Antinous sate spectator of the sport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confess'd,
And high descent, superior to the rest;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address'd:

My ship equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I should sail with utmost speed, [feed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.

Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force?

With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cry'd) the vessel was resign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or some celestial in his reverend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray
Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd---

Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd,
Confounded and appall'd, th' unfinished game
The suitors quit, and all to council came.
Antinous first th' assembled peers address'd, [breast-
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his

O shame to manhood ! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy ?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power ?
The ponderous engine rais'd to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd ;
For ambush close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore :
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.

With vast applause the sentence all approve ;
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove ;
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan :
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands ;

What will the suitors ? must my servant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast ?
Heaven grant this festival may prove their last !
Or, if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love !
Forbear, ye sons of Insolence ! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir.
In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise ?
Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind ?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions vest the power :
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protect'd all :
But absent now, perfidious and ingrate !
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state.

He thus : O were the woes you speak the
worst !

They form a deed more odious and accurst ;
More dreadful than your boding soul divines :
But pitying Jove avert the dire designs !
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare ;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-sailing and the Spartan court ;
Horrid to speak ! in ambush is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed !

Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital streams a chilling horror froze :
The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love :
Why rashly would my son his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore ?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave ?

'Tis not, reply'd the sage, to Medon given
To know, if some inhabitant of Heaven
In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd ;
Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his absent father's doom.

The sage retir'd : unable to control
The mighty griefs that swell her labouring soul,
Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate queen.

Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.

Around their sovereign wept the menial fair,
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair :

Behold a wretch whom all the Gods consign
To woe ! Did ever sorrows equal mine ?
Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast :
Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn,
Our other column of the state is borne :
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent !—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent !

Ill suits it with your shows of duteous zeal.
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal :
Though at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
Why did you fear to trouble my repose ?
He either had obey'd my fond desire,
Or seen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarus gave,
To tend the fruit-groves : with incessant speed
He shall this violence of death decreed
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage.
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to save his race appeal.

Then Euryclea thus : My dearest dread !
Though to the sword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of th' unpleasing deed :
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the vessel stor'd :
A solemn oath, impos'd, the secret seal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd.
Dreading th' affect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.

But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the || martial Maid,
And rest affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age :
'Tis impious to surmise, the Powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line :
Long shall the race of just Arcegius reign,
And isles remote enlarge his old domain.

The queen her speech with calm attention
hears,

Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears :
She bathes, and, rob'd, the sacred doom ascends :
Her pious speed a female train attends :
The salted cakes in canisters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid :

Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreaded shield !
If e'er Ulysses to thy fane preferr'd
The best and choicest of his flock and herd ;
Hear, Goddess, hear, by those oblations won ;
And for the pious fire preserve the son :
His wish'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend.

She ceas'd ; shrill extacies of joy declare
The favouring Goddess present to the prayer :
The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A signal of her hymenæal choice :

Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board ;
" Too late the queen selects a second lord :

|| Minerva.

" In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
 " When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
 Thus he, unskill'd of what the Fates provide !
 But with severe rebuke Antinous cry'd :

These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain :
 Alarm not with discourse the menial train :
 The great event with silent hope attend ;
 Our deeds alone our counsel must commend.
 His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
 And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose :
 Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
 Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides,
 Replete with male and military store,
 In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.
 The desperate crew ascend, unfurl the sails
 (The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales) ;
 Then take repast, till Hesperus display'd
 His golden circlet in the western shade.

Mean time the queen, without reflection due,
 Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew :
 In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,
 And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.
 So when the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,
 And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds ;
 With grief and rage the mother-lion stung,
 Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.

While pensive in the silent slumberous shade,
 Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade ;
 Minerva, life-like, on imbodied air
 Impress'd the form of Iphthima the fair
 (Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms
 Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms ;
 A scepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
 Of Thessaly, wide stretch'd his ample reign) :
 As Pallas will'd, along the fable skies,
 To calm the queen, the phantom-sister flies.
 Swift on the regal dome descending right,
 The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
 Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
 And thus performs Minerva's high commands.

O why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
 To render sleep's soft blessing unsincere ?
 Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
 The day-reflection, and the midnight dream !
 Thy son the Gods propitiations will restore,
 And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.

To whom the queen (whilst yet her pensive
 mind

Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd)
 O sister, to my soul for ever dear,
 Who this first visit to reprove my fear ?
 How in a realm so distant should you know
 From what deep source my deathless sorrows flow ?
 To all my hope my royal lord is lost,
 His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast :
 And, with consummate woe to weigh me down,
 The heir of all his honours and his crown,
 My darling son is fled ! an easy prey
 To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than
 they :

Who, in a league of blood associates sworn,
 Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.

Courage resume, the shadowy form reply'd,
 In the protecting care of heaven confide :
 On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid ;
 What earthly can implore a surer aid ?
 Me now the guardian Goddess deigns to send,
 To bid thee patient his return attend.

The queen replies : If in the blest abodes
 A Goddess, thou hast commerce with the Gods ;
 Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,
 Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night ?

Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
 I speak not all the counsel of the skies :
 Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
 The windy satisfaction of the tongue.

Swift through the valves the visionary fair
 Repas'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
 The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes :
 With florid joy her heart dilating glows :
 The vision, manifest of future fate,
 Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.

Mean time the suitors plough the watery plain,
 Telemachus in thought already slain !
 When sight of lessening Ithaca was lost,
 Their sail directed for the Samian coast,
 A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,
 And Asteris th' advancing pilot knew :
 An ample port the rocks projected form,
 To break the rolling waves, and ruffling storm :
 That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
 And in close ambush wait the murderous deed.

B O O K V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulysses from Calypso.

Pallas in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso ; where-
 upon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The seat of Calypso described. She consents with
 much difficulty ; and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune
 overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death :
 till Leucothea, a Sea Goddess, assists him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets ashore on Phæacia.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
 Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed ;
 With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred
 light.

Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,
 Before the God who thunders from on high,
 Supreme in might, sublime in majesty,
 Pallas, to these, deplores th' unequal fates
 Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates :

Her Hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power,
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bower.

Thus she began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the scourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.

What words are these, (reply'd the Power who
forms

The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with
Is not already in thy soul decreed, [storms]
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
The son in safety to his native shore;
While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated, measure back their way.

Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven!
Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree, Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods:
In twice ten days shall fertile Sheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,
The chief shall honour as some heavenly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.
His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil).
His friends, his country, he shall see, though late;
Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate.

He spoke. The God who mounts the winged
winds

Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view:
Then, swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.

Large was the grot, in which the nymph he
found [crown'd];

(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty

She fate, and sung: the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving caverns screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil;
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were
crown'd,

And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where if a God should cast his sight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight
Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven: he stay'd
Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew;
For Powers celestial to each other's view
Stand still confest, though distant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he fate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd a-
gain.

Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
God of the golden wand! on what behest
Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of my bower.

Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread
(Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red);
Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke:

What mov'd this journey from my native sky,
A Goddess asks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land;
For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing would
sweep

Such length of ocean and unmeasur'd deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will submission we must pay;
What power so great, to dare to disobey?
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
Of all his kind most worn with misery:
The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years em-
ploy'd

Their force in Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckless hour,
With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's power:

Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
With storms pursued them through the liquid
world.

There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
Him Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss; so destiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country and his friends.

Ev'n to her inmost soul the Goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
Ungracious Gods! with spite and envy curst!
Still to your own æthereal race the worst!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
Did ever Goddess by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora sought Orion's love,
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
Scarce could Iasion taste her heavenly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorched him in her
arms.

And is it now my turn, ye mighty Powers!
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to save;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean tost,
The sport of winds, and driven from every coast,
Hither this man of miseries I led,
Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'Tis past—and Jove decrees he shall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he must, if He ordain,
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again):
But never, never shall Calypso send
To toils like these, her husband and her friend.
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go:
That last advice is all I can bestow.

To her, the Power who bears the charming
rod:

Dismiss the man, nor irritate the God;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses, pac'd along the sand.
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore:
For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms,
In slumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day;

There fate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd a-
gain.

Here, on his musing mood the Goddess press'd,
Approaching soft; and thus the chief address'd:
Unhappy man! to wasting woes a prey,
No more in sorrows languish life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To store the vessel, let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and rosy wine,
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
And prosperous gales to waft thee on the way.
These, if the Gods with my desires comply,
(The Gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come)
In peace shall land thee at thy native home.

With sighs, Ulysses heard the words she spoke,
Then thus his melancholy silence broke:
Some other motive, Goddess! sways thy mind,
(Some close design, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea,
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety sails
The best-built ship, though Jove inspire the gales.
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil,
Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will?
Swear then thou mean'st not what my soul fore-
bodes;

Swear by the solemn oath that binds the Gods.

Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso ey'd,
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?
But hear, O earth! and hear ye sacred skies!
And thou, O Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide through the shades, and bind th' attesting
Gods!

No form'd design, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
The same my practice, were my fate the same.
Heaven has not curst me with a heart of steel,
But given the sense, to pity and to feel.

Thus having said, the Goddess march'd before;
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sate.
For him the nymph a rich repast ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
Before herself were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress'd,
Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest:

Ulysses! (with a sigh she thus began)
O sprung from Gods! in wisdom more than man;
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulysses! wert thou given to know
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,
And ev'n these slighted charms might learn to
please.

A willing Goddess and immortal life
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Less soft my feature, less august my frame?
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?

Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddess! as thou art,
Forgive the weakness of a human heart.
Though well I see thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run,
Still I can suffer: their high will be done!

Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun descends
And rising night her friendly shade extends.
To the close grot the lonely pair remove,
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
Ulysses rob'd him in the cloak and vest.
The nymph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd,
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
A weighty axe with truest temper steel'd,
And double edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:
Then to the neighbouring forest led the way.
On the lone island's utmost verge there stood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch'd by the sun, or fear'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). These pointing out to view,
The nymph just show'd him, and with tears with-
drew.

Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the forest groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles these dispos'd to join, [line.
He smooth'd and squar'd them, by the rule and
(The wimbles for the work Calypso found)
With those he pierc'd them, and with clinchers
bound.

Long and capacious as a shipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the storms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it strong
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;
These form'd the sides: the deck he fashion'd last;
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding osiers fence'd, to break the force
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course),

Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.

Four days were past, and now the work com-
plete,

Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred seat
The nymph dismiss'd him, (odorous garments giv-
en) [Heaven:

And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with sable wine:
Of every kind, provisions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.
The Goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the skies.

And now, rejoicing in the prosperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulysses spreads his sails;
Plac'd at the helm he sate, and mark'd the skies,
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.

There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky

The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who shines exalted on th' ætherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.

Full seventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The distant land appear'd the following day:
Then swell'd to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost:
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watery waste.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aerial brow,
The King of Ocean saw, and seeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd;)
The raging monarch shook his azure head,
And thus in secret to his soul he said:
Heavens! how uncertain are the Powers on
high?

Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
In one man's favour; while a distant guest
I shar'd secure the Æthiopian feast?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this sceptre yet commands the main.

He spoke, and high the forked trident hurl'd
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth the sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night: east, west, together roar;
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:

Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well, alas! the Island Goddess knew,
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempests rears;
Death, present death, on every side appears.

Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
Prest, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead);
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne:
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long press'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave:
At length, emerging from his nostrils wide
And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
Ev'n then not mindless of his last retreat,
He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held:
And now the south, and now the north, bear }
And now the east the foamy floods obey, [sway, }
And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea. }
The wandering chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
But now an azure sister of the main).
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the Goddess stood:
Then thus address'd him: Thou, whom Heaven
decrees

To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,
(Unequal contest! not his rage and power,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest, thy wisdom will perform;
For sake thy float, and leave it to the storm;
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main;
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.

With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she div'd from whence she
rose;

A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.

Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other Gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle,
Thy voice foretels me shall conclude my toil.

Thus then I judge; while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempests yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can.

While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread
Bursts o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparted fly: the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the fields new-shorn,
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the chief bestrides;
There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs discomburs of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas
All naked now, on heaving billows laid, [along.
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous said:

Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay!
Go, wander helpless on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.

This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.

Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth shak-
ing power,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hush'd the blustering brethren of the sky.
The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where Fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were past,
Since wide he wander'd on the watery waste:
Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain:
The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
And a dead silence still'd the watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes,
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a lov'd fire revives before their sight
(Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by some dæmon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life restore);
So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore,
And fees, (and labours onward as he fees)
The rising forests and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the listening ear may wound,
Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore;
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!
All-rough with rocks, with foaming billows white.
Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart:
As thus commun'd he with his soul apart:

Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters tost,
 These eyes at last behold th' unhop'd for coast,
 No port receives me from the angry main,
 But the loud deeps demand me back again.
 Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around,
 Roar the wild waves; beneath is sea profound!
 No footing sure affords the faithless sand,
 To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
 If here I enter, my efforts are in vain,
 Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
 Or round the island if my course I bend.
 Where the ports open, or the shores descend,
 Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
 And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
 Or some enormous whale the God may send,
 (For many such on Amphitrite attend)
 Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
 And hate relentless of my heavenly foe. [bore

While thus he thought, a monstrous wave up-
 The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore:
 Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
 But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.
 Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
 And stuck adherent, and suspended hung; [sweep
 Till the huge surge roll'd off: then, backward
 The reflux tides, and plunge him in the deep.
 As when the Polypus, from forth his cave
 Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;
 His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands:
 So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses hands.
 And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
 Th' unhappy man: ev'n Fate had been in vain:
 But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,
 And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour.
 Beyond the beating surge his course he bore;
 (A wider circle, but in sight of shore)
 With longing eyes, observing, to survey
 Some smooth ascent, or safe sequester'd bay.
 Between the parting rocks at length he 'spy'd
 A falling stream with gentler waters glide;
 Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,
 And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.
 To this calm port the glad Ulysses prest,
 And hail'd the river, and its God address:

Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
 I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,
 Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
 To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
 Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
 For sacred ev'n to Gods is misery:
 Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
 And save a suppliant, and a man distress.

He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream sub-
 Detains the rushing current of his tides, [sides,
 Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,
 And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
 That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
 He dropt his sinewy arms: his knees no more

Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
 His swoln heart heav'd; his bloated body swell'd;
 From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
 And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
 Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
 The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.
 Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
 The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;
 Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
 His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
 Behind him far, upon the purple waves
 The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
 A mossy bank, with pliant rushes crown'd!
 The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground;
 Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,
 Thus to his soul the sage began to say:

What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on high?
 And yet, ah! yet, what Fates are we to try?
 Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,
 Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
 The dews descending, and nocturnal air;
 Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
 When morning rises?—If I take the wood,
 And in thick shelter of innumerable boughs
 Enjoy the comfort gently sleep allows;
 Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be
 past,

What savage beasts may wander in the waste;
 Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
 To prowling bears, or lions in the way.

Thus long debating in himself he stood:
 At length he took the passage to the wood,
 Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
 Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
 There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
 With roots entwin'd, and branches interwove;
 Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd
 With sister fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
 Not here the sun's meridian rays had power,
 Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing shower;
 The verdant arch so close its texture kept:
 Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
 Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made
 (Thick strown by tempest through the bowery
 shade);

Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
 Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement sky.
 This store, with joy the patient hero found,
 And, sunk amidst them, heap'd the leaves around.
 As some poor peasant, fated to reside
 Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,
 Studious to save what human wants require,
 In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire:
 Hid in dry foilage thus Ulysses lies,
 Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes;
 And golden dreams (the gift of sweet sleep)
 Lull'd all his cares.

B O O K VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pallas, appearing in a dream to Nauficæa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia), commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nauficæa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who, addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.

WHILE thus the weary wanderer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast;
The Martial Maid from heaven's aerial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.

In elder times the soft Phæacian train
In ease possess'd the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of Gigantic foes:
Then great Naufithous from Hyperia far,
Through seas retreating from the sound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never science rear'd her laurel'd head:
There, round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd:
To heaven the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
Just to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.

Now in the silent grave the monarch lay,
And wise Alcinous held the regal sway.
To his high palace through the fields of air
The Goddesses shot; Ulysses was her care.
There as the night in silence roll'd away,
A heaven of charms divine Nauficæa lay:
Through the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.

Light as the viewless air the Warrior-Maid
Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head;
A favourite virgin's blooming form she took,
From Dymas sprung, and thus the vision spoke:

Oh indolent! to waste thy hours away!
And sleep'st thou careless of the bridal day?
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray:
Haste to the stream! Companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
Virgin, awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs
The royal car at early dawn obtain, [sigh!
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave,
Where their fair vests Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
And majesty derives a grace from state.

Then to the palaces of heaven she sails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:

VOL. XII.

The seat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.
There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;
But on immortal thrones the blest repose:
The firmament with living splendors glows.
Hither the Goddesses wing'd th' aerial way,
Thro' heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.

Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Up rose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night. [stow'd
The queen she sought: the queen her hours be-
In curious works; the whirling spindle glow'd
With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Mean while Phæacia's peers in council sat;
From his high doom the king descends in state,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him passing and submissive said:

Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal ear obtain?
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day,
And spotless robes become the young and gay:
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine.

Thus she: but blushes ill-restrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conscious fire the dawning blush survey'd,
And smiling thus bespoke the blooming maid:
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give.

Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares
Tunicks, and stoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavoured wines.
The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold;
Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.

Now mounting the gay seat, the filken reins
Shine in her hand: along the founding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone,

N

They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills;
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
The mules unharnes'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand:)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And, while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play
(Their shining veils unbound). Along the skies
Toft, and reft, the ball incessant flies.

They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven re-

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves, [joice.
Or wide Tægetus' resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;
Distinguish'd excellence the Goddess proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.

With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendant o'er the beauteous train.

Mean time (the care and favourite of the skies)
Wrapt in embowering shade, Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now address
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream: loud shrieks the virgin
train,

And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:

Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
Or what new region, is Ulysses tost?
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the
shores: [bowers,
The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood;
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;
Or human voice? but, issuing from the shades,
Why cease I strait to learn what sound invades?

Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous
bends

With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry showers,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey
(The steer or stag): or with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.

No less a terror, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses moves;

Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storm;
The brackish ooze his manly face deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.
Mean time in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, self-considering, as he stands, debates;
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by Wisdom sway'd,
At awful distance he accosts the maid:

If from the skies a Goddess, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright disguise
Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim th' harmo-
nious maze.

But blest o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this blest hour
Such finish'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!
Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast,
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-host,
But ah, how chang'd! from thence my sorrow
O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!) [flows;
Raptur'd I stood, and, as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaz'd;
Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.
Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For misery, O queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to spare! but Heaven, my
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe! [foe;
Inur'd to care, to death in all its forms;
Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let soft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants a vest supply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:
So may the Gods, who heaven and earth control,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed:
Blest be the husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The Gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and Heaven is in our state.

To whom the nymph: O stranger, cease thy
Wife is thy soul, but man is born to bear: [care;

Jove weighs affairs of earth, in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from
But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore, [above.
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide---
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinoüs' royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and an happy king.

Then to her maids: Why, why, ye coward
train,

These fears, this flight? Ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile steps these shores to tread:
Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent;
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.

Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide:
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroidery gay:
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy sky.

To them the king: No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye Gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.

The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds;
Then, dress'd, in pomp magnificently treads,
The Warrior Goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brow a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a God he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majestic grace
Attends his steps: th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murmuring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.

The wondering nymph his glorious port sur-
And to her damsels with amazement, said: [vey'd,

Not without care divine the stranger treads
This land of joy: his steps some Godhead leads:
Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driven
Far from the realm, the favourite isle of Heaven.
Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod
The desert sands, and now he looks a God.
Oh, Heaven! in my connubial hour decree
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he!

But haste, the viands and the bowl provide---
The maids the viands, and the bowl supply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirst asswag'd.

Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,
Far blooming o'er the field: and as she prels'd
The splendid seat, the listening chief address'd:

Stranger, arise! the sun rolls down the day,
Lo! to the palace I direct the way:
Where in high state the nobles of the land
Attend my royal fire, a radiant band.
But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at distance while I pass the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-ascend---With airy mounds
A strength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides:
Full thro' the narrow mouths descend the tides:
The spacious basons arching rocks enclose,
A sure defence from every storm that blows.
Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,
Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to
store,

Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar:
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air.
They rush into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the steep surge, and thro' the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race---To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name:

"What stranger this whom thus Nausicaa
leads?"

"Heavens, with what graceful majesty he treads!
"Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
"The future consort of her bridal hour;
"Or rather some descendant of the skies;
"Won by her prayers, th' aerial bridegroom flies.
"Heaven on that hour his choicest influence shed,
"That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!
"All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
"This realm, she flies: Phæacia is her scorn."

And just the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
Till our consenting fires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.

But would'st thou soon review thy native plain,
Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars
crown'd,

To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils
A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.

There wait embower'd, while I ascend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.
Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp superior known;
A child may point the way. With earnest gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state;
Her royal hand a wonderous work designs,
Around a circle of bright damsels shines,
Part twist the threads, and part the wood dispose,
While with the purple orb the spindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
My royal father shares the genial hours:
But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore,
Though mountains rise between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as she wheel'd
The silver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:

With skill the virgin guides th' embroider'd
rein,
Slow rolls the car before the attending train.
Now whirling down the heavens, the golden day
Shot through the western clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the sacred
To Pallas thus the pensive hero pray'd: [shade,
Daughter of Jove! whose arms in thunder
wield
Th' avenging bold, and shake the dreadful shield;
Forsook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd Maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the sky:
Stern God! who rang'd with vengeance unre-
strain'd,
Till great Ulysses hail'd his native land.

B O O K VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

The Princess Nauficaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arette. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE patient, heavenly man thus suppliant pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Through the proud streets she moves, the public
gaze:

The turning wheel before the palace stays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
She seeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth the father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
Nurse of Nauficaa from her infant years,
And tender second to a mother's cares.

Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulysses took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air;
To shun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His step a virgin met, and stood before:
A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,

And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the Goddess with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief de-
mands)

The house of him who rules the happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!

The Goddess answer'd, Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For fast beside it dwells my honour'd fire;
But silent march, nor greet the common train
With questions needless, or inquiry vain,
A race of rugged mariners are these;
Unpolish'd men, and boisterous as their seas:
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
These did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main:
On canvas wings to cut the watery way;
No bird so light, no thought so swift, as they.
Thus having spoke, th' unknown celestial leads;
The footstep of th' Deity he treads,
And sacred moves along th' crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phæacian race.

So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies),
The chief with wonder sees th' extended streets,
The spreading harbours, and the rising fleets;
He next their princely lofty domes admires,
In separate islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments and high walls of stone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.
At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd:
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech re-
new'd:

My task is done; the mansion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High thron'd, and feasting there thou shalt behold
The sceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold;
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.
First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous queen, Arete is her name,
The same her parents, and her power the same. }
For know, from Ocean's God Nausithous sprung,
And Periboea, beautiful and young
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left his only heir).
Who now, by Neptune's amorous power compress'd.
Produc'd a monarch that his people blest,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The first by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
No son surviv'd: Arete heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinous chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womenkind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their fire.
When through the streets she gracious deigns to
move,

(The public wonder and the public love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise
The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breast:
To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppress'd; }
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest.
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.

With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forfaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore, [head,
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
She pass'd, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.

Mean while Ulysses at the palace waits, }
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day,
The walls were massy brass; the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep projecting o'er,
And gold, the ringlets that command the door.

Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: these the princely prest,
Day following day, a long continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain:
Some ply the loom: their busy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around,
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail;
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descri'd, }
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect }
crown'd;
This through the garden leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.

Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er.
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;

Prepar'd for rest, and offering to the † God
 Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.
 Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
 With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
 Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
 And prostrate fell before th' imperial dame.
 Then from around him dropt the veil of night;
 Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight,
 The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress'd;
 Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.

Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began
 Low at her knees the much enduring man)
 To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
 To all that share the blessings of your reign,
 A suppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
 'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
 A wretched exile to his country send,
 Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
 So may the Gods your better days increase,
 And all your joys descend on all your race,
 So reign for ever on your country's breast,
 Your people blessing, by your people blest!

Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
 And humbled in the ashes took his place.
 Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
 Echenus sage, a venerable man!
 Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass'd,
 And join'd to that th' experience of the last.
 Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
 And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

O fight (he cry'd) dishonest and unjust!
 A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
 To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
 Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
 But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
 And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
 Let first the herald due libation pay
 To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way:
 Then set the genial banquet in his view,
 And give the stranger guest a stranger's due.

His sage advice the listening king obeys,
 He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
 And from his seat Laodamas remov'd
 (The monarch's offspring, and his best lov'd);
 There next his side the godlike hero fate;
 With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
 The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
 Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
 Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
 A silver laver of capacious size,
 The table next in regal order spread,
 The glittering canisters are heap'd with bread:
 Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
 Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast!
 Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,
 And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.
 Let all around the due libation pay
 To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.

He said. Pontonous heard the king's command:
 The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
 Earth drinks the juice that glads the heart of man,
 Alcinous then, with aspect mild, began;

Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
 To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
 Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite
 Repair we to the blessings of the night;

† Mercury.

But with the rising day, assembled here,
 Let all the elders of the land appear,
 Pious observe our hospitable laws,
 And Heaven propitiate in the stranger's cause:
 Then, join'd in council, proper means explore
 Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore
 (How distant that, imports not us to know,
 Nor weigh the labour but relieve the woe).
 Mean time, nor harm nor anguish let him bear:
 This interval, Heaven trusts him to our care;
 But to his native land our charge resign'd, [hind.
 Heaven's his life to come, and all the woes be
 Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
 For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain.
 And twins ev'n from the birth are misery and
 man!

But if, descended from th' Olympian bower,
 Gracious approach us some immortal power;
 If in that form thou com'st a guest divine:
 Some high event the conscious Gods design.
 As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,
 The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest;
 Then manifest of heaven the vision stood,
 And to our eyes familiar was the God.
 Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
 And shine before him all the desert way:
 With social intercourse, and face to face,
 The friends and guardians of our pious race,
 So near approach we their celestial kind,
 By justice, truth, and probity of mind:
 As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
 Match in fierce wrong the Giant-sons of earth.

Let no such thought (with modest grace re-
 join'd

The prudent Greek) possess the royal mind,
 Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
 No glorious native of yon azure sky:
 In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
 How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
 Alas, a mortal! most oppress'd of those
 Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes:
 By a sad train of miseries alone
 Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!
 By Heaven's high will compell'd from shore to
 shore;

With Heaven's high will prepar'd to suffer more.
 What histories of toil could I declare!
 But still long-wearied nature wants repair;
 Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast,
 My craving bowels still require repast.
 Howe'er the noble, suffering mind, may grieve
 Its load of anguish, and disdain to live;
 Necessity demands our daily bread;
 Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.
 But finish, oh ye peers! what you propose,
 And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
 Pleas'd will I suffer all the Gods ordain,
 To see my soil, my son, my friends, again.
 That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprise
 With ever-during shade these happy eyes!

Th' assembled peers with general praise ap-
 His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd. [prov'd
 Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
 And to the gift of balmy sleep repairs.
 Ulysses in the regal walls alone
 Remain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne
 Divine Arete and Alcinous shone.

The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd,
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the godlike man:

Cam'st thou not hither, wondrous stranger! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea!
Tell them whence art thou? whence that princely air?

And robes like these, so recent and so fair?

Hard is the task, oh princess! you impose:
(Thus sighing spake the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows sent by Heaven and Fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's watery arms;
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unblest! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost,
Heaven drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to find,

Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddess there with open arms,
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
But all her blandishments successful prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love,
I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth she voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeable heart.
A raft was form'd, to cross the surging sea;
Herself supply'd the stores and rich array,
And gave the gales to waft me on the way. }
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar; }
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle: but there my hopes were lost,

The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.
'Twas night; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus shin'd in vain,
Nor, till oblique he slop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd:
To her I sued, she pity'd my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.

Who from such youth could hope considerate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.

This is the truth: and oh, ye Powers on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie,

To this the king: Our daughter but express
Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest.
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey? }

Hero and king! (Ulysses thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect her pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.

Far from my soul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve;
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,

Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.
In such alliance could'st thou wish to join,
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
But, if reluctant, who shall force thy stay! }
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray. }
Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes; }
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise; }
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's giant-son to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning course begun,

Saw them returning with the setting sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our sail.
When justly tim'd with equal sweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below.

Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,

But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes)
O, Jove! O, father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!

Mean time Arete, for the hour of rest,
Ordains the fleecy couch and covering vest;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they pass,
And finish'd all the queen's command with haste:
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.
There, soft-extended, to the murmuring sound
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies,
And fast beside were clos'd Arete's eyes.

¶ Tityus.

B O O K VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Alcinous calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which, splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games; the race, the wrestling, discus, &c.; where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

Now fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council-seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.

Mean while Minerva in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries:

Nobles and chiefs who rules Phæacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of Grace Divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores.

She spoke and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shores rebounds:
At once the seats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;
With strength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.

Then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose:
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will disclose.
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Toft by rude tempest through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.
Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour,
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers ascend:
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame,
Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.

Thus spoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,
In state they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise:
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:

Now all access to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd;
Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock they
bring

To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song:

Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.

High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate:
With silver shone the throne; his lyre well strung
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his seat a polish'd table shines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines:
His food a herald bore: and now they fed:
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.

Then, fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of Demi-gods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For Heaven foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And, lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song, the listening train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
Again, unmann'd, a shower of sorrow shed:
Conceal'd he wept: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious
string;

Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the power
Of heavenly song has crown'd the genial hour!
Incessant in the games your strength display;
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day:

That, pleas'd, th' admiring stranger may proclaim

In distant regions the Phæacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
Or swifter in the race devour the way;
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground.

Thus spoke the king; th' attending peers obey:
In state they move, Alcinous leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And, guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majestic to the lists of Fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace; a countless throng,
Youth and hoar age: and man drives man along:
The games begin; ambitious of the prize,
Acronus, Thoon, and Eretmus rise;
The prize Ocyalus and Pymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of Fame:
There Proreus, Neates, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
Euryalus like Mars terrific rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequall'd shone,
Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.

With these came forth Ambasineus the strong;
And three brave sons, from great Alcinous sprung.

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:
Swift as on wings of winds upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky:
Before the race, what space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox from plough to plough;
Clytonous sprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th' unrivall'd honours of the day.

With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join:
The conquest, great Euryalus is thine.

Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground:
From Elatreus' strong arm the discus flies,
And sings with unmatched force along the skies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful sway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.

While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to speak, Laodamas ascends:

O friends, he cries, the stranger seems well skill'd

To try th' illustrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave: then grant the brave man's
Invite the hero to his share of Fame. [claim,
What nervous arms he boasts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his shoulders spread:

By age unbroke!--but all-consuming care [spare:
Destroys, perhaps, that strength that time would
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man must decay, when man contends with storms.

Well hast thou spoke (Euryalus replies):
Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise.
Swift at the word advancing from the crowd
He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud:

Vouchsafes the reverend stranger to display
His manly worth, and share the glorious day?
Father, arise! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.
To fame arise! for what more fame can yield
Than the swift race, or conflict of the field?

Steal from corroding care one transient day,
To glory give the space thou hast to stay;
Short is the time, and, lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply;
Ah! why th' ill-suiting pastime must I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who suppliant to the king and peers implores
A speedy voyage to his native shores.

Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The sports of glory to the brave belong
(Retorts Euryalus): he boasts no claim
Among the great, unlike the sons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main;
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.

Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies.
O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!
With partial hands the Gods their gifts dispense;
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
This man with energy of thought controls,
And steals with modest violence our souls,
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing crowd revere.
While others, beauteous as th' ætherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show Heaven gives thee to excel,
But Heaven denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous soul resents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim

A post of honour with the sons of Fame:
Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.--Slander stings the brave.

Then, striding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's sons discharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the shaded air it sings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies.
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the
skies.

Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down rushing, it up-turns a hill of ground.

That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cry'd aloud:

Ev'n he who sightless wants his visual ray
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound
Of every champion by a length of ground.
Securely bid the strongest of the train
Arise to throw: the strongest throws in vain.

She spoke; and momentary mounts the sky:
The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy;

Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
 Rise, ye Phæaciars, try your force, he cried;
 If with this throw the strongest castor vie,
 Still, further still, I bid the discus fly,
 Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
 Or ye, the swiftest racers of the field!
 Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes grace,
 I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
 In such heroic games I yield to none,
 Or yield to brave Laodamas alone;
 Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
 A friend is sacred, and I style him friend.
 Ungenerous were the man, and base of heart,
 Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
 Chiefly the man in foreign realms confin'd,
 Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:
 All, all your heroes I this day defy;
 Give me a man that we our might may try.
 Expert in every art I boast the skill
 To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
 Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
 My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:
 Alone superior in the field of Troy,
 Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
 From all the sons of earth, unrival'd praise
 I justly claim; but yield to better days,
 To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose,
 And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
 (Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
 Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime;
 Sudden th' irremediable way he trod,
 Who boldly durst defy the Bowyer-God).
 In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,
 As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
 Sole in the race the contest I decline,
 Stiff are my weary joints, and I resign;
 By storms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
 When storms and hunger both at once assail.

Abash'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
 Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:

Well hast thou spoke, and well thy generous
 tongue

With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
 Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
 Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:
 Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's
 claim,

And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
 In distant realms our glorious deeds display,
 Repeat them frequent in the genial day; [end,
 When blest with ease thy woes and wanderings
 Teach them thy consort, bid thy sons attend!
 How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our fires with
 praise,

How we their offspring dignify our race.

Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
 Or boast the glories of th' athletic field;
 We in the course unrival'd speed display,
 Or through cærulean billows plough the way;
 To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight,
 The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
 Raise then, ye skill'd in measures; let him bear
 Your fame to men that breathe a distant air:
 And faithful say, to you the powers belong
 To race, to sail, to dance, to chant the song.

But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
 And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear,

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
 The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
 Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey
 The future games, the judges of the day.
 With instant care they mark a spacious round,
 And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
 The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
 The bard advancing meditates the lay,
 Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
 Graceful before the heavenly minstrel stand:
 Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
 Their feet half viewless quiver in the skies:
 Ulysses gaz'd, astonish'd to survey
 The glancing splendours as their sandals play.
 Mean time the bard, alternate to the strings,
 The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
 How the stern God, enamour'd with her charms,
 Clasp'd the gay panting Goddess in his arms,
 By bribes seduc'd: and how the sun, whose eye
 Views the broad heavens, disclos'd the lawless joy.
 Stung to the soul, indignant through the skies
 To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
 Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place
 Th' eternal anvil on the massy base.
 A wondrous net he labours, to betray
 The wanton lovers as entwin'd they lay,
 Indissolubly strong! Then instant bears
 To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.
 Above, below, around, with art dispread,
 The sure enclosure folds the genial bed;
 Whose texture ev'n the search of Gods deceives,
 Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
 Then, as withdrawing from the starry bowers,
 He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
 His favourite isle! observant Mars descries
 His wish'd recess, and to the Goddess flies:
 He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of
 Love

Descends smooth gliding from the courts of Jove,
 Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he prest
 With eager joy, and with a sigh address:
 Come, my belov'd, and taste the soft delights:
 Come, to repose the genial bed invites:
 Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,
 Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms:
 Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,
 And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
 Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
 The careless lovers in their wanton play:
 In vain they strive, th' entangling snares deny
 (Inextricably firm) the power to fly:
 Warn'd by the God who sheds the golden day,
 Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:
 Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns:
 Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven re-
 turns:

O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye powers above,
 See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
 Me, awkward me, she scorns; and yields her
 charms

To that fair letcher, the strong God of arms.
 If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
 By Fate impos'd; such me my parent bore:
 Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
 O fight tormenting to an husband's eyes!
 But yet I trust, this once ev'n Mars would fly
 His fair-one's arms--he thinks her, once, too night,

But there remain, ye guilty in my power,
Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dower.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace.

Mean while the Gods the dome of Vulcan
throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along;
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
But modesty withheld the Goddess-train.
All Heaven beholds imprison'd as they lie,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.

Then mutual, thus they spoke: Behold on
wrong [strong!
Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the
Dwells there a God on all th' Olympian brow
More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the God of arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.

Thus serious they; but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
Would'st thou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
And bear the shame, like Mars, to share the joy?

O envy'd shame! (the smiling youth rejoind'),
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly
bind;

Gaze all ye Gods, and every Goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace.

Loud laugh the rest, even Neptune laugh'd
aloud,

Yet sue importunate to loose the God:
And free, he cries, O Vulcan! free from shame
Thy captives; I insure the penal claim.

Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless trust?
He suffers who gives surety for th' unjust:
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky,
To liberty restor'd, perfidiously fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct? He instant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.

To whom pleas'd: No more I urge delay;
When Neptune sue, my part is to obey.
Then to the snares his force the God applies;
They burst; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the soft Cyprian shores the Goddess moves,
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves;
Where to the Power an hundred altars rise,
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies;
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial showers.
Unguents that charm the Gods! she last assumes
Her wondrous robes; and full the Goddess
blooms.

Thus sung the bard: Ulysses hears with joy,
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.

Then to the sports his sons the king commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch stands,
In dance unmatched! A wondrous ball is brought
(The work of Polybus, divinely wrought);
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the sky;
His brother, springing with an active bound,
At distance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand.
Th' assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,
And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.

Then thus Ulysses: Happy king, whose name
The brightest shines in all the rolls of Fame:

In subjects happy! with surprise I gaze!
Thy praise was just; their skill transcends thy
praise. [hears,

Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch
And thus benevolent accosts the peers:
Since Wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share
O'er whom supreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A vest, a robe, and imitate your king:
Be swift to give; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.

Th' assenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whose sway
Rules this best realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side.

He said: and to his hand the sword consign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds,
bear,

And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air:
Crown, O ye Heavens! with joy his peaceful
hours,

And grant him to his spouse and native shores!

And blest be thou, my friend, Ulysses cries:
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring skies!
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may'st thou want this sword!

He said; and o'er his shoulder slung the blade,
Now o'er the earth ascends the evening shade:
The precious gifts th' illustrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' sons unfold
The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial sate.

Then to the queen: O partner of our reign,
O sole belov'd! command thy menial train
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That, bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,
Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourself we give, memorial of our name:
To raise in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treads the courts above.

Instant the queen, observant of the king,
Commands her train a spacious vase to bring,
The spacious vase with ample streams suffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herself the chest prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,
A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
Thus spoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Insoluble these gifts, thy care demands:
Lest, in thy slumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king ascends
(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour
He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bower):
Where, happy as the Gods that range the sky,
He feasted every sense with every joy.
He bathes; the damsels, with officious toil,
Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a shower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the feast magnificently treads,
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Nausicaa blooming as a Goddess stands,
With wondering eyes the hero she survey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid:

Hail, godlike stranger! and when Heaven re-
stores

To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,
This ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'st, to me, the vital air.

O royal Maid! Ulysses straight returns,
Whose worth the splendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whose arm in vengeance
forms [storms,])

The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with
Restore me safe, through weary wanderings tost,
To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,
As, while the spirit in this bosom glows,
To thee, my Goddess, I address my vows:
My life, thy gift I boast! He said, and fate
Fate by Alcinous on a throne of state.

Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeisance as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then, from the chine, Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;

This, let the master of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the bard denies?

The Muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;
The Muse indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.

The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.

When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyrist wife Ulysses said:
Oh more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe?
Just to the tale, as present as the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day?
The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
Once more harmonious strike the sounding
string,

Th' Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing:
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The God himself inspires thy breast with flame:
And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise
In every land, the monument of praise.

Full of the God, he rais'd his lofty strain,
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
While from the shores the winged navy flies:
How, ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the steed; of differing mind,
Various the Trojans counsel'd; part consign'd
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the towers,
An offering sacred to th' immortal Powers:
Th' unwise award to lodge it in the walls,
And by the Gods decree proud Ilion falls;
Destruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

He sung the Greeks stern issuing from the steed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends
The Spartan king: how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights, subdues: for Pallas strings his arms.

Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground be-
dew:

As some fond matron views in mortal fight
Her husband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through clashing swords she runs, she flies,
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, she shrieks; the fierce insulting foe
Relentless mock her violence of woe:

To chains condemn'd, as wildly she deploras:
A widow, and a slave on foreign shores.

So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
Fast fell the tear, and sighs succeeded sighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:
To every note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous
woe:

Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This social rite demands: for him the sails,
Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: the wise and good
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.

But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour distinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)
Say from what city, from what regions tost,
And what inhabitants those regions boast?
So shalt thou instant reach the realms assign'd,
In wondrous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind;
No helm secures their course, no pilot guides,
Like man, intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conscious of every coast, and every bay,
That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray;
Though clouds and darkness veil th' encumber'd
sky, [they fly:
Fearless through darkness and through clouds

Though tempests rage, though rolls the swelling
main,
The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain;
Ev'n the stern God, that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
With fury burns; while careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.
These ears have heard my royal fire disclose
A dreadful story big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
Firm rooted in a surge a ship should stand
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud towers beneath the
ground.
But this the Gods may frustrate or fulfill,
As suits the purpose of th' Eternal Will.

But say through what waste regions hast thou
stray'd,
What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd;
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Just are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven pro-
ceed [to bleed;
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian
plain?
Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

B O O K IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, and Cyclops.

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how, after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

THEN thus Ulysses: Thou, whom first in sway,
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey;
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting strain;
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoicing, and a people blest!
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social days in union and in joy; [vine,
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates di-
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
Admit these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy series of a wanderer's woe;
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew!
And, oh! what first, what last shall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd sent by Heaven and Fate?
Know first the man (though now a wretch dis-
trest)
Who hopes thee, monarch, for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven my
My native soil is Ithaca the fair, [fame.
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, Samè, and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around
(These to the north and night's dark regions run,
Those to Aurora and the rising sun).
Low lies our isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;
And none, ah! none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that Heaven o'erspreads with
light!

In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magic, to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes which mighty Jove or-
dain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus our vessels bore:
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd,
And every soldier found a like reward.
I then advis'd to fly; not so the rest,
Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and fable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day.
Mean time the Cicons to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in
showers:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now fortune changes (so the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain.

Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly th' unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life,
Yet as we fled our fellows rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.

Mean while the God whose hand the thunder
forms, [storms!
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven with
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whose tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep
The seas smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.

By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.

Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats through pathless thickets
rove:

No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintry cold
Pursue their flight: but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermilion prore,
Or bark of traffic glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground:
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.

A port there is, enclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green,
The blushing alders form a shady scene.
Hither some favouring God, beyond our thought,
Through all-surrounding shade our navy brought:
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in the æthereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seiz'd, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats come bounding o'er the
lawn:

In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart:
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supply'd (for twelve were all the fleet).
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.

The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear.
And from their mountains rising smokes appear,
Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
Sate we sleep: but when the sacred dawn
Aris'ing glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and these words addrest:
My dear associates, here indulge your rest:
While, with my single ship, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,
Rude, and uncons'cious of a stranger's right;
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,
Revere the Gods, and succour the distress?

This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;
My train obey'd me, and the ship untied.
In order seated on their banks, they sweep [deep.
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round the
shore.

Near this, a fence of marble from the rock.
Brown with o'er-arching pine and spreading oak,
A giant shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.
Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron of Evanthus' line
(The priest of Phœbus at th' Ismarian shrine).
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood; [save
Him, and his house, Heaven mov'd my mind to
And costly presents in return he gave;
Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine?
Which now, some ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary fire in gratitude reveal'd; [steam,
Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatic fragrances around.
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul forboded I should find the bower
Of some fell Monster, fierce with barbarous power,
Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's despight,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within
(His flock the giant tended on the green):
But round the grot we gaze; and all we view,
In order rang'd, our admiration drew:
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses prest,
The folded flocks each separate from the rest

(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies):
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!

Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaded shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the ponderous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now driven before him, through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd
flock:

Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind):
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate
(Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars compact and
strong,

The massy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hardening cheese he
prest,

And high in wicker-baskets heap'd the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd the nightly feast,
His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:

What are ye, guests; on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Pirates perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own?

His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:

From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wanderers o'er
the main,
Behold the relicks of the Grecian train!
Through various seas by various perils tost,
And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast;
Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's com-
Nor what we are befits us to disclaim, [mand!
Atrides' friends (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow;
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe:

*Tis what the Gods require : those Gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care ;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

Fools that ye are ! (the savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then, we, Cyclops, are a race above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd
Jove :

[thine,
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchor'd ? near or off the shore ?

Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Vers'd in the turns of various human kind) ;
And, cautious, thus : Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke,
Scarce with these few I 'scap'd ; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the
main ;

The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.

He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy ! of my martial band ;
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor :
The pavement swims with brains and mingled
gore.

Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beast :
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd ; [rock,
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.

To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me ; and in act I stand
To draw the sword ; but wisdom held my hand.

A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Cold roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd, and whistling, drives his flock be-
fore :

Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again : with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills :
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.

Thus left behind, ev'n in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my
But this of many counsels seem'd the best : [breast ;
The monster's club within the cave I 'spy'd,
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood ; of height and bulk so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.

This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane ;
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire ;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four :
Myself the fifth. We stand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening : all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock :
Not one, or male or female stay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some God design'd) ;
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock ; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore.
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er ;
Cyclop ! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest :
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare,
But oh ! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore, }
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat
Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.
More ! give me more, he cry'd : the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine !
Declare thy name ; not mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unblest Cyclopean climes produce
(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our
fields) ;

But this descended from the blest abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the Gods.

He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume ;
While thus my fraudulent speech I reassume :
Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop ! now I claim,
And plead my title ; Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.

The giant then : Our promis'd grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give :
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.

He said : then, nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Press'd with the weight of sleep that tames the
strong ! [blood,

There belch'd the mingled streams of wine and
And human flesh, is indigested food,
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire ;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.

The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack. [black
And as when armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-bail his'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair
From rifted rocks and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern-door.

What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange af-
fright,

Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in th' unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:

Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent power:

"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine

"Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:

"To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"

The brethren cry'd, and instant strode away.

Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.

Mean time the Cyclop taging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:

At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sate;
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door
(Such as his shallow wit he deem'd was mine):
But secret I revolv'd the deep design;

'Twas for our lives my labouring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every thought;

This way and that I cast to save my friends,
Till one resolve my varying counsel ends,

Strong were the rams, with native purple
fair,

Well fed, and largest of the fleecy cote.

These three and three, with ozier bands we ty'd
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supply'd)

The midmost bore a man: the outward two
Secur'd each side: so bound we all the crew.

VOL. XII.

One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The matter ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses fate.
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but Fate the power of speech afford,
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to
rock;

His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.
No ease, no pleasure, my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.

The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.

No sooner freed, and through th' enclosure past,
First I release myself, my fellows last:

Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.

With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd,

Big tears of transport stand in every eye:

I check their fondness, and command to fly.

Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear:

With taunts the distant giant I accost:

Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!

'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,

Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave;

But one, the vengeance fated from above

Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.

Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,

The God, the God revenges by my hands.

The words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:

From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock,

High o'er the billows flew the massy load,

And near the ship came thundering on the flood.

It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:

The whole sea shook, and reflux beat the shore.

The long concussion on the heaving tide

Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:

Again I shov'd her off, or fate to fly,

Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.

Just 'scap'd impending death, when now again

We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,

O

Once more I rais'd my voice ? my friends afraid
 With mild entreaties my design dissuade,
 What boots the godless giant to provoke,
 Whose arms may sink us at a single stroke ?
 Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
 Old ocean shook, and back his surges flew,
 Thy sounding voice directs his aim again ;
 The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.

But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
 Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.
 Cyclop ! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
 Ask who disfigur'd thus that eyeless face ?
 Say 'twas Ulysses, 'twas his deed, declare,
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair ;
 Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
 Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies :
 O heavens ! O faith of ancient prophecies !
 This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
 (The mighty seer who on these hills grew old ;
 Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
 And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
 Long since he menac'd such was Fate's command ;
 And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.
 I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,
 Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold ;
 Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
 Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.
 But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
 Great Neptune's blessing on the watery way :
 For his I am, and I the lineage own :
 Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.
 His power can heal me, and re-light my eye :
 And only his, of all the Gods on high.

Oh ! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
 From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
 And send thee howling to the realms of night !
 As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight.

Thus I : while raging he repeats his cries,
 With hands uplifted to the starry skies :
 Hear me, O Neptune ! thou whose arms are
 hurl'd
 From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.

If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
 And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy son ;
 Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.
 If to review his country be his fate,
 Be it through toils and sufferings long and late ;
 His lost companions let him first deplore ;
 Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er ;
 And when at home from foreign sufferings freed,
 More near and deep, domestic woes succeed !

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
 And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous prayer.
 A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
 He whirl'd it round : it sung across the main :
 It fell, and brush'd the stern : the billows roar,
 Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the shore.
 With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
 And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
 Our fight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
 Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
 There disembarking on the green sea-side,
 We land our cattle, and the spoil divide :
 Of these due shares to every sailor fall ;
 The master ram was voted mine by all :
 And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
 With pious mind to Heaven I consecrate.
 But the great God, whose thunder rends the skies,
 Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice ;
 And sees me wandering still from coast to coast,
 And all my vessels, all my people, lost !
 While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
 As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite ;
 Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light :
 Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,
 Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east.
 Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
 And mount the decks, and call the willing
 wind.

Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep
 With hasty strokes the hoarse resounding deep ;
 Blind to the future, penive with our fears,
 Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

B O O K X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Lestrigons, and Circe.

Ulysses arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and encloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Lestrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares, at her instigation, for his voyage to the infernal shades.

At length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore
 Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore,
 A floating isle ! High-rais'd by toil divine,
 Strong walls of brais the rocky coast confine.

Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
 And six fair daughters grac'd the royal bed :
 These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
 Their parents pride, and pleasure of their reign.

All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music through the isle resound:
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.
This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilium, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told; at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling
For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd [blast:
The tempest's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the listening storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails: }
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!

Nine prosperous days we ply'd the labouring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest;
Then first my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart);
When, lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?
What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought?
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought:

Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
Long have his cofters groan'd with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.

Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystic gifts explore.
They said: and (oh curst fate) the thongs un-

bound:
The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurry'd navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
If still to live, or desperate plunge to Fate:
Thus, doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.

Mean while our vessels plough the liquid }
plain,
And soon the known Æolian coast regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
We leapt on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
That done, two chosen heralds straight attend
Our second progress to my royal friend:
And him amidst his jovial sons we found;
The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and
awe,

Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descri'd
And starting from their couches loudly cry'd:
Ulysses here! what dæmon could'st thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?

Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear!
Thus they: in silence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length these words with accent low return'd;
Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your godlike gift!
But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.

Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern fire re-

ply'd:
Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes,
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors, spent with toils, their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return.

Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer, }
The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear, }
And Lestrigonia's gates arise distinct in air.
The shepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain;
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,
So near the pastures, and so short the way, }
His double toils may claim a double pay, }
And join the labours of the night and day.

Within a long recess a bay there lies, [skies;
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halbers to the shore.

From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy
brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracts of beasts, or signs of men, we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten
road

Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's silver streams came down
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town):
The damsel they approach'd, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary strangers heard,
And show'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but, as they entering saw the queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height),
A sudden horror struck their aking sight,
Swift at her call her husband scour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton flew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.

Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;

A ghastly band of giants hear the roar, [shore.
 And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the
 Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
 And dash the ruins on the ships below:
 The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
 And mingled horrors echo to the skies;
 The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
 And cramm'd their filthy throats with human
 Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay, [food.
 My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh, [fly,
 And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would
 Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
 The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
 And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas:
 Clear of the rocks th' impatient vessel flies;
 Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
 With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,
 While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
 But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
 Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.

Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,
 Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day;
 Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain,
 Thus from the Sun descended and the Main
 (From the same lineage stern Æætès came,
 The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantress dame);
 Goddess, and queen, to whom the powers belong
 Of dreadful magic, and commanding song.
 Some God directing to this peaceful bay
 Silent we came, and melancholy lay, [roll'd on,
 Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights
 And now the third succeeding morning shone.
 I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
 Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land:
 To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
 Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear?
 From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
 A stream of curling smoke ascending blue,
 And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
 Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.

Thither to haste, the region to explore,
 Was first my thought: but speeding back to shore,
 I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
 And send out spies the dubious coast to view.
 As down the hill I solitary go,
 Some Power divine, who pities human woe,
 Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
 To cool his fervour in the crystal flood;
 Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
 Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
 I launch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound,
 Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
 He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
 Through the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
 I drew, and casting on the river's side
 The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd }
 With twining ozers, which the bank supplied.
 An ell in length the pliant whisp I weav'd,
 And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
 Then, leaning on my spear with both my hands,
 Up-bore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
 With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
 The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew:

Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
 To glide with ghosts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
 Food in the desert land, behold! is given;
 Live, and enjoy the providence of Heaven.

The joyful crew survey his mighty size;
 And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
 As huge in length extended lay the beast;
 Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
 There, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
 They sat indulging in the genial rite.

When evening rose, and darkness covered o'er
 The face of things, we slept along the shore.
 But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
 My men I summon'd, and these words address'd:

Followers and friends, attend what I propose:
 Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes!
 We know not here what land before us lies,
 Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
 Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise. }
 Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
 If any counsel, any hope remain.

Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
 I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
 An isle incircled with the boundless flood;
 A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
 Some smoke I saw amid the forests rise,
 And all around it only seas and skies!

With broken hearts my sad companions stood, }
 Mindful of Cyclop and his human food,
 And horrid Lestrigons, the men of blood.
 Presaging tears apace began to reign;
 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.

In equal parts I straight divide my band,
 And name a chief each party to command;
 I led the one, and of the other side
 Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
 Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
 And Fortune casts Eurylochus to go:
 He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
 Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.

The palace in a woody vale they found,
 High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around;
 Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
 (By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.
 With gentle blandishments our men they meet.
 And wag their tails, and fawning lick their
 feet.

As from some feast a man returning late,
 His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
 Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive
 (Such as the good man ever us'd to give).
 Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near;
 They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
 Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
 And heard a voice resounding through the wood:
 Plac'd at her loom within the Goddess sung;
 The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
 O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
 Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
 Polites to the rest the question mov'd
 (A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd):

What voice celestial, chanting to the loom
 (Or Nymph, or Goddess) echoes from the room?
 Say, shall we seek access? With that they call;
 And wide unfold the portals of the hall.

The Goddess, rising, asks her guests to stay,
 Who blindly follow where she leads the way.
 Eurylochus alone of all the band,
 Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
 On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
 With semblance fair, th' unhappy men she plac'd.

Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force, to darken all the soul:
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine;
Head, face, and members, bristle into swine:
Still curs'd with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

Mean while the Goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows
The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around;
Now prone and groveling on unfavoury ground.

Eurylochus, with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His swelling heart deny'd the words their way:
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates:

We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)
Through the lone thicket and the desert land.
A palace in a woody vale we found,
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial echoed from the dome,
Or Nymph, or Goddess, chanting to the loom.
Access we sought, nor was access denied:
Radiant she came; the portal's open'd wide:
The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay:
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train;
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain:
The rest are vanish'd, none repairs'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.

I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung
(A beamy blade); then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and, weeping, thus his suit address'd:

O king, belov'd of Jove! thy servant spare,
And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die.

I answer'd stern: Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.

This said, and scornful turning from the shore
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.
Till now approaching nigh the magic bower;
Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of power,

A form divine forth issued from the wood
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began:
Ah! whether roam'st thou, much enduring man?

Oh blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove!
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of sties.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal: first thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abtain,
For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,
And menace death: those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to human kind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The Powers below, the Blessed in the sky;
Lest to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent. [drew

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And show'd its nature and its wondrous power:
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is easy to th' ætherial kind.
This Hermes gave; then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.

While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I speed my passage to th' enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd:
She leads before, and to the feast invites:
I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footstool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in Heaven:
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was gi-
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful she began) [ven.
Go, be a beast!--I heard, and yet was man.

Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy faulchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou? say! from whence, from whom
you came?

Oh more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength these poisons to sustain!
Nor mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round;
The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses? oh! thy threatening fury cease, [peace;
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.

And how, dread Circe! (furious I rejoin)
Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine!

Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
O thou of fraudulent heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent.
And magic bind me, cold and impotent!
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain.

The Goddesses swore: then seiz'd my hand, and
To the sweet transports of the genial bed. [led
Ministrant to their queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady
woods,

Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden flasks grac'd
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water powers; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and plac'd me on the sovereign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replinish'd from the cool translucent springs:
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread!
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast!
Circe in vain invites the feast to share:
Absent I ponder, and absorb in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The queen beheld me, and those words address:

Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stands the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain?

I answer'd: Goddesses! human is thy breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me would'st thou please? For them thy cares em-
And them to me restore, and me to joy. [ploy,

With that she parted; in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then hastening to the sties, set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before;
Unwieldy, out they rush'd with general cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter charms, they change
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men. [again,
Those hairs, of late that bristled every part,
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!

Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamant heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms.

She said: obedient to her high command,
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
Ah, master! ever honour'd, ever dear!
(These tender words on every side I hear)

What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn?
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But, ah! relate our lost companions death.

I answer'd chearful: Haste, your galley moor,
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise, and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.

With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah! whither will ye run:
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl, away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclop, and his bloody deed;
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.

I heard incens'd, and first revolv'd to speed
My flying falchion at the rebels head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the
ground.

But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.

This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.

Mean while the Goddesses, with indulgent cares
And social joys, the late transform'd repairs;

The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his story told;
Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess
Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise, [cries:]
Let this short memory of grief suffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power,
And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wanderers now, where-e'er ye go
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the soul saddens by the use of pain.

Her kind entreaty mov'd the general breast;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We ply'd the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours
As from a lethargy at once they rise, [again;
And urge their chief with animating cries:

Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?

Melting I heard; yet till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay slumbering in the dusky bower;
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said:

Be mindful, Goddess, of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.

Go then, (she cry'd) ah, go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wish deny.
Ah, hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.
There seek the Theban bard, depriv'd of sight;
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unseparated soul:
The rest are forms, of empty æther made;
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.

Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sat; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my soul begun,
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.
Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress'd,
And my tost limbs now weary'd into rest:
How shall I tread (I cry'd) ah, Circe! say,
The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

Thy fated road (the magic power reply'd)
Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.

Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegeton's loud torrents, rushing down,
His in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, flow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread:
Where the dark rocks o'erhang th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy faulchion, and on every side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients strow the hallow'd
flour:

New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living waters from the crystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native shore;
A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; but to the seer must bleed
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the sable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe,
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the slay'd victims in the flame be cast,
And sacred vows and mystic song apply'd
To grisly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy faulchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the shades arise the seer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy
day.

So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne,
The Goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a filken vest.
Long flowing robes of purest white array
The nymph, that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd:
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:

The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,
 And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
 Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
 And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.
 The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
 I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:
 Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
 Your hopes already touch your native shore:
 Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,
 Far other journey first demands our cares;
 To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
 The dreary realms of darkness and of death:
 To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,
 And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My sad companions heard in deep despair;
 Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
 To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
 Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
 Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran
 o'er.
 The ready victims at our bark we found,
 The sable ewe and ram, together bound,
 For swift as thought the Goddess had been there,
 And thence had glided viewless as the air:
 The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
 Who eyes their motion? who shall trace their
 way?

B O O K XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Descent into Hell.

Ulysses continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdain to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sisyphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

Now to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
 Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
 At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
 The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
 Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress'd,
 And solemn horror saddens every breast.
 A freshening breeze the * Magic Power supplied,
 While the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;
 Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
 Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
 Now sunk the sun from his aerial height,
 And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
 When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
 Where rocks control his waves with ever-during
 mounds.

There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
 The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
 The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
 When radiant he advances, or retreats:
 Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
 Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in
 shades.

The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
 Disbark the sheep, an offering to the Gods;
 And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry
 The doleful passage to th' infernal sky.
 The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean Power,
 Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.

Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
 And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;

o Circe.

And, trenching the black earth on every side,
 A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
 New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
 Then living waters from the crystal spring;
 O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
 And on the surface shone the holy store.

Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal Gods,
 To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:
 So shall a barren heifer from the stall
 Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
 So in our palace, at our safe return,
 Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn;
 So shall a ram the largest of the breed,
 Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
 To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
 Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
 And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
 When, lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
 Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
 Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids;
 And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades;
 Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
 Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
 These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the
 ground,

And all their dire assembly shriek'd around.
 Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
 And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood;
 Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
 Straight the slay'd victims to the flames are cast,

And mutter'd vows, and mystic song applied
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

Now swift I wave my faulchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.

There wandering through the gloom I first survey'd,

New to the realms of death, Elpenor's shade:
His cold remains all naked to the sky
On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow:

O say what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging
wind?

The ghost replied: To hell my doom I owe,
Dæmons accurst, dire ministers of woe!
My feet, through wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height,
Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck-joint---my soul descends to hell.
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the soft tie and sacred name of friend!
By thy fond comfort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that soon the heavenly Powers
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's shores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave.
But if, unheard, in vain compassion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the watery margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To shew posterity Elpenor was.

There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.

To whom with tears: These rites, O mournful
shade,

Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.

Still as I spoke, the phantom seem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
But, as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.

There as the wondrous visions I survey'd,
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade:
A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the sight, I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow,
Yet as I shook my faulchion o'er the blood,
Regardless of her son the parent stood.

When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
Awful he trod! majestic was his look!
And from his holy lips these accents broke:

Why, mortal, wandere'st thou from cheerful
day,

To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to these dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But sheath thy poignard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates.

While yet he spoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plung'd the glittering blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then express'd
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast:

Weary of light, Ulysses here explores
A prosperous voyage to his native shores;
But know---by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes;
I see! I see thy bark by Neptune tost,
For injur'd Cyclop, and his eye-ball lost!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou please, and how to please attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Grazed numerous herds along the verdant shores;
Though hunger press, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are sacred to the God of Day,
Who all surveys with his extensive eye
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky!
Rob not the God; and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:
But, if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes arise, domestic ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold
The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from sea explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Or saw gay vessel stem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!
Bear on thy back an oar: with strange amaze
A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A three-fold offering to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King,
But, home return'd, to each æthereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft with
death:

To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!

Unerring truths, O man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.

To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare;
What Heaven ordains, the wife with courage bear.
But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?
Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, O sacred seer, reveal!

Nor this, replies the seer, will I conceal.
Know, to the spectres, that thy beverage taste,
The scenes of life recur, and actions past:
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.

The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and sunk from
To the black palace of eternal night. [sigh]
Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood.

Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks:
Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,
The doleful realms of darkness and of death:
Com'st thou alive from pure, æthereal day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their
waves,

There the wide sea with all his billows raves!
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her towers)
Com'st thou a wanderer from the Phrygian shores?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride beheld;

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly,
To seek Tiresias in the nether sky,
To learn my doom; for, tost from woe to woe,
In every land Ulysses finds a foe:
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her towers.

But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say what distemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,
Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze?
Say if my sire, good old Laertes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my son, survives?
Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say if my spouse maintains her royal trust;
Though tempted, chaste, and obstinately just!
Or if no more her absent lord she wails,
But the false woman o'er the wise prevails?

Thus I, and thus the parent-shade returns:
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:
Whether the night descends, or day prevails,
Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails,
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,
And shares the banquet in superior state,
Grac'd with such honours as become the great.
Thy fire in solitude foment his care:
The court is joyless, for thou art not there!
No costly carpets raise his hoary head,
No rich embroidery shines to grace his bed:
Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies,
Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the monarch lies:
Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
The garb of woe, and habit of distress.
And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours scattering on the ground;
Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!

For thee, my son, I wept my life away;
For thee through hell's eternal dungeons stray;
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and slow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted Queen her bow;
No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and death;
Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.

Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice through my arms she slipp'd like empty
wind,
Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.
Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd:

Fly'st thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly
mourn?

Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers that smile at human harms!
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's Queen an empty image sent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?

O son of woe, the pensive shade rejoind,
Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the Queen of hell who thee deceives:
All, all are such, when life the body leaves;
No more the substance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
These the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impassive soul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream to these infernal skies.
But from the dark dominions speed thy way,
And climb the steep ascent to upper day;
To thy chaste bride the wondrous story tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.

Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's Empress
brings

Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!
Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew:
Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.

Tyro began, whom great Salmoneus bred;
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his watery store, the virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,
And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide.
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves!
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous God descends into her arms:
Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain rose;
Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleasing transport, and completes his loves.
Then, softly sighing, he the fair address'd,
And as he spoke her tender hand he press'd:
Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:

Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes shall from thee be born;
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breast th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the secret of a God reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'st! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God.

He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.

Now in the time's full process forth she brings
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings;
O'er proud Icolos Pelias stretch'd his reign,
And godlike Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æson bred:
From the same fountain Amythaon rose,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout
of foes.

There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who blest th' Almighty Thunderer in her arms:
Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;
Though bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high in air,
And here through seven wide portals rush'd the war.

There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the Thundering God:
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

Sullen and sour with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, th' incestuous Theban queen;
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous hands:

The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breast:
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accus'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends;
And her foul soul to blackest hell descends;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And his fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.

And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus fought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He sway'd the sceptre with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.
Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn;
The fire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphycus, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!
This dares a fear, but nought the fear prevails,
In beauty's cause illustriously he fails;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;
The foe at last, from durance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfil
The stedfast purpose of th' Almighty will.

With grateful port advancing now I spy'd
Leda the fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux sprung, who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet matchless in the fray;
And Castor glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they visit this æthereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above,
Reign the Twin-gods, the favourite sons of Jove.

There Ephimæia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundless main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants strong;
The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height:

The wonderous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies:
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
Such were they youths! had they to manhood grown,

Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But, ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd; at once they found,
And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.

There mournful Phædra with sad Procris moves,
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd; from Crete with Theseus fled;
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And tow'rd his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.

There Clymenè and Mera I behold;
There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely sold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-composing rest my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulysses on his native shores.

He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
Till, rising up, Arctè silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:
What wonderous man Heaven sends us in our guest!

Through all his woes the hero shines confest;
His comely port, his ample frame, express
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
You share the pleasure, then in bounty share;
To worth in misery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay;
For, since kind Heaven with wealth our realm
has blest,
Give it to Heaven, by aiding the distress.

Then sage Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow
The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose: Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous act; our part is to obey. [ply'd]

While life informs these limbs, (the king re-
Well to deserve be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal guest detain,
Till the sun flames along th' æthereal plain:
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores:
Tread you my steps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The first in glory as the first in place.

To whom the prince: This night with joy I
stay,
O, monarch great in virtue as in sway!

If thou the circling year my stay control,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And fitter pomp to hail my native shores;
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!

O king! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
Through veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
Wife is thy voice, and noble is thy heart;
Thy words like music every breast control,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the soul;
Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.

But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,
Saw'st thou the worthies of the Grecian host?
The godlike leaders who, in battle slain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly prest the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening stars still mount th' æthereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous scenes in hell,
Till in the vault of heaven the stars decay,
And the sky reddens with the rising day.

O worthy of the power the Gods assign'd,
(Ulysses thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
If scenes of misery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.
Prepare to hear of murder and of blood:
Of godlike heroes who uninjur'd stood
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.

Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black
hall
The heroine shades; they vanquish'd at her call.
When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes slain
By stern Ægythus, a majestic train;
And high above the rest, Atrides prest the plain. }
He quaff'd the gore: and straight his soldier
knew,

And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty shade.

Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
To soft affliction all my manly mind;
At last with tears—O what relentless doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has Fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?

The ghost returns: O chief of human-kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
Has Fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithless bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his guest;

Thus by the gory arm of slaughter falls
The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls.
But not with me the direful murder ends,
These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my
friends!

Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
In duel met her, on the lifted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood.

Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glow's in our veins, and opens every soul, [dy'd,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Cassandra dies!

Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
Nor did my traitress wife these eye-lids close,
Or decently in death my limbs compose.

O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend: [sword
And such was mine! who basely plung'd her
Thro' the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet soft quiet and repose at home;
Delusive Hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
The perjurd sex, and blacken all the race;
And should posterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.

O injur'd shade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand.
And Greece by woman lies a desert land.

Warn'd by my ills beware, the shade replies,
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy consort cease to fear a foe,
For thee she feels sincerity of woe:
When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She shone unrival'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
The fire shall bless his son, the son his fire:
But my Orestes never met these eyes,
Without one look the murder'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
Ev'n to thy queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
For since of womankind so few are just,
Think all are false, not ev'n the faithful trust.

But say, resides my son in royal port,
In rich Orchomenus, or Sparta's court?
Or say in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom thro' the realms of night.

Then I: thy suit is vain, nor can I say
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day;
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies:
Truth I revere: for Wisdom never lies.

Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;

Till side by side along the dreary coast
 Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
 A friendly pair! near these the † Pylian stray'd,
 And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
 War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
 None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.

Thro' the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
 And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.

Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
 Where the van spectres walk eternal rounds;
 Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
 Throng'd with pale ghosts familiar with the dead?

To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates
 To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates:
 For still, distressed, I rove from coast to coast,
 Lost to my friends, and to my country lost,
 But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
 So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame;
 Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
 And dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes.

Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
 Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.
 Rather I choose laboriously to bear

A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
 A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
 Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead.

But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
 And emulates his godlike father's deeds?

If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
 Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?

Say, if my fire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
 Great in his Pthia, and his throne maintains:

Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
 To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands?

Oh might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
 And death release me from the silent urn!

This arm, that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
 And swell'd the ground with mountains of the
 Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame, [slain,
 Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.

Illustrious shade, (I cried) of Pelus' fates
 No circumstance the voice of Fame relates:
 But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
 The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
 With me from Scyros to the field of fame
 Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.
 When Greece assembled all her hundred states,
 To ripen counsels, and decide debates;
 Heaven's! how he charm'd us with a flow of
 sense,

And won the heart with manly eloquence!
 He first was seen of all the peers to rise,
 The third in wisdom where they all were wise;
 But when, to try the fortune of the day,
 Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
 Before the van, impatient for the fight,
 With martial port he strode, and stern delight;
 Heaps strew'd on heaps, beneath his faulchion
 groan'd,

And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
 The time would fail, should I in order tell
 What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers
 How, lost thro' love, Eurypylus was slain, [fell:
 And round him bled his bold Cetaean train.
 To Troy no hero came of nobler line;
 Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

† Antiochus,

When Ilium in the horse receiv'd her doom,
 And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb;
 Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
 'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' imprison'd war:
 Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
 When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
 Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
 Flush'd in his cheek, or fallied in his blood;
 Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
 His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering
 spear, [crown'd,

And when the Gods our arms with conquest
 When Troy's proud bulwarks smok'd upon the
 ground,

Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils,
 Heap high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.

Thus great in glory from the din of war
 Safe he return'd without one hostile scar;
 Though spears in iron tempest rain'd around,
 Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.

While yet I spoke, the shade with transport
 glow'd,

Rose in his majesty, and nobler trod;
 With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
 Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illustrious shades.

Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
 All wailing with unutterable woes.

Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
 A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;

For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,
 And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;

Though on the contest Thetis gave the laws,
 And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.

O why was I victorious in the strife;
 O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!

With him the strength of war, the soldier's pride,
 Our second hope to great Achilles died!

Touch'd at the sight, from tears I scarce refrain,
 And tender sorrow thrills in every vein;

Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost
 With accents mild th' inexorable ghost.

Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
 Ev'n after death? Relent, great shade, relent!

Perish those arms which by the Gods decree
 Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!

With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates;
 And shook astonish'd through her hundred states;

Not more, when great Achilles press'd the ground,
 And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.

Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
 Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!

Turn then, oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
 And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.

While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
 In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

Touch'd at his slow retreat, thro' deepest night,
 Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursued his flight,

And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply;
 But wondrous visions drew my curious eye.

High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
 Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;

Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
 Thro' the wide doom of Dis, a trembling band.

Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant-hunger flies;
A ponderous mace of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'er spreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast, [feast.
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
To force the Goddess, and to rival Jove.

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell re-
sounds)

Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
Again the restless orb his toil renews, [ground.
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould.
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade fur-
round,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound!

Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wondrous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar,
There war and havoc and destruction stood,
And vengeful murder red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.

The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim visage, sternly spoke:

O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I, who from the Lord of Thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind?
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the Martial Maid.

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But, turning, stalk'd with giant strides away,

Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Perithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal
sounds [bounds.

Stun my fear'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Lest Gorgon, rising from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freshening gales
Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling
sails.

B O O K XII.

THE ARGUMENT

The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis.

He relates, how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how all perish'd by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arriv'd on the island of Calypso. With which his relation concludes.

Thus o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
Till from th' waves th' Ææan hills arise.
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus rising in th' ætherial way,
Through heavens bright portals pours the beamy day.

At once we fix our halbers on the sand,
At once descend, and press the desert land;
There, worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep,
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.

Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.
Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pile along the shore ascends.
Around we stand a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.

Mean time the † Goddesses our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
Swift she descends: A train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the † Power of Magic stands,
And graceful thus accosts the listening bands:

O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass through hell's eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!

This day adjourn your cares, exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her saffron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid way;

Lo! I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddess spoke: in feasts we waste the day,
Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then curious she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state:
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wondrous visions, and the laws of hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;
These ills are past: now hear thy future woes.
O prince, attend! some favouring Power be kind,
And print th' important story on thy mind!

Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas;

Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport; and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
Fly swift the dangerous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song: 'tis death to hear!

† Circe.

Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

These seas o'erpass, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage through the tide.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,

Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to th' ætherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies:
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke ex-
pires,

And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around, and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glow with th' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though born by twenty feet, though arm'd with
twenty hands;

Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below;
Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiends dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of
teeth;

Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey.
And all the monsters of the watery way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men de-
vours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous
streight:

Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly.
'Tis better fix to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddess divine! my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd a-
way,

From her foul womb Crataeis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your
way, [Day!

Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred
plains;

Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains:
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay,
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phæthusa young.
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung:
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up-sprung a brisker breeze; with freshening gales,
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.

When, rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms disclose,
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all: on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

While yet I speak the winged galley flies,
And, lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the
deep,

Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply; [sleep.
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd:
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray!
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then, bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire describes;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:

Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies,
Oh stay and learn new wisdom from the wise!

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the
main;

My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea:
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then, scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to
man

With looks serene I turn'd, and thus began:
O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.

Learn courage hence ! and in my care confide :
Lo ! still the same Ulysses is your guide !
Attend my words ! your oars incessant ply ;
Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.
If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants ; he grants it to your care.
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey ! [waves
Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves ;
Steer by the higher rock ; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress ;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

Mean time, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine ;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand,
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand :
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.

Around the dungeon, studious to behold
The hideous pest ! my labouring eyes I roll'd ;
In vain ! the dismal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now through the rocks, apail'd with deep dismay,

We bend our course, and stem the desperate way ;
Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars ; tumultuous boil the waves ;
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze ;
Eternal mists obscure th' ærial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main !
When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the reflux tides :
The rock rebellow with a thundering sound ;
Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the ground.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd

The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood :
When, lo ! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away ;
Chiefs of renown ! loud-echoing shrieks arise :
I turn and view them quivering in the skies ;
They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms implore : [more.

In vain they call ; those arms are stretch'd no
As, from some rock that over-hangs the flood,
The silent fisher calls th' insidious food,
With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies :
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky ;
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd ;
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd ;
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow ;
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe !

Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies ;
To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glittering mountains rise to view.

VOL. XII.

There sacred to the radiant God of day,
Grazed the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray ;
Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train, [vey'd
Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound con-
The words of Circe and the Theban shade ;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun :

O friends ! Oh ever exercis'd in care !
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye hear !

To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade !
And Circe warns ! O be their voice obey'd :
Some mighty woe relentless Heaven forbodes :
Fly the dire regions, and revere the Gods !

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran
Through every breast, and spread from man to }
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began : [man,

O cruel thou ! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield !
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes ;
And cruel enviest thou a short repose ?

Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The sun descending, and so near the shore ?
And, lo ! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.

Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies ;
Oh ! should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the watery way,
Though Gods descend from Heaven's ærial plain
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain :

Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber ! be the night obey'd ?
Haste ye to land ! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way.

A sudden joy in every bosom rose :
So will'd some demon, minister of woes ;

To whom with grief—Oh ! swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear ;
Attest the heavens, and call the Gods to hear :
Content an innocent repast display,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.

Thus I : and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies ;
Then, where a fountains gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day :
They feed ; they quaff ; and now (their hunger
fed) [dead.

Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the
Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain :
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies ;
The moon, the stars, the bright ætherial host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost ;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound :
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd : when morning rose, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring seas.

There while the wild winds whistled o'er the
Thus careful I address the listening train : [main

P

O friends, be wise, nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeasur'd
height.

And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blustering with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then first we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming hunt the watery way.
Till now, from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones a-
dore,

To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus arising said:

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then t' implore the Powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove!
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And, if the Gods ordain a safe return,
To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But, should the Powers that o'er mankind pre-
side

Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!

Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake supply'd.

With prayer they now address th' ætherial train,
Slay the selected beeves, and slay the slain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from every part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I speed along the main.
When, lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus obtesting Heaven I mourn'd aloud:

O Sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
Oh, all ye blissful Powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguill'd in short repose?
O fatal slumber paid with lasting woes:
A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms!

Mean time Lampætie mounts th' aerial way,
And kindles into rage the God of Day;

Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) and thou
whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen band!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of Heaven I pour the
day.

Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of Heaven to shades below.

To whom the Thundering Power: O Source of
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way, [Day!
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright por-
tals rise,

The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.

Mean time from man to man my tongue ex-
claims,

My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now Heaven gave signs of wrath; along the
ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails
groan'd.

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing
floods:

With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When, lo! a murky cloud the Thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven with
storms.

Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now outflies
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:
The mast gives way, and, crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends;
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forked lightnings flash from pole to pole.
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames;
Full on the bark it fell; now high now low:
Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphureous odours rose, and smouldering smoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they
rise, [cries;

Now lost, now seen, with shriek's and dreadful
And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in
Again impetuous drove the furious blast, [twain;
Snap the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,
And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind.

Now sunk the West, and now a Southern breeze
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day;
Fast by the rocks beheld the desperate way:
Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,
And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides,
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around.
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendant round it clasps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade,
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly,
What-time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast, and stills the wordy war;

Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her reflux waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
Sudden I dropt amidst the flashing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode.
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread Sire of men and gods).
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,
Heav'd by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There, in Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.
My following fates to thee, O King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice told tale?

B O O K XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddess, appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

He ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conference then the king resumes:
Whatever toils the great Ulysses past,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom these walls enclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
With wines unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage);
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;
Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each peer a vase bestow,
A general tribute, which the state shall owe.
This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps address
To separate mansions, and retir'd to rest.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
The king himself the vases rang'd with care:
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.

A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaven with
showers)
The flames ascend: till evening they prolong
Thy rites, more sacred made by heavenly song:
For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,
The lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He sate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imag'd in his soul.
As the tir'd ploughman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repast (the day's hard labour done):
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.
Then instant to Alcinous and the rest
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus address'd:
O thou, the first in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
Safe to my home to send your happy gue st.

Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
My comfort blameless, and my friends in peace.
On you be every bliss; and every day,
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away:
Yourself, your wives, your long-descending
race,

May every God enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
And public evil never touch the land!

His words, well weigh'd, the general voice approv'd

Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine:
Great Jove the Father first (he cry'd) implore;
Then send the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his seat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.

Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: O Queen, farewell! be still possessor
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest!
Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!

Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinous; of Arete's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful
mates

Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:
Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern! then gently prest
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills, and lessening shores.
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery couriers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.

Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their halbers ride;
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas,
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone;
On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the clustering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend,
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to
land;

(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.
His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
And sought the secret counsels of the God:

Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods, be mine
The rights and honours of a Power divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh! severe disgrace!)
By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo! where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native isle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.

To whom the Father of th' immortal Powers,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with
showers:

Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise.

He said: the Shaker of the earth replies:

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep:
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise.
If such thy will---We will it, Jove replies:
Even when, with transport blackening all the
strand,

The swarming people hail their ship to land,

Fix her for ever, a memorial stone:
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone;
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!
With that the God, whose earthquakes rock
the ground,

Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound.
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down an everlasting rock.
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinous rising own'd the sign.

Behold the long predestin'd day! (he cries)
Oh! certain faith of ancient prophecies!
These ears have heard my royal fire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes;
How mov'd with wrath, that careless we convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay,
Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand
(A monument of wrath); and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the
ground.

The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the seer.
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear.
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With every stranger pass from shore to shore;
On angry Neptune now for mercy call:
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.

The monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd:
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the altar stand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majestic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the shore.

Mean while Ulysses in his country lay,
Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey }
The solitary shore, and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind through tedious absence lost
The dear remembrance of his native coast;
Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and queen;
Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord.

Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore,
And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown
Pensive and slow with sudden grief oppress'd [woods.
The king arose, and beat his careful breast,
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
And fought around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
And, as he spoke, the tears began to flow:

Ye Gods! he cry'd, upon what barren coast,
In what new region, is Ulysses tost?
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?

Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?
And whither, whither, its sad owner fly?
Ah! why did I Alcinous' grace implore?
Ah! why forsake Phæacia's happy shore?
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And safe restor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd long-expected coast,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?
O righteous Gods! of all the great how few
Are just to Heaven, and to their promise true!
But he, the Power to whose all-seeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without disguise.
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.
To count these presents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove.

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:
All these he found, but still in error lost
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.
When, lo! the guardian Goddess of the wise,
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
Who seem'd descended from some princely line,
A graceful robe her slender body dress'd,
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,
Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
To whom the king: Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!
With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,
To thee my treasures and myself commend.
Oh! tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
What air I breathe, what country I survey?
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms sur-
round! [same,

From what fair clime (said she) remote from
Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name?
Thou seest an island, not to those unknown
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,
Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign
Behold him sinking in the western main.
The rugged soil allows no level space
For flying chariots, or the rapid race;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And clustering grapes afford a generous juice:
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
And rising springs eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majestic ruins strow the ground.

At this the chief with transport was possess'd,
His panting heart exulting in his breast:
Yet, well dissembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told:

Oft have I heard in Crete this island's name;
For 'twas from Crete my native soil I came,
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.

From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
 Whose son, the swift Orsilochnus, I flew,
 (With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
 Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
 Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
 In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
 For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests tost
 And raging billows drove us on your coast.
 In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
 But here the rosy morn renew'd the day,
 While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
 Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
 They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
 Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
 A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began
 With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
 Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely
 bright,

Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to fight;
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

Oh, still the same Ulysses! she rejoin'd,
 In useful craft successfully refin'd!
 Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
 Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past,
 Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
 But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well;
 To me, whose wit exceeds the powers divine,
 No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
 Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my
 care, [years war:

Through ten years wandering, and through ten
 Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,
 To raise his wonder, and engage his aid:
 And now appear thy treasures to protect,
 Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
 And tell what more thou must from Fate expect.
 Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
 The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn.
 But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
 Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
 And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base man-
 kind,

The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddeſs of Wiſdom! Ithacus replies,
 He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,
 So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe!
 When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
 Againſt proud Ilion's well-defended towers;
 Ulyſſes was thy care, celeftial Maid!
 Grac'd with thy fight, and favour'd with thy aid.
 But when the Trojan piles in aſhes lay,
 And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery
 way;

Our fleet diſpers'd and driven from coaſt to coaſt,
 Thy ſacred preſence from that hour I loſt:
 Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
 And heard thy counſels on Phœacia's ſhore.
 But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
 Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?
 For much I fear, long tracts of land and ſea
 Divide this coaſt from diſtant Ithaca;
 The ſweet deluſion kindly you impoſe,
 To ſoothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus re-
 plies:

How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the wiſe!
 Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering ſhow,
 And taſte not half the bliſs the Gods beſtow.
 The more ſhall Pallas aid thy juſt deſires,
 And guard the wiſdom which herſelf inſpires.
 Others, long abſent from their native place,
 Straight ſeek their home, and fly with eager
 pace [brace.

To their wives' arms, and children's dear em-
 Not thus Ulyſſes: he decrees to prove
 His ſubjects' faith, and queen's ſuſpected love:
 Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
 And waſtes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
 But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy loſt)
 Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coaſt:
 Yet how could I with adverſe Fate engage,
 And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
 Now liſt thy longing eyes, while I reſtore
 The pleaſing proſpect of thy native ſhore:
 Behold the port of Phorcys! ſenc'd around
 With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
 Behold the gloomy grot! whoſe cool receſs
 Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas!
 Whoſe now neglected altars in thy reign
 Bluſh'd with the blood of ſheep and oxen ſlain,
 Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
 And ſhakes the waving foreſts on his ſides.

So ſpoke the Goddeſs; and the proſpect clear'd,
 The miſts diſpers'd, and all the coaſt appear'd.
 The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
 And on his knees ſalutes his mother earth:
 Then, with his ſuppliant hands upheld in air,
 Thus to the ſea-green Siſters ſends his prayer:

All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!
 Ye ſtreams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
 To you once more your own Ulyſſes bows;
 Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
 If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
 The growing virtues of my youthful ſon,
 To you ſhall rites divine be ever paid,
 And grateful offerings on your altars laid.

Then thus Minerva: From that anxious breſt
 Diſmiſs thoſe cares, and leave to Heaven the reſt.
 Our taſk be now thy treaſur'd ſtores to ſave,
 Deep in the cloſe receſſes of the cave:
 Then future means conſult—ſhe ſpoke, and trod
 The ſhady grot that brighten'd with the God.
 The cloſeſt caverns of the grot ſhe ſought;
 The gold, the braſs, the robes, Ulyſſes brought;
 Theſe in the ſecret gloom the chief diſpos'd,
 The entrance with a rock the Goddeſs clos'd.

Now, ſeated in the olive's ſacred ſhade,
 Confer the hero and the Martial Maid.
 The Goddeſs of the azure eyes began:
 Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
 The ſuitor-train thy earlieſt care demand,
 Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
 Three years thy houſe their lawleſs rule has ſeen,
 And proud addreſſes to the matchleſs queen.
 But ſhe thy abſence mourns from day to day,
 And inly bleeds, and ſilent waſtes away:
 Eluſive of the bridal hour, ſhe gives
 Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.]

To this Ulyſſes: O, celeftial maid!
 Prais'd be thy counſel, and thy timely aid:

Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides just restor'd and slain.
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
As when we wrapp'd Troy's heaven-built walls
in fire.

Though leagued against me hundred heroes
Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand.

She answer'd: In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyself be found,
What gasping numbers then shall press the
ground?

What human victims stain the feastful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand shall wither every grace,
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Disfigure every limb with coarse attire,
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life;
Estrange thee from thy own; thy son, thy
wife;

From the loath'd object every sight shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.

Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:
For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir
And chaste Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now resides,
Where Arethusa's fable water glides;
The fable water and the copious mast
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell;

Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At this the father, with a father's care.
Must he too suffer? he, O Goddess! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched share? }
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous
way,

And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?
Why would'st not thou, O all enlighten'd Mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?

To whom Minerva: Be thy soul at rest;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is best.
To fame I sent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd!
With friendships strengthened, and with honours
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er; [grac'd.
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:
In vain! for sooner all the murderous brood
This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood.

She spake, then touch'd him with her power-
ful wand:

The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand;
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind,
His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:
A stag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twitted thong.
So look'd the chief, so mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide field of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

B O O K XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conversation with Eumæus.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire Book.

BUT he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests over-hung.
Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.
Ulysses found him busied, as he sat
Before the threshold of his rustic gate;
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural portico of rugged stone.
(In absence of his Lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile).

The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries
borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the space w
rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd,
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a smaller race) remain;
Doom'd to supply the suitors' wasteful feast,
A stock by daily luxury decreas'd!

Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here fate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.
Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the suitor train:
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down fate the sage, and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With showers of stones he drives them far away;
The scattering dogs around at distance bay.

Unhappy stranger! (thus the faithful swain
Began with accent gracious and humane)
What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a shameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless lord!
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the
share

Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?

He said, and, seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest.
A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:
And oh, ye Gods! with all your blessings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!

The swain reply'd: It never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppress'd, dependent, yet a man:
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:
But Fate condemns him to a foreign shore;
Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
Ah, perish Helen! perish all her kind!
For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.

His vest succinct then girding round his waist,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
Of two, his cutlas launch'd the spouting blood;
These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,

All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
And smoking back the tasteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
The ready meal, before Ulysses laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet
And luscious as the bees nectareous dew: [new,
Then fate companion of the friendly feast,
With open look; and thus bespoke his guest:

Take with free welcome what our hands pre-
Such food as falls to simple servants share; [pare,
The best our Lords consume; those thoughtless
peers,

Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet sure the Gods their impious acts detest,
And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Even these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast:
Some voice of God close whispering from within,
"Wretch! this is vilany, and this is sin."

But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
The wide extended continents obey:

First, on the main land, of Ulysses' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin
feed;

As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tusked herd;
Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green;
To native pastors is their charge assign'd;
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
All to the suitors wasteful board prefer'd.

Thus he, benevolent: his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the savoury feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast. }
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with smiling looks his joy express'd,
And thus the kind inviting host address'd:

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd
So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord;
Late with such affluence and possessions blest,
And now in honour's glory's bed at rest?
Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the Gods, and so the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land.

Small is the faith, the prince and queen ascribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy strangers still to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.

Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, [crave
Or food for fish or dogs his relicks lie,
Or torn by birds are scatter'd through the sky.
So perish'd he : and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find ;
Less dear the parents whom I left behind,
Less soft my mother, less my father kind. }
Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native shore ;
As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace,
Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Even in his absence I pronounce with fear :
In my respect, he bears a prince's part ;
But lives a very brother in my heart.

Thus spoke the faithful swain ; and thus re-
join'd

The master of his grief, the man of patient mind :
Ulysses, friend ! shall view his old abodes
(Distrustful as thou art) ; nor doubt the Gods.
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd,
And what I speak, attesting Heaven has heard.
If so, a cloke and vesture be my meed ;
Till his return, no title shall I plead, }
Tho' certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom want itself can force untruths to tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove !
And every God inspiring social love ;
And witness every household power that waits
Guards of these fires, and angel of these gates !
Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return.

Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore
(Replied Eumæus) : to the present hour
Now turn thy thoughts, and joys within our
From sad reflection let my soul repose : [power.
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.
But guard him, Gods ! and to these arms restore !
Not his true consort can desire him more ;
Not old Laertes, broken with despair :
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus ! my sorrows flow
Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe !
Like some fair plant set by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land ;
In all the youth the father's image shin'd,
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.
What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence ?
To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate and find his own !
For traitors wait his way, with dire design
To end at once the great Arcean line.
But let us leave him to their wills above ;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable guest ! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air.
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight ?

Thus he : and thus (with prompt invention
The cautious chief his ready story told : [bold)

On dark reserve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place }
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace ;
But most, the kind inviter's cheerful face ?
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round :
Not the whole circle of the year would close
My long narration of a life of woes.
But such was Heaven's high will ! Know then, I
came

From sacred Crete, and from a fire of fame :
Castor Hylacides (that name he bore) }
Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore ;
Blest in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung from a handmaid, from a bought embrace.
I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race :
But when that fate, which all must undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the shades below ;
The large domain his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas ; was left my wretched share,
Except a house, a covert from the air :
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind }
That, true to honour, never lag'd behind
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind).

Now wasting years my former strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground ;
Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform :
Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
Let ghastly death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel ;
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domestic care.
To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind ; }
Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war :
Thence charg'd with riches as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
Our states myself and Idomen employ [bleed ;
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd ; the tenth saw Ilion fall ;
Homeward we sail'd, but Heaven dispers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay ;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready stores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian shores ;
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train
Six days consum'd ; the seventh we plough'd the
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye ; [main
Before the Boreal blasts the vessels fly ;

Safe through the level seas we sweep our way :
 The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
 The fifth fair morn we stem th' Ægyptian tide :
 And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride :
 To anchor there my fellows I command,
 And spies commission to explore the land.
 But, sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
 The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
 The spreading clamour to their city flies,
 And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise,
 The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
 Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.
 Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
 We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance
 spread [dead.
 On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie }
 I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove ;
 (And sure the thought was dictated by Jove,
 Oh ! had he left me to that happier doom,
 And sav'd a life of miseries to come.)
 The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
 And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
 I met the monarch with a suppliant's face,
 Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
 He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side ;
 My state he pity'd, and my tears he dried,
 Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
 And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
 Pious ! to guard the hospitable rite,
 And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
 In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty blest,
 I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest,
 On seven bright years successive blessings wait ;
 The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
 A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,
 Vers'd in vile arts, and toe to human kind,
 With semblance fair invites me to his home ;
 I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
 Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
 Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
 To Lybia then he meditates the way ;
 With guileful art a stranger to betray,
 And sell to bondage in a foreign land :
 Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
 Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
 Aloof of Crete, from the northern gales :
 But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
 And far from ken of any other coast,
 When all was wild expanse of sea and air ;
 Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to pre-
 pare.
 He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
 (The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread) ;
 He launch'd the fiery bolt ; from pole to pole
 Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll ;
 In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
 And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost.
 As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
 The sable crows with intercepted flight [hue :
 Drop headlong : scarr'd and black with sulph'rous
 So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
 Such end the wicked found ! but Jove's intent
 Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent
 Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
 With winds and waves I held unequal strife ;
 For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
 The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore.

The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
 The fire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
 And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
 With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
 While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
 How late Ulysses to the country came,
 How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he stay'd,
 And here his whole collected treasure lay'd ;
 I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
 Of steel elaborate, and refulgent ore,
 And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome ;
 Immense supplies for ages yet to come !
 Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will
 Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
 What means might best his safe return avail,
 To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail !
 Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
 Attesting solemn all the Powers divine,
 That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd,
 But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
 For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores ;
 To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd :
 But other counsels pleas'd the sailors mind :
 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
 And misery demands me once again.
 Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
 With ready hands they rush to seize their slave ;
 Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me
 round,
 (Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound.
 At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
 The ship arriv'd : forth issuing on the sand
 They sought repast ; while to th' unhappy kind,
 The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.
 Soft I descended, to the sea applied
 My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
 Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,
 And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
 Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd ;
 But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship re-
 turn'd.
 Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
 They led me to a good man and a wife,
 To live beneath thy hospitable care,
 And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear.
 Unhappy guest ! whose sorrows touch my mind !
 (Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
 For real sufferings since I grieve sincere,
 Check not with fallacies the springing tear ;
 Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
 For him, whom Heaven has destin'd to destroy.
 Oh ! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
 Or in his friend's embraces died away !
 That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
 raise
 Historic marbles, to record his praise :
 His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
 Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
 Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost !
 While pensive in this solitary den,
 Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
 I linger life ; nor to the court repair,
 But when the constant queen commands my care ;
 Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
 Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord ;

And these indulge their want, and those their woe,

And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many such I have been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder banish'd from his native home.
He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
Staid but a season to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months should waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
O thou! whom age has taught to understand,
And Heaven has guided with a favouring hand!
On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter as to die.
Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove, and charity.

And why, O swain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A solemn compact let us ratify,
And witness every Power that rules the sky! }
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But, if he greets not thy desiring eye, }
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.

Doubtless, O guest! great laud and praise
were mine

(Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine)
If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood,
How would the Gods my righteous toils succeed,
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?
No more—th' approaching hours of silent night
First claim refection, then to rest invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.

Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly
dome

The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to the several sties,
With din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the slaves—Now from the herd the best
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
With him let us the genial banquet share,
For great and many are the griefs we bear:
While those who from our labours heap their
board,

Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their lord.

Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took
A weighty axe, and cleft the solid oak;
This on the earth he pil'd; a bear full fed,
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
Observant of the Gods, begins the rite;
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
And suppliant stands, invoking every Power
To speed Ulysses to his native shore. }

A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
Down dropp'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
The scorching flames climb round on every side;
Then the sing'd members they with skill divide;
On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.

Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they
threw:

Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
These while on several tables they dispose,
As priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dispart
In seven just portions, pure of hand and heart,
One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of May:
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
Who sate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
Oh! be thou dear (Ulysses cry'd) to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!

Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain re-
ply'd)

Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.

This said, the first fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He sate, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters Mefaulius gave,
(Eumæus proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord)

His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.

Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar:
The driving storm the watery west wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke:

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet
grace;

'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repent'd word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the fullen yoke of sense. [days!
Once I was strong (would Heaven restore those
And with my betters claim'd my share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own com-
mand);

A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
There clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had these shoulders covering but of steel,
Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the
fields [shields.

Froze with the blast, and gathering glaz'd our
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.

Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
 When now was wasted more than half the night,
 And the stars faded at approaching light;
 Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
 Fast by my side, and shivering thus I said:

Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
 The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
 And die aham'd (O wisest of mankind)
 The only fool who left his cloak behind.

He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
 Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
 (That wit, which, or in council or in fight,
 Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right).
 Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft-whispering in my ear)
 Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear---
 And then (supporting on his arm his head)
 Hear me, companions? (thus aloud he said)
 Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
 Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye,
 And sure the warning vision was from high:
 Let from among us some swift courier rise,
 Haste to the general, and demand supplies.

Upstart'd Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
 Nimble he rose, and cast his garment down;
 Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
 That instant in his cloak I wrapp'd me round:
 And safe I slept, till brightly dawning shone
 The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.

Oh, were my strength as then, as then my age!
 Some friend would fence me from the winter's
 rage.

Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
 The honours and the offices of men:
 Some master, or some servant, would allow
 A cloak and vest---but I am nothing now!
 Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive
 swain)

Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
 Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside,
 Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.
 But in the morning take thy clothes again,
 For here one vest suffices every swain;
 No change of garments to our hinds is known:
 But, when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
 With better hand shall grace with fit attires
 His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.

The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
 And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
 The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
 He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
 With store to heap above him, and below,
 And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
 There lay the king and all the rest supine;
 All, but the careful master of the swine:
 Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:
 Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air;
 His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder tied:
 His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
 With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
 He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
 There to the tusk herd he bends his way.
 Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd
 they lay.

B O O K X V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Return of Telemachus.

The Goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast, and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
 Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;
 Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
 His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
 Beneath the royal portico display'd,
 With Nestor's son, Telemachus was lay'd;
 In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
 Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
 Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
 And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
 When, O Telemachus! (the Goddess said)
 Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
 Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
 The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
 On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
 Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.

Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
 To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore;
 Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
 Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands;
 Through both Eurymachus pursues the dame,
 And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
 Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
 Thou know'st the practice of the female train:
 Lost in the children of the present spouse
 They slight the pledges of their former vows;
 Their love is always with the lover past;
 Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
 Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
 Till Heaven decrees to bliss thee in a bride.
 But now thy more attentive ears incline,
 Observe the warnings of a Power divine:

For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca:
To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No—sooner far their riot and their lust
All-covering earth shall bury deep in dust!
Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heavenly guardian shall instruct the gales,
To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;
But seek thou first the master of thy swine
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline):
There pass the night: while he his course pursues
To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
Art come to bless her in thy native land.

Thus spoke the Goddess, and resum'd her flight,
To the pure regions of eternal light.

Mean while Pisistratus he gently shakes, [wakes:
And with these words the slumbering youth a-

Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare,
And join the harness'd coursers to the car.

What cause, he cried, can justify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidden night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight, before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;
Gifts, which, to distant ages safely stor'd,
The sacred act of friendship shall record. [east,

Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the
The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
As soon as his approach the hero knew,
The splended mantle round him first he threw,
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke:

Hail great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us measure back the watery way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.

If with desire so strong thy bosom glows,
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme;
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make:
Mean time commit we to our women's care,
Some choice domestic viands to prepare;
The traveller, rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider course shall rather please
Through spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot shall attend;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.
No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove
Without some pledge, some monument of love;
These will the caldron, these the tripod give,
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live.

To whom the youth, forprudence fam'd, replied:
O monarch, care of Heaven! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My stores expos'd and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
Lest, in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.

His purpose when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boethœdes Eteonus come;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Mean time the king, his son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.
The king selected from the glittering rows
A bowl; the prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her fairest textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest: with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd:

Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thundering Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve!
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this present of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a God.

Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said:

Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Mean time may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.

She said, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The prince the variegated present took.
And now, when through the royal dome they
pass'd,

High on a throne the king each stranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs:
With copious streams the shining vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glittering canisters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and flavour; rich repast!
Whilst Eteonus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each fated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join'd, the polish'd car ascend.
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the powers divine)

His right-hand held : before the steeds he stands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters these commands :

Farewell, and prosper, youths ! let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts ill in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Through the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah ! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.

And oh ! return'd might we Ulysses meet !
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat :
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise !
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise !

Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove : auspicious sight !
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domestic pamp'ring at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew
Full dexter to the car : the prosperous sight
Fill'd every breast with wonder and delight.

But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke.
Say, if to us the Gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend ?

Whilst yet the monarch paus'd with doubts oppress'd,
The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breast.
Hear me, she cried, to whom the Gods have given

To read this sign, and mystic sense of Heaven.
As thus the plummy sovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey ;
So shall thy godlike father toss'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.

Oh ! if this promis'd bliss by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) stand fix'd in fate above ;
To thee, as to some God, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy altars with the costly blaze.

He said ; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong ;
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,
Till night descending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Pheræ, they repair,
Whose boasted fire was sacred Alpheus' heir ;
With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,
Nor found the hospitable rites unpay'd.
But soon as morning from her orient bed
Had ting'd the mountains with her earliest red,
They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung ;
The brazen portals in their passage rung.

To Pylos soon they came ; when thus begun
To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son :
Let not Pisistratus in vain be prest,
Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request ;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the same.
No farther from our vessel, I implore,
The coursers drive : but lash them to the shore.
Too long thy father would his friends detain ;
I dread his proffer'd kindness urg'd in vain.

The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this request,
While love and duty warr'd within his breast.

At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.
There, while within the poop with care he stor'd
The regal presents of the Spartan lord ;
With speed begone (said he) ; call every mate,
Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate :

'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulse, nor could thou soon depart ;
Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In word alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
But when, arriv'd, he thy return shall know,
How will his breast with honest fury glow !
This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,
And soon he reach'd the palace of his fire.

Now (cried Telemachus) with speedy care
Hoist every sail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.

Mean time the prince with sacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores ;
When, lo ! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains ;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus's chains :
Meantime, what anguish, and what rage, combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind !
Yet 'scap'd he death ; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along :
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he fought a foreign air ;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
There form'd his empire ; there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came :
The first begot Oïclus great in fame,
And he Amphiaras, immortal name !
The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life ! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above :
And Polyphides on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaras now gone ;
In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counsels of the God.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus : whom, as to Heaven he press'd
His ardent vows, the stranger thus address'd :

O thou : that dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations, and with solemn prayer ;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are paid :

By all the lives of these ; thy own dear head,
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.

Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe,
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name !)
Was once my sire : though now for ever lost
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost !
Whose fate inquiring through the world we rove ;
The last, the wretched, proof of filial love.

The stranger then: Nor shall I aught conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I flew;
Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!

Stranger (replied the prince) securely rest
Affianc'd in our faith; henceforth our guest.
Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear:
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command;
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea.
Crurus they pass'd, next Chalchis roll'd away,
When thickening darkness clos'd the doubtful day;
The silver Phæa's glittering rills they lost,
And skimm'd along by Elis' sacred coast.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning sudden, shun the death design'd.

Mean time the king, Eumæus, and the rest,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feast:
The banquet past, and satiate every man,
To try his host, Ulysses thus began:

Yet one night more, my friends indulge your
guest;

The last I purpose in your walls to rest
To-morrow for myself I must provide,
And only ask your counsel, and a guide:
Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
Ulysses' wanderings to his royal mate;
Or, mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
Not undeserving some support obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of industry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dextrous works contend,
The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;
To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,
Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and great.

Alas! (Eumæus with a sigh rejoind)
How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind!
If on that godless race thou would'st attend,
Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!

Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
And pull descending vengeance from on high.
Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast;
A blooming train in rich embroidery drest,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And smiling round celestial youth attends.

Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here:
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear;
Well-pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
Till good Telamachus accepts his guest
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.

To him the man of woes: O gracious Jove!
Reward this stranger's hospitable love!

Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greatest woe:
On all their weary paths wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
And fire forsaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the house of darkness and of death?
To whom the swain: Attend what you inquire;
Laertes lives, the miserable sire
Lives, but implores of every Power to lay
The burden down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away
Old age, untimely posting ere his day.
She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost
Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!)
While yet she was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleasing converse minister'd relief:
With Ctimene, her youngest daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the softly-stealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor less the darling object of her love.
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,
Yet Providence deserts me not at last;
My present labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Black and discountenanc'd the servants stand,
Nor dare to question where the proud command:
No profit springs beneath usurping powers:
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains.

The suffering chief at this began to melt;
And, O Eumæus! thou (he cries) hast felt
The spite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parent's arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miseries!
Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the
main?

Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,
The worthy purchase of a foreign lord.

If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A story fruitful of events attend:
Another's sorrows may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year bestows;
A part we consecrate to soft repose,

A part in pleasing talk we entertain;
 For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
 Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey,
 Their cares resuming with the dawning day:
 Here let us feast, and to the feast be join'd
 Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;
 Review the series of our lives, and taste
 The melancholy joy of evils past:
 For he who much has suffer'd, much will know;
 And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.

Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,
 Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
 (There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace
 The sun's diurnal, and his annual race);
 Not large, but fruitful; stor'd with grass, to keep
 The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep;
 Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
 And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
 No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
 Nor sink by sickness to the shades below;
 But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
 Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
 They bend the silver bow with tender skill,
 And, void of pain, the silent arrows kill.
 Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
 Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.
 But both in constant peace one prince obey,
 And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway.
 Freight'd, it seems, with toys of every sort
 A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
 What-time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
 Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
 This nymph, where anchor'd the Phoenician train
 To wash her robes descending to the main,
 A smooth-tongued sailor won her to his mind
 (For love deceives the best of woman-kind).
 A sudden trust from sudden liking grew;
 She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
 I too (she cried) from glorious Sidon came,
 My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
 But, snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
 The Taphian's sold me to this man's embrace.

Haste then (the false designing youth reply'd)
 Haste to thy country; love shall be thy guide;
 Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast,
 For still he lives, and lives with riches blest.

"Swear first (she cry'd) ye sailors! to restore
 "A wretch in safety to her native shore."
 Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore,
 She then proceeds: Now let our compact made
 Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
 Nor near me any of your crew descried
 By road frequented, nor by fountain side.
 Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies
 (For watchful age is ready to surmise)
 Are still at hand; and this, reveal'd, must be
 Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.
 Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past,
 Dispatch a wary messenger with haste:
 Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
 And more, the infant offspring of the king.
 Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead away,
 (A noble prize!) and to your ship convey.

Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the
 A year they traffic, and their vessel load, [road.
 Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,
 A spy was sent their summons to convey:

An artist to my father's palace came,
 With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame:
 Each female eye the glittering links employ,
 They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
 He took th' occasion as they stood intent,
 Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went.
 She straight pursued, and seiz'd my willing arm;
 I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.
 Three golden goblets in the porch she found
 (The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd;
 Hid in her fraudulent bosom, these she bore:
 Now set the sun, and darkened all the shore,
 Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
 Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides;
 Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and
 sweep

With level oar along the glassy deep.
 Six calmy days and six smooth nights we sail,
 And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.
 The seventh, the fraudulent wretch, (no cause de-
 cried

Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
 Down dropp'd the caitiff-corse, a worthless load,
 Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
 Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood. }
 An helpless infant, I remain'd behind;
 Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
 Sold to Laertes by divine command,
 And now adopted to a foreign land.

To him the king: Reciting thus thy cares,
 My secret soul in all thy sorrows shares:
 But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
 Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
 Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
 The Gods have, in a master, given a friend.
 Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
 (For she needs little) daily bread and wine.
 While I, so many wanderings past and woes,
 Live but on what thy poverty bestows.

So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away
 The night; then down to short repose they lay; }
 Till radiant rose the messenger of day,
 While in the port of Ithaca, the band
 Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
 Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast
 aside,

And cast their anchors, and the cables tied:
 Then on the breezy shore descending join
 In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.
 When thus the prince: Now each his course pur-
 I to the fields, and to the city you. [sue;
 Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
 My swains to visit, and the works survey.
 Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies
 Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice.
 Then Theoclymenus: But who shall lend,
 Mean time, protection to thy stranger-friend?
 Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly,
 Or, yet more distant, to some lord apply?

The prince return'd: Renown'd in days of yore
 Has stood our father's hospitable door;
 No other roof a stranger should receive,
 No other hands than ours the welcome give.
 But in my absence riot fills the place,
 Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face;
 From noiseful revel far remote she flies,
 But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.

No---let Eurymachus receive my guest,
Of nature courteous, and by far the best;
He wooes the queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame:
With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.

Thus speaking, on the right up-soar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger;
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the vessel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine shower.

Th' observing augur took the prince aside,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:
Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aerial road,
Rose ominous, nor flies without a God:
No race but thine shall Ithaca obey,
To thine, for ages, Heaven decrees the sway.
Succeed the omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,

And soon each envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus---Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful servant, by thy prince belov'd!
Till we returning shall our guest demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.

To this Peiræus: Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay,
The presence of thy guest shall best reward
(If long thy stay) the absence of my lord.

With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the sea.
All with obedient haste forsake the shores,
And, plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his sandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin shakes.
They part; while lessening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

B O O K XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus.

Telemachus arriving at the lodge of Eumæus sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

SOON as the morning blush'd along the plains
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.
The princes near approach the dogs descry,
And fawning round his feet confess their joy.
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:
Some well known friend, Eumæus, bends this
His steps I hear; the dogs familiar play. [way;

While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,
Dropp'd the full bow, and round his bosom hung;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a shower of joy.
As some fond sire, who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.

And is it thou! my ever-dear delight!
Oh, art thou come to bless my longing fight!
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the desperate
way.

Enter, my child! beyond my hopes restor'd,
Oh give these eyes to feast upon their lord!
Enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless powers
Too much detain thee from thy sylvan bowers.

VOL. XII.

The prince replied: Eumæus, I obey;
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But say, if in the court the queen reside,
Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride?

Thus he; and thus the monarch of the swains:
Severely chaste Penelope remains;
But, lost to every joy, she wastes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.

He ended; and (receiving as they pass
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass)
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble
His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd. [sinn'd.
Not so---(exclaim'd the prince with decent grace)
For me, this house shall find an humbler place:
T'usurp the honours due to silver hairs
And reverend strangers, modest youth forbears.
Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
And bids the rural throne with oziars rise.
There sate the prince: the feast Eumæus spread,
And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said:

Whence, father, from what shore this stran-
ger, say,
What vessel bore him o'er the watery way?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise.

Q

The swain returns: A tale of sorrows hear:
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew
From Thesprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my son, the suppliant I resign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.

Hard task, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.

Can strangers safely in the court reside,
'Midst the swell'd insolence of lust and pride?
Ev'n I unsafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed:
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssæan name.

However, stranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as besit a prince to give;
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove,
And safe to sail with ornaments of love.
Till then, thy guest amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And clothe the naked from th' inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors wrongs,
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For shouldst thou suffer, powerless to relieve,
I must behold it, and can only grieve.

The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.

To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and resent thy wrong.

My heart weeps blood to see a soul so brave
Live to base insolence of power a slave.
But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd?
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,
Or priests in fabled oracles advise?
Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?
Oh! that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were
strung;

Or, Heavens! might he return! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust: a hero scorns despair!)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last: but should I lose my life
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I choose the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death;
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;
Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,
The durnkard revel, and the gluttons feast.

Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects rise,
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise;
Nor are my brothers who should aid my power
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother; Heaven's dread King
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring,
Alone Laertes reign'd Arcelius' heir,
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air,

And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unblest offspring of a fire unblest!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacynth crown'd with shady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial sceptre, and the regal bed:
The queen, averse to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour!
Mean time their licence uncontrol'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air: {are.
But Heaven will sure revenge, and Gods there }

But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at least I may in peace repose.

To whom the swain: I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost: shall I my speed employ
To bless his age; a messenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his son away
Sent the sad fire in solitude to stray;
Yet, busied with his slaves to ease his woe,
He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden
blows:

Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders, half a ghost.

Wretched old man! (with tears the prince re-
turns)

Yet cease to go—what man so blest but mourns?
Were every wish indulg'd by favouring skies,
This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair:
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court.

While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away:
Then from the Heavens the Martial Goddess flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the
In form a virgin in soft beauty's bloom, {skies;
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd,
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escap'd Telemachus (the Powers above,
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move):
The dogs intelligent confess the tread
Of power divine; and, howling, trembling, fled.
The Goddess, beckoning, waves her deathless
hands;

Dauntless the king before the Goddess stands.

Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies!
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes; be valiant, and destroy!
Lo! I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian Power.

She said, and o'er him waves her wand of
gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his frame improves:
At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:

Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows

A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper shade;
Then from his eyes upsprung the Warrior Maid.

The hero re-ascends: the prince o'er-aw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God.
Then with surprise (surprise chafis'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If Heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace: Oh save us, Power Divine!

Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father. Oh my son! my son!
That father, for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.

Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground be-
dew:

He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)
Thou art—no, thou can'st not be my sire.
Heaven such illusion only can impose,
By the false joy to aggravate my woes.
Who but a God can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you
trod;

Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a God!

Forbear, he cry'd; for Heaven reserve that
Give to thy father, but a father's claim: [name,
Other Ulysses shalt thou never see,
I am Ulysses, I (my son) am he.
Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
'Tis given at length to view my native coast.
Pallas, unconquer'd Maid, my frame surrounds
With grace divine; her power admits no bounds:
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;
Now, strong as youth, magnificent I tread.
The Gods with ease frail man depress or raise,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.

He spoke, and fate. The prince with transport
flew, [dew:
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek be-
Nor less the father pour'd a social flood!
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young;
They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a
prey

To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away;
So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun:
But checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe.
What ship transported thee, O father, say,
And what bless'd hands have oar'd thee on the

All, all (Ulysses instant made reply) [way?
I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd,
A nation ever to the stranger kind;

Wrapp'd in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign:
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.

Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of th' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force, or singly to destroy. [name,

O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy
Thy well-try'd wisdom, and thy martial fame,
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost;
Can we engage, not decades, but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: from Dulichium came
Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name,
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast
Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus' coast:
And twelve our country's pride: to these belong
Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.
Two sewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what assistant powers your boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.

Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies:
What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove.

Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoind)
Against the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds;
Wither the strength of man, and awe the Gods.
Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might
We rise terrific to the task of fight.
But thou, when morn salutes th' aerial plain,
The court revisit and the lawless train:
Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
There, if base scorn insult my reverend age;
Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage.
If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain:
For wicked ears are deaf to Wisdom's call,
And vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd
to fall. [spires

Once more attend: When † the whose power in-
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires;
I give the sign: that instant, from beneath,
Aloft convey the instruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise:

“ These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to
“ Troy,

“ Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy: [shone:

“ Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they

“ Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.

“ I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)

“ From the pollution of the fuming fires;

“ Lest, when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood

“ Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood:

† Minerva.

" Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite
 " The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."

Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive :
 For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
 Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,
 A pointed javelin, and a fencible shield.
 But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
 By that regard, a son his father owes ;
 The secret, that thy father lives, retain
 Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train ;
 Hide it from all ; even from Eumæus hide,
 From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
 One care remains, to note the loyal few
 Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew ;
 And, noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove
 Who loves his prince ; for sure you merit love.

To whom the youth : To emulate I aim
 The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.
 But re-consider, since the wisest err,
 Vengeance resolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
 What length of time must we consume in vain,
 Too curious to explore the menial train ?
 While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
 Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
 Suffice it in this exigence alone
 To mark the damsels that attend the throne :
 Dispers'd the youth resides ; their faith to prove
 Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from
 Jove.

While in debate they waste the hours away,
 Th' associates of the prince repass'd the bay ;
 With speed they guide the vessel to the shores ;
 With speed debarking land the naval stores ;
 Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
 And trust the presents to his friendly care.
 Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart
 Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart ;
 Lest, a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
 Pale grief destroy what time a while forbears.

Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
 And cries aloud : Thy son, O Queen, returns :
 Eumæus sage approach'd th' imperial throne,
 And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
 Then measur'd back the way---The suitor band,
 Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded, stand ;
 And issuing from the dome, before the gate,
 With clouded looks, a pale assembly sate.

At length Eurymachus : Our hopes are vain ;
 Telemachus in triumph sails the main.
 Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud dis-
 play ;

Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey.
 Scarce had he spoke, when, turning to the
 strand,

Amphinomus survey'd th' associate band ;
 Full to the bay within the winding shores
 With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.
 O friends ! he cry'd, elate with rising joy,
 See to the port secure the vessel fly !
 Some God has told them, or themselves survey
 The bark escap'd ; and measure back their way.

Swift at the word descending to the shores,
 They moor the vessel and unlade the stores :
 Then moving from the strand, apart they sate,
 And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.

Lives then the boy ? he lives (Antinous cries)
 The care of Gods and favourite of the skies.

All night we watch'd, till with her orient
 wheels

Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills,
 And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
 Took in the ocean with a broad survey :
 Yet safe he sails ! the Powers celestial give
 To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.
 But die he shall, and thus condemn'd to bleed.
 Be now the scene of instant death decreed :
 Hope ye success ? undaunted crush the foe.
 Is he not wise ? know this, and strike the blow.
 Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
 The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause ?
 Strike ere, the states conven'd, the foe betray
 Our murderous ambush on the watery way.
 Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly
 Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky ?
 The brave prevent misfortune ; then be brave,
 And bury future danger in his grave.
 Returns he ? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,
 Or where he hides in solitude and shade :
 And give the palace to the queen a dower,
 Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.
 But if submissive you resign the sway,
 Slaves to a boy ; go, flatter and obey.
 Retire we instant to our native reign,
 Nor be the wealth of kings consum'd in vain ;
 Then wed whom choice approves : the queen be
 given [ven.

To some blest prince, the prince decreed by Hea-
 Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends ;
 Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,
 Who o'er Dulicium stretch'd his spacious reign,
 A land of plenty, blest with every grain :
 Chief of the numbers who the queen address'd,
 And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.
 Soft were his words ; his actions wisdom sway'd ;
 Graceful a while he paus'd, then mildly said :

O friends, forbear ! and be the thought with-
 stood :

'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood !
 Consult we first th' all-seeing powers above,
 And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.
 If they assent, ev'n by this hand he dies ;
 If they forbid, I war not with the skies.

He said : The rival train his voice approv'd,
 And rising instant to the palace mov'd.
 Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they sate,
 Recumbent on the shining thrones of state.

The Medon, conscious of their dire debates,
 The murderous council to the queen relates.
 Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends :
 Her hasty steps a damsel-train attends.
 Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
 Sudden before the rival powers she stands :
 And, veiling decent with a modest shade
 Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said :

O void of faith ! of all bad men the worst !
 Renown'd for wisdom, by th' abuse accus'd !
 Mistaking fame proclaims thy generous mind !
 Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
 Wretch ! to destroy a prince that friendship gives,
 While in his guest his murderer he receives :
 Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong
 The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.
 Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
 Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part ?

Lawless he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphyan pirates on Threspotia's shores ;
Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand ;
Ulysses sav'd him from th' avenger's hand.
And would'st thou evil for his good repay ?
His bed dishonour, and his house betray ?
Afflict his queen ? and with a murderous hand
Destroy his heir ?—but cease, 'tis I command.

Far hence those fears, (Eurymachus reply'd)
O prudent princess ! bid thy soul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,
While I behold the golden light of day ?
No : by the righteous Powers of Heaven I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.
Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed :
My generous soul abhors th' ungrateful part,
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm ; if Heaven destroy,
We must resign : for man is born to die. [spir'd :

Thus smooth he ended, yet his death con-
Then sorrowing, with sad step the queen retir'd,
With streaming eyes all comfortless deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord :
Nor ceas'd till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
And in soft slumber seal'd her flowing eye.

And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came late returning to his sylvan bower.
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art
A yearling boar, and gave the Gods their part.

Holy repast ! That instant from the skies
The Martial Goddess to Ulysses flies :
She waves her golden wand, and re-assumes
From every feature every grace that blooms ;
At once his vestures change ; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads ;
Left to the queen the swain with transport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy. [claim
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth : Pro-
What tidings, friend ? what speaks the voice of
Fame ?

Say, if the suitors measure back the main,
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain ?
Whether, he cries, they measure back the flood,
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
Escap'd my care : where lawless suitors sway,
Thy mandate borne, my soul disdain'd to stay.
But from th' Hermæan height I cast a view
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew ;
Her freight a shining band : with martial air
Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear :
And, if aright these searching eyes survey,
Th' eluded suitors stem the watery way. [wiles,

The prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their
Steals on his fire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now, a short repast prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled,
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

B O O K XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus returning to the city relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn ;
In haste the prince arose, prepar'd to part ;
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart ;
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine :
My friend, adieu ; let this short stay suffice ;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs. }
But thou, attentive, what we order heed ;
This hapless stranger to the city lead ;
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my power denies.
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,
The pain of anger punishes the fault :
The very truth I undisguis'd declare ;
For what so easy as to be sincere ?

To this Ulysses : What the prince requires
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.

To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.
Adieu ! but, since this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours space permit me here to stay ;
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey, }
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day. }
Thus he : nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride :
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors sudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall ;
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall ;
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds ;
The marble pavement with his step resounds ;
His eye first glanc'd where Euryclea spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds :
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.

All crowded round the family appears
 With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
 Swift from above descends the royal fair
 (Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
 Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air);
 Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;
 Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes;
 Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;
 And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.

Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
 Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
 So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou known

Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own.

O dearest, most rever'd of womankind!
 Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind
 (Replied the prince): nor be our fates deplor'd,
 From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
 Go bathe, and, robb'd in white, ascend the towers;
 With all thy handmaids thank the immortal powers;
 To every God vow hecatombs to bleed,
 And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
 While to th' assembled council I repair;
 A stranger sent by Heaven attends me there;
 My new-accepted guest I haste to find,
 Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd.

The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
 She bath'd; and, robb'd in white, with all her train,

To every God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
 And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
 Arm'd with his lance, the prince then pass'd the gate;

Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
 Pallas his form with grace divine improves;
 The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:
 Him, gathering round, the haughty suitors greet
 With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
 Their false addresses generous he denied,
 Pass'd on, and sate by faithful Mentor's side;
 With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage
 (His father's counsellors, rever'd for age).
 Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
 Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.
 The stranger-guest pursued him close behind;
 Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd,
 He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring
 The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)
 Thus thoughtful answer'd: Those we shall not move,

Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove;
 We know not yet the full event of all:
 Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,
 Us, and our house, if treason must o'erthrow,
 Better a friend possess them, than a foe:
 If death to these, and vengeance Heaven decree,
 Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.
 Till then retain the gifts.—The hero said,
 And in his hand the willing stranger led.
 Then dis-array'd, the shining bath they sought.
 (With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble wrought;

Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
 Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
 Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
 And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew,

The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
 Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs;
 With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
 A silver laver of capacious size:
 They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
 Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.
 Full opposite, before the folding gate,
 The pensive mother sits in humble state;
 Lowly she sate, and with dejected view
 The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
 The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,
 Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd.

When thus the queen: My son! my only friend!
 Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
 (The couch deserted now a length of years;
 The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)
 Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crowd
 Return, and riot shakes our walls anew)
 Say, wilt thou not the least account afford?
 The least glad tidings of my absent lord?

To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plains,
 Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
 All arts of tenderness to him are known,
 Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;
 No father with a fonder grasp of joy
 Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
 But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
 Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath;
 For farther search, his rapid steeds transport
 My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
 There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
 (So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
 My cause of coming told, he thus rejoind;
 And still his words live perfect in my mind.

Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
 An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
 So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
 A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
 Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
 And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
 Mean time returning, with remorseless sway
 The monarch savage rends the panting prey:
 With equal fury, and with equal fame,
 Shall great Ulysses re-assert his claim.
 O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere;
 And thou whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!
 With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
 The chief adopted by the Martial-Maid!
 Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
 As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
 His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
 And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor blest'd:
 Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne
 Their love presumptuous shall by death atone;
 Now what you question of my ancient friend,
 With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.
 Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
 Whose eyes can pierce the dark recess of fate.
 Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,
 The sad survivor of his numerous train,
 Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms.
 And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
 No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
 Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way—
 This told Atrides and he told no more,
 Thence safe I voyag'd to my native shore.

* Proteus.

He ceas'd; nor made the pensive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.
When Theoclymenus the seer began:
O suffering consort of the suffering man!
What human knowledge could, those kings might
But I the secrets of high Heaven reveal. [tell;
Before the first of Gods be this declar'd,
Before the board whose blessings we have shar'd:
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds sacred in her ample wall!
Ev'n now this instant, great Ulysses lay'd
At rest, or wandering in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view,
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this sure auguries the Gods bestow'd,
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road.

Succeed those omens, Heaven! (the queen re-join'd)

So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind;
And every envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend.

Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court
(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort;
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art,
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.

Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive;
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay
Their garments, and, succinct, the victims slay. }
Then sheep and goats, and bristly porkers bled,
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.

While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Along the road conversing side by side,
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain:

When thus Eumæus, generous and humane:

To town, observant of our lord's behest,
Now let us speed: my friend, no more my guest!
Yet like myself I wish'd thee here prefer'd,
Guard of the flock or keeper of the herd.
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear;
The wrath of princes ever is severe.

Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd, }
Or ere brown evening spreads her chilly shade.

Just thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoins)
And such as suits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to some staff, to stay
My feeble step, since rugged is the way.

Across his shoulders then the scrip he flung,
Wide-patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong.
A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers stay;
These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)
Supply his absence, and attend the herd.

And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miseries;
Propp'd on a staff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags dishonest fluttering with the air!
Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way descending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distils
A limpid fount; that, spreads in parting rills,
Its current thence to serve the city brings:
A useful work adorn'd by ancient kings.

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding grove;
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors solemnize the shade.

Here with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came:
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke:

The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is usher to another still.

Heaven with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude. [guest?
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd
That giant glutton, dreadful at a feast?

Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with scorn;
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain,
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.

To beg, than work, he better understands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands,
For any office could the slave be good,
To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food;
If any labour those big joints could learn,
Some whey, to wash his bowels he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.

Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly, shalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footstool thundering at thy head.

He thus: nor insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he like a pillar stood,
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.

But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obtesting, and this prayer conceiv'd:
Daughters of Jove! who from th' æthereal bowers
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain: to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!

To whom Ulysses' piety prefer'd
The yearly firstlings of his flock and herd;
Succeed my wish; your votary restore:
Oh, be some God his convoy to our shore!
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,
And humble all his airs of insolence,
Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.

What mutters he? (Melanthius sharp rejoins)
This crafty miscreant big with dark designs!
The day shall come; nay, 'tis already near,
When, slave! to sell thee at a price too dear,
Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er,
(A load and scandal to this happy shore).
Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart,
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the

heart

Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's power!

So spoke the wretch, but, shunning farther
fray, [way.

Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.

Mean time they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heavenly minstrelsy
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the strain):
Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain:

Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and respondent to the master's fame!
Stage above stage th' imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts enclose,
And the strong guests defy an host of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:
I see the smokes of sacrifice aspire,
And hear (what graces every feast) the lyre.

Then thus Eumæus: Judge we which were best;
Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest
Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay?
Or I first entering introduce the way?
Wait for a space without, but wait not long;
This is the house of violence and wrong:
Some rude insult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawless lords the servants are.

Just is, O friend! thy caution, and address'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheeded breast;

The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern debate;
And now in humbler scene submit to Fate.
What cannot Want? The blest she will expose,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms,
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with
arms!

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his solid bed.

He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to
meet;

In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,

Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and
dry'd

The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cry'd:
What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If as he seems he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the Great.

Not Argus so (Eumæus thus rejoind)
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh! had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

This said, the honest herdsman strode before;
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

And now Telemachus, the first of all,
Observ'd Eumæus entering in the hall;
Distant he saw, across the shady dome;
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come:
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the steward of the feast
(Who now was busied carving round the board);
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.

Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door,
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vests, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a staff, and trembling as he went,
Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight
(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain);
The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain:

These viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon medicant our plenty share:
Then let him circle round the suitor's board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord:
Bold let him act, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and shame agree!

His lord's command the faithful servant bears;
The seeming beggar answers with his prayers.
Blest be Telemachus? in every deed
Inspire him, Jove! in every wish succeed!

his said, the portion from his son convey'd
With smiles receiving on his scrip he lay'd.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.

Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,
And learn the generous from th' ignoble heart
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train);
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress.

While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,

The bold Melanthius to their thought replies:
My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.

And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?

(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of these our court already grace,
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.

Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of kings.

To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own,
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men di-
vine

Who public structures raise, or who design;
Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets such respect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their songs;
These states invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.

It is not so with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjust to me and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.

For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son.

To him Telemachus: No more incense
The man by nature prone to insolence:
Injurious minds just answers but provoke---
Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke:
Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.
Heaven bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.

This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.
To give another's is thy hand so slow?

So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?
Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?
(Antinous cries with insolent disdain)

Portions like mine if every suitor gave, [slave.
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the

He spoke, and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his scip, and to the threshold sped;
But first before Antinous stopp'd and said:

Bestow, my friend! thou dost not seem the worst
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the first;
Then, as in dignity, be first in worth,
And I shall praise thee through the boundless
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state [earth!
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better
And hospitality was then my praise; [days;
In every sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.

But Jove, all-governing, whose only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Egyptian main;
By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor;
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.

The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:

The reddening dawn reveals the hostile fields,
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:

Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance

spread [dead.
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay

Some few the foes in servitude detain;
Death ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!

Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Demeter, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer,
Still curs'd by fortune, and insulted here!

To whom Antinous thus his rage express'd:
What god has plagu'd us with this gormand guest?
Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind }
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Egypt, shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'st, a bold audacious slave;
Nor all can give so much as thou can crave.

Nor wonder I, at such profusion shown; [own.
Shameless they give, who give what's not their

The chief, retiring: Souls like that in thee
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.

Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,

Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps;
Yet starving Want, amidst the riot, weeps.

The haughty suitor with resentment burns,
And, sourly smiling, this reply returns:

Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb forever be thy slanderous tongue! }

He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle shock;

He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head, nor more com-

Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd, [plain'd.
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;

Before his feet the well-fill'd scip he threw,
And thus with semblance mild address'd the

crew:
May what I speak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!

Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,

Or if, defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound we

The generous motive dignifies the scar. [bear; }

But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong !
Want brings enough of other ills along !
Yet, if injustice never be secure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods assert the poor,
Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,
And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed.

Peace, wretch ! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The suitor cry'd) or force shall drag thee hence,
Scourge thro' the public street, and cast thee there,
A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear.

His furious deed the general anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worst, condemn : and some reprov'd.
Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd ?
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.
Unblest thy hand ; if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies ;
They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these, to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.

Telemachus, absorpt, in thought severe,
Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear ;
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook :
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke :
" On him and his may the bright God of day
" That base, inhospitable blow repay !"
The nurse replies : " If Jove receives my prayer,
" Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air."

All, all are foes, and mischief is their end ;
Antinous most to gloomy death a friend ;
(Replies the queen) the stranger begg'd their
grace,

And melting pity soften'd every face ;
From every other hand redress he found,
But fell Antinous answer'd with a wound.
Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of the' experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or listening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord ?
Thus she, and good Eumæus took the word

A private audience if thy grace impart,
The stranger's words may ease thy royal heart.
His sacred eloquence in balm distils,
And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills.
Three days have spent their beams, three nights
have run

Their silent journey, since his tale begun,
Unfinish'd yet ! and yet I thirst to hear,
As when some Heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain.
Breath'd from the gods to soften human pain)
Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.

Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundles treasure, from Thesprotia's shore.

To this the queen : The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browsing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat
For where's an arm, like thine, Ulysses ! strong,
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong ?

She Spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud ;
Constrain'd, his nostril echo'd through the crowd.

The smiling queen the happy omen blest'd :
" So may these impious fall, by fate oppress'd !"
Then to Eumæus : Bring the stranger, fly !
And if my questions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire,
A gift in season which his wants require.

Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries :
The Queen invites thee, venerable guest !
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast,
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou ; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a present has design'd :
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her subject shall supply.

Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas ! involv'd by Heaven.
Much of his fates I know ; but check'd by fear
I stand : the hand of violence is here :
Her boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,
And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.
Let for a space the pensive queen attend,
Nor claim my story till the sun descend ;
Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.

Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain :
And say, (she cries) does fear or shame, detain
The cautious stranger ? With the begging kind
Shame suits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoind :

He only asks a more propitious hour,
And shuns (who would not ?) wicked men in
power ;

At evening mild (meet season to confer)
By turns to question, and by turns to hear.

Whoe'er this guest (the prudent queen replies)
His every step and every thought is wise :
For men like these on earth he shall not find
In all the miscreant race of human kind.

Thus she : Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the suitor powers descends ;
There seeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart :

The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge ; my charge demands my care.
These sons of murder thirst thy life to take ;
Oh guard it, guard it for thy servant's sake !

Thanks to my friend, he cries ; but now the
hour

Of night draws on, go seek the rural bower :
But first refresh : and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to Heaven's immortal Powers we trust,
Safe in their care, for heaven protects the just.

Observant of his voice, Eumæus fate
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along
Twas riot all amid the suitor throng,
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful
song.

Till now, declining toward the close of day,
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

B O O K XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT

The Fight of Ulysses and Irus.

The beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero sate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practis'd the common messenger to fly;
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.

From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,

Left dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But, honouring age, in mercy I refrain!
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.

To whom, with stern regard: Oh insolence,
Indecently to rail without offence;
What bounty gives, without a rival share;
I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?
Know, from the bounteous Heavens all riches flow,

And what man gives, the Gods by man bestow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn, [turn?
How would'st thou fly, nor ev'n in thought re-

Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, Gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some wild boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
Uproots the bearded corn? Rise, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!

Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinous hears, and, in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train:

This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And, lo! the Gods conspire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand;
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they spring

Swift from their seats, and thickening form a ring.

To whom Antinous: Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day.

The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:

Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight.

The peers assent: when straight his sacred
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said: [head
Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong
Of this bold insolent; confide, be strong!

Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow,
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;
And these my friends || shall guard the sacred
Of hospitality, for they are wise. [ties

Then, girding his strong loins, the king prepares
To close in combat, and his body bares;
Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs
By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise:
Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong.
(Attendant on her chief): the suitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:

Irus! alas! shall Irus be no more?
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength
proclaim, [frame?
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his
Then, pale with fears, and sickening at the
fight,

They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.

Oh, that such baseness should disgrace the light!
O hide it, Death, in everlasting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day,
Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd;
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant kind,

|| Antinous and Eurymachus.

Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.

While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
In every joint the trembling Irus shook;
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To sell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The king resolves, for Mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends;
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone
broke: [wound;

Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush inmix'd with blood.

The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies!
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:

Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:

There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the beastial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Left Heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe.

Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters
hung

Ill-join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.

There as he rested, gathering in a ring [king:
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown
Stranger, may Jove and all th' ærial Powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe:
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king.

While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canisters of shining mold
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
And, oh! (he mildly cries) may Heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care.

To whom with thought mature the king re-
plies:

The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;
Such was thy father! in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the fire art thou, the son, declin'd;
Then hear my words, and, grave them in thy
mind!

Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth;
To-day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes:

Anon from Heaven a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst Heaven the wretch re-
bels.

For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe; [low.
Too high when prosperous, when distress'd too
There was a day, when with the scornful great
I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd:
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey;
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
Oh may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian Power,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death.

Then to the Gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe forestalls;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and
mourns.

Mean while Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from Heaven inspires:
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day:
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise;
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:

Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse, though my soul disdains;
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd
there.

Go, warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress;
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains: to thee a son is given,
Such as, in fondness, parents ask of Heaven.

Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care;
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast,
But instant bid Autonoe descend,
Instant Hippodamè our steps attend;
Ill suits it female virtue to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.

Then, while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her senses, as the couch she press'd,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and deathlike rest,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms,

In her love darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires)
From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound
She smoothly gliding swims th' harmonious round;
When with the Graces in the dance she moves,
And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.

Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damsel-train descends;
Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes unclose;
The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes:

Howe'er 'tis well; that sleep awhile can free,
With soft forgetfulness, a wretch like me;
Oh! were it given to yield this transient breath,
Send, O Diana, send the sleep of death:
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?
O my Ulysses! ever honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my frame.

Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends,
On either hand a damsel-train attends:
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers she stands;
A veil, translucent o'er her brow display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade:
Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And sudden flames in every bosom rise;
They send their eager souls with every look,
Till silence thus th' imperial matron broke:

Oh why! my son, why now no more appears
That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger
years?

Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in stature, still a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably strong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero sprung;
But the just Gods in vain those gifts bestow,
Oh wise alone in form, and brave in show!
Heavens! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and could'st thou tamely stand?
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline,
His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine.

To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
That generous soul with just resentment burns;
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to
For others' good, and melt at others' woe: [glow,
But, impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel:
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagu'd in impious union dread;
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
Oh would to Jove! or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled:
Whose loose head tottering, as with wine op-
press'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast;
Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.

Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
Oh justly lov'd, and not more fair than wife:
Should Greece through all her hundred states sur-
vey [sway;
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy

In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind!

Ah me! returns the queen, when from this
shore

Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!
The Gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last; my brightest charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long! ah long must last!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:
He grasp'd my hand, and, O my spouse! I leave
Thy arms, (he cried) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heaven that I must bleed!
My father, mother, all I trust to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But, when my son grows man, the royal sway
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares;
Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the most complete that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
Careless to please, with insolence ye woo!
The generous lovers, studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.

Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive
The suitor train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes she kindles, but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude, the bridal day.

While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries:
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive;
Yet never, never from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.

The peers dispatch their heralds, to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artists hand! Twelve clasps of gold
Close to the lessening loins the vest infold;
Down from the swelling waist the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And slow behind her damsel-train attends.

Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades:

Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming
burns,

And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.

To whom the king: Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!

Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply,

Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the sky;

Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.

Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and
young,

(Melantho from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)

Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares

Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares

Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes

That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:

Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain

Thou bold intruder on a princely train?

Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;

Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.

Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,

Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?

Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?

A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,

Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,

Shall send thee howling all in blood away!

To whom with frowns: O impudent in
wrong!

Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue;

Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence;

The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into
sense.

With conscious shame they hear the stern re-
buke,

Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.

Then to the servile task the monarch turns

His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns

With added day: mean while, in museful mood

Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.

And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs

To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors tongues,

Scornful of age to taunt the virtuous man;

Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began:

Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!

Some God, no doubt, this stranger kindly
sends;

The shining baldness of his head survey,

It aids our torch-light and reflects the ray.---

Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy,

Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ

Those hands in work; to tend the rural trade,

To dress the walk, and form th' embowering
shade?

So food and raiment constant will I give:

But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,

And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive. }

To whom incens'd: Should we, O prince! en-
gage

In rival tasks beneath the burning rage

Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,

Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field;

Or should we labour, while the ploughshare
wounds,

With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds:

Beneath my labours how thy wondering eyes

Might see the fable field at once arise!

Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and
shield,

And nodding helm, I tread th' ensanguin'd field,

Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, would'st
thou,---say,---

Misname me, glutton, in that glorious day?

No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;

'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.

Proud to seem brave among a coward train!

But know, thou art not valourous, but vain.

Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,

These gates would seem too narrow for thy
flight.

While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,

With indignation flashing from his eyes:

Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong!

Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,

Irreverend to the great, and uncontrol'd,

Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?

Perhaps these outrages from Irus flow,

A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe:

He said, and with full force a footstool threw:

Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flew;

Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,

Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.

Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,

Full on his shoulders it inflicts a wound,

Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,

He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.

Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the
sky,

Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:

Oh! had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,

To the black realms of darkness and of death,

Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws

Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?

A vagabond! for him the great destroy,

In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.

To whom the stern Telemachus arose:

Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?

Whence this unguarded openness of soul,

But from the licence of the copious bowl?

Or Heaven delusion sends: but hence, away!

Force I forbear, and without force obey.

Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,

Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:

True are his words, and he whom truth of-
fends,

Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;

Let not the hand of violence invade

The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;

Retire we hence, but crown with rosy wine

The flowing goblet to the Powers divine;

Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands,

This justice, this the social rite demands.

The peers assent: the goblet Mulius crown'd

With purple juice, and bore in order round;

Each peer successive his libation pours

To the blest Gods who fill th' aerial bowers;

Then, swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds
obey,

And rushing forth tumultuous reel away.

B O O K XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Euryclea.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses, in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;
And thus the son the fervent fire address'd:
Instant convey those steely stores of war
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:
The cause demanded by the suitor-train,
To soothe their fears, a specious reason feign:
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
Left they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl.

The prince obedient to the sage command,
To Euryclea thus: The female band
In their apartments keep; secure the doors:
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they
blame,

Imbrown'd with vapour of the smouldering flame.

In happy hour (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?

Without infringing hospitable rite,
This guest (he cried) shall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;
They share the meal that earn it ere they taste.

He said; from female ken she straight secures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears
The plummy-crested helms, and pointed spears,
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends;
Not such the sickly beams, which, unsincere,
Gild the cross vapour of this nether sphere!

A present deity the prince confess'd,
And wrapt with ecstasy the fire address'd:

What miracle thus dazzles with surprise!
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:

The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace:
Be calm, replies the fire, to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:
The pensive queen, perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to soothe her woe.

With tapers flaming day his train attends.
His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumberous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.

Whilst, forming plans of deaths, Ulysses stay'd
In council secret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state.
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory silver'd-thick the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd;
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:
The golden goblet some, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove th' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.

'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:
Avaunt, she cry'd, offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-state asquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening spy!
Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge---and wav'd it hissing in her hand.

Th' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why so turbulent of soul? he cries;
Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?
In crowds we bear the badge of hungry Fate;
And beg, degraded from superior state!

Constrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live ;
 Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give :
 A palace, wealth, and slaves, I late possess'd,
 And all that makes the great be call'd the blest'd :
 My gate, an emblem of my open soul,
 Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
 Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid !
 'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd !
 Nor think thyself exempt : that rosy prime
 Must share the general doom of withering time :
 To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
 Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide ;
 And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride. }
 Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware :
 Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care ;
 Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys,
 Potent to punish what he cannot praise.

Her keen reproach had reach'd the sovereign's
 Loquacious insolent ! she cries, forbear : [ear ;
 To thee the purpose of my soul I told :
 Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold :
 The storied labours of my wandering lord,
 To soothe my grief he haply may record :
 Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung :
 Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue !
 But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
 Eurynomè, regard the stranger-friend :
 A seat, soft-spread with furry spoils, prepare ;
 Due-distant, for us both to speak, and hear.

The menial fair obeys with duteous haste :
 A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd :
 Due-distant for discourse the hero fate ;
 When thus the sovereign from her chair of state :
 Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
 Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.

He thus : O queen ! whose far resounding fame
 Is bounded only by the starry frame ;
 Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
 Whose pious rule a warlike race obey :
 In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd ;
 Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd ;
 With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd ;
 And fish of every fin thy seas afford ;
 Their affluent joys, the grateful realms confess,
 And bless the Power that still delights to bless.
 Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame !
 Forbear to know my lineage, or my name :
 Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep ;
 In sweet oblivion let my sorrow sleep !
 My woes awak'd will violate your ear ;
 And to this gay censorious train appear
 A winy vapour melting in a tear. }

Their gifts the Gods resum'd (the queen re-
 join'd)

Exterior grace, and energy of mind :
 When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
 Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
 My lords protecting hand alone would raise
 My drooping verdure, and extend my praise !
 Peers from the distant Samian shores resort ;
 Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court :
 Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
 And Ithaca, presumptuous boast their loves :
 Obtruding on my choice a second lord,
 They preis the Hymenæan rite abhor'd.
 Mis-rule thus mingling with domestic cares,
 I live regardless of my state affairs :

Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve ;
 But ever for my lord in secret grieve ?---
 This art, instinct by some celestial Power,
 I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour :
 " Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart,
 " Where dread Ulysses claims no future part ;
 " Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
 " Till this funereal web my labours end :
 " Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
 " A pall of state, the ornament of death.
 " For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame
 " With just reproach were licenc'd to defame ;
 " Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,
 " Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."
 The fiction pleas'd ! their loves I long elude ;
 The night still ravel'd what the day renew'd,
 Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
 My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd :
 Befriended by my own domestic spies,
 The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.
 From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
 And fear forbids to falsify the breed.
 My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,
 And to their suffrage gain the filial voice :
 For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores---
 But, stranger ! as thy days seem full of fate,
 Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate :
 Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race :
 No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.

Princess ! he cries, renew'd by your command,
 The dear remembrance of my native land
 Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source ;
 And tears repeat their long forgotten course !
 So pays the wretch whom Fate constrains to
 roam !

The dues of nature to his natal home !---
 But inward on my soul let sorrow prey,
 Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil !
 And ninty cities crown the sea-born isle :
 Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
 In various tongues avow their various claims :
 Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
 And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due :
 The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
 Her foodful glebe with fierce Achæians share ;
 Cnossus, her capital of high command,
 Where scepter'd Minos with impartial hand
 Divided right ; each ninth revolving year
 By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
 His son Deucalion bore successive sway ;
 His son, who gave me first to view the day !
 The royal bed an elder issue blest,
 Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields attest
 Of matchless deeds : untrain'd to martial toil
 I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,
 Studious of peace ; and Æthon is my name.
 'Twas then to Crete that great Ulysses came ;
 For elemental war, and wintry Jove,
 From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
 To bright Lucina's fane ; the shelfy coast
 Where loud Annisus in the deep is lost.
 His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port !)
 The hero speeded to the Cnossian court :
 Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
 In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd,

Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand,

Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest:
Beeves for his train the Gnosian peers assign
A public treat, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aerial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And, when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.

Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles
The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on the mountain freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her present lord laments him lost,
And views that object which she wants the most!
Withering at heart to see the weeping fair,
His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare;
Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
Firm wisdom interdicts to softening tear.
A speechless interval of grief ensues,
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:

Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof;
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record.

'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden fight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight;
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast
The double clasping gold the king confest.
In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,
Bore on full-stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn;
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone
A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun:
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size, express'd
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erflec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread;
Eurybates! in whose large soul alone
Ulysses view'd an image of his own.

His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd,
In all he told she recogniz'd her lord,
But when the storm was spent in plenteous showers;
A pause inspiriting her languish'd powers:
Oh! thou, she cry'd, whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to my hospitable gate;

VOL. XII.

With all thy wants the name of poor shall end:
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!
The vest much envy'd on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboss'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this blissful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!

Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.
The royal object of your dearest care
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air;
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better Fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; till by the billows tost,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the Gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessel stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.

I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd
In dark disguise, or come a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the blest genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech; before the sun
His annual longitude of Heaven shall run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.

What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen,
are due,

When time shall prove the storied blessing true:

R

My lord's return should fate no more retard,
 Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.
 But my prophetic fears, alas! presage,
 The wounds of Destiny's relentless rage.
 I long must weep, nor will Ulysses come,
 With royal gifts to send you honour'd home!—
 Your other task, ye menial train, forbear:
 Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare:
 With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
 Up-rising early with the purple morn,
 His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,
 In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
 Then with Telemachus the social feast
 Partaking free, my sole invited guest;
 Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due,
 The breach of hospitable right may rue.
 The vulgar of my sex I most exceed
 In real fame, when most humane my deed:
 And vainly to the praise of queen aspire,
 If, stranger! I permit that mean attire,
 Beneath the feastful bower. A narrow space
 Confines the circle of our destin'd race;
 'Tis ours with good the scanty round to grace. }
 Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,
 Dreaded in life the mutter'd curse pursues:
 By death disrob'd of all their savage powers,
 Then licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
 But he whose in-born worth his acts commend,
 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend;
 The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,
 And distant tongues extol the patron-name.
 Princess, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
 On me, confirm'd and obstinate in woe.
 When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
 And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
 The tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
 I chose the livery of a woeful mind!
 Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
 With splendid palls, and canopies of state:
 Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I
 scorn,
 And catch the glances of the waking morn.
 The delicacy of your courtly train
 To wash a wretched wanderer would disdain;
 But if, in track of long experience try'd,
 And sad similitude of woes ally'd,
 Some wretch reluctant views ærial light,
 To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.
 Pleas'd with his wise reply, the queen rejoind:
 Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,
 In all who grac'd this hospitable bower
 I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.
 Such servant as your humble choice requires,
 To light receiv'd the lord of my desires,
 New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
 His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd
 Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind; }
 Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd
 Of strength superior to the toil assign'd.—
 Rise, Euryclea! with officious care
 For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:
 This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,
 Too like Ulysses, and perhaps the same!
 Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
 For age untimely marks the careful brow!
 Instant, obsequious to the mild command,
 Sad Euryclea rose: with trembling hand

She veils the torren tof her tearful eyes;
 And thus impassion'd to herself replies:
 Son of my love, and monarch of my cares;
 What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!
 Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid
 With pious deed and pure devotion paid!
 He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane,
 Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:
 There oft implor'd his tutelary power,
 Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;
 That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
 His realm might recognise an equal heir.
 Oh destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;
 His God forgets him on a foreign coast!—
 Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
 The rich insult him, and the young deride!
 Conscious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
 The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
 My will concurring with my queen's command,
 Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
 A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;
 In thy whole form Ulysses seems express'd:
 Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,
 None imag'd e'er like thee my master lost.
 Thus half discover'd through the dark disguise,
 With cold composure feign'd, the chief replies:
 You join your suffrage to the public vote;
 The same you think, have all beholders thought.
 He said. Replenish'd from the purest springs,
 The laver straight with busy care she brings:
 In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
 The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
 Mean time revolving in his thoughtful mind
 The scar with which his manly knee was sign'd;
 His face averting from the crackling blaze,
 His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
 Thus cautious in the obscure he hop'd to fly
 The curious search of Euryclea's eye.
 Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
 The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.
 This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
 With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
 Attended by his brave maternal race,
 His grandfire sent him to the sylvan chase,
 Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
 For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame;
 Hermes, his Patron-God, those Gifts bestow'd,
 Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)
 His course to Ithaca this hero sped,
 When the first product of Laertes' bed
 Was new disclos'd to birth; the banquet ends, }
 When Euryclea from the queen descends,
 And to his fond embrace the babe commends. }
 "Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son;
 "And name the blessings that your prayers have
 won."
 Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
 "Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms;
 "A sure memorial of my dreaded fame
 "The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name!
 "And when with filial love the youth shall come
 "To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome
 "With gifts of price shall send him joyous
 "home."
 Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful
 prime
 Ended in man, his mother's natal clime

Ulysses fought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient † lord an equal joy possess;
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled,
Whose stately growth five flowery summers fed:
His sons divide, and roast with artful care
The limbs; then all the tasteful viands share.
Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul) }
Till Phœbus wheeling to the western goal
Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole. }
Their drooping eyes the slumberous shade op-
press'd,

Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.

Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light;
Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night;
Ulysses and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyce, assay the chase.
Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop in-
vades:

What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.

The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wiles the wood-men fierce assail:
And, foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses wav'd, to rouse the savage war.
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thunderous shower,
Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bower,
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.

Rous'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy shelter flies:

With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,
And bristles high impale his horrid chine.

Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;

The savage renders vain the wound decreed,
And springs impetuous with opponent speed!

His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aslope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,

And bar'd the bone: Ulysses undismay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd;

To the right shoulder-joint the spear apply'd:
His further flank the streaming purple dy'd:

On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain; }
With joy, and vast surprise, th' applauding train }
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain. }

With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;
Then, chanting mystic lays, the closing wound

Of sacred melody confess'd the force;
The tides of life regain their azure course.

Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,

Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.

He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chase, and early praise achiev'd.

Deep o'er his knee, inseam'd, remain'd the
scar:

Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, th' ablusion ceas'd;

Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand re-
leas'd;

† Autolycus.

The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife ex-
press'd

Of grief and joy, alternate in her breast.

Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;

At length, abrupt—My son! my king!—she cried.

His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,

Full on the queen her raptur'd eye she cast,

Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd:

But studious to conceal her royal lord,

Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,

And from the present bliss abstracts her thought,

His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,

Art thou foredoom'd my pest? the hero cried:

Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd: }

And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd }

To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?

An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,

Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:

At length return'd, some God inspires thy breast

To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.

This Heaven-discover'd truth to thee consign'd.

Reserve the treasure of thy inmost mind:

Else, if the Gods my vengeful arm sustain,

And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train:

With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age

Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:

What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe!

Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd;

With ribs of steel, and marble heart, immur'd.

When Heaven, auspicious to thy right avow'd,

Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd;

The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;

The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.

Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;

My own experience shall their doom decide;

A witness-judge precludes a long appeal:

Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.

He said: obsequious, with redoubled pace,

She to the fount conveys th' exhausted vase:

The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil

With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.

Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,

His former seat receiv'd the stranger guest; }

Whom thus with pensive air the queen address'd: }

Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,

Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize:

A while, reluctant to her pleasing force,

Suspend the restless hour with sweet discourse.

The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)

My menials, and domestic cares employ:

And unattended by sincere repose,

The night afflicts my ever-wakeful woes:

When nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,

My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.

As, when the months are clad in flowery green,

Sad Philomel in bowery shades unseen,

To vernal airs attunes her varied strains;

And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:

Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy! }

Whom chance mislead the mother to destroy: }

Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beau-
teous boy.

So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,

A sad variety of woes I mourn!

My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
 Devious from care to care incessant strays.
 Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long despair;
 Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
 And, joining to my son's my menial train,
 Partake his councils, and assist his reign!
 Or, since, mature in manhood, he deplores
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;
 Shall I, reluctant, to his will accord;
 And from the peers select the noblest lord?
 So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
 These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
 A visionary thought I'll now relate;
 Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate:
 A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)
 Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
 Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove
 Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove:
 Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful
 sway,
 And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
 My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,
 To view their death thus imagin'd in a dream:
 With tender sympathy to soothe my soul,
 A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
 But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
 Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:
 Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
 (In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
 O Queen! no vulgar vision of the sky
 I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
 View in this plummy form thy victor lord;
 The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
 Portend the suitors fated to my sword.
 This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd.
 When, from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,
 Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train
 I found, insatiate of the golden grain.
 The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies)
 Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:
 Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;
 And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.
 Hard is the task, and rare, the queen rejoin'd;
 Impending destinies in dreams to find:
 Immur'd within the silent bower of sleep,
 Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
 Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
 Of winged lies a light fantastic train:

The gates oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
 And columns fair incas'd with polish'd horn;
 Where images of truth for passage wait,
 With visions manifest of future fate.
 Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,
 Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restor'd:
 Delusive semblance!---but my remnant life
 Heaven shall determine in a gameful strife:
 With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,
 For me the rival archers shall contend.
 As on the list'd field he us'd to place
 Six beams, oppos'd to six in equal space:
 Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
 Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing dart.
 So, when the sun restores the purple day,
 Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay:
 To him the spousal honour is decreed,
 Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
 Torn from these walls (where long the kinder
 Powers [hours!])
 With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful
 On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;
 The pleasure vast supplies a copious theme
 For many a dreary thought, and many a dole-
 ful dream!
 Propose the sportive lot (the chief replies)
 Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:
 Ulysses will surprise th' unfinish'd game
 Avow'd, and falsify the suitor's claim.
 To whom, with grace serene, the queen re-
 join'd:
 In all thy speech, what pleasing force I find!
 O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,
 I part reluctant from the pleasing tale.
 But Heaven, that knows what all terrestrials need,
 Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:
 Grateful vicissitude! yet me withdrawn,
 Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
 Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy
 Estrang'd, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!
 Mean time instructed is the menial tribe
 Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.
 Thus affable, her bower the queen ascends;
 The sovereign-step a beauteous train attends;
 There imagin'd to her soul Ulysses rose;
 Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows,
 Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,
 And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

B O O K XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his waking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.

An ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd).
Then o'er the chief, Eurynomé the chaste,
With duteous care, a downy carpet cast:
With dire-revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey;
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wavering his thought in dubious balance hung!
Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace;
Round his swoln heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,
And bays the stranger-groom: so wrath com-
press'd,

Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
Poor suffering heart! he cried, support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed,
By patient prudence from the death decreed.

Thus anchor'd safe on Reason's peaceful coast
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer toss'd;
Restless his body roll'd, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The savory cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast;
Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd,
In self-debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.
When, in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From Heaven descends the Jove-born Martial
Maid;

And hovering o'er his head in view confess'd,
The Goddess thus her favourite care address'd:

O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name the standard of their dearest vow.

Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoind);
Deeds full of fate distract my various mind
In contemplation wrapp'd. This hostile crew
What single arm hath prowess to subdue?
Or if, by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; Oh! say, celestial
Maid:

Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?

Oh, impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods! Lo! Pallas' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest:
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded powers with balmy rest renew.

She ceas'd. Ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:

The Goddess, pleas'd, regains her natal skies.

Not so the queen: the downy bands of sleep
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair:

Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent prayer:

Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toss'd through the void illimitable space:

Or, if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyself untimely, and thy consort dy'd,
But four celestials both your cares supply'd.

Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:

Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind:

With shapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.

But whilst, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea sought the bower of Jove
(The God supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of Fate expanded lie;)

Wing'd harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge
away,

And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be such my lot! Or thou, Diana, speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead;
To seek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail;
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends;
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors sable every dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan;
The sounds assault Ulysses wakeful ear:
Misjudging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air;)
And thus the Gods invok'd with ardent prayer:

Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heaven to
friend,

If the long series of my woes shall end,
Of human race now rising from repose
Let one a blissful omen here disclose;
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above!

Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

Soon, with consummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile, that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of
man).

Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious
mind;

And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:
Father of Gods and men; whose thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
Whoe'er from Heaven has gain'd this rare ostent
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)
In this blest moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,
For whom o'ertail'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.
Mean time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant fabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
And Euryclea thus he there address'd:

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection and repose
Bestow'd the stranger-guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wisest errs).
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

She thus: Oh! cease that ever honour'd name
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine suffic'd the guest;
In vain the queen the night-refection press'd;
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unblest'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port,
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth-issuing from the dome the prince re-
pair'd:

Two dogs of chase, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train,
What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' absterfve sponge the board renew:
Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:

Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assay
The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.

She said: with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toil the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.
Some wield the sounding axe; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:
In lodgements first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly speech renew'd:
Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind hu-
mane?

Some pitying God (Ulysses sad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blast their towering pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right, restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are tost,
All cheaply sated at another's cost!

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the suitor's feast prefer'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs resound;
And to the chief austere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:

Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
These arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!

Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.

From Cephalenia cross the surgy main
Philæti late arriv'd, a faithful swain.
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their
race:

Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through th' eclipse of Fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendour shine.
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:

Stranger! may Fate a milder aspect show,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove, for ever deaf to human cries;
The Tyrant, not the Father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses from his state a wanderer still,
Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will:

O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
 Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
 Like thee, poor stranger-guest, denied his home!
 Like thee, in rags obscene, decreed to roam!
 Or, haply perish'd on some distant coast,
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
 Oh! grateful for the good his bounty gave,
 I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!
 His kind protecting hand my youth prefer'd,
 The regent of his Cephallenian herd:

With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,
 A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.
 Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import
 To cram these cormorants that crowd his court;
 Who in partition seek his realm to share;
 Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
 Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,
 Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
 Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
 And with the royal herd protection buy:
 Then happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
 Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:
 In opening prospects of ideal joy,
 My king returns; the proud usurpers die.

To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
 Attend a deed already ripe in Fate;
 Attest, O Jove, the truth I now relate!
 This sacred truth attest each genial Power,
 Who bless the board, and guard this friendly
 bower!

Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
 Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,
 Thy wondering eyes shall view: his rightful
 reign

By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,
 And to the shades devote the suitor-train.

O Jove supreme! the raptur'd swain replies,
 With deed consummate soon the promis'd joys!
 These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung
 In that blest cause should emulate the young—
 Assents Eumæus to the prayer address'd:
 And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.

Mean time the suitors urge the prince's fate,
 And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
 When, in his airy tour the bird of Jove
 Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove:
 Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd
 Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd:

The Gods from force and fraud the prince de-
 O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend: [send;
 Your future thought let sable Fate employ;
 And give the present hour to genial joy. [ceas'd,

From council straight th' assenting peerage
 And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.

Disrob'd their vests apart in order lay,
 Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
 With fire prepar'd, they deal the morsels round,
 Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
 By sage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
 Melanthius from an ample jar supplied:
 High canisters of bread Philætius plac'd;
 And eager all devour the rich repast.

Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat!
 A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,

The prince appoints; but to his fire assigns
 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
 Partake, my guest, he cry'd, without control
 The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
 Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:
 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
 From my great fire too soon devolv'd to me!
 Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease,
 Lest arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave and
 young,
 Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the
 tongue.

Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
 The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
 Would Joye permit the meditated blow,
 That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.

Without reply vouchsaf'd Antinous ceas'd:
 Mean while the pomp of festival increas'd:
 By herald's rank'd, in marshal'd order move
 The city-tribes to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
 Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
 The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
 Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
 But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
 (And humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
 Observant of the prince's high behest,
 His menial train attend the stranger-guest:
 Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
 By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
 A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
 Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
 And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
 Uncumber'd acres arable and green
 (Ctesippus nam'd); this lord Ulysses ey'd,
 And thus burit out th' imposthume with pride:

The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:
 Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
 Let each a token of esteem bestow;
 This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
 With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
 And pay the menials for the master's treat.

He said: and of the steer before him plac'd,
 That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
 Where to the pastern-bone by nerves combin'd,
 The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
 Which whizzing high the wall unseemly sign'd.
 The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
 Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:
 When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
 Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
 Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
 Nor should thy fire, a queen his daughter boast;
 The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost:
 No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless power
 Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
 For genuine worth of age mature to know
 My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
 Or, if each other's wrongs ye still support,
 With rapes and riot to profane my court;
 What single arm with numbers can contend?
 On me let all your lifted swords descend,
 And with my life such vile dishonours end.

A long cessation of discourse ensued,
 By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:

A just reproof, ye peers! your rage restrain
From the protected guest, and menial train:
And, prince! to stop the source of future ill,
Assent yourself, and gain the royal will,
Whilst hope prevail'd to see your sire restor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a second lord.
But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,
To think he still survives to claim the state?
Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:
The lord selected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contested prize:
Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome possess'd.

Sage and serene Telemachus replies;
By him at whose behest the thunder flies,
And by the name on earth I most revere,
By great Ulysses and his woes, I swear,
(Who never must review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps in Pluto's dreary train!)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:
But from this dome my parent queen to chase!
From me, ye Gods! avert such dire disgrace.

But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The suitors' souls, insensate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to survey!
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay;
Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.

In vision rapt; the * Hyperesian seer
Uprose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:

Oh race to death devote! with Stygian shade
Each destin'd peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling
To people Orcus and the burning coasts! }ghosts

* Theoclymenus.

Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll.

But universal night usurps the pole!

Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the sure divine of Fate;
And thus Eurymachus: The dotard's mind
To every sense is lost, to reason blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.

Tax not (the Heaven-illumin'd seer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No clouds of error dim th' ethereal rays,
Her equal power each faithful sense obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
Far hence, before yon hovering deaths descend;
Lest, the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun.

This said, to sage Piræus sped the feet,
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointless wit:
Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice;
Why such profusion of indulgence shown
To this poor, timorous, toil-detesting drone?
That other feeds on planetary schemes,
And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once, at least, believe a friend,
To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send,
Where, if they yield their freight across the main
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.

Thus jovial they: but nought the prince re-
Full on his fire he roll'd his ardent eyes; }plies;
Impatient straight to flesh his virgin-sword,
From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen
To see the circlet fate, of all unseen.
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare
An eve-repast, with equal cost and care;
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feast of death! the feasters doom'd to bleed! }

B O O K XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bending of Ulysses's Bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from heaven; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rival fires,
With her own art Penelope inspires:
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow through the distant ring,
Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame;
But discord and black death await the game!

The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,
At distance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay;

There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long since when Sparta's shores he
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd: [trod,
Beneath Orsilochus's roof they met;
One loss was private, one a public debt;
Messena's state from Ithaca detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd-swains;
And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wandering
mares,

And mules, the strongest of the labouring kind;
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the social rite transgress'd;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest:
He gave the bow! and on Ulysses' part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges; for they met no more!
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the filken string,
Forfeakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round:
The bars fall back; the flying valves resound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
She moves majestic through the wealthy room,
Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung;
Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive fate, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns,
Then silent to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud suitors bears in pensive state
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings,
Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air:

Say you, whom these forbidden walls enclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife:
Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,

Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night!

Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætiæ too relents, but secret shed
The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said:

Hence to your fields, you rustics! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.

Enough her precious tears already flow---
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.

I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!
And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.

He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king
Shall end those hopes, and Fate is on the wing!

Then thus Telemachus: Some God, I find,
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all th' Acaian state supplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our isles or continents enclose:
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay,
Haste to the trial---Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the destin'd ring.
Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;
But, blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.

He spoke: then, rising, his broad sword un-
bound,

And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made fast
(His perfect skill the wondering gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand:
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great fire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.
His ardour straight th' obedient prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:

Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For Heaven forbid such weakness should endure!)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has
Accept the trial, and the prize contest, [blest

He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son
The bold Antinous to the rest begun:
"From where the goblet first begins to flow,
"From right to left, in order take the bow;
"And prove your several strengths"---The princes
heard,

And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd:
The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the suitor throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more.
What numerous deaths attend his fatal bow!
What souls and spirits shall it send below!
Better, indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we sought;
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.

Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.

To him Antinous thus with fury said:
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled!
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can---He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare;
He gives it instant flame: then sat beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe every knot, and supple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain;
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown;
Those only now remain'd; but those confess'd
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king observes them: he the hall forlakes
And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell?
Say, should some favouring God restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign? [ford,
How beat your hearts? what aid would you af-
To the proud suitors, or your ancient lord?

Philætius thus: Oh were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove restore that man again!
These aged sinews with new vigour strung
In his blest cause should emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each Power above, with wishes for his lord.

He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
Those vows the Gods accord: behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despis'd, un-
known,

And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes, and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm suc-
ceed,

And give you impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions, and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend. }
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chas'd the tukey boar.
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;
With tearful eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow-
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower. [er:
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their
hands,

And moveless as a marble fountain stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise man ceas'd, and thus begun:
Enough---on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty suitors will deny the bow:
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans, they
hear.

To thy strict charge, Philætius, we consign
The court's main gate: to guard that pass be
thine.

This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:

I mourn the common cause: for, oh, my
friends!

On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends!
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every shore)
But baffled thus: confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakness scorn! Antinous thus reply'd:

Not so, Eurymachus; that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste
away:

Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the sewer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day shall spring,
The choicest offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.

They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds
bring

The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, uprose the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated scheme began:

If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion please;

Give Heaven this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!

But, since till then this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man?

Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.

Antinous then: Oh, miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?

To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.

Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer;
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.

To this the queen her just dislike express'd:
'Tis impious, prince, to harm the stranger guest,
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.

What, if th' Immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandering stranger for my lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean.

Oh fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.

"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
"Of that brave chief, whose bow they could not
"bend!

"In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
"And did what all those princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.

To whom the queen: If fame engage your
views,

Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise,
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race,
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence to reward his merit he shall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.

O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me, (cries Telemachus) to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain;
To me alone my father's arms descend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy household task resume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as she sat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her
heart.

On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty words;
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?

Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from
the land.

Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expel!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!

The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling them aside,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd);
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætiús flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Ægypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.

And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent and untry'd so long.

While some deriding---How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals---
Heaven to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.

Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,

To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly
'Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swal-
low's cry.

A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above ensued: th' unfolding sky
In lightning burst: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heaven's Almighty Lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Fast by the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly the messengers of death).

Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it
wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string.
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through, the solid gate re-
sounds.

Then to the prince: Nor have I wrought thee
shame;

Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;
Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight.

He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

B O O K XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætiús. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

TURN fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store:
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the suitor crew:

One venturous game this hand has won to-day;
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain,
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings;

Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And Fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his
last.

The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'st thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee---Thus incens'd they
spoke, [stroke,

While each to chance ascrib'd the wondrous
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then, grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While, to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above:
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
'The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd:

If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sus-
tain'd

In thy spoil'd palace; and exhausted land;
'The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims; but juster Jove deny'd. }
Since cold in death th' offender lies: oh, spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray, }
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay:
'The waste of years refunded in a day.

Till then thy wrath is just---Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:

All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all;

Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to resist or die;
And die I trust ye shall---He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.

Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion, roll
Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.

Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness divid'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with
gore. }

He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his fire he flies,
And, arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries.)
Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.

Haste and return (Ulysses made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Left thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.

With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his fire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his
hand:

Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There stood a window near, whence looking
down
From o'er the porch appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? The town shall force the
door,

And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.

Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and
king.

He said; and, mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets
bears:

All arm, and sudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe,
On every side he sees the labour grow:
Oh curst event! and, oh! unlook'd for aid!
Melanthius, or the woman have betray'd---
Oh, my dear son!--the father with a sigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:

Falseness is folly, and 'tis just to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haste neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has supply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son.

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again,
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,
Not unobserv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side:

The miscreant we suspected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?

Not so (reply'd Ulysses) leave him there,
For us sufficient is another care:

Within the structure of this palace wall
To keep enclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you, and seize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by strong cords extend
And on a column near the roof suspend!
So study'd tortures his vile days shall end.

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they pass'd,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
The brass corroded and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.

Active and pleas'd the zealous swains fulfil
At every point their master's rigid will:
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then streighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon swung from side to side.

Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain:
There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive the victims to the suitors' feast.

This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dangerous post
Near great Ulysses; four against an host.

When, lo! descending to our hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid,
In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side;
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cry'd:

Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend:
Oh, every sacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole series I have done,
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.

Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.

The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd,
And first, loud threatening, Agelaüs cry'd:

Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid;
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the fire and son's commix thy blood.
What hop'st thou here? Thee first the sword shall
Then lop thy whole posterity away; [slay,
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend:
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend.]

His barbarous insult ev'n the Goddess fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:

Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?
If this, when Helen was the cause, were done;
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son?
Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend! }

She spoke; but, willing longer to survey
The fire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the rising fight. }

Damasto's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus succeeds;
With these, Pisander, great Polyctor's son,
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphidon,
With Demoptolemus: these six survive;
The best of all, the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage desperate as they stand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.

The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor.
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast;
The four remain, but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain;
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain.

Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls:
The storm pass'd innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed them Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
That impious race to all their pass'd misdeeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.

He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steelly shower;
Again made frustrate by the Virgin-power.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall;
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless on the pavement sounding dead.

Then bold Amphimedon his javelin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd the next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philætiæ gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts and high dis-
Oh! sharp in scandal, voluble, and vain! {dain;
How weak is mortal pride! To Heaven alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known;
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.

Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damastordes that instant fell;
Fast-by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all its bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.

Now Pallas shines confess'd! aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, through the rooms they
fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle
spring.

Not half so keen fierce vultures of the chase
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net:
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.

Leiodes first before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
Oh gracious hear! nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undishonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
Oh! spare an augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead!

Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he
took

Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,
Phemius the sweet, the Heaven-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the reverend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus with accent soft began;

O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind;
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to Gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown;
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay,
The Gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force, and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay,
Nor servile flattery, stain'd the moral lay.

The moving words Telemachus attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh! mix not, Father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,

Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide :
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears :

O prince ! O friend ! lo ! here thy Medon
stands ;

Ah ! stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.

To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye :
Be bold, on friendship and my son rely ;
Live an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed :
Thou, with the Heaven-taught Bard, in peace
resort

From blood and carnage to yon open court :
Me other work requires---With timorous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.

Mean while Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one ! complete the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So when, by hollow shores, the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught
contain,

All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant and gasp in thinner air ;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.

And now the king commands his son to call
Old Euryclea to the deathful hall :
The son observant not a moment stays :
The aged governess with speed obeys :
The founding portals instant they display ;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black
gore.

Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete ;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd :
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said---
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
T' insult the dead, is cruel and unjust ;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind ;
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.

But thou, sincere, O Euryclea ! say
What maids dishonour us, and what obey ?

Then she : In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive ;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey ;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.

Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye ;
There wake her with the news---the matron
cry'd.

Not so, (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty
deeds :

In haste the matron parts ; the king proceeds :

Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains ;
Th' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (every table cleans'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all ;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.

He said : the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear ;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the
floor, [gore.]
Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way ;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their
fall.

Then thus the prince : To these shall we afford]
A fate so pure as by the martial sword !
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name ?

Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung ;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the
ground.

Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below :
Thus, on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work : they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs ! then trimm'd with brazen
sheers

The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears ;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel :
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell---
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way ;
So ends the bloody business of the day.

To Euryclea then address'd the king :
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace : then, the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend ;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Assemble here to learn their lord's commands
Then Euryclea : Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away ;
Permit me first the royal robes to bring :
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.

"Bring sulphur straight; and fire," (the monarch cries)

She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.

They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand

A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

B O O K XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT

Euryclea awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return, and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her; but supposes some God has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

THEN to the queen as in repose she lay,
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

And sleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!

At length appears the long-expected hour!

Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!

No more they view the golden light of day!

Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!

Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen re-join'd,

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?

The righteous Powers, who tread the starry skies;

The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,

And human thought with unresisted sway,

Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:

Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,

And Folly, with the tongue of Wisdom, speaks:

Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!

Was it to flatter or deride my woes?

Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,

Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,

Why must I wake to grieve; and curse thy shore,

O Troy!—may never tongue pronounce thee more!

Be gone: another might have felt our rage,

But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.

To whom with warmth: My soul a lie disdains;

Ulysses lives, thy own Ulysses reigns:

That stranger, patient of the suitors' wrongs,

And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,

He, he is thine. Thy son his latent guest

Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;

With well-concerted art to end his woes,

And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.

While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung

Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;

Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,

Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?

VOL. XII.

How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by an hero's hand?

I saw it not, she cries, but heard alone,

When death was busy, a loud dying groan;

The damsel-train turn'd pale at every wound,

Immur'd we fate, and catch'd each passing sound;

When death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,

And at his nod the damsel-train descends;

There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,

And the dead suitors almost swam in blood;

Thy heart had leap'd, the hero to survey,

Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,

Glorious in gore now with sulphureous fires

The dome he purges, now the flame aspires:

Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—

Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!

Thy every wish the bounteous Gods bestow,

Enjoy the present good, and former woe;

Ulysses lives, his vanquish'd foes to see;

He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!

Ah! no; with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,

Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind;

How bleis'd this happy hour, should he appear,

Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!

Ah! no; some God the suitors' deaths decreed,

Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed;

Blind! to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,

And violate all hospitable laws!

The good they hated, and the Powers defy'd;

But Heaven is just, and by a God they dy'd.

For never must Ulysses view this shore;

Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more!

What words (the matron cries) have each'd my ears?

Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?

Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day

That forc'd Ulysses o'er the watery way,

A bear fierce-rushing in the sylvan war

Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,

And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;

But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.

Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
Wife is thy soul, but errors seize the wife;
The works of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who knows their motives? who shall trace their
way?

But learn we instant how the suitors trod
The paths of death, by man, or by a God.

Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At every step debates her lord to prove!
Or, rushing to his arms, confesses her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in state
Oppos'd, before the shining fire she fate.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amaz'd she fate, and impotent to speak;
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts
again.

At length Telemachus—Oh! who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are pass'd of mighty woes:
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!

O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Distracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question; doubts on doubts arise.
Oh! deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king;
No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our
hands,

The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.

Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wife;
For wisdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind.

Then instant to the bath (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the swift lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence th' eluded passengers may say,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
The suitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by Jove.

Thus spoke the king: th' observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array;
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zen'd damsels form the sprightly dance.

The voice attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserv'd: the Greeks eluded say
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.

Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.
Mean while the weary'd king the bath ascends;
With faithful cares Eurynome attends,
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds:
Then, dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddes gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing consort fate.

And, O my queen! he cries, what power above
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!
Canst thou, Penelope, when Heaven restores
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?
Haste, Euryclea, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breast.

Ah! no; she cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses, my belov'd, in thee!
Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bower the bed translate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dress'd in state!

Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with dis-
guise;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth re-
plies:

Alas, for this! what mortal strength can move
The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if Heaven com-
mands.

Then hear sure evidence, while we display
Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder-fram'd; an olive spread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and shower;
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
And bore it, regular, from space to space:
Athwart the frame, at equal distance, lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
Then, polishing the whole, the finish'd mould
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.

But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, O queen, to say: and now impart;
If fears remain; or doubts distract thy heart?

While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew:
The tears pour'd down amain: and, Oh! she
cries,

Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
Oh! vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous Powers, that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
Oh! let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
'Twas caution, O my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms;
Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day;
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But Heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should
bleed:

Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield! I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bower).
Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.

Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture
hears, [tears.
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars;
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land:
The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:
Whose flaming steeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.

At length Ulysses with a sigh replies:
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate, repose denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By Heaven above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tiresias through th' eternal gates
Of hell I trode, to learn my future fates.

But end we here—the night demands repose,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a while; my woes!
To whom the queen: Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the just Gods, who tread the starry plains,
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.
But what those perils Heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart,
To this the king: Ah! why must I disclose
A dreadful story of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn what I must speak with
tears?

Heaven, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
The unknown instrument with strange surmise,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all the ethereal Powers.
Then Heaven decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Unknown to pain, in age resign my breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;

My people blessing, by my people bless'd. [play
Such future scenes th' all-righteous Powers dis-
By their dread * seer, and such my future day.

To whom thus firm of soul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While Heaven a kind release from ills forshows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!

But Euryclea with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynome, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynome descends;
A torch she bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;
But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away:
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes,
His servants insults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,
His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the suitor train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates;
All he unfolds; his listening spouse turns pale
With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale!
Sleepless devours each word; and hears how
slain

Ciccons on Ciccons swell th' ensanguin'd plain;

* Tiresias.

How to the land of Lote unblest'd he fails:
 And images the rills, and flowery vales!
 How, dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
 (Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore;
 How, the loud storms in prison bound, he sails
 From friendly Æolus with prosperous gales;
 Yet Fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars,
 And whirls him groaning from his native shores:
 How, on the barbarous Læstrigonian coast,
 By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;
 How scarce himself surviv'd; he paints the bower,
 The spells of Circe, and her magic power;
 His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
 To seek Tiresias in the vales of death;
 How, in the doleful mansions he survey'd
 His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade;
 And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts!
 Then how, unarm'd, he pass'd the Syren-coasts,
 The jutting rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
 And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
 The cave of death! How his companions slay
 The oxen sacred to the God of Day,
 Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,
 And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides:
 How, struggling through the surge, he reach'd the
 shores
 Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bowers;
 Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his
 stay,
 With sweet reluctant amorous delay;
 And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
 Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
 How, sav'd from storms, Phæacia's coasts he trod,
 By great Alcinous honour'd as a God,

Who gave him last his country to behold,
 With change of raiment, brass, and heaps of gold.
 He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.

Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
 Minerva rushes through the aerial way,
 And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels,
 Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills:
 Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,
 And thus with thought mature the monarch said:
 My Queen! my Consort! through a length of
 years,

We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears,
 Thou, for thy lord: while me th' immortal Powers
 Detain'd, reluctant from my native shores.

Now, blest again by Heaven, the queen display,
 And rule our palace with an equal sway:
 Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
 To throng my empty folds with gifts or spoils.
 But now I haste to bless Laertes' eyes
 With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies;
 The good old man, to wasting woes a prey,
 Weeps a sad life in solitude away. [fold

But hear, though wise! This morning shall un-
 The deathful scene; on heroes, heroes roll'd.
 Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,
 From all the scene of tumult far away!

He spoke, and sheath'd in arms incessant flies
 To wake his son, and bid his friends arise.
 To arms! aloud he cries; his friends obey,
 With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
 And pass the city gate; Ulysses leads the way. }
 Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds
 The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

B O O K XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinous rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssæy.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
 Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
 The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
 That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day;
 Points out the long uncomfortable way.
 Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
 Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.
 As in the cavern of some rifted den,
 Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;
 Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
 They move, and murmurs run through all the rock;
 So cowering fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
 And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
 And now they reach'd the earth's remotest ends.
 And now the gates where evening Sol descends,

And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
 And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams,
 And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
 In ever-flowering meads of asphodel.
 The empty forms of men inhabit there,
 Impassive semblance, images of air!
 Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
 Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
 Yet, still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd,
 The rest ador'd him, towering as he trod;
 Still at his side in Nestor's son survey'd,
 And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.
 New as they were to that infernal shore,
 The suitors stopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
 When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
 Of great Atreides; him in pomp pursued

And solemn sadness through the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by Ægyptus fell.

O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
Com'st thou the first to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of Fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun;
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
raise

Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
'Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay, [way. }
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every
Nor ceas'd the strife, till Jove himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.

Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed; }
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead }
Each clipt the curling honours of his head. }
Struck at the news thy azure Mother came:
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard: and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frightened host had fled;
But Nestor spoke, they listen'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things.)

"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main,
"To mourn Achilles, leads her azure train."
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.

Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till seventeen nights and seventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and fable oxen slay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires.
And, like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courser's o'er the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.
Soon as absorb'd in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:

In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys;
Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims [ghost.
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen, with solemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, O belov'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades,
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won,
Doom'd by stern Jove at home to end my life,
By curst Ægyptus, and a faithless wife!

Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain,
On each majestic form they cast a view,
And timorous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) oh say! }
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay, }
To tread the downward, melancholy way? }
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and overwhelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's
Or well-defending some beleaguerr'd wall, [sands?
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
For'd a long month the wintry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.

O king of men! I faithful shall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapless fate,
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame:
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in delusion spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers (she cry'd) who press to gain my heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space your rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest, when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.

The fiction pleas'd: our generous train com-
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise. [plie

The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail:
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forc'd, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.

Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill-fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confederate to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to every wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath to obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
Then to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife: the source of future woes,
And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood:
Pour'd forth the darts that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!
First bleeds Antinous: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the
ground;

This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.

Thus, great Atrides, thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest, from yon fair realms above,
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor,
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.

Oh blest Ulysses (thus the king express'd
His sudden rapture) in thy consort blest!
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age shall last:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.
Not such, O Tyndarus, thy daughter's deed:
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled:
Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread, and theme of tragic song!
The general sex shall suffer in her shame,
And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Confer'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While, from the town, Ulysses and his band
Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command:
Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know
(Their light and dearest object long ago),
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and
with woe?

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter; and he seeks the field,
Through rows of shade, with various fruitage
crown'd,

And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care;
To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.

But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gardener stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—
Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay:
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then, to his fire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant still hangs his
head,

Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:
Great is thy skill, O father, great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On every plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.

Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly islander, of manners rude)
Nor further conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way,
But thou! whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd:
To him seven talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff
with gold;

A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.

At this the father, with a father's fears,
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears,)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty else had borne;
For every good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd
What years have circled since thou saw'st that
guest?

That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
Or savage beasts his mangled relics tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead:
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes or dropp'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?

Then thus the son: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
Some adverse Dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay;
Believ'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.

Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
Ulysses parting through the sable flood;
Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.

Quick through the father's heart these accents
ran:

Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.

Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight;
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face:

I, I am he; O father rise, behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, O my sire, restrain!
The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.

Amaz'd, Laertes: "Give some certain sign,
" (If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."

Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When by thyself and by Anticlea sent
To old Autolychus's realms I went.

Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent
load,

And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.

Smit with the signs, which all his doubts ex-
plain,

His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.

Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis so---the suitors for their wrongs have paid---
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?

To this Ulysses: As the Gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at a lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.

The hoary king, his old Scicilian maid
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face;
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!

Oh! would to all the deathless Powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praise)
My strength were still, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,
'This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter
Nor had the fire been separate from the son. [on; }
'They commun'd thus; while homeward bent
their way

The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the first, the venerable man;
And next his sons, a long succeeding train.
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
'They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chaits and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief com-
mands

'Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
'Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
Conducted sure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne! }
'Who knows thy bless'd, thy wish'd return! Oh, }
say [vey?

To the chaste Queen, shall we the news con-
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day? }

Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known (the king reply'd,
And straight resum'd his seat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
'Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying fame the swift report had spread
Through all the city, of the suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
'Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain, }
Inhume the natives in their native plain, }
'The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main. }
Then sad in council all the seniors sate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate.
Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
'The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
'The first who by Ulysses' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with sighs, he thus began:

Great deeds, O friends! this wonderful man
has wrought,

And mighty blessings to his country brought.
With ships he parted and a numerous train,
Those, and their ships, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and first essays his hand
In the best blood of all his native land.
Haste then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he
Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies; [flies, }
Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise!
Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!
If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.

Hear ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall [all.
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb sorrow touch'd them
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke);
And Medon first th' assembled chiefs bespoke:

Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with
blood:

In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
'Twas Heaven that struck, and Heaven was on
his side.

A sudden horror all th' assembly shook,
When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke:
(Reverend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew)
Me too, ye fathers, hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed;
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain).
An absent hero's bed they sought to soil,
An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil:
Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!
Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin---Justice will prevail.

His moderate words some better minds per-
suade;

They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty phrenzy fir'd,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.
They cast their limbs in brass; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.

This pass'd on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
May I presume to search thy secret soul?
O Power supreme! O Ruler of the whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate? }
Declare thy purpose; for thy will is Fate. }

Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The chief's return should make the guilty bleed? }
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed. }

Yet hear the issue: since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, Heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, Oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd.
Let all be peace—He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:
And, prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.

Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent;
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their
power.

Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And, brazen Panoply invests the band.

The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended Maid:
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd:

Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.

Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.

So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy; [cries,
And, Bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day! he
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of th' Arcean name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arcegius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's Daughter first implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air,
She said, infusing courage with the word:
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear;
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the father and the conquering son
Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they
Now by the sword, and now the javelin, fall [run.
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual slaughter: Peace descends to
"spare."

Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames:
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then stopp'd the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd.

Descended from the Gods! Ulysses, cease;
Offend not Jove: obey and give the peace.

So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The Virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

I MUST observe with what dignity Homer concludes the *Odyssey*: to honour his hero, he introduces two Deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who interest themselves in his cause: he then paints Ulysses in the boldest colours, as he rushes upon the enemy with the utmost intrepidity, and his courage is so ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to restrain it with his thunder. It is usual for orators to reserve the strongest arguments for the conclusion, that they may leave them fresh upon the reader's memory; Homer uses the same conduct: he represents his hero in all his terror, he shows him to be irresistible, and by this method leaves us fully possessed with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already observed, that the end of the action of the *Odyssey* is the re-establishment of Ulysses in full peace and tranquillity; this is

not effected, till the defeat of the suitors' friends, and, therefore, if the poet had concluded before this event, the *Odyssey* had been imperfect. It was necessary that the reader should not only be informed of the return of Ulysses to his country, and the punishment of the suitors, but of his re-establishment, by a peaceful possession of his regal authority; which is not executed, till these last disorders raised by Euphites are settled by the victory of Ulysses; and, therefore, this is the natural conclusion of the action.

This Book opens with the morning, and ends before night, so that the whole story of the *Odyssey* is comprehended in the compass of one and forty days. Monsieur Dacier, upon Aristotle, remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long: we should be able to retain all the several parts of it at once in our memory: if we lose the idea of the

beginning when we come to the conclusion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its length destroys its beauty. What seems to favour this decision is, that the *Æneid*, *Iliad*, and *Odyssey*, are conformable to this rule of Aristotle; and every one of those poems may be read in the compass of a single day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the *Odyssey*, and laid together what occurred most remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not so vain as to think these remarks free from faults, nor so disingenuous as not to confess them: all writers have occasion for indulgence, and those most who least acknowledge it. I have sometimes used Madam Dacier as she had done others, in transcribing some of her remarks without particularizing them; but, indeed, it was through inadvertency only that her name is sometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in these, or in my part of the Translation, (namely, in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. His other, and much more able assistant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular request, that our several parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be distinguished from his, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revision and correction. The most experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critic can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by those of their school; when the same master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing.

I must not conclude without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our best endeavours, which have contributed at least to his more speedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I must ascribe it to his friendship, in transmitting it to posterity by a participation in his labours. May the sense I have of this, and other instances of that friendship, be known as long as his name will cause mine to last: and may I to this end be permitted, at the conclusion of a work, which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inscription memorial of it.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone:
Mere mortals! subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine on every heart to 'grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust;

Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together, in the world's last fires,
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead:
Shakspeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now every scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.
Thus, when thy draughts, O Raphael! time
invades,

And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all-extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by Heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the towers of Heaven, earth rocks her
coasts,

And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rathness rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious
string,

Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
How long * that hero by unskilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robe, a beggar trod our lands:
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost?
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Even I, the meanest of the Muses train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Adventurous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:

Like their's, our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united---For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.

This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,
While hovering angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth, such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:

Or, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath thy sway to bend;
To verse like thine fierce savages attend, [lay,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY MR. POPE.

I CANNOT dismiss this Work without a few observations on the character and style of it. Whoever reads the *Odyssæy* with an eye to the *Iliad*, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of criticism, which is, to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The *Odyssæy* is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person,

" Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid ami-
" cis, [hospes:

" Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et

" Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile,
" quid non,

" Plenius et melius Chrylippo et Crantore dicit."

The *Odyssæy* is the reverse of the *Iliad*, in moral, subject, manner, and style; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connection many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as Longinus seems not wholly free from it; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the *Odyssæy* than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

" The *Odyssæy* (says he) is an instance, how
" natural it is to a great genius, when it begins
" to grow old and decline, to delight itself in
" narrations and fables. For that Homer com-
" posed the *Odyssæy* after the *Iliad*, many proofs
" may be given, &c. From hence, in my judg-
" ment, it proceeds, that as the *Iliad* was written
" while his spirit was in its greatest vigour, the
" whole structure of that work is dramatic and
" full of action; whereas the greater part of the
" *Odyssæy* is employed in narration, which is the
" taste of old age: so that in this latter piece we
" may compare him to the setting sun, which has
" still the same greatness, but not the same ar-
" dour, or force. He speaks not in the same

" strain: we see no more that sublime of the
" *Iliad*, which marches on with a constant pace,
" without ever being stopped, or retarded: there
" appears no more that hurry, and that strong tide
" of motions and passions, pouring one after ano-
" ther: there is no more the same fury, or the same
" volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all
" along drawing in such innumerable images of na-
" ture. But Homer, like the ocean, is always great,
" even when he ebbs and retires; even when he
" is lowest, and loses himself most in narrations and
" incredible fictions: as instances of this, we can-
" not forget the description of tempests, the ad-
" ventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and many
" others. But, though all this be age, it is the
" age of Homer—And it may be said for the
" credit of these fictions, that they are beautiful
" dreams, or, if you will, the dreams of Jupiter
" himself. I spoke of the *Odyssæy* only to show,
" that the greatest poets, when their genius
" wants strength and warmth for the pathetic,
" for the most part employ themselves in painting
" the manners. This Homer has done in cha-
" racterising the suitors, and describing their way
" of life: which is properly a branch of comedy,
" whose peculiar business is to represent the man-
" ners of men."

We must first observe, it is the sublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the fire and sublimity of the *Iliad*, he justly observes the *Odyssæy* to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the elevated spirit of the one, or the just moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury, of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole Epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the *Odyssæy* to have less sublimity and fire than the *Iliad*; but he does not say it wants the sublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narra-

tion is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the *Iliad*.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the sublime, Longinus preferred the *Iliad*: and because the *Odyssey* was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam Dacier observes) composed the *Odyssey* in his youth, and the *Iliad* in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The battle of Constantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the poet or painter be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master, not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the *Odyssey* that Horace gives the preference, in the *Epistle to Lollius*, and in the *Art of Poetry*. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus: and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very fictions, and pictures of the manners which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the *Iliad*.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epic poem) the *Odyssey* is confessed to excel the *Iliad*; and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the fable is also what the critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: accord-

ingly we find much more of the cast of this poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*. In the manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix, nor more circumstantial than the conversations and dialogues of the *Iliad*. Not to mention the length of those of Phoenix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole *Odyssey*. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had suffered any decay; we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious, and as various.

The *Odyssey* is a perpetual source of poetry: the stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The *Odyssey* (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design, not with an eye to the *Iliad*. To censure Homer, because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is as if a gardener, who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this poem was "partly of the nature of comedy," ought not, for that very reason, to have considered it with a view to the *Iliad*. How little any such resemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that, although the character of Ulysses was there already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him not in that full light of glory, but in the shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypso, though a Goddess, is a character of intrigue; the suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians

are of the same cast; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we shall form an idea of the style. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the *Odyſſey* is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description, even of a low action. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil; and, perhaps, those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representation of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of a vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style, without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the *Georgics*: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore they may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follow: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous, by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it

would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expression, for low actions or thoughts, is the true sublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock Epic. It is so far from being the sublime of Tragedy, that it is the cause of all bombast: when poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian: that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it and which is not speaking, but vociferating.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in Epic poetry than in tragic, to distinguish between that language of the Gods proper to the Muse who sings, and is inspir'd; and that of men, who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Further, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of Deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but less grave and majestic; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of Tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments; which indeed fits only that language of the Gods we have been speaking of, or that of a Muse under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed, the true reason that so few poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The sublime style is more easily counterfeited than the natural; something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of

these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style), but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest; nay, sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear and harmonious. He shows not less invention, in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less judgment, in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the sublime are divided, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple narrative its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself I cannot pretend to determine: but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the *Iliad*, he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language, which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe, that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use; and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only, perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him, is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore, are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize those plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect, like the working of old abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality, requisite to a new work; I mean, without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but

then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient, the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not copies but caricatures of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of paradise, the loves of our first parents, entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions, and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which, is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed, that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epic poets) to imitate Homer's lowliness in the narrative, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the dramatic parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present translation, great pains have been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me, shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of poets, with some dignity; and I

hope, with as little disadvantage as the *Iliad*. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the *Odyssey*, I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here: but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity to say a few words about some reflections which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my preface to the *Iliad*, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem.

To write gravely an answer to them, would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet; and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this author, have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this however has happened; and Madam Dacier's criticisms on my preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reprov'd; I mean, the error of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have

loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the *Iliad* could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles blind censurers, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the translation of La Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me, however, to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to combat two or three similes; and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I write, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes, and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, or some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like an heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer against me, who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a

little qualification. I confessed that in my opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well; but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting or (if you will) stealing her sentiment. The truth is, she might have said her words, for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in Eustathius, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark; only that in the first part of it, Madam Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in English: "Homer (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;" which he translates, *Homere crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam Dacier justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the translator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words: "If Homer was not the first who introduced the Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in Aristotle, and she is pleased to send me back to this philosopher's treatise of Poetry, and to her preface on the *Odyssey*, for my better instruction. Now, though I am saucy enough to think that one may sometimes differ from Aristotle without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never said, is a blunder; (but, by the way, to correct an author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder.) My words were these: "As there is a greater variety of characters in the *Iliad* than in any other poem, so there is of speeches. Every thing in it has manners, as Aristotle expresses it; that is, every thing is acted or spoken: very little passes in narration." She justly says, that "Every thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners merely because it is acted or spoken." Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners

which is neither acted nor spoken? If not, then the whole *Iliad* being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners, since Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occasion of showing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, "Every thing has manners as Aristotle calls them." But such a fault methinks might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes Eustathius call Cratisthenes the Phliarian, Callisthenes the Physician†. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material passage in the speech of Helen to Hector, *Iliad* vi. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much Greek, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great author's honour, were mutual; our endeavours to advance it were equal; and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of Homer as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been suspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of "correcting Homer, and

† Dacier Remarques sur le 4me livre de l'*Odyss.* p. 476.

|| De la Corruption du Gout.

"consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution." It was not to Great-Britain this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that, as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We stedfastly and unanimously believe both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the

one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far, therefore, from the genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

VOL. XII.

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THE

ODES OF PINDAR

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY

GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

P R E F A C E

THE

ODES OF PINDAR,

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THE

ODES OF BINDAR

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P R E F A C E.

Of all the great writers of antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after death, than Pindar. Pausanias tells us, that the character of Poet was really and truly consecrated in his person, by the God of poets himself (*a*), who was pleased by an express oracle to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the first-fruit offerings brought by the religious to his shrine; and to allow him a place in his temple; where in an iron chair he was used to sit and sing his hymns, in honour of that God. This chair was remaining in the time of (*b*) Pausanias (several hundred years after) to whom it was shown as a relic not unworthy the sanctity and magnificence of that holy place. Pan (*c*) likewise, another Musical Divinity, is reported to have skipped and jumped for joy, while the Nymphs were dancing in honour of the birth of this Prince of Lyric Poetry; and to have been afterwards so much delighted with his compositions, as to have sung his Odes in the hearing even of the poet himself (*d*). Unhappily for us, and indeed for Pindar, those parts of his works, which procured him these extraordinary testimonies from the Gods (or from mortals rather, who by the invention of these fables meant only to express the high opinion they entertained of this great poet) are all lost: I mean his hymns to the several Deities of the Heathen World. And even of those writings, to which his less extravagant, but more serious and more lasting glory is owing, only the least, and, according to some people, the worst part is now remaining. These are his Odes inscribed to the Conquerors in the Four sacred Games of Greece. By these Odes therefore are we now left to judge of the merit of Pindar, as they are the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns (*e*) those men of learning of the truest taste and judgment, who have read and considered the writings of this Author in their original language, have all agreed to confirm the great character given of him by the Ancients. And to such who are still able to examine Pindar himself, I shall leave him to stand or fall by his own merit; only bespeaking their candour in my own behalf, if they should think it worth their while to peruse the following translations of some of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly to the English reader, to whom alone I desire to address a few considerations, in order to prepare him to

form a right judgment, and indeed to have any relish of the compositions of this great Lyric Poet, who, notwithstanding, must needs appear before him under great disadvantages.

To begin with removing some prejudices against this author, that have arisen from certain writings known by the name of Pindaric Odes; I must insist that very few, which I remember to have read under that title, not excepting even those written by the admired Mr. Cowley, whose wit and fire first brought them into reputation, have the least resemblance to the manner of the author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their name; or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness. This observation has been already made by Mr. Congreve in his preface (*f*) to two admirable Odes, written professedly in imitation of Pindar; and I may add, so much in his true manner and spirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the number of those who have brought this author into discredit by pretending to resemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the life, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the Translations he made of two of his Odes. I say not this to detract from Mr. Cowley, whose genius, perhaps, was not inferior to that of Pindar himself, or either of those other two great poets, Horace and Virgil, whose names have been bestowed upon him, but chiefly to apologise for my having ventured to translate the same Odes; and to prepare the reader for the wide difference he will find between many parts of *his* Translations and *mine*.

Mr. Cowley and his imitators (for all the Pindaric writers since his time have only mimicked him, while they fancied they were imitating Pindar) have fallen themselves, and by their examples have led the world, into two mistakes with regard to the character of Pindar: both which are pointed out by Mr. Congreve in the preface above mentioned, and in the following words:

“The character of these late Pindarics is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular Odes appeared.

“On the contrary (adds he) there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the per-

(*f*) Preserved in the present collection,

(*a*) Paus. in Bocot.

(*b*) Paus. in Phoc.

(*c*) Philostratus in Icon. (*d*) Plut. in Numa.

(*e*) See Abbe Fraguler's character of Pindar, printed in the 3d Vol. of Memoire de l'Academie Royale, &c. and Kennet's life of Pindar, in the Lives of the Greek Poets,

"petual coherence of his thoughts: for though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connection, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader."

Upon these two points, namely, the regularity of measure in Pindar's Odes, and the connection of his thoughts, I shall beg leave to make a few observations.

These Odes were all composed to be sung by a Chorus, either at the entertainments given by the Conquerors (to whom they were inscribed) or their friends, on account of their victories, or at the solemn sacrifices made to the Gods upon those occasions. They consist generally of three stanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious friend.

"Besides what is said of the Greek Ode in the Scholiast upon Pindar, I find (says he) the following passage in the Scholia on Hephæstion; it is the very last paragraph of those Scholia."

The passage cited by him is in Greek, instead of which I shall insert the Translation of it in English.

You must know that the Ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger stanzas, and one less; the first of the larger stanzas they called Strophé, singing it on their festivals at the altars of the Gods, and dancing at the same time. The second they called Antistrophé, in which they inverted the dance. The lesser stanza was named the Epode, which they sung standing still. The Strophé, as they say, denoted the motion of the higher Sphere, the Antistrophé that of the Planets, the Epode the fixed station and repose of the Earth.

"From this passage, it appears evident that these Odes were accompanied with dancing; and that they danced one way while the Strophé was singing, and then danced back again while the Antistrophé was sung: Which shows why those two Parts consisted of the same length and measure; then, when the Dancers were returned to the place whence they set out, before they renewed the dance, they stood still while the Epode was sung.

"If the same persons both danced and sung, when we consider how much breath is required for a full Song, perhaps one may incline to think, that the Strophé and Antistrophé partook something of the Recitative manner, and that the Epode was the more complete Air.

"There is a passage in the ancient grammarian, Marius Victorinus, which is much to the same purpose as this above, though he does not distinctly speak of dancing. The passage is this:

Pleraque Lyricorum carminum, quæ versu, colique & commatibus componuntur, ex Strophé, Antistrophé, & Epodo, ut Græci appellant, ordinata subsistunt. Quorum ratio talis est. Antiqui Deorum laudes carminibus comprehensas, circum aras eorum euntes canebant. Cujus primum ambitum, quem ingrediebantur ex parte dextrâ, Strophén vocabant; reversionem autem sinistrosam factam, completo priore orbe,

Antistrophén appellabant. Deinde in conspectu Deorum soliti consistere cantici, reliqua consequebantur, appellantes id Epodon.

"The writers I have quoted speak only of Odes, sung in the temples: but Demetrius Triclinius, upon the measures of Sophocles, says the same thing upon the Odes of the Tragic Chorus.

"What the Scholiast upon Hephæstion, cited above, adds about the Heavenly Motions, &c. is also said by Victorinus, and by Demetrius Triclinius, and likewise by the Scholiast on Pindar. Yet I consider this in no other light than I do the fantastical conceits with which the writers on Music abound. Ptolemy, out of his three Books of Harmonics, employs one almost entirely upon comparing the principles of Music with the motions of the Planets, the faculties of the mind, and other such ridiculous imaginations. And Aristides Quintilianus, supposed an older author, is full of the same fooleries. Marius Victorinus has another scheme also, viz. that the dancing forwards and backwards was invented by Theseus, in memory of the labyrinth out of which he escaped. But all this is taking much unnecessary pains to account why, when Dancers have gone as far as they can one way, they should return back again; or at least not dance in the same circle till they are giddy."

Such was the structure of the Greek Ode, in which the Strophé and the Antistrophé, i. e. the first and second stanzas, contained always the same number and the same kind of verses. The Epode was of a different length and measure; and if the Ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into Triplets of stanzas, the two first being constantly of the same length and measure, and all the Epodes in like manner corresponding exactly with each other: from all which the regularity of this kind of compositions is sufficiently evident. There are indeed some Odes, which consist of Strophés, and Antistrophés without any Epode; and others which are made up of Strophés only, of different lengths and measures. But the greatest number of Pindar's Odes are of the first kind.

I have in the translation retained the names of Strophé and Antistrophé, on purpose to imprint the more strongly on the mind of the English reader, the exact regularity observed by Pindar in the structure of his Odes; and have even followed his example in one, which in the original consists only of two Strophés.

Another charge against Pindar relates to the supposed wildness of his imagination, his extravagant digressions, and sudden transitions, which leads me to consider the second point, viz. *the connection of his thoughts*. Upon which I shall say but little in this place, having endeavoured to point out the connection, and account for many of the digressions, in my Arguments and Notes to the several Odes which I have translated. Here, therefore, I shall only observe in general, that whoever imagines the victories and praises of the Conquerors are the proper subjects of the Odes inscribed to them, will find himself mistaken.

These *victories* indeed gave occasion to these songs of triumph, and are therefore constantly taken notice of by the Poet, as are also any particular and remarkable circumstances relating to *them*, or to the lives and characters of the Conquerors themselves: but, as such circumstances could rarely furnish out matter sufficient for an Ode of any length, so would it have been an indecency unknown to the civil equality and freedom, as well as to the simplicity of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be sung in public, and even at the altars of the Gods, with the praises of one man only; who, besides, was often no otherwise considerable, but as the victory which gave occasion to the Ode had made him. For these reasons, the Poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourse to other circumstances, arising either from the family or country of the Conqueror, from the Games in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occasion, or in whose temples the Ode was intended to be sung. All these, and many other particulars, which the reading the Odes of Pindar may suggest to an attentive observer, gave hints to the Poet, and led him into those frequent digressions, and quick transitions, which it is no wonder should appear to us at this distance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable.

Upon the whole, I am persuaded that whoever will consider the Odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and customs of the age in which they were written, the occasions which gave birth to them, and the places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reason to censure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compositions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him, for raising so many beauties from such trivial hints, and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a flame from a single spark, and with so little fuel.

There is still another prejudice against Pindar, which may arise in the minds of those people who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient history, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of Odes, inscribed to a set of conquerors, whom possibly they may look upon only as so many prize-fighters and jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have prefixed to my translation of Pindar's Odes a Dissertation (g) on the Olympic Games: in which the reader will see what kind of persons these Conquerors were, and what was the nature of those famous Games; of which every one, who has but just looked into the history of Greece, must know enough to desire to be better acquainted with them. The collection is as full as I have been able to make it, assisted by the labours of a learned Frenchman, Pierre de Faur, who, in his Book intitled *Agonisticon*, hath gathered almost every thing that is mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin writers relating to the Grecian games, which he has

thrown together in no very clear order; as is observed by his countryman Monsr. Burette, who hath written several pieces on the subject of the Gymnastic Exercises, inserted in the Second Volume of "*Memoires de l'Academie Royale, &c.*" printed at Amsterdam, 1719. In this dissertation I have endeavoured to give a complete history of the Olympic Games: of which kind there is not, that I know of, any treatise now extant; those written upon this subject by some of the Ancients being all lost, and not being supplied by any learned Modern, at least not so fully as might have been done, and as so considerable an article of the Grecian Antiquities seemed to demand. As I flatter myself that even the learned reader will in this dissertation meet with many points which have hitherto escaped his notice, and much light reflected from thence upon the Odes of Pindar in particular, as well as upon many passages in other Greek writers, I shall rather desire him to excuse those errors and defects which he may happen to discover in it, than apologize for the length of it.

Having now removed the chief prejudices and objections which have been too long and too generally entertained against the writings of Pindar, I need say but little of his real character, as the principal parts of it may be collected from the very faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the excesses of great and acknowledged beauties, such as a poetical imagination, a warm and enthusiastic genius, a bold and figurative expression, and a concise and sententious style. These are the characteristical beauties of Pindar; and to these his greatest blemishes, generally speaking, are so near allied, that they have sometimes been mistaken for each other. I cannot however help observing, that he is so entirely free from any thing like the far-fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances, and puerile *conceits* of Mr. Cowley and the rest of his imitators, that I cannot recollect so much as even a single *antithesis* in all his Odes.

Longinus indeed confesses, that Pindar's flame is sometimes extinguished, and that he now and then sinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him, with all his faults, to a poet who keeps on in one constant tenor of mediocrity, and who, though he seldom falls very low, yet never rises to those astonishing heights, which sometimes make the head even of a great poet giddy, and occasion those slips which they at the same time excuse.

But, notwithstanding all that has or can be said in favour of Pindar, he must still appear, as I before observed, under great disadvantages, especially to the English reader. Much of this fire, which formerly warmed and dazzled all Greece, must necessarily be lost even in the best translation. Besides, to say nothing of many beauties peculiar to the Greek, which cannot be expressed in English, and perhaps not in any other language, there are in these Odes so many references to secret history, so many allusions to persons, things, and places, now altogether unknown, and which, were they known, would very little interest or affect the reader, and withal such a mixture of

(g) For this Dissertation, and the learned Author's copious notes in the following Odes, we must refer the curious reader to the work at large.

mythology and antiquity, that I almost despair of their being relished by any, but those who have, if not a great deal of *classical learning*, yet somewhat at least of an *antique* and *classical taste*.

Every reader, however, may still find in Pindar something to make amends for the loss of those beauties, which have been set at too great a distance, and in some places worn off and obliterated by time; namely, a great deal of good sense, many wise reflections, and many moral sentences, together with a due regard to religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himself some idea of Pindar as a man, though he should be obliged to take his character as a poet from others.

But that he may not for this rely altogether upon my opinion, I shall here produce the testimonies of two great poets, whose excellent writings are sufficient evidences both of their taste and judgment. The first was long and universally admired, and is still as much regretted, by the present age: the latter, who wrote about seventeen hundred years ago, was the delight and ornament of the politest and most learned age of Rome. And though even to him, Pindar, who lived some centuries before him, must have appeared under some of the disadvantages above mentioned, yet he had the opportunity of seeing all his works which were extant in his time, and of which he hath given a sort of catalogue, together with their several characters: an advantage which the former wanted, who must therefore be understood to speak only of those Odes which are now remaining. And indeed he alludes to those only, in the following passage of his "Temple of Fame." *Pope's Works*, small Edit. Vol. III. p. 17. ver. 210.

"Four Swans (*b*) sustain a car of silver bright,
"With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
"Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
"And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
"Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
"And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
"The figur'd Games of Greece the column
"grace,
"Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race:
"The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
"The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
"The champions in distorted postures threat;
"And all appear'd irregularly great."

The other passage is from Horace, lib. IV. Ode ii. viz.

"Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c."

which, for the benefit of the English reader, I have thus translated:

He, who aspires to reach the towering height
Of matchless Pindar's heaven-ascending strain,
Shall sink, unequal to the arduous flight,
Like him, who falling nam'd th' Icarian main;

(*b*) *Four swans sustain, &c.* Pindar, being seated in a Chariot, alludes to the Horse-races he celebrated in the Grecian Games. The Swans are emblems of poetry; their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games. This note is of the same Author.

Presumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden skies!
And hope above the clouds on *waxen* plumes to rise!

Pindar, like some fierce torrent swollen with showers,
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.

The Delphic laurel ever sure to gain;
Whether with lawless Dithyrambic rage
Wild and tumultuous flows the sounding strain;
Or in more order'd verse sublimely sage
To Gods and Sons of Gods his lyre he strings,
And of fierce Centaurs slain, and dire Chimæra sings.

Or whether Pisa's Victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid steed;
Who from the banks of Alpheus, sacred stream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed;
And from their Bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than sculptur'd brass, or imitating stone.

Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear,
He mingles soft his Elegiac song;
With Dorian strains to deck th' untimely bier
Of some disastrous bridegroom fair and young;
Whose virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with star-like radiance blaze.

When to the clouds, along th' æthereal plain,
His airy way the Theban Swan pursues,
Strong rapid gales his sounding plumes sustain:
While, wondering at his flight, my timorous Muse

In short excursions tires her feeble wings,
And in sequester'd shades and flowery gardens sings.

There, like the bee, that, from each odorous bloom,
Each fragrant offspring of the dewy field,
With painful art, extracts the rich perfume,
Solicitous her honied dome to build,
Exerting all her industry and care,
She toils with humble sweets her meaner verse to rear.

The remainder of this Ode has no relation to the present subject, and is therefore omitted.

The following Collection of Poems (to borrow the metaphor made use of by Horace) consists wholly of sweets, drawn from the rich and flowery fields of Greece. And if in these Translations any of the native spirit and fragrancy of the Originals shall appear to be transfused, I shall content myself with the humble merit of the little laborious insect above mentioned. But I must not here omit acquainting the reader, that among these, immediately after the Odes of Pindar, is inserted a translation of an Ode (*i*) of Horace, done by a gentleman, the peculiar excellence of

(*i*) This Ode, in full conformity to Mr. West's intention, is still (though restored to its proper writer) preserved in the present volume.

whose genius hath often revealed what his modesty would have kept a secret. And to this I might have trusted to inform the world, that the Translation I am now speaking of, though inserted amongst mine, was not done by me, were I not desirous of testifying the pride and pleasure I take in seeing, in this and some other instances, his admirable pieces blended and joined with mine; an evidence and emblem at the same time of that friendship, which hath long subsisted between us, and which I shall always esteem a singular felicity and honour to myself.

The Authors, from whom the other pieces are translated, are so well known, that I need say nothing of them in this place; neither shall I detain the reader with any farther account of the translations themselves, than only to acquaint him, that I translated the Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout, when I was myself under an attack of that incurable distemper, which I mention by way of excuse; and that all the other pieces, excepting only the Hymn of Cleanthes, were written many years ago, at a time when I read and wrote, like most other people, for amusement only. If the reader finds they give any to him, I shall be very glad of it; for it is doing some service to human society, *to amuse innocently*; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exercise of its duties, or in high and important meditations.

O D E.

Occasioned by reading Mr. West's Translation of Pindar, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
The Man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre;
The sounds that echoed on Alphæus' streams,
Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
Lo! swift across the dusty plain
Great Theron's foaming couriers strain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art,
Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart;
Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
When freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
We long to fit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,

* Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3.

Away, enervate Bards, away,
Who spin the courtly, filken lay,
† As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
Or mourn some soft Adonis dead:
No more your polish'd Lyrics boast,
In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and
As well might ye compare [lost:
The glimmerings of a waxen flame
(Emblem of Verse correctly tame)
‡ To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,
When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart through
the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channel'd steeps
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
Monarch of mighty Floods! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills collected snows:
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bower,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian power;

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O Parent of the Lyre,
Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire!
O ancient Greece, but chief the Bard whose
lays
The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze;
And next Euripides, soft pity's priest,
Who melts in useful Woes the bleeding
breast;
And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
Whose soul amaze and horror wring;
Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
The richest banquet of the enraptur'd mind:

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child ||,
On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widow's midnight shrieks, nor burning towns,
The peaceful Poet please:
Nor ceaseless toils for sordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's
schemes,
Nor all deceiv'd ambition's feverish dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of
ease.

* See 2 Olymp. Od.

† Alluding to the French and Italian Lyric Poets.

‡ See 1 Pyth. Od.

|| Hor. lib. IV. Od. iii.

ODES OF PINDAR.

"Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ."

VIRG. Georg. I. iii.

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Syracuse, who, in the Seventy-third Olympiad, obtained the Victory in the Race of Single Horses.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of this Ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympic Games, Pinder sets out with showing the superiority and pre-eminence of those Games over all others; among which, he says, they hold the same rank, as water (which, according to the opinion of Thales and other Philosophers, was the original of all things) among the elements, and Gold among the gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my heart, if thou art inclined to sing of Games, it would be as absurd to think of any other but the Olympic Games, as to look for stars in the sky when the sun is shining in his meridian glory; especially as all the Guests at Hiero's table (among which number it is not improbable, that Pinder was one at this time) are singing odes upon that subject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into a short panegyric upon his virtues, and then passes to what gave occasion to this Ode, viz. his Olympic victory; under which head he makes honourable mention of his horse Phrenicus (for that was his name), who gained the victory, and spread his master's glory as far as Pisa, or Olympia, the ancient residence of Pelops the son of Tantalus; into a long account of whom he digresses: and ridiculing, as absurd and impious, the story of his having been cut in pieces by his father Tantalus, boiled and served up at an entertainment given by him to the gods, relates another story, which he thought more to the honour both of Pelops and the Gods. This relation he concludes with the account of Pelops vanquishing Oenomaus, king of Pisa, in the chariot-race, and by the victory gaining his daughter Hippodamia, settling at Pisa, and being there honoured as a God. From this relation the Poet falls again naturally into an account of the Olympic Games, and, after a short reflection upon the felicity of those who gained the Olympic crown, returns to the praises of Hiero; with which, and some occasional reflections on the prosperity of Hiero, to whom he wishes a continuance of his good fortune and a long reign, he closes his Ode.

STROPHE I.

CHIEF of Nature's works divine,
Water claims the highest praise:
Richest offspring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays
From afar conspicuous gleam,
Through the night's involving cloud,
First in lustre and esteem,
Decks the treasures of the proud:
So among the lists of fame
Pisa's honour'd games excel;
Then to Pisa's glorious name
Tune, O Muse, thy sounding shell.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who along the desert air
Seeks the faded starry train,
When the sun's meridian car
Round illumines th' ætherial plain?
Who a nobler theme can choose
Than Olympia's sacred Games?
What more apt to fire the Muse,
When her various songs she frames?

Songs in strains of wisdom dress'd
Great Saturnius to record,
And by each rejoicing guest
Sung at Hiero's feastful board.

EPODE I.

In pastoral Sicilia's fruitful soil
The righteous sceptre of imperial power
Great Hiero wielding, with illustrious toil
Plucks every blooming virtue's fairest flower,
His royal splendor to adorn:
Nor doth his skilful hand refuse
Acquaintance with the tuneful Muse,
When round the mirthful board the harp is

STROPHE II.

[borne.

Down then from the glittering nail
Take, O Muse, thy Dorian lyre;
If the love of Pisa's vale
Pleasing transports can inspire;
Or the rapid-footed steed
Could with joy thy bosom move,
When, unwhipp'd with native speed
O'er the dusty course he drove;

And where deck'd with olives flows,
Alpheus, thy immortal flood,
On his lord's triumphant brows
The Olympic wreath bestow'd :

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hiero's royal brows, whose care
Tends the courser's noble breed ;
Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,
Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.
Now on that heroic land
His far-beaming glories beat,
Where with all his Lydian band
Pelop's fix'd his honour'd seat :
Pelops, by the god belov'd,
Whose strong arms the globe embrace ;
When by Jove's high orders mov'd
Clotho blest'd the healing vase.

EPODE II.

Forth from the cauldron to new life restor'd,
Pleas'd with the lustre of his ivory arm
Young Pelops rose ; so ancient tales record,
And oft these tales unheeding mortals charm ;
While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,
And dress'd in every winning grace,
To Truth's unornamented face
Preferr'd, seduces oft the human heart.

STROPHE III.

Add to these sweet Poesy,
Smooth inchantress of mankind,
Clad in whose false majesty
Fables easy credit find.
But ere long the rolling year
The deceitful tale explodes ;
Then, O man, with holy fear
Touch the characters of Gods.
Of their heavenly natures say
Nought unseemly, nought profane,
So shalt thou due honour pay,
So be free from guilty stain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Differing then from ancient fame
I thy story will record :
How the Gods invited came
To thy father's genial board ;
In his turn the holy feast
When on Sipylus he spread ;
To the tables of the blest
In his turn with honour led.
Neptune then thy lovely face,
Son of Tantalus, survey'd,
And with amorous embrace
Far away the prize convey'd.

EPODE III.

To the high palace of all-honour'd Jove
With Pelops swift the golden chariot rolls.
There, like more ancient Ganymede, above
For Neptune he prepares the nectar'd bowls.
But for her vanquish'd son in vain
When long his tender mother sought,
And tidings of his fate were brought
By none of all her much-inquiring train ;

STROPHE IV.

O'er the envious realm with speed
A malicious rumour flew,
That, his heavenly guests to feed,
Thee thy impious father slew :
In a cauldron's seething flood
That thy mangled limbs were cast,

Thence by each voracious God
On the board in messes plac'd.
But shall I the blest abuse ?
With such tales to stain her song
Far, far be it from my Muse !
Vengeance waits th' unhallow'd tongue.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Sure, if e'er no man beset
Honour from the powers divine,
Who on high Olympus dwell,
Tantalus, the lot was thine.
But, alas ! his mortal sense
All too feeble to digest
The delights of bliss immense,
Sicken'd at the heavenly feast,
Whence, his folly to chastise,
O'er his head with pride elate,
Jove, great father of the skies.
Hung a rock's enormous weight.

EPODE IV.

Now vainly labouring with incessant pains
Th' impending rock's expected fall to shun,
The fourth distressful instance he remains
Of wretched man by impious pride undone ;
Who to his mortal guests convey'd
Th' incorruptible food of Gods,
On which in their divine abodes
Himself erst feasting was immortal made.

STROPHE V.

Vain is he, who hopes to cheat
The all-seeing eyes of Heaven :
From Olympus' blissful seat,
For his father's theft, was driven
Pelops, to reside once more
With frail man's swift-passing race,
Where (for now youth's blowing flower
Deck'd with opening pride his face ;
And with manly beauty sprung
On each cheek the downy shade)
Ever burning for the young,
Hymen's fires his heart invade.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then th' Elean bride
From her royal sire to gain,
Near the billow-beaten side
Of the foam-besilver'd main,
Darkling and alone he stood,
Invoking oft the name
Of the Trident-bearing god
Strait the Trident-bearer came :
" If the sweet delights of love,
" Which from Beauty's Queen descend :
" Can thy yielding bosom move,
" Mighty God, my cause befriend.

EPODE V.

" With strong prevention let thy hand con-
trol
" The brazen lance of Pisa's furious king ;
" And to the honours of th' Elean goal
" Me with unrival'd speed in triumph bring.
" Transfix'd by his unerring spear,
" Already thirteen youths have dy'd,
" Yet he persists with cruel pride,
" Hippodamia's nuptials to defer
STROPHE VI.
" In the paths of dangerous fame
" Trembling cowards never tread ;

" Yet since all of mortal frame
 " Must be number'd with the dead,
 " Who in dark inglorious shade
 " Would his useless life consume,
 " And, with deedless years decay'd,
 " Sink unhonour'd to the tomb?
 " I that shameful lot disdain;
 " I this doubtful list will prove:
 " May my vows from thee obtain
 " Conquest, and the prize of love!"

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray'd, and mov'd the God;
 Who, his bold attempt to grace,
 On the favour'd youth bestow'd
 Steeds unwearied in the race:
 Steeds with winged speed endued,
 Harness'd to a golden car.
 So was Pisa's king subdued;
 Pelops so obtain'd the fair;
 From whose womb a noble brood,
 Six illustrious brothers came,
 All with virtuous minds endow'd,
 Leaders all of mighty fame.

EPODE VI.

Now in the solemn service of the dead,
 Rank'd with immortal Gods, great Pelops
 While to his altar on the watery bed [shares;
 Of Alpheus rais'd, from every clime repairs
 The wondering stranger, to behold
 The glories of th' Olympic plain;
 Where, the resplendent wreath to gain,
 Contend the swift, the active, and the bold.

STROPHE VII.

Happy he, whose glorious brow
 Pisa's honour'd chaplets crown!

Calm his stream of life shall flow,
 Shelter'd by his high renown,
 That alone his bliss supreme,
 Which, unknowing to decay,
 Still with ever-shining beam
 Gladdens each succeeding day.
 Then for happy Hiero weave
 Garlands of Æolian strains;
 Him these honours to receive
 The Olympic law ordains.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

No more worthy of her lay
 Can the muse a Mortal find;
 Greater in imperial sway,
 Richer in a virtuous mind;
 Heaven, O king, with tender care
 Waits thy wishes to fulfil.
 Then ere long will I prepare,
 Plac'd on Chronium's sunny hill,
 Thee in sweeter verse to praise,
 Following thy victorious steeds;
 If to prosper all thy ways
 Still thy Guardian God proceeds.

EPODE VII.

Fate hath in various stations rank'd mankind:
 In royal power the long gradations end.
 By that horizon prudently confin'd,
 Let not thy hopes to farther views extend.
 Long may'st thou wear the regal crown!
 And may thy Bard his wish receive,
 With thee, and such as thee to live,
 Around his native Greece for wisdom known!

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Ode is inscribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, who came off Conqueror in the Race of Chariots drawn by four Horses, in the Seventy-seventh Olympiad.

The Poet, in answer to the question, What God, what Hero, and what Mortal he should sing (with which words this Ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the first of gods and heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his subject; the one being the Protector, and the other the founder of the Olympic Games; falls directly into the praises of Theron: by this method artfully insinuating, that Theron held the same rank among all mortals, as the two former did among the gods and heroes. In enumerating the many excellencies of Theron, the Poet having made mention of the nobility of his family (a topic seldom or never omitted by Pindar) takes occasion to lay before him the various accidents and vicissitudes of human life, by instances drawn from the history of his own ancestors, the founders of Agrigentum; who, it seems, underwent many difficulties, before they could build, and settle themselves in that city; where afterwards, indeed, they made a very considerable figure, and were rewarded for their past sufferings with wealth and honour; according to which method of proceeding, the Poet (alluding to some misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beseeches Jupiter to deal with their posterity, by recompensing their former afflictions with a series of peace and happiness for the future; in the enjoyment of which they would soon lose the memory of whatever they had suffered in times past: the constant effect of prosperity being to make men forget their past adversity; which is the only reparation that can be made to them for the miseries they have undergone. The truth of this position he makes appear from the history of the same family; by the farther instances of Semele, Ino, and Thersander; and, lastly, of Theron himself, whose former cares and troubles, he insinuates, are repaid by his present happiness and victory in the Olympic Games: for his success in which, the Poet however intimates, that Theron was

no less indebted to his riches than to his virtue, since he was enabled by the one, as well as disposed by the other, to undergo the trouble and expence that was necessary to qualify him for a candidate for the Olympic crown in particular, and, in general, for the performance of any great and worthy action: for the words are general. From whence he takes occasion to tell him, that the man who possesses these treasures, viz. Riches and Virtue, that is, the means and the inclination of doing good and great actions, has the farther satisfaction of knowing, that he shall be rewarded for it hereafter; and go among the heroes into the Fortunate Islands (the Paradise of the Ancients), which he here describes; some of whose inhabitants are likewise mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the Poet, finding himself, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his subject, recalls his Muse, and returns to the praise of Theron; whose beneficence and generosity he tells us, were not to be equalled: with which, and with some reflections upon the enemies and maligners of Theron, he concludes.

STROPHE I.

YE choral hymns, harmonious lays,
Sweet rulers of the lyric string,
What god? what hero's godlike praise?
What mortal shall we sing?
With Jove, with Pisa's Guardian God,
Begin, O Muse, th' Olympic Ode.
Alcides, Jove's heroic son,
The second honours claims;
Who, offering up the spoils from Augeas won,
Establish'd to his fire th' Olympic Games;
Where bright in wreaths of Conquest Theron
Then of victorious Theron sing! [stone.
Of Theron hospitable, just, and great!
Fam'd Agrigentum's honour'd king,
The prop and bulwark of her towering state;
A righteous prince! whose flowering virtues
The venerable stem of his illustrious race: [grace

ANTISTROPHE I.

A race, long exercis'd in woes,
Ere smiling o'er her kindred flood,
The mansion of their wish'd repose,
Their sacred city stood;
And through amaz'd Sicilia shone
The lustre of their fair renown.
Thence, as the milder Fates decreed,
In destin'd order born,
Auspicious hours with smother pace succeed;
While Power and Wealth the noble line adorn,
And Public Favour, Virtue's richest meed.
O Son of Rhea, God supreme!
Whose kingly hands th' Olympian sceptre wield!
Rever'd on Alpheus' sacred stream!
And honour'd most in Pisa's list'd field!
Propitious listen to my soothing strain!
And to the worthy sons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

Peace on their future life, and wealth bestow;
And bid their present moments calmly flow.
The deed once done no power can abrogate,
Not the great Sire of all Things, Time, nor
But sweet oblivion of disastrous care, [Fate.
And good succeeding, may the wrong repair.
Lost in the brightness of returning day,
The gloomy terrors of the night decay;
When Jove commands the Sun of Joy to rise,
And opens into smiles the cloud-envelop'd skies.

STROPHE II.

Thy hapless daughters' various fate
This moral truth, O Cadmus, shows;
Who vested now with godlike state
On heavenly thrones repose;

And yet affliction's thorny road
In bitter anguish once they trod.
But bliss superior hath eras'd
The memory of their woe;
While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,
To heavenly zephyrs bids her tresses flow,
Once by devouring lightnings all defac'd.
There, with immortal charms improv'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven's serene abodes
She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd,
Lov'd by Saturnius, father of the gods;
Lov'd by her youthful son, whose brows divine,
In twisting ivy bound, with joy eternal shine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To Ino, Goddess of the Main,
The Fates an equal lot decree,
Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
Bright daughters of the sea.
Deep in the pearly realms below,
Immortal happiness to know.
But here our day's appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether distress our period shall attend,
And in tumultuous storms our sun go down,
Or to the shades in peaceful calms descend.
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious still to fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguish, care, and strife,
O'erwhelming waves the shatter'd bark assail:
Now glide serene and smooth the limpid streams:
And on the surface play Apollo's golden beams.

EPODE II.

Thus, Fate, O Theron, that with bliss divine
And glory once enrich'd thy ancient line,
Again reversing every gracious deed,
Woe to thy wretched fires and shame decreed;
What time, encountering on the Phocian plain,
By luckless Oedipus was Laius slain.
To parricide by fortune blindly led,
His father's precious life the hero shed;
Doom'd to fulfil the oracles of heaven, [given.
To Thebes' ill-destin'd king by Pythian Phoebus

STROPHE III.

But with a fierce avenging eye
Erinnys the foul murder view'd,
And bade his warring offspring die,
By mutual rage subdued.
Pierc'd by his brother's hateful steel
Thus haughty Polynices fell.
Thersander, born to calmer days,
Surviv'd his falling fire,
In youthful games to win immortal praise:
Renown in martial combats to acquire,

And high in power, th' Adrastian house to raise.
Forth from this venerable root
Ænefidamus and his Theron spring;
For whom I touch my Dorian flute,
For whom triumphant strike my sounding
string.

Due to his glory is th' Aonian strain, [plain.
Whose virtue gain'd the prize in fam'd Olympia's

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in fam'd Olympia's sand
The victor's chaplet Theron wore;
But with him on the Isthmian strand,
On sweet Castalia's shore,
The verdant crowns, the proud reward
Of victory his brother shar'd,
Copartner in immortal praise,
As warm'd with equal zeal.
The light foot courser's generous breed to raise,
And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel.
The painful strife Olympia's wreath repays:
But wealth with nobler virtue join'd
The means and fair occasions must procure;
In glory's chase must aid the mind,
Expence, and toil, and danger to endure;
With mingling rays they feed each other's flame,
And shine the brightest lamp in all the sphere of
fame.

EPODE III.

The happy mortal, who these treasures shares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous cares;
Knows, that beyond the verge of life and light,
In the sad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churlish mind
Avenging gods and penal woes shall find;
Where strict inquiring justice shall bewray
The crimes committed in the realms of day.
Th' impartial Judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be revers'd by penitence or prayers.

STROPHE IV.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ.
Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of justice they receive;
And in the fellowship of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.
While, banish'd by the Fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious soul infest.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But they who, in true virtue strong,
The third purgation can endure;
And keep their minds from fraudulent wrong
And guilt's contagion pure;
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove;
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain:

Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow
Array'd in golden bloom refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams.
These, by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolled hands and clustering locks adorn.

EPODE IV.

Such is the righteous will, the high behest,
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the blest:
The just assessor of the throne divine,
On which, high rais'd above all gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.
There, in the number of the blest enroll'd,
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes fam'd of old;
And young Achilles, to those isles remov'd,
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approv'd;

STROPHE V.

Achilles, whose restless might
Troy's stable pillar overthrew,
The valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardly Cygnus slew,
And Memnon, offspring of the morn,
In torrid Æthiopia born---
Yet in my well-stor'd breast remain
Materials to supply
With copious argument my moral strain,
Whose mystic sense the wise alone descry,
Still to the vulgar sounding harsh and vain.
He only, in whose ample breast
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praise of wisdom may contest;
Not they who, with loquacious learning stor'd,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous
cries

Pursue the bird of Jove, that sails along the skies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Come on! thy brightest shafts prepare,
And bend, O Muse, thy sounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows shall we throw:
On Agrigentum fix thine eye,
Thither let all thy quiver fly.
And thou, O Agrigentum, hear,
While, with religious dread,
And taught the laws of justice to revere,
To heavenly vengeance I devote my head,
If aught to truth repugnant now I swear,
Swear, that no state, revolving o'er
The long memorials of recorded days,
Can show in all her boasted store
A name to parallel thy Theron's praise;
One to the acts of friendship so inclin'd, [kind.
So fam'd for bounteous deeds, and love of human

EPODE V.

Yet hath obstreperous envy sought to drown
The goodly music of his sweet renown;
While, by some frantic spirits borne along
To mad attempts of violence and wrong,
She turn'd against him faction's raging flood,
And strove with evil deeds to conquer good.
But who can number every sandy grain
Wash'd by Sicilia's hoarse-resounding main?
Or who can Theron's generous works express,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues
blest!

THE THIRD OLYMPIC ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Ode is likewise inscribed to Theron king of Agrigentum, upon the occasion of another Victory obtained by him in the Chariot-Race at Olympia; the date of which is unknown.

The Scholiast acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia (a festival instituted by Castor and Pollux in honour of all the gods) he received the news of a victory obtained by his chariot in the Olympic Games: from this circumstance the poet takes occasion to address this Ode to those two deities and their sister Helena, in whose temple, the same Scholiast informs us, some people with greatest probability conjectured, it was sung, at a solemn sacrifice there offered by Theron to those deities, and to Hercules, also, as may be inferred from a passage in the third Strophe of the Translation. But there is another, and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's invoking these divinities, that is suggested in the Ode itself: for, after mentioning the occasion of his composing it, namely, the Olympic Victory of Theron, and saying that a triumphal song was a tribute due to that person upon whom the Hellanodic, or Judge of the Games, bestowed the sacred Olive, according to the institution of their first founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary story, of that Hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in those games should, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this sacred tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Castor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympic Games, and execute the office of bestowing the Olive-crown upon those who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious guest, to this sacrifice of Theron, in company with the two sons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them success and glory; to the utmost limits of which he insinuates that Theron is arrived, and so concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wise or unwise, to attempt to surpass him.

TO THERON KING OF AGRIGENTUM.

STROPHE I.

WHILE to the fame of Agragas I sing,
For Theron wake the Olympic string,
And with Aonian garlands grace
His steeds unwearied in the race,
O may the hospitable twins of Jove,
And bright-hair'd Helena, the song approve!
For this the Muse bestow'd her aid,
As in new measures I essay'd
To harmonise the tuneful words,
And set to Dorian airs my sounding chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! the conquering steeds, whose tossing
Olympia's verdant wreath bespreads, [heads
The Muse-imparted tribute claim,
Due, Theron, to thy glorious name;
And bid me temper in their master's praise
The flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
Lo! Pifa too the song requires!
Elean Pifa, that inspires
The glowing Bard with eager care
His heaven-directed present to prepare:

EPODE I.

The present offer'd to his virtuous fame,
On whose ennobled brows
The righteous umpire of the sacred game,
Th' Ætolian judge, bestows
The darksome olive, studious to fulfil
The mighty founder's will,
Who this fair ensign of Olympic toil
From distant Scythia's fruitful soil,

And Hyperborean Ister's woody shore,
With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis
bore.

STROPHE II.

The blameless servants of the Delphic God
With joy the valued gifts bestow'd;
Mov'd by the friendly chief to grant,
On terms of peace, the sacred plant,
Destin'd at once to shade Jove's honour'd shrine,
And crown heroic worth with wreaths divine,
For now full-orb'd the wandering moon
In plenitude of brightness shone,
And on the spacious eye of night
Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Now on Jove's altars blaz'd the hallow'd
flames,
And now were fix'd the mighty games,
Again, when e'er the circling sun
Four times his annual course had run,
Their period to renew, and shine again
On Alpheus' craggy shores and Pifa's plain:
But subject all the region lay
To the fierce sun's insulting ray,
While upon Pelops' burning vale
No shade arose his fury to repel.

EPODE II.

Then traversing the hills, whose jutting base
Indents Arcadia's meads,
To where the virgin goddess of the chase
Impells her foaming steeds,

To Scythian Ister he directs his way,
 Doom'd by his father to obey
 The rigid pleasures of Mycenæ's king,
 And thence the rapid hind to bring,
 Whom, sacred present for the Orthian maid,
 With horns of branching gold, Taygeta array'd.

STROPHE III.

There as the longsome chase the chief pursued,
 The spacious Scythian plains he view'd;
 A land beyond the chilling blast
 And northern caves of Boreas cast:
 There too the groves of olive he survey'd,
 And gaz'd with rapture on the pleasing shade,
 Thence by the wondering hero borne
 The goals of Elis to adorn.

And now to Theron's sacred feast
 With Leda's twins he comes, propitious guest!

ANTISTROPHE III.

To Leda's twins (when heaven's divine abodes
 He fought, and mingled with the Gods)

He gave th' illustrious Games to hold,
 And crown the swift, the strong, and bold.
 Then, Muse, to Theron and his house proclaim
 The joyous tidings of success and fame,
 By Leda's twins bestow'd to grace,
 Emmenides, thy pious race,
 Who, mindful of heaven's high behests,
 With strictest zeal observe their holy feasts.

EPODE III.

As water's vital streams all things surpass,
 As gold's all-worship'd ore
 Holds amid fortune's stores the highest class;
 So to that distant shore,
 To where the pillars of Alcides rise,
 Fame's utmost boundaries,
 Theron, pursuing his successful way,
 Hath deck'd with glory's brightest ray
 His lineal virtues.—Farther to attain,
 Wife, and unwise, with me despair: th' attempt
 were vain.

THE FIFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Psaumis of Camarina (a town in Sicily, who, in the eighty-second Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horses; a second in the race of the Apene, or chariot drawn by mules, and a third in the race of single horses.

Some people (it seems) have doubted, whether this Ode be Pindar's, for certain reasons, which, together with the arguments on the other side, the learned reader may find in the Oxford edition and others of this author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But, besides the reasons there given for doubting if this Ode be Pindar's, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to bias people in their judgment upon this question. I shall therefore beg leave to consider it a little, because what I shall say upon that head, will tend to illustrate both the meaning and the method of Pindar in this Ode. In the Greek editions of this Author there are two Odes (of which this is the second) inscribed to the same Psaumis, and dated both in the same Olympiad. But they differ from each other in several particulars, as well in the matter as the manner. In the second Ode, notice is taken of three victories obtained by Psaumis; in the first, of only one, viz. that obtained by him in the race of chariots drawn by four horses: in the second, not only the city of Camarina, but the lake of the same name, many rivers adjoining to it, and some circumstances relating to the present state, and the rebuilding of that city (which had been destroyed by the Syracusians some years before) are mentioned; whereas in the first, Camarina is barely named, as the country of the conqueror, and as it were out of form: from all which I conclude, that these two Odes were composed to be sung at different times, and in different places; the first at Olympia, immediately upon Psaumis's being proclaimed conqueror in the chariot-race, and before he obtained his other two victories. This may with great probability be inferred, as well from no mention being there made of those two victories, as from the prayer which the poet subjoins immediately to his account of the first, viz. that heaven would in like manner be favourable to the rest of the victor's wishes; which prayer, though it be in general words, and one frequently used by Pindar in other of his Odes, yet has a peculiar beauty and propriety, if taken to relate to the other two exercises, in which Psaumis was still to contend; and in which he afterwards came off victorious. That it was the custom for a conqueror, at the time of his being proclaimed, to be attended by a chorus, who sung a song of triumph in honour of his victory, I have observed in the Dissertation prefixed to these Odes*. In the second, there are so many marks of its having been made to be sung at the triumphal entry of Psaumis into his own country, and those so evident, that, after this hint given, the reader cannot help observing them as he goes through the Ode. I shall therefore say nothing more of them in this place; but that they tend, by showing for what occasion this Ode was calculated, to confirm what I said relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reason to conclude from there being two Odes inscribed to the same person, and dated in the same Olympiad, that the latter is not Pindar's, especially as it appears, both in the style and spirit, altogether worthy of him.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins with addressing himself to Camarina, a sea nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to bespeak a favourable reception of his Ode, a present which he tells her was

* See Mr. West's preface, p. 126.

made to her by Psaumis, who rendered her city illustrious at the Olympic Games; where having obtained three victories, he consecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to style him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inserts in his triumphal song the names of the principal places and rivers belonging to Camarina; from whence the Poet takes occasion to speak of the rebuilding of that city, which was done about this time, and of the state of glory, to which, out of her low and miserable condition, she was now brought by the means of Psaumis, and by the lustre cast on her by his victories; victories (says he) not to be obtained without much labour and expence, the usual attendants of great and glorious actions; but the man who succeeded in such like undertakings, was sure to be rewarded with the love and approbation of his country. The poet then addresses himself to Jupiter in a prayer, beseeching him to adorn the city and state of Camarina with virtue and glory; and to grant to the victor Psaumis a joyful and contented old age, and the happiness of dying before his children: after which he concludes with an exhortation to Psaumis, to be contented with his condition; which he insinuates was as happy as that of a mortal could be, and it was to no purpose for him to wish to be a god.

STROPHE.

FAIR Camarina, daughter of the main,
With gracious smiles this choral song receive,
Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whose noble strain
Shall to th' Olympic wreath new lustre
give:
This Psaumis, whom on Alpheus' shore
With unabating speed
The harness'd mules to conquest bore,
This gift to thee decreed;
Thee, Camarina, whose well-peopled towers
Thy Psaumis render'd great in fame,
When to the twelve Olympian powers
He fed with victims the triumphal flame.
When, the double altars round,
Slaughter'd bulls bestrew'd the ground;
When, on five selected days,
Jove survey'd the list of praise;
While along the dusty course
Psaumis urg'd his straining horse,
Or beneath the social yoke
Made the well-match'd coursfers smoke;
Or around th' Elean goal
Taught his mule-drawn car to roll.
Then did the victor dedicate his fame
To thee, and bade the herald's voice proclaim
Thy new-establi'd walls, and Acron's honour'd
name.

ANTISTROPHE.

But now return'd from where the pleasant seat
Once of Oenomaus and Pelops stood.
The, civic Pallas, and thy chaste retreat,
He bids me sing, and fair Oanus' flood,
And Camarina's sleeping wave,
And those sequester'd shores,
Through which the thirsty town to lave
Smooth flow the watery stores
Of fishy Hipparis, profoundest stream,
Adown whose wood-envelop'd tide

The solid pile and lofty beam,
Materials for the future palace, glide.
Thus, by war's rude tempests torn,
Plung'd in misery and scorn,
Once again, with power array'd,
Camarina lifts her head,
Gayley brightening in the blaze,
Psaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praise.
Trouble, care, expence, attend
Him who labours to ascend
Where, approaching to the skies,
Virtue holds the sacred prize,
That tempts him to atchieve the dangerous deed;
But, if his well-concerted toils succeed,
His country's just applause shall be his glorious
meed.

EPODE.

O Jove! protector of mankind!
O cloud-enthron'd king of gods!
Who, on the Chronian mount reclin'd,
With honour crown'dst the wide-stream'd floods
Of Alpheus, and the solemn gloom
Of Ida's cave! to thee I come
Thy suppliant, to soft Lydian reeds,
Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer,
That, grac'd with noble, valiant deeds,
This state may prove thy guardian care;
And thou on whose victorious brow
Olympia bound the sacred bough,
Thou whom Neptunian steeds delight,
With age, content, and quiet crown'd,
Calm may'st thou sink to endless night,
Thy children, Psaumis, weeping round.
And since the gods have given thee fame and
wealth,
Join'd with that prime of earthly treasures, health,
Enjoy the blessings they to man assign,
Nor fondly sigh for happiness divine.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Diagoras, the son of Damagetus of Rhodes, who, in the Seventy-ninth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the Cæstus.

This Ode was in such esteem among the ancients, that it was deposited in a temple of Minerva, written in letters of gold.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins this noble song of triumph with a simile, by which he endeavours to show his great esteem for those who obtain the victory in the Olympic and other games; as also the value of the present that he makes them upon that occasion; a present always acceptable, because fame and praise is that which delights all mortals; wherefore the Muse, says he, is perpetually looking about for proper objects to bestow it upon; and seeing the great actions of Diagoras, takes up a resolution of celebrating him, the Isle of Rhodes his country, and his father Damagetus (according to the form observed by the herald in proclaiming the conquerors); Damagetus, and consequently Diagoras, being descended from Tlepolemus, who led over a colony of Grecians from Argos to Rhodes, where he settled, and obtained the dominion of that island. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pindar declares he will deduce his song; which he addresses to all the Rhodians in common with Diagoras, who were descended from Tlepolemus, or from those Grecians that came over with him; that is, almost all the people of Rhodes, who indeed are as much (if not more) interested in the greatest part of this Ode, as Diagoras the conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the occasion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which he tells was in obedience to an oracle, that commanded him to seek out that island; which, instead of telling us its name, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, characterizes by relating of it some legendary stories (if I may so speak) that were peculiar to the isle of Rhodes; such as the Golden Shower, and the occasion of Apollo's choosing that island for himself; both which stories he relates at large with such a flame of poetry as shows his imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his subjects. Neither does he seem to cool in the short account that he gives, in the next place, of the passion of Apollo for the nymph Rhodos, from whom the island received its name, and from whom were descended its original inhabitants (whom just before the poet therefore called the sons of Apollo): and particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Jalyfus; who divided that country into three kingdoms, and built the three principal cities which retained their names. In this island Tlepolemus (says the Poet, returning to the story of that hero) found rest, and a period to all his misfortunes, and at length grew into such esteem with the Rhodians, that they worshipped him as a God, appointing sacrifices to him, and instituting games in his honour. The mention of those games, naturally brings back the Poet to Diagoras; and gives him occasion, from the two victories obtained by Diagoras in those games, to enumerate all the prizes won by that famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: after which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a solemn prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country, and the admiration of all the world, as a reward for the many virtues for which he and his family had always been distinguished, and for which their country had so often triumphed: and then, as if he had been a witness of the extravagant transports of the Rhodians (to which, not the festival only occasioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman, and the glory reflected upon them by his victories, but much more the flattering and extraordinary eulogiums bestowed upon the whole nation in this Ode, might have given birth), the Poet on a sudden changes his hand, and checks their pride by a moral reflection on the vicissitude of fortune, with which he exhorts them to moderation, and so concludes.

HEROIC STANZAS.

As when a father in the golden vase,
The pride and glory of his wealthy stores,
Bent his lov'd daughter's nuptial torch to grace,
The vineyard's purple dew profusely pours;
Then to his lips the foaming chalice rears,
With blessings hallow'd, and auspicious vows,
And mingling with the draught transporting tears,
On the young bridegroom the rich gift bestows;
The precious earnest of esteem sincere,
Of friendly union and connubial love:
The bridal train the sacred pledge revere,
And round the youth in sprightly measures move.
He to his home the valued present bears,
The grace and ornament of future feasts;
Where, as his father's bounty he declares,
Wonder shall seize the gratulating guest.
Thus on the valiant, on the swift, and strong,
Castalia's genuine nectar I bestow;
And, pouring forth the Muse-descended song,
Bid to their praises the rich numbers flow.
Grateful to them resounds th' harmonic Ode,
The gift of friendship and the pledge of fame,

Happy the mortal, whom th' Aonian God
Cheers with the music of a glorious name!
The Muse her piercing glances throws around,
And quick discovers every worthy deed:
And now she wakes the lyre's enchanting sound,
Now fills with various strains the vocal reed:
But here each instrument of song divine,
The vocal reed and lyre's enchanting string,
She tunes; and bids their harmony combine
Thee, and thy Rhodos, Diagoras, to sing;
Thee and thy country, native of the flood,
Which from bright Rhodes draws her honour'd
name, [God,
Fair nymph, whose charms subdued the Delphic
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame:
To sing thy triumphs in th' Olympic sand,
Where Alpheus saw thy giant-temples crown'd;
Fam'd Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering
hand,
Where sweet Castalia's mystic currents sound.
Nor Damagetus will I pass unsung,
Thy sire, the friend of Justice and of Truth;
From noble ancestors whose lineage sprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Argive youth;

There near to Asia's wide-extended strand,
 Where jutting Embolus the waves divides,
 In three divisions they possess'd the land,
 Enthron'd amid the hoarse-resounding tides.
 To their descendants will I tune my lyre,
 The offspring of Alcides bold and strong;
 And from Tlepolemus, their common sire,
 Deduce the national historic song.
 Tlepolemus of great Alcides came,
 The fruits of fair Aftydameia's love,
 Jove-born Amyntor got the Argive dame:
 So either lineage is deriv'd from Jove.
 But wrapt in error is the human mind,
 And human bliss is ever insecure:
 Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
 Know we how long the present shall endure?
 For lo! the * founder of the Rhodian state,
 Who from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
 While his fell bosom swell'd with vengeful hate,
 The bastard-brother of Alcmenea flew.
 With his rude mace, in fair Tirynta's walls,
 Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid wound:
 Ev'n at his mother's door Licymnius falls, [ground.
 Yet warm from her embrace, and bites the
 Passion may oft the wisest heart surprise;
 Conscious and trembling for the murderous deed,
 To Delphi's Oracle the hero flies,
 Solicitous to learn what Heaven decreed.
 Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous fane,
 Bade set his flying sails from Lerna's shore,
 And, in the bosom of the Eastern Main,
 That sea-girt region hasten to explore;
 That blissful island where a wonderous cloud
 Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden
 What time, assisted by the Lemnian God, [shower;
 The King of Heaven brought forth the Virgin
 Power.
 By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
 Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous sprung,
 And shouted fierce and loud, the warrior Maid:
 Old Mother Earth and Heaven affrighted rung.
 Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
 Did to his children the strange tale reveal:
 He warn'd them strait the sacrifice to slay,
 And worship the young Power with earliest zeal,
 So would they sooth the mighty father's mind,
 Pleas'd with the honours to his daughter paid;
 And so propitious ever would they find
 Minerva, warlike formidable maid.
 On staid precaution, vigilant and wise,
 True virtue and true happiness depend;
 But oft Oblivion's darkening clouds arise,
 And from the destin'd scope our purpose bend.
 The Rhodians, mindful of their sire's behest,
 Strait in the citadel an altar rear'd;
 But with imperfect rites the power address'd,
 And without fire their sacrifice prepar'd.
 Yet Jove approving o'er th' assembly spread
 A yellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
 While in their opening hearts the blue-ey'd maid
 Deign'd her celestial science to infuse.

* Tlepolemus.

Thence in all arts the sons of Rhodes excel,
 Tho' best their forming hands the chissel guide;
 This in each street the breathing marbles tell,
 The stranger's wonder, and the city's pride.
 Great praise the works of Rhodian artists find,
 Yet to their heavenly mistress much they owe;
 Since art and learning cultivate the mind,
 And make the seeds of genius quicker grow.
 Some say, that when by lot th' immortal gods
 With Jove these earthly regions did divide,
 All undiscover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
 Whelm'd deep beneath the salt Carpathian tide;
 That, absent on his course, the God of Day
 By all the heavenly synod was forgot,
 Who, his incessant labours to repay,
 Nor land nor sea to Phœbus did allot;
 That Jove reminded would again renew
 Th' unjust partition, but the God deny'd;
 And said, beneath yon hoary surge I view
 An isle emerging through the briny tide:
 A region pregnant with the fertile seed
 Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful
 grain;
 Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks shall feed;
 Unnumber'd men possess each flowery plain.
 Then strait to Lachesis he gave command,
 Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair;
 He bade the fatal sister stretch her hand,
 And by the Stygian rivers bade her swear;
 Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,
 Which to his rule that fruitful island gave,
 When from the oozy bottom of the sea
 Her head she rear'd above the Lycian wave.
 The fatal sister swore, nor swore in vain;
 Nor did the tongue of Delphi's Prophet err;
 Up-sprung the blooming island through the main;
 And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.
 In this fam'd isle, the radiant fire of light,
 The god whose reins the fiery steeds obey,
 Fair Rhodos saw, and, kindling at the sight,
 Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous prey:
 From whose divine embraces sprung a race
 Of mortals, wisest of all human-kind;
 Seven sons, endow'd with every noble grace;
 The noble graces of a sapient mind.
 Of these Ialysus and Lindus came,
 Who with Camirus shar'd the Rhodian lands
 Apart they reign'd, and sacred to his name
 Apart each brother's royal city stands.
 Here a secure retreat from all his woes
 Aftydameia's hapless offspring found;
 Here, like a God in undisturb'd repose,
 And like a God with heavenly honours crown'd.
 His priests and blazing altars he surveys,
 And hecatombs, that feed the odorous flame;
 With games, memorial of his deathless praise;
 Where twice Diagoras, unmatched in fame,
 Twice on thy head the livid poplar shone,
 Mix'd with the darksome pine, that binds the
 brows
 Of Isthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
 And every palm that Attica bestows.

Uij

Diagoras th' Arcadian vase obtain'd;
 Argos to him adjudg'd her brazen shield;
 His mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
 And bore the prize from each Bœotian field.
 Six times in rough Ægina he prevail'd;
 As oft Pellene's robe of honour won;
 And still at Megara in vain assail'd,
 He with his name hath fill'd the victor's stone.
 O thou, who, high on Atabyrius thron'd,
 Seest from his summits all this happy isle,
 By thy protection be my labours crown'd;
 Vouchsafe, Saturnius, on my verse to smile!
 And grant to him whose virtue is my theme,
 Whose valiant heart th' Olympic wreaths pro-
 claim,

At home his country's favour and esteem,
 Abroad, eternal, universal fame.
 For well to thee Diagoras is known;
 Ne'er to injustice have his paths declin'd:
 Nor from his fires degenerates the son;
 Whose precepts and examples fire his mind.
 Then from obscurity preserve a race,
 Who to their country joy and glory give;
 Their country, that in them views every grace,
 Which from their great forefather's they receive.
 Yet as the gales of Fortune various blow,
 To-day tempestuous, and to-morrow fair,
 Due bounds, ye Rhodians, let your transports
 know;
 Perhaps to-morrow comes a storm of care.

THE ELEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Agefidamus of Locris, who, in the Seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the Cæstus, and in the class of boys.

The preceding Ode in the original is inscribed to the same person; and in that we learn, that Pindar had for a long time promised Agefidamus an Ode upon his victory, which he at length paid him, acknowledging himself to blame for having been so long in his debt. To make him some amends for having delayed payment so long, he sent him by way of interest, together with the preceding Ode, which is of some length, the short one that is here translated, and which in the Greek title is for that reason styled *τόκος*, or interest.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, by two comparisons, with which he begins his Ode, insinuates how acceptable to successful merit those songs of triumph are, which give stability and duration to their fame: then declaring that these songs are due to the Olympic Conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the victory of Agefidamus, and the praises of the Locrians, his countrymen, whom he commends for their having been always reputed a brave, wise, and hospitable nation; from whence he insinuates, that their virtues being hereditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the fox and lion's changing their natures.

STROPHE.

To wind-bound mariners most welcome blow
 The breezy zephyrs through the whistling
 shrouds:
 Most welcome to the thirsty mountains flow
 Soft showers, the pearly daughters of the
 clouds;
 And when on virtuous toils the gods bestow
 Success, most welcome sound mellifluous odes,
 Whose numbers ratify the voice of Fame.
 And to illustrious worth insure a lasting name.

ANTISTROPHE.

Such fame, superior to the hostile dart
 Of canker'd envy, Pifa's Chiefs attends.
 Fain would my Muse the immortal boon impart,
 Th' immortal boon which from high Heaven
 descends.
 And now inspir'd by Heaven thy valiant heart,
 Agefidamus, she to Fame commends;
 Now adds the ornament of tuneful praise,
 And decks thy olive-crown with sweetly-found-
 ing lays.

EPODE.

But while thy bold achievements I rehearse,
 Thy youthful victory in Pifa's sand,
 With thee partaking in the friendly verse
 Not unregarded shall thy Locris stand.
 Then haste, ye Muses, join the choral band
 Of festive youths upon the Locrian plain;
 To an unciviliz'd and savage land
 Think not I now invite your virgin train,
 Where barbarous ignorance and foul disdain
 Of social Virtue's hospitable lore
 Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman swain
 To drive the stranger from his churlish door.
 A nation shall ye find, renown'd of yore
 For martial valour, and for worthy deeds;
 Rich in a vast and unexhausted store
 Of innate wisdom, whose prolific seeds
 Spring in each age. So Nature's laws require;
 And the great laws of Nature ne'er expire.
 Unchang'd the lion's valiant race remains,
 And all his father's wiles the youthful fox re-
 tains.

THE TWELFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Ergoteles, the Son of Philanor of Himera, who, in the Seventy-seventh Olympiad, gained the prize in the Foot Race called Dolichos, or the Long Course.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete, but being driven from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, he retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the freedom of the city; after which he had the happiness to obtain, what the Greeks esteemed the highest pitch of glory, the Olympic Crown. Pausanias says he gained two Olympic Crowns; and the same number in each of the other three sacred Games, the Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean. From these remarkable vicissitudes of Fortune in the life of Ergoteles, Pindar takes occasion to address himself to that powerful directress of all human affairs, imploring her protection for Himera, the adopted country of Ergoteles. Then, after describing in general terms the universal influence of that deity upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of hope, ever fluctuating in ignorance and error, he assigns a reason for that vanity, viz. That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverse both of their hopes and fears. Thus, says he, it happened to Ergoteles, whose very misfortunes were to him the occasion of happiness and glory; since, had he not been banished from his country, he had probably passed his life in obscurity, and wasted in domestic broils and quarrels that strength and activity, which his more peaceful situation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympic Crown.

This Ode, one of the shortest, is, at the same time, in its order and connection, the clearest and most compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

STROPHE.

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,
To thee my supplications I prefer!
For potent Himera my suit I move;
Protectress fortune, hear!
Thy deity along the pathless main
In her wild course the rapid vessel guides;
Rules the fierce conflict on the embattled
plain,
And in deliberating states presides.
Toss'd by thy uncertain gale
On the seas of error sail
Human hopes now mounting high
On the swelling surge of joy;
Now with unexpected woe
Sinking to the depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For sure preface of things to come
None yet on mortals have the gods bestow'd;
Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
Can wisdom pierce the cloud.
Oft our most sanguine views th' event deceives,
And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray:
Oft, when with woe the mournful bosom heaves,
Caught in a storm of anguish and dismay,

Pass some fleeting moments by,
All at once the tempests fly:
Instant shifts the clouded scene;
Heaven renews its smiles serene;
And on Joy's untroubled tides
Smooth to port the vessel glides.

EPODE.

* Son of Philanor! in the secret shade
Thus had thy speed unknown to fame decay'd;
Thus, like the † crested bird of Mars, at home
Engag'd in foul domestic jars,
And wasted with intestine wars,
Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vigorous bloom;
Had not sedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
And driven thee with more glorious toils
Th' Olympic crown in Pisa's plain to meet.
With olive now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,
And the dark chaplets of the Isthmian pine,
In Himera's adopted city plac'd,
To all, Ergoteles, thy honours shine,
And raise her lustre by imparting thine.

* Ergoteles, † The Cock!

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Asophicus, the Son of Cleodemus of Orchodemus, who, in the Seventy-sixth Olympiad, gained the victory in the simple Foot Race, and in the Class of Boys.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORCHOMENUS, a city of Boeotia, and the country of the victor Asophicus, being under the protection of the Graces, her tutelary deities, to them Pindar addresses this Ode; which was probably sung

the very temple of those goddesses, at a sacrifice offered by Asophicus on occasion of his victory. The Poet begins this invocation with styling the Graces queens of Orchomenus, and guardians of the children of Minyas, the first king of that city; whose fertile territories, he says, were by lot assigned to their protection. Then, after describing in general the properties and operations of these deities, both in earth and heaven, he proceeds to call upon each of them by name to assist at the singing of this Ode; which was made, he tells them, to celebrate the victory of Asophicus, in the glory of which Orchomenus had her share. Then addressing himself to Echo, a nymph that formerly resided on the banks of Cephissus, a river of that country, he charges her to repair to the mansion of Proserpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the father of Asophicus (who from hence appears to have been dead at that time) the happy news of his son's victory; and so concludes.

MONOSTROPHAIC.

STROPHE I.

Ye powers, o'er all the flowery meads,
Where deep Cephissus rolls his lucid tide,
Allotted to preside,
And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous
Queens of Orchomenus the fair, [steeds,
And sacred guardians of the ancient line
Of Minyas divine,
Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my prayer!
All that's sweet and pleasing here
Mortals from your hands receive:
Splendor ye and fame confer,
Genius, wit, and beauty give.
Nor, without your shining train,
Ever on th' ætherial plain
In harmonious measures move
The celestial choirs above;
When the figur'd dance they lead,
Or the nectar'd banquet spread.
But with thrones immortal grac'd,
And by Pythian Phœbus plac'd,
Ordering through the blest abodes
All the splendid works of gods,
Sit the sisters in a ring,
Round the golden-shafted king:
And with reverential love
Worshipping th' Olympian throne,
The majestic brow of Jove
With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear!
And thou, Euphrosyne, whose ear
Delighted listens to the warbled strain!
Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
The best, the greatest power above;
With your illustrious presence deign
To grace our choral song!
Whose notes to victory's glad sound
In wanton measures lightly bound.
Thalia, come along!
Come, tuneful maid! for, lo! my string
With meditated skill prepares
In softly soothing Lydian airs
Asophicus to sing;
Asophicus, whose speed by thee sustain'd
The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.
Go then, sportive Echo, go,
To the fable dome below,
Proserpine's black dome, repair,
There to Cleodemus bear
Tidings of immortal fame:
Tell, how in the rapid game
O'er Pifa's vale his son victorious fled;
Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away
The winged honours of the day;
And deck'd with wreaths of fame his youthful
head.

THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Hiero of Ætna, King of Syracuse, who, in the Twenty-ninth Pythiad, (which answers to the Seventy-eighth Olympiad) gained the Victory in the Chariot Race.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, addressing himself in the first place to his harp, launches out immediately into a description of the wonderful effects produced in heaven by the enchanting harmony of that divine instrument, when played upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muses; these effects, says he, are to celestial minds delight and rapture; but the contrary to the wicked, who cannot hear, without horror, this heavenly music. Having mentioned the wicked, he falls into an account of the punishment of Typhœus, an impious giant; who, having presumed to defy Jupiter, was by him cast into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whose fiery eruptions he ascribes to this giant, whom he therefore styles Vulcanian Monster. The description of these eruptions of Mount Ætna, he closes with a short prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple upon that mountain, and from thence passes to, what indeed is more properly the subject of this Ode, the Pythian victory of Hiero. This part of the Poem is connected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a city built by Hiero, and named after the mountain in whose neighbourhood it stood. Hiero had ordered himself to be styled of Ætna, by the herald who proclaimed his victory in the Pythian Games; from which glorious beginning, says Pindar, the happy city presages to herself all kinds of glory and felicity for the

future. Then addressing himself to Apollo, the patron of the Pythian Games, he beseeches him to make the citizens of Ætna great and happy; all human excellencies being the gifts of heaven. To Hiero, in like manner, he wishes felicity and prosperity for the future, not to be disturbed by the return or remembrance of any past afflictions. The toils indeed and troubles which Hiero had undergone, before he and his brother Gelo obtained the sovereignty of Syracuse, having been crowned with success, will doubtless, says Pindar, recur often to his memory with great delight: and then taking notice of the condition of Hiero, who, it seems, being at that time troubled with the stone, was carried about in the army in a litter, or chariot, he compares him to Philoctetes: this hero, having been wounded in the foot by one of Hercules's arrows, staid in Lemnos to get cured of his wound; but it being decreed by the Fates, that Troy should not be taken without those arrows, of which Philoctetes had the possession, the Greeks fetched him from Lemnos, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the siege. As Hiero resembled Philoctetes in one point, may he also, adds the Poet, resemble him in another, and recover his health by the assistance of a divinity. Then addressing himself to Dinomenes, the son of Hiero, whom that prince intended to make king of Ætna, he enters into an account of the colony, which Hiero had settled in that city: the people of this colony being originally descended from Sparta, were, at their own request, governed by the laws of that famous commonwealth. To this account Pindar subjoins a prayer to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that both the king and people of Ætna may, by answerable deeds, maintain the glory and splendor of their race; and that Hiero, and his son Dinomenes, taught to govern by the precepts of his father, may be able to dispose their minds to peace and unity. For this purpose, continues he, do thou, O Jupiter, prevent the Carthaginians and the Tuscans from invading Sicily any more, by recalling to their minds the great losses they had lately sustained from the valour of Hiero and his brothers; into a more particular detail of whose courage and virtue, Pindar insinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious; a fault which is apt to breed in the reader satiety and disgust; and though, continues he, excessive fame produces often the same effects in envious minds, yet do not thou, O Hiero! upon that consideration, omit doing any great or good action; it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and some precepts useful to all kings in general, and others more particularly adapted to the temple of Hiero, whom, as he was somewhat inclined to avarice, he encourages to acts of generosity and munificence, from the consideration of the same accruing to the princes of that character, and the infamy redounding to tyrants, he concludes; winding up all with observing, that the first of all human blessings consists in being virtuous; the second in being praised; and that he who has the happiness to enjoy both these at the same time, is arrived at the highest point of earthly felicity.

DECADE I.

HAIL, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred
songs.

The dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly quire,
With wanton art preluding giv'st the sign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the music of thy Numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch * drops his vengeful
ire;

Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array
To every balmy gale the rustling feathers play.

DECADE III.

Ev'n Mars, stern god of violence and war,
Soothes with thy lulling strains his furious
breast,

And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.

* The eagle.

Nor less enraptur'd each immortal mind
Owns the soft influence of enchanting song,
When, in melodious symphony combin'd,
Thy son, Latona, and the tuneful throng
Of Muses, skill'd in wisdom's deepest lore,
The subtle powers of verse and harmony ex-
plore.

DECADE IV.

But they, on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,
With envious horror hear the heavenly strain,
Exil'd from praise, from virtue, and the Muse.
Such is Typhœus, impious foe of Gods,
Whose hundred-headed form Cilicia's cave
Once foster'd in her infamous abodes;
Till daring with presumptuous arms to brave
The might of thundering Jove, subdued he fell,
Plung'd in the horrid dungeons of profoundest hell.

DECADE V.

Now under sulphurous Cuma's sea-bound coast,
And vast Sicilia's lies his shaggy breast;
By snowy Ætna, nurse of endless frost,
The pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever press'd:
Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
And veil in ruddy mists the noon-day skies,
While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames
aspire,
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky frag-
ments pour.

DECADE VI.

But he, Vulcanian Monster, to the clouds
 The fiercest, hottest inundations throws,
 While, with the burthen of incumbent woods
 And Ætna's gloomy cliffs o'erwhelm'd, he
 glows.
 There on his flinty bed outstretch'd he lies,
 Whose pointed rock his tossing carcase wounds:
 There with dismay he strikes beholding eyes,
 Or frights the distant ear with horrid sounds.
 O save us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove!
 Thou, that here reign'st, ador'd in Ætna's sa-
 cred grove!

DECADE VII.

Ætna, fair forehead of this fruitful land!
 Whose borrow'd name adorns the royal town,
 Rais'd by illustrious Hiero's generous hand,
 And render'd glorious with his high renown.
 By Pythian heralds were her praises sung,
 When Hiero triumph'd in the dusty course,
 When sweet Castalia with applauses rung,
 And glorious laurels crown'd the conquer-
 ing horse.
 The happy city for her future days
 Presages hence increase of victory and praise.

DECADE VIII.

Thus when the mariners to prosperous winds,
 The port forsaking, spread the swelling sails;
 The fair departure cheers their jocund minds
 With pleasing hopes of favourable gales,
 While o'er the dangerous desarts of the main,
 To their lov'd country they pursue their way.
 Ev'n so, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
 Whom Delus, and Castalia's springs obey,
 These hopes regard, and Ætna's glory raise
 With valiant sons, triumphant steeds, and hea-
 venly lays!

DECADE IX.

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
 They the wise mind bestow'd, and smooth'd
 the tongue
 With elocution, and for mighty deeds
 The nervous arm with manly vigour strung.
 All these are Hiero's: these to rival lays
 Call forth the Bard: arise then, Muse, and
 speed
 To this contention; strive in Hiero's praise,
 Nor fear thy efforts shall his worth exceed;
 Within the lines of truth secure to throw,
 Thy dart shall still surpass each vain attempting
 foe.

DECADE X.

So may succeeding ages as they roll,
 Great Hiero still in wealth and bliss maintain,
 And, joyous health recalling, on his soul
 Oblivion pour of life-consuming pain.
 Yet may thy memory with sweet delight
 The various dangers and the toils recount,
 Which in intestine wars and bloody fight
 Thy patient virtue, Hiero, did surmount;
 What time, by heaven above all Grecians
 crown'd, [found.
 The prize of sovereign sway with thee thy brother

DECADE XI.

Then like the son of Pæan didst thou war,
 Smit with the arrows of a sore disease;
 † Gelo,

While, as along slow rolls thy sickly car,
 Love and amaze the haughtiest bosoms
 seize,

In Lemnos pining with th' envenom'd wound
 The son of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
 There, after tedious quest, the heroes found,
 And bore the limping archer thence away;
 By whom fell Priam's towers (so fate ordain'd)
 And the long harass'd Greeks their wish'd re-
 pose obtain'd.

DECADE XII.

May Hiero too, like Pæan's son, receive
 Recover'd vigour from celestial hands!
 And may the healing god proceed to give
 The power to gain whate'er his wish de-
 mands.
 But now, O Muse, address thy founding lays
 To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir.
 Sing to Dinomenes, his father's praise;
 His father's praise shall glad his filial ear.
 For him hereafter shalt thou touch the string,
 And chant in friendly strains fair Ætna's future
 king.

DECADE XIII.

Hiero, for him th' illustrious city rear'd,
 And fill'd with sons of Greece her stately
 towers,
 Where, by the free-born citizen rever'd,
 The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
 For by the statutes, which their fathers gave,
 Still must the restive Dorian youth be led;
 Who dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
 Where proud Taygetus exalts his head,
 From the great stock of Hercules divine
 And warlike Pamphilus deriv'd their noble line.

DECADE XIV.

These, from Thessalian Pindus rushing down,
 The walls of fam'd Amyclæ once possess'd,
 And, rich in fortune's gifts and high renown,
 Dwelt near the twins of Leda, where they
 press'd
 Their milky courfers, and the pastures o'er
 Of neighbouring Argos rang'd, in arms su-
 preme.
 To king and people on the flowery shore
 Of lucid Amena, Sicilian stream,
 Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like desert
 The splendor of their race and glory to assert.

DECADE XV.

And do thou aid Scilia's hoary Lord
 To form and rule his son's obedient mind;
 And still in golden chains of sweet accord,
 And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
 Then grant, O Son of Saturn, grant my prayer!
 The bold Phœnician on his shore detain;
 And may the hardy Tuscan never dare
 To vex with clamorous war Sicilia's main;
 Remembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coast
 Wreck'd by his stormy arms their groaning fleets
 were lost.

DECADE XVI.

What terrors! what destruction them assail'd!
 Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers
 dy'd!
 When o'er their might Sicilia's Chief prevail'd,
 Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy
 tide;

Greece from impending servitude to save.
 Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire,
 Would I record the Salaminian wave
 Fam'd in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre
 To Sparta's sons with sweetest praise should tell,
 Beneath Cithæron's shade what Medish archers
 fell.

DECADE XVII.

But on fair Himera's wide-water'd shores
 Thy sons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,
 To grace their virtues with the various stores
 Of sacred verse, and sing th' illustrious band
 Of valiant brothers, who from Carthage won
 The glorious meed of conquest, deathless
 praise.
 A pleasing theme! but censure's dreaded frown
 Compels me to contract my spreading lays.
 In verse conciseness pleases every guest,
 While each impatient blames and lothes a te-
 dious feast.

DECADE XVIII.

Nor less distasteful is excessive fame
 To the four palate of the envious mind;
 Who hears with grief his neighbour's goodly
 name,
 And hates the fortune that he ne'er shall find.
 Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, persevere!
 Since to be envied is a nobler fate
 Than to be pitied: Let strict Justice steer
 With equitable hand the helm of state,
 And arm thy tongue with truth: O King, be-
 ware
 Of every step! a Prince can never lightly err.

DECADE XIX.

O'er many nations art thou set, to deal
 The goods of Fortune with impartial hand;

And, ever watchful of the public weal,
 Unnumber'd witnesses around thee stand.
 Then, would thy virtuous ear for ever feast
 On the sweet melody of well-earn'd fame,
 In generous purposes confirm thy breast,
 Nor dread expences that will grace thy
 name;
 But, scorning sordid and unprincely gain,
 Spread all thy bounteous sails, and launch into
 the Main.

DECADE XX.

When in the monldering urn the monarch lies,
 His fame in lively characters remains,
 Or grav'd in monumental histories,
 Or deck'd and painted in Aonian strains.
 Thus fresh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms
 The virtue, Cræsus, of thy gentle mind:
 While fate to infamy and hatred dooms
 Sicilia's tyrant, scorn of human kind;
 Whose ruthless bosom swell'd with cruel pride,
 When in his brazen bull the broiling wretches
 dy'd.

DECADE XXI.

Him therefore nor in sweet society
 The generous youth conversing ever name;
 Nor with the harp's delightful melody
 Mingle his odious inharmonious fame.
 The first, the greatest bliss on man conferr'd
 Is, in the acts of virtue to excel;
 The second, to obtain their high reward,
 The soul-exalting praise of doing well.
 Who both these lots attains, is blest'd indeed,
 Since Fortune here below can give no richer
 meed.

THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Chromius of Ætna (a city of Sicily) who gained the victory in the Chariot-Race, in the Nemean Games.

THE ARGUMENT.

From the praises of Ortygia (an island near Sicily, and part of the city of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a bridge) Pindar passes to the subject or occasion of this Ode, viz. the Victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean Games; which, as it was the first of that kind gained by him, the Poet styles the basis of his future fame, laid by the co-operation of the Gods, who assisted and seconded his divine virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the highest summit of glory: by which is meant chiefly, though not solely, the gaining more prizes in the Great or Sacred Games (particularly the Olympic), where the Muses constantly attend to celebrate and record the Conquerors. From thence, after a short digression to the general praise of Sicily, he comes to an enumeration of the particular virtues of Chromius, viz. his hospitality, liberality, prudence in council, and courage in war. Then, returning to the Nemean Victory, he takes occasion from so auspicious a beginning, to promise Chromius a large increase of glory, in like manner as Tiresias, the famous Poet and Prophet of Thebes (the country of Pindar) upon viewing the first exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his cradle the two serpents sent by Juno to devour him, foretold the subsequent achievements of that hero; and the great reward he should receive for all his labours, by being admitted into the number of the Gods, and married to Hebe; with which story he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

SISTER of Delos! pure abode
 Of Virgin Cynthia, Goddess of the chase!

In whose recesses rests th' emerging flood
 Of Alpheus, breathing from his amorous
 race!

Divine Ortygia! to thy name
 The Muse preluding tunes her strings,
 Pleas'd with the sweet preamble of thy fame,
 To usher in the verse, that sings
 Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
 Hears with delight through Ætna's sounding
 grove
 The gratulations of the hymning choir,
 Whom thy victorious car and Nemea's palms
 inspire.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The basis of his future praise
 Assisted by the Gods hath Chromius laid;
 And to its height the towering pile may raise,
 If Fortune lends her favourable aid:
 Assur'd that all th' Aonian train
 Their wonted friendship will afford,
 Who with delight frequent the list'd plain,
 The toils of Virtue to record,
 Mean time around this isle, harmonious Muse!
 The brightest beams of shining verse diffuse:
 This fruitful island, with whose flowery pride
 Heaven's awful King endow'd great Pluto's beau-
 teous bride.

EPODE I.

Sicilia with transcendent plenty crown'd
 Jove to Proserpina consign'd;
 Then with a nod his solemn promise bound,
 Still farther to enrich her fertile shores
 With peopled cities, stately towers,
 And sons in arts and arms refin'd;
 Skill'd to the dreadful works of war
 The thundering steed to train;
 Or mounted on the whirling car
 Olympia's all-priz'd olive to obtain.—
 Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
 The fair occasion with a flattering song.

STROPHE II.

To Chromius no unwelcome guest
 I come, high sounding my Dircean chord;
 Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the feast,
 And spread with luxury his friendly board,
 For never from his generous gate
 Unentertain'd the stranger flies. [great,
 While Envy's scorching flame, that blasts the
 Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.
 But Envy ill becomes the human mind;
 Since various parts to various men assign'd
 All to perfection and to praise will lead,
 Would each those paths pursue, which Nature
 bids him tread.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In action thus heroic might,
 In council shines the mind sagacious, wise,
 Which to the future casts her piercing sight,
 And sees the train of consequences rise,
 With either talent Chromius blest
 Suppresses not his active powers.
 I hate the miser, whose unsocial breast
 Locks from the world his useless stores,
 Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,
 Whose treasures in diffusive good employ'd
 The rich returns of fame and friends procure;
 And 'gainst a sad reverse, a safe retreat insure.

EPODE II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praise,
 And these first-fruits of Fame inspire

The Muse to promise for thy future days
 A large increase of merit and renown.
 So when of old Jove's mighty son,
 Worthy his great immortal sire,
 Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
 With his twin-brother came,
 Safe through life's painful entrance led
 To view the dazzling Sun's reviving flame,
 Th' imperial cradle Juno quick survey'd,
 Where slept the twins in saffron bands array'd.

STROPHE III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
 The gold-enthron'd Empress of the Gods
 Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
 Straight to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
 Bade her vindictive serpents haste.
 They through the opening valves with speed
 On to the chamber's deep recesses past,
 To perpetrate their murderous deed:
 And now in knotty mazes to infold
 Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
 His dauntless brow when young Alcides rear'd,
 And for their first attempt his infant arms pre-
 par'd.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Fast by the azure necks he held
 And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
 Till from their horrid carcases expell'd,
 At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.
 Mean time intolerable dread
 Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
 All who, attendant on the genial bed,
 Around the languid mother stood.
 She with distracting fear and anguish stung,
 Forth from her sickly couch impatient sprung
 Her cumbersome robe regardless off she threw,
 And to protect her child with fondest ardour
 flew.

EPODE III.

But, with her shrill, distressful cries alarm'd,
 In rush'd each bold Cadmean Lord,
 In bras refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
 With them Amphitryon, whose tumultuous
 breast
 A crowd of various cares infest:
 High brandishing his gleaming sword
 With eager, anxious step he came;
 A wound so near his heart
 Shook with dismay his inmost frame,
 And rous'd the active spirits in every part.
 To our own sorrows serious heed we give;
 But for another's woe soon cease to grieve.

STROPHE IV.

Amaz'd the trembling father stood,
 While doubtful pleasure, mix'd with wild sur-
 prise,
 Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood:
 His son's stupendous deed with wondering eyes
 He view'd, and how the gracious will
 Of Heaven to joy had chang'd his fear
 And falsify'd the messengers of ill.
 Then straight he calls th' unerring seer,
 Divine Tiresias, whose prophetic tongue
 Jove's sacred mandates from the Tripod sung;
 Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
 What fate th' immortal Gods for Hercules or-
 dain'd.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell despoilers of the land
 The Prophet told, what monsters of the Main
 Should feel the vengeance of his righteous
 hand:
 What savage, proud, pernicious tyrant slain
 To Hercules should bow his head,
 Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
 Whose glittering pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
 And made indignant nations groan.
 Last, when the giant sons of earth shall dare
 To wage against the gods rebellious war,
 Pierc'd by his rapid shafts on Phlegra's plain
 With dust their radiant locks the haughty foe
 shall stain.

EPODE IV.

Then shall his generous toils for ever cease,
 With fame, with endless life repaid;
 With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace:
 Then led in triumph to his starry dome,
 To grace his spousal bed shall come,
 In Beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
 Immortal Hebe, ever young.
 In Jove's august abodes
 Then shall he hear the bridal song;
 Then, in the blest society of Gods,
 The nuptial banquet share, and, rapt in praise
 And wonder, round the glittering mansion gaze.

THE ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Aristagoras, upon occasion of his entering on his office of President or Governor of the island of Tenedos; so that, although it is placed among the Nemean Odes, it has no sort of relation to those games, and is indeed properly an Inauguration Ode, composed to be sung by a Chorus at the Sacrifices and the Feast made by Aristagoras and his colleagues, in the Town-hall, at the time of their being invested with the Magistracy, as is evident from many expressions in the first Strophe and Antistrophe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar opens this Ode with an invocation to Vesta (the Goddess who presided over the Courts of Justice, and whose statue and altar were for that reason placed in the Town-halls, or Prytanæums, as the Greeks called them); beseeching her to receive favourably Aristagoras and his colleagues, who were then coming to offer sacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of Prytans or magistrates of Tenedos; which office continuing for a year, he begs the Goddess to take Aristagoras under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or disgrace. From Aristagoras Pindar turns himself, in the next place, to his father Arcefilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon account of his son's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; such as beauty, strength, courage, riches, and glory resulting from his many victories in the games. But, lest he should be too much puffed up with these praises, he reminds him at the same time of his mortality, and tells him that his clothing of flesh is perishable, and that he must ere long be clothed with earth, the end of all things; and yet, continues he, it is but justice to praise and celebrate the worthy and deserving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as Aristagoras, for instance, who hath rendered both himself and his country illustrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of sixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, says the Poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympic Games, had he not been restrained from engaging in those famous lists by the too timid and cautious love of his parents; upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of men's hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their strength, which accordingly issue in their disgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently restrained by unreasonable and ill-grounded fears, from enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to Aristagoras, by saying it was very easy to foresee what success he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was descended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arcefilas, whom he had before represented as strong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he observes, that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illustrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue should succeed; whence it comes to pass that men, out of self-conceit and presumption, are perpetually laying schemes, and forming enterprizes, without previously consulting Prudence or Wisdom, whose streams, says he, lie remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our desires, and set bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea! thou, whose holy fire
Before the awful seat of Justice flames!

Sister of Heaven's Almighty Sire!
Sister of Juno, who co-equal claims
With Jove to share the empire of the gods!
O Virgin Vesta! To thy dread abodes,
Lo! Aristagoras directs his pace!

Receive, and near thy sacred sceptre place
Him, and his colleagues, who with honest zeal
O'er Tenedos preside, and guard the public weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! with frequent offerings they adore
Thee, first invoc'd in every solemn prayer!
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in festive songs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and sounding lyre.
While still, prolong'd with hospitable love,
Are solemniz'd the rites of Genial Jove:
Then guard him, Vesta, through his long career,

And let him close in joy his ministerial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, Arcefilas! all hail
To thee! bless'd father of a son so great!
Thou, whom on Fortune's highest scale
The favourable hand of Heaven hath set,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much presume,
Tho' grac'd with Beauty's fairest bloom;
Though for superior strength renown'd;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd;
Let him remember, that in flesh array'd
Soon shall he see that mortal vestment fade;
Till last imprison'd in the mouldering urn
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STROPHE II.

Yet should the worthy from the public tongue
Receive their recompence of virtuous praise;
By every zealous patriot sung,
And deck'd with every flower of heavenly lays.
Such retribution in return for fame.
Such, Aristagoras, thy virtues claim;
Claim from thy country, on whose glorious brows
The wrestler's chaplet still unfaded blows:
Mix'd with the great Pancratiastic crown,
Which from the neighbouring youth thy early valour won.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love.
Distrusting ever his too forward hand,
Forbade their tender son to prove
The toils of Pythia, or Olympia's sand)
Now by the Gods I swear, his valorous might
Had 'scap'd victorious in each bloody fight:
And from Castalia, or where dark with shade
The Mount of Saturn rears its olive-head,

Great and illustrious home had he return'd;
While by his fame eclips'd his vanquish'd foes had
mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then his triumphal tresses bound
With the dark verdure of th' Olympic grove,
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great Quinquennial Festival of Jove;
And cheer'd the solemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the Muse to Virtue pays.
But, such is man's preposterous fate!
Now with o'er-weening pride elate
Too far he aims his shaft to throw,
And straining bursts his feeble bow.
Now pusillanimous, depress'd with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid-career;
And of his strength distrustful coward flies
The contest, though empower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophecying good
Of him, whose undegenerating breast
Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,
From fire to fire in long succession trac'd
Up to Pisander: who in days of yore
From old Amyclæ to the Lesbian shore
And Tenedos, collegued in high command
With great Orestes, led th' Æolian band?
Nor was his mother's race less strong and brave,
Sprung from a stock that grew on fair Ismenus' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obscur'd, again
Oft-times the seeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harvests yield with each returning year:
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
Invest the smiling tree with rich perfume.
So, barren often and inglorious pass
The generations of a noble race;
While Nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after-ages swells, and blossoms into fruit.

EPODE III.

Nor hath Jove given us to foreknow
When the rich years of virtue shall succeed;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving schemes of many a mighty deed.
While Hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
And self-opinion, active, rash, and blind,
Hold up a false illusive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet astray
Far from the springs, where calm and slow
The secret streams of wisdom flow.
Hence should we learn our ardour to restrain:
And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.
To rage and madness oft that passion turns,
Which with forbidden flames despairing burns.

THE SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE.

This Ode was written upon occasion of a victory obtained in the Charriot-Race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum in the Isthmian games; it is however addressed not to Xenocrates himself, but to his son

Thraſybulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always ſpeaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tenſe, it is moſt probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reaſon it has, by ſome, been reckoned among the *ἑρμῆες* or Elegies of Pindar.

THE ARGUMENT.

The introduction contains a ſort of an apology for a Poet's taking money for his compositions; a thing, ſays Pindar, not practiſed formerly by the ſervants of the Muſes, who drew their inſpiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown intereſted, ſo are the Poets become mercenary; obſerving the truth of that famous ſaying of Ariſtodemus the Spartan, "Money makes the man:" a truth, he ſays, which he himſelf experienced, having with his riches loſt all his friends; and of this truth, continues Pindar, you, Thraſybulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wiſe man: I ſhall therefore ſay no more about it, but proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates: after an enumeration of which, he paſſes on to the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praiſes for his benevolence, his public ſpirit, his devotion to the gods, and his conſtant uninterrupted courſe of hoſpitality in all changes of fortune. Theſe virtues of his father he encourages Thraſybulus not to conceal through the fear of exciting the envy of mankind, and bids Nicaſippus (by whom this Ode was ſent to Thraſybulus) to tell him to publiſh it; concluding with obſerving, that a Poem is not made to continue always, like a mute and motionleſs ſtatue, in one place.

STROPHE I.

THEY, Thraſybulus, who in ancient days
Triumphant mounted in the Muſes' car,
Tuning their harps to ſoft and tender lays,
Aim'd their ſweet numbers at the young and fair;
Whoſe beauties, ripe for love, with rapturous fires
Their wanton hearts inflam'd, and waken'd ſtrong deſires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muſe, deſpiſing ſordid gain,
Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre:
Nor did Terpiſchore adorn her ſtrain
In gilded curteſy and gay attire,
With fair appearances to move the heart,
And recommend to ſale her prostituted art.

EPODE I.

But now ſhe ſuffers all her tuneful train
Far other principles to hold;
And with the Spartan Sage maintain,
That Man is worthleſs without Gold.
This truth himſelf by ſad experience prov'd,
Deſerted in his need by thoſe he lov'd.
Nor to thy wiſdom is this truth unknown,
No longer therefore ſhall the Muſe delay
To ſing the rapid ſteeds, and Iſthmian crown,
Which the great monarch of the briny flood
On lov'd Xenocrates beſtow'd
His generous cares with honour to repay.

STROPHE II.

Him too, his Agrigentum's brighteſt ſtar,
Latona's ſon with favourable eyes
At Criſa view'd, and bleſs'd his conquering car;
Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,
Nicomachus, on Athens' craggy plain, [rein.
With dextrous art control'd the chariot-ſteering

ANTISTROPHE II.

Did Phœbus blame the driver's ſkilful hand;
But with Athenian palms his maſter grac'd:
His maſter, greeted in th' Olympic ſand;
And evermore with grateful zeal embrac'd
By the great prieſts, whoſe herald voice proclaims
Th' Eleian feaſts of Jove, and Piſa's ſacred games.

EPODE II.

Him, on the golden lap of victory
Reclining his illuſtrious head,
They hail'd with ſweeteſt melody;
And through the land his glory ſpread,
Through the ſam'd Altis of Olympic Jove;
Where in the honours of the ſacred grove
The children of Æneſidamus ſhar'd;
For not unknown to victory and praiſe
Oft, Thraſybulus, hath thy maſion heard
The pleaſing concerts of the youthful choir,
Attemper'd to the warbling lyre,
And the ſweet mixture of triumphal lays.

STROPHE III.

In ſmooth and flowry paths th' encomiaſt treads,
When to the manſions of the good and great
In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads:
Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
Thy all-ſurpaſſing gentleneſs to ſing
In equal ſtrains, requires an all-ſurpaſſing ſtring.

ANTISTROPHE III.

To all benevolent, revered, belov'd,
In every ſocial virtue he excell'd;
And with his conquering ſteeds at Corinth prov'd,
How ſacred the decrees of Greece he held;
With equal zeal th' immortals he ador'd,
And ſpread with frequent feaſts his conſecrated board.

EPODE III.

Nor did he e'er when roſe a ſtormy gale
Relax his hoſpitable courſe,
Or gather in his ſwelling ſail:
But, finding ever ſome reſource
The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,
Held on with equal pace his conſtant way.
Permit not then, through dread of envious
tongues,
Thy father's worth to be in ſilence loſt;
Nor from the public keep theſe choral ſongs,
Not in one corner is the Poet's ſtrain
Form'd, like a ſtatue, to remain,
This, Nicaſippus, tell my honour'd hoſt.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been mentioned in the text, in the order in which they are mentioned. The names are given in full, and are not abbreviated. The names are given in the order in which they are mentioned in the text, and are not in alphabetical order.

THE ARGUMENT

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THE
WORKS OF VIRGIL,

Containing his

PASTORALS, GEORGICS, AND ÆNEIS;

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

THE
WORKS OF VIRGIL

ASTORIA, GEORGE, AND JAMES;

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verse I see,
The pompous scene charms my admiring eye:
There different beauties in perfection meet;
The thoughts as proper, as the numbers sweet:
And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment steps in, and moderates her flight.
Wisely he manages his wealthy store,
Still says enough, and yet implies still more:
For though the weighty sense be closely wrought,
The reader's left t'improve the pleasing thought.

Hence we despair to see an English dress
Should e'er his nervous energy express;
For who could that in fetter'd rhyme enclose,
Which without loss can scarce be told in prose!

But you, great Sir, his manly genius raise;
And make your copy share an equal praise.
Oh how I see thee in soft scenes of love,
Renew those passions he alone could move!
Here Cupid's charms are with new art express'd,
And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful rest:
Leaves her Elysium, as if glad to live,
To love, and wish, to sigh, despair, and grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive. }
Nor does the mighty Trojan less appear
Than Mars himself amidst the storms of war.
Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
And, though unwounded, seem to feel their fate.

Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
With barbarous spite, profan'd his sacred page.
The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
Wrested his sense, and cramp'd his vigorous style;
No time, no pains, the drudging pedants spare;
But still his shoulders must the burden bear.
While through the mazes of their comments led,
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet, through these shades of undistinguish'd night
Appear'd some glimmering intervals of light;
Till mangled by a vile translating sect,
Like babes by witches in effigy rackt;
Till Ogleby, mature in dulness, rose,
And Holborn doggrel, and low chiming prose, }
His strength and beauty did at once depose.
But now the magic spell is at an end,
Since ev'n the dead in you hath found a friend;
You free the Bard from rude oppressors' power,
And grace his verse with charms unknown before:
He, doubly thus oblig'd, must doubting stand,
Which chiefly should his gratitude command;
Whether should claim the tribute of his heart,
The Patron's bounty, or the Poet's art.

Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The Roman genius in thy verse renew'd

Vol. XII,

We saw thee raise soft Ovid's amorous fire,
And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
We saw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
And crabbed Perseus made politely plain:
Virgil alone was thought too great a task;
What you could scarce perform, or we durst ask:
A task! which Waller's Muse could ne'er engage;
A task! too hard for Denham's stronger rage:
Sure of success they some slight fallies try'd,
But the fenc'd coast their bold attempts defy'd.
With fear their o'er-match'd forces back they drew,
Quitted the province Fate reserv'd for you.
In vain thus Philip did the Persians storm;
A work his son was destin'd to perform.

"O had Roscommon liv'd to hail the day,
"And sing loud Pæans through the crowded way;
"When you in Roman majesty appear, [near:"
"Which none know better, and none come so
The happy author would with wonder see,
His rules were only prophecies of thee:
And were he now to give translator's light,
He'd bid them only read thy work, and write.

For this great task our loud applause is due;
We own old favours, but must praise for new:
Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,
To right his injur'd works, and set them free
From the lewd rhymes of groveling Ogleby.
Then shall his verse in grateful pomp appear,
Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar;
On those Greek cities we shall look with scorn,
And in our Britain think the Poet born.

TO

MR. DRYDEN,

On his Translation of Virgil.

WE read, how dreams and visions heretofore
The Prophet and the Poet could inspire;
And make them in unusual rapture soar,
With rage divine, and with poetic fire.

O could I find it now;—Would Virgil's shade
But for a while vouchsafe to bear the light;
To grace my numbers, and that Muse to aid,
Who sings the Poet that has done him right.

It long has been this sacred Author's fate,
To lie at every dull Translator's will; [weight
Long, long his Muse has groan'd beneath the
Of mangling Ogleby's presumptuous quill.

Dryden, at last, in his defence arose;
The father now is righted by the son:
And while his Muse endeavours to disclose
That Poet's beauties, she declares her own.

X

In your smooth, pompous numbers drest, each
line,
Each thought, betrays such a majestic touch,
He could not, had he finish'd his design,
Have wish'd it better, or have done so much.

You, like his Hero, though yourself were
free;
And disentangled from the war of wit;
You, who secure might other dangers see,
And safe from all malicious censures sit.

Yet because sacred Virgil's noble Muse,
O'erlay'd by fools, was ready to expire:
To risk your fame again, you boldly choose,
Or to redeem, or perish with your fire.

Ev'n first and last, we owe him half to you,
For that his *Æneids* mis'd their threaten'd fate,
Was—that his friends by some prediction knew,
Hereafter, who correcting should translate.

But hold, my Muse, thy needless flight restrain,
Unless, like him, thou couldst a verse indite:
To think his fancy to describe is vain,
Since nothing can discover light, but light.

'Tis want of genius that does more deny:
'Tis fear my praise should make your glory less,
And therefore, like the modest Painter, I
Must draw the veil, where I cannot express.

HENRY GRAHME.

TO

MR. DRYDEN.

No undisputed Monarch govern'd yet
With universal sway the realms of wit;
Nature could never such expence afford;
Each several province own'd a several lord.
A Poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muse embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the stale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy lessen'd, and his fire destroy'd.
But nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treasures did adorn your mind.

The different powers were then united found,
And you Wit's universal monarch crown'd,
Your mighty sway your great desert secures,
And every Muse and every Grace is yours,
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
Sated with this, you to another fly.
So Sultan-like in your seraglio stand,
While wishing Muses wait for your command.
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
Sublime your fancy, boundless is your mind.
Not all the blasts of time can do you wrong;
Young, spite of age; in spite of weakness, strong.
Time, like Alcides, strikes you to the ground:
You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. ST. JOHN.

TO

MR. DRYDEN,

On his *Virgil*.

'Tis said that Phidias gave such living grace
To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
That the cold marble might even seem to be
The life; and the true life, the imagery.

You pass'd that artist, Sir, and all his powers,
Making the best of Roman Poets ours;
With such effect, we know not which to call
The imitation, which th' original.

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight,
The charming beauty of the coin no less;
And such the majesty of your impress,
You seem the very author you translate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving destiny constrain,
To dress his thoughts in English o'er again,
Himself could write no otherwise than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now; Romans and Greeks, submit.
Something of late is in our language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd *Iliads* were.

JA. WRIGHT.

VIRGIL'S PASTORALS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HUGH LORD CLIFFORD,
BARON OF CHUDLEIGH.

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such Patrons as I desire for my translation. For though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice. To the greater part, I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot shew at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of fortune, since in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better, than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world; though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduced me to Augustus: and though he soon dismissed himself from state-affairs, yet in the short time of his administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate; and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least, in the long winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your Lordship is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study, and oppressed by fortune: without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my Lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promised Europe. I can only hear of that blessing: for years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elysium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your Lordship some delight, though made English by one, who scarce remembers that passion which inspired my author when he wrote them. These were his first essay in poetry, (if the *Geirias* was not his); and it was more excusable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two, and I begin this work in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any modern language. And though this version is not void of

errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent, in those Eclogues, wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which Pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the education and converse of Shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his Georgics, and his *Æneis*. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently circling in the air, and singing to the ground. Like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights: still preparing for a higher flight at her next fall, and tuning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first he contains himself within his bounds; but addressing to Pollio, his great Patron, and himself no vulgar Poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is sublimity. Putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sibyl, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his *Æneas*. It is true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *Paulo Majora*, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an express command to a youthful courage which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds farther in the sixth, and invades the province of Philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing of wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover; the latter a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed, both in the Pollio, and the Silenus; where the similitudes are drawn

from the woods and meadows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dressed himself in his best habit to appear before his Patron; somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the ninth Pastoral he collects some beautiful passages, which were scattered in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes like him a just decorum, both of the subject and the persons. As particularly in the third Pastoral, where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carved.

"In medio duo signa: Conon, et quis fuit alter
"Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem."

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose (whether he means Anaximander or Eudoxus I dispute not); but he was certainly forgotten, to show his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could: as in the *Cujum Pecus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not see the beauties of that *Merum Rus*, which the poet described in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted Pastoral into his own country; and brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third Poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the Shepherd's Calendar of Spenser is not to be matched in any modern language. Not even by Tasso's *Amyntas*, which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the Piscatory Eclogues, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder that rolling down through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordure of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil, or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

"—Si Pergama dextrâ

"Defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent."

But Spenser being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate: and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleasure, and I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments, which, without flattery, are eminent, the superstructures of study, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from whence you are descended, and of which our chronicles make so honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaster. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have besides the fresh remembrance of your noble father; from whom you never can degenerate.

"—Nec imbellem feroces

"Progenerant Aquilæ Columbam."

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know without my information that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers to the sons, and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line, which had formerly protected them; and followed their principles and fortunes to the last. So that I am your lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right; for I was wholly yours from the first moment when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you. Be pleased therefore to accept the Rudiments of Virgil's Poetry: coarsely translated, I confess, but which yet retains some beauties of the author, which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unskilfulness, could so much sully, but that they sometimes appear in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The subject is not unsuitable to your youth; which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your present scene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise; and gives fortune no more hold of him, than of necessity he must. It is good, on some occasions, to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity, and to provide ourselves with the Virtuoso's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your lordship, is of this nature. I wish it pleasant, and am sure it is innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil; and not lessen it, for the faults of his translator; who is, with all manner of respect and sense of gratitude,

My Lord,

Your lordship's

most humble and

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE
LIFE OF PUB. VIRGILIUS MARO.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.

VIRGIL was born at Mantua, which city was built no less than three hundred years before Rome; and was the capital of the New Hetruria, as himself, no less antiquary, than poet, assures us. His birth is said to have happened in the first consulship of Pompey the Great, and Lic Crassus; but since the relater of this presently after contradicts himself, and Virgil's manner of addressing to Octavius, implies a greater difference of age than that of seven years, as appears by his first Pastoral, and other places; it is reasonable to set the date of it something backward: And the writer of his life having no certain memorials to work upon, seems to have pitched upon the two most illustrious consuls he could find about that time, to signalize the birth of so eminent a man. But it is beyond all question, that he was born on, or near, the fifteenth of October. Which day was kept festival in honour to his memory, by the Latin, as the birth day of Homer was by the Greek poets. And so near a resemblance there is betwixt the lives of these two famous Epic writers, that Virgil seems to have followed the fortune of the other, as well as the subject and manner of his writing. For Homer is said to have been of very mean parents, such as got their bread by day-labour; so is Virgil. Homer is said to be base-born; so is Virgil. The former to have been born in the open air, in a ditch, or by the bank of a river; so is the latter. There was a poplar planted near the place of Virgil's birth, which suddenly grew up to an unusual height and bulk, and to which the superstitious neighbourhood attributed marvellous virtue. Homer had his poplar too, as Herodotus relates, which was visited with great veneration. Homer is described by one of the ancients, to have been of a slovenly and neglected mien and habit; so was Virgil. Both were of a very delicate and sickly constitution: Both addicted to travel, and the study of astrology: Both had their compositions usurped by others: Both envied and traduced during their lives. We know not so much as the true names of either of them with any exactness: for the critics are not yet agreed how the word [Virgil] should be written; and of Homer's name there is no certainty at all. Whosoever shall consider this parallel in so many particulars, (and more might be added) would be in-

clined to think, that either the same stars ruled strongly at the nativities of them both; or, what is a great deal more probable, that the Latin grammarians wanting materials for the former part of Virgil's life, after the legendary fashion, supplied it out of Herodotus; and, like ill-face painters, not being able to hit the true features, endeavoured to make amends by a great deal of impertinent landscape and drapery.

Without troubling the reader with needless quotations, now, or afterwards; the most probable opinion is, that Virgil was the son of a servant, or assistant to a wandering astrologer, who practised physick. For Medicus, Magus, as Juvenal observes, usually went together; and this course of life was followed by a great many Greeks and Syrians; of one of which nations it seems not improbable, that Virgil's father was. Nor could a man of that profession have chosen a fitter place to settle in, than that most superstitious tract of Italy; which by her ridiculous rites and ceremonies as much enslaved the Romans, as the Romans did the Hetrurians by their arms. This man, therefore, having got together some money, which stock he improved by his skill in planting and husbandry, had the good fortune, at last, to marry his master's daughter, by whom he had Virgil; and this woman seems, by her mother's side, to have been of good extraction; for she was nearly related to Quintilius Varus, whom Paternulus assures us to have been of an illustrious, though not patrician family; and there is honourable mention made of it in the history of the second Carthaginian war. It is certain, that they gave him very good education, to which they were inclined, not so much by the dreams of his mother, and those presages which Donatus relates, as by the early indications which he gave of a sweet disposition, and excellent wit. He passed the first seven years of his life at Mantua, not seventeen, as Scaliger miscorrects his author; for the *initia ætatis* can hardly be supposed to extend so far. From thence he removed to Cremona, a noble Roman colony; and afterwards to Milan. In all which places he prosecuted his studies with great application; he read over all the best Latin and Greek authors, for which he had the convenience by the no remote distance of Marseilles, that famous Greek colony, which maintained its

politeness, and purity of language, in the midst of all those barbarous nations amongst which it was seated: and some tincture of the latter seems to have descended from them down to the modern French. He frequented the most eminent professors of the Epicurean philosophy, which was then much in vogue, and will be always, in declining and sickly states. But finding no satisfactory account from his master Syron, he passed over to the Academic school, to which he adhered the rest of his life, and deserved, from a great emperor, the title of the Plato of Poets. He composed at leisure hours a great number of verses on various subjects, and desirous rather of a great than early fame, he permitted his kinsman, and fellow student Varus, to derive the honour of one of his tragedies to himself. Glory neglected in proper time and place, returns often with large increase; and so he found it: For Varus afterwards proved a great instrument of his rise. In short, it was here that he formed the plan, and collected the materials of all those excellent pieces which he afterwards finished, or was forced to leave less perfect by his death. But whether it were the unwholesomeness of his native air, of which he somewhere complains, or his too great abstinence, and night-watchings at his study, to which he was always addicted, as Augustus observes; or possibly the hopes of improving himself by travel, he resolved to remove to the most southern tract of Italy; and it was hardly possible for him not to take Rome in his way; as is evident to any one who shall cast an eye on the map of Italy: and therefore the late French editor of his works is mistaken, when he asserts that he never saw Rome till he came to petition for his estate. He gained the acquaintance of the master of the horse to Octavius; and cured a great many diseases of horses, by methods they had never heard of. It fell out, at the same time, that a very fine colt, which promised great strength and speed, was presented to Octavius: Virgil assured them, that he came of a faulty mare, and would prove a jade; upon trial it was found as he had said: his judgment proved right in several other instances, which was the more surprising, because the Romans knew least of natural causes of any civilized nation in the world: And these meteors and prodigies, which cost them incredible sums to expiate, might easily have been accounted for, by no very profound naturalist. It is no wonder, therefore, that Virgil was in so great reputation, as to be at last introduced to Octavius himself. That prince was then at variance with Marc Antony, who vexed him with a great many libelling letters, in which he reproacheth him with the baseness of his parentage, that he came of a scrivener, a ropemaker, and a baker, as Suetonius tells us. Octavius finding that Virgil had passed so exact a judgment upon the breed of dogs and horses, thought that he possibly might be able to give some light concerning his own. He took him into his closet, where they continued in private a considerable time. Virgil was then a great mathematician, which, in the sense of those times, took in astrology: and if there be any thing in that art, which I can hardly believe;

it that be true which the ingenious De la Chambre asserts confidently, that from the marks on the body, the configuration of the planets at a nativity may be gathered, and the marks might be told by knowing the nativity, never had one of those artists a fairer opportunity to show his skill, than Virgil now had; for Octavius had moles upon his body, exactly resembling the constellation called *Urfa Major*. But Virgil had other helps: the predictions of Cicero, and Catullus, and that vote of the senate had gone abroad, that no child born at Rome, in the year of his nativity, should be bred up; because the seers assured them that an emperor was born that year. Besides this, Virgil had heard of the Assyrian and Egyptian prophecies (which, in truth, were no other but the Jewish), that about that time a great king was to come into the world. Himself takes notice of them, *Æn. vi.* where he uses a very significant word (now in all liturgies) *hujus in adventu*, so in another place, *adventu proprio Dei*.

At his foreseen approach already quake
Assyrian kingdoms, and *Mæotis* lake.
Nile hears him knocking at his seven-fold gates:

Every one knows whence this was taken: it was rather a mistake, than impiety in Virgil, to apply these prophecies, which belonged to the Saviour of the world, to the person of Octavius, it being a usual piece of flattery for near a hundred years together, to attribute them to their emperors, and other great men. Upon the whole matter, it is very probable, that Virgil predicted to him the empire at this time. And it will appear yet the more, if you consider that he assures him of his being received into the number of the Gods, in his first Pastoral, long before the thing came to pass; which prediction seems grounded upon his former mistake. This was a secret, not to be divulged at that time, and therefore it is no wonder that the slight story in Donatus was given abroad to palliate the matter. But certain it is, that Octavius dismissed him with great marks of esteem, and earnestly recommended the protection of Virgil's affairs to Pollio, then lieutenant of the Cis-Alpine Gaul, where Virgil's patrimony lay. This Pollio, from a mean original, became one of the most considerable persons of his time; a good general, orator, statesman, historian, poet, and favourer of learned men; above all, he was a man of honour in those critical times. He had joined with Octavius and Antony, in revenging the barbarous assassination of Julius Cæsar: when they two were at variance, he would neither follow Antony, whose courses he detested, nor join with Octavius against him, out of a grateful sense of some former obligations. Augustus, who thought it his interest to oblige men of principles, notwithstanding this, received him afterwards into favour, and promoted him to the highest honours. And thus much I thought fit to say of Pollio, because he was one of Virgil's greatest friends. Being therefore eased of domestic cares, he pursues his journey to Naples: The charming situation of that place, and view of the

Beautiful villas of the Roman nobility, equalling the magnificence of the greatest kings; the neighbourhood of the Baïæ, whether the sick resorted for recovery, and the statesman when he was politically sick, whither the wanton went for pleasure, and witty men for good company; the wholesomeness of the air, and improving conversation, the best air of all, contributed not only to the re-establishing his health, but to the forming of his style, and rendering him master of that happy turn of verse, in which he much surpasses all the Latins, and, in a less advantageous language, equals even Homer himself. He proposed to use his talent in poetry, only for scaffolding to build a convenient fortune, that he might prosecute with less interruption, those nobler studies to which his elevated genius led him, and which he describes in these admirable lines:

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, cœlique vias et litora monstrent,
Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores:
Unde tremor terris, &c.

But the current of that martial age, by some strange antiperistasis, drove so violently towards poetry, that he was at last carried down with the stream. For not only the young nobility, but Octavius, and Pollio, Cicero in his old age, Julius Cæsar, and the stoical Brutus, a little before, would needs be tampering with the Muses, the two latter had taken great care to have their poems curiously bound, and lodged in the most famous libraries; but neither the sacredness of those places, nor the greatness of their names, could preserve ill poetry. Quitting, therefore, the study of the law, after having pleaded but one cause with indifferent success, he resolved to push his fortune this way, which he seems to have discontinued for some time, and that may be the reason why the *Culex*, his pastoral, now extant, has little besides the novelty of the subject, and the moral of the fable, which contains an exhortation to gratitude, to recommend it; had it been as correct as his other pieces, nothing more proper and pertinent could have at that time been addressed to the young Octavius: for the year in which he presented it, probably at the Baïæ, seems to be the very same, in which that prince consented (though with seeming reluctance) to the death of Cicero, under whose consulship he was born, the preserver of his life, and chief instrument of his advancement. There is no reason to question of its being genuine, as the late French editor does; its meanness, in comparison of Virgil's other works, (which is that writer's only objection) confutes himself; for Martial, who certainly saw the true copy, speaks of it with contempt; and yet that Pastoral equals at least the address to the Dauphin, which is prefixed to the late edition. Octavius, to unbend his mind from application to public business, took frequent turns to Baïæ, and Sicily; where he composed his poem called *Sicelides*, which Virgil seems to allude to, in the Pastoral beginning *Sicelides Musæ*; this gave him opportunity of refreshing that prince's memory of him, and about that time he wrote his *Ætna*. Soon after

he seems to have made a voyage to Athens, and at his return presented his *Ceiris*, a more elaborate piece, to the noble and eloquent Messala. The fore-mentioned author groundlessly taxes this as supposititious: for besides other critical marks, there are no less than fifty or sixty verses, altered indeed and polished, which he inserted in the *Pastorals*, according to his fashion; and from thence they were called *Eclogues*, or select *Bucolics*. We thought fit to use a title more intelligible, the reason of the other being ceased; and we are supported by Virgil's own authority, who expressly calls them *Carmina Pastorum*. The French editor is again mistaken, in asserting, that the *Ceiris* is borrowed from the ninth of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*: he might have more reasonably conjectured it to be taken from *Parthenius*, the Greek poet, from whom Ovid borrowed a great part of his work. But it is indeed taken from neither, but from that learned, unfortunate poet, Apollonius Rhodius, to whom Virgil is more indebted than to any other Greek writer, excepting Homer. The reader will be satisfied of this, if he consults that author in his own language, for the translation is a great deal more obscure than the original.

Whilst Virgil thus enjoyed the sweets of a learned privacy, the troubles of Italy cut off his little subsistence; but by a strange turn of human affairs, which ought to keep good men from ever despairing, the loss of his estate proved the effectual way of making his fortune. The occasion of it was this; Octavius, as himself relates, when he was but nineteen years of age, by a masterly stroke of policy, had gained the veteran legions into his service, (and by that step, outwitted all the republican senate.) They grew now very clamorous for their pay: the treasury being exhausted, he was forced to make assignment upon lands, and none but in Italy itself would content them. He pitched upon Cremona as the most distant from Rome; but that not sufficing, he afterwards threw in part of the state of Mantua. Cremona was a rich and noble colony, settled a little before the invasion of Hannibal. During that tedious and bloody war, they had done several important services to the commonwealth. And when eighteen other colonies, pleading poverty and depopulation, refused to contribute money, or to raise recruits, they of Cremona voluntarily paid a double quota of both. But past services are a fruitless plea; civil wars are one continued act of ingratitude: in vain did the miserable mothers, with their famishing infants in their arms, fill the streets with their numbers, and the air with lamentations; the craving legions were to be satisfied at any rate. Virgil, involved in the common calamity, had recourse to his old patron Pollio; but he was, at this time, under a cloud; however, compassionating so worthy a man, not of a make to struggle through the world, he did what he could, and recommended him to Mæcenas, with whom he still kept a private correspondence. The name of this great man being much better known than one part of his character, the reader, I presume, will not be displeased if I supply it in this place,

Though he was of as deep reach, and easy dispatch of business as any in his time, yet he de-

signedly lived beneath his true character. Men had oftentimes meddled in public affairs, that they might have more ability to furnish for their pleasures: Mæcenas, by the honestest hypocrisy that ever was, pretended to a life of pleasure, that he might render more effectual service to his master. He seemed wholly to amuse himself with the diversions of the town, but under that mask was the greatest minister of his age. He would be carried in a careless, effeminate posture, through the streets in his chair, even to the degree of a proverb, and yet there was not a cabal of ill disposed persons which he had not early notice of; and that too in a city as large as London and Paris, and perhaps two or three more of the most populous put together. No man better understood that art so necessary to the great; the art of declining envy: being but of a gentleman's family, not patrician, he would not provoke the nobility by accepting invidious honours; but wisely satisfied himself that he had the ear of Augustus, and the secret of the empire. He seems to have committed but one great fault, which was the trusting of a secret of high consequence to his wife; but his master, uxorious himself, made his own frailty more excusable by generously forgiving that of his favourite. He kept in all his greatness exact measures with his friends; and choosing them wisely, found by experience, that good sense and gratitude are almost inseparable. This appears in Virgil and Horace; the former, besides the honour he did him to all posterity, returned his liberalities at his death: The other, whom Mæcenas recommended with his last breath, was too generous to stay behind, and enjoy the favour of Augustus: he only desired a place in his tomb, and to mingle his ashes with those of his deceased benefactor. But this was seventeen hundred years ago. Virgil, thus powerfully supported, thought it mean to petition for himself alone, but resolutely solicits the cause of his whole country, and seems, at first, to have met with some encouragement: but the matter cooling, he was forced to sit down contented with the grant of his own estate. He goes, therefore, to Mantua, produces his warrant to a captain of foot, whom he found in his house. Arrius who had eleven points of the law, and fierce of the services he had rendered to Octavius, was so far from yielding possession, that words growing betwixt them, he wounded him dangerously, forced him to fly, and at last to swim the river Mincius to save his life. Virgil, who used to say, that no virtue was so necessary as patience, was forced to drag a sick body half the length of Italy, back again to Rome, and by the way, probably, composed his ninth Pastoral, which may seem to have been made up in haste, out of the fragments of some other pieces; and naturally enough represents the disorder of the poet's mind, by its disjointed fashion, though there be another reason to be given elsewhere of its want of connection. He handsomely states his case in that poem, and with the pardonable resentments of injured innocence, not only claims Octavius's promise, but hints to him the uncertainty of human greatness and glory: all was taken in good part by that wise prince. At last effectual orders were given. About this

time, he composed that admirable poem, which is set first, out of respect to Cæsar; for he does not seem either to have had leisure, or to have been in the humour of making so solemn an acknowledgement, till he was possessed of the benefit. And now he was in so great reputation and interest, that he resolved to give up his land to his parents, and himself to the court. His Pastorals were in such esteem, that Pollio, now again in high favour with Cæsar, desired him to reduce them into a volume. Some modern writer that has a constant flux of verse, would stand amazed how Virgil could employ three whole years in revising five or six hundred verses, most of which, probably, were made some time before; but there is more reason to wonder how he could do it so soon in such perfection. A coarse stone is presently fashioned; but a diamond of not many carats, is many weeks in sawing, and in polishing many more. He who put Virgil upon this, had a politic good end in it.

The continued civil wars had laid Italy almost waste; the ground was uncultivated and unstocked: upon which ensued such a famine, and insurrection, that Cæsar hardly escaped of being stoned at Rome; his ambition being looked upon by all parties as the principal occasion of it. He set himself, therefore, with great industry to promote country improvements; and Virgil was serviceable to his design, as the good keeper of the bees, *Geor. iv.*

*Tinnitufque cie, et matrisquate cymbala circum,
Ipsæ confident—*

That emperor afterwards thought it matter worthy a public inscription

Rediit cultus agris.

Which seems to be the motive that induced Mæcenas, to put him upon writing his Georgics, or books of husbandry; a design as new in Latin verse, as Pastorals, before Virgil were in Italy; which work, took up seven of the most vigorous years of his life, for he was now at least thirty-four years of age; and here Virgil shines in his meridian. A great part of this work, seems to have been rough drawn before he left Mantua, for an ancient writer has observed, that the rules of husbandry laid down in it, are better calculated for the soil of Mantua, than for the more sunny climate of Naples, near which place, and in Sicily, he finished it. But lest his genius should be depressed by apprehensions of want, he had a good estate settled upon him, and a house in the pleasantest part of Rome; the principal furniture of which, was a well-chosen library, which stood open to all comers of learning and merit: and what recommended the situation of it most, was the neighbourhood of his Mæcenas; and thus he could either visit Rome, or return to his privacy at Naples, through a pleasant road adorned on each side with pieces of antiquity, of which he was so great a lover, and in the intervals of them seemed almost one continued street of three days journey.

Cæsar having now vanquished Sextus Pompeius, a spring-tide of prosperities breaking in upon him,

before he was ready to receive them as he ought, fell sick of the imperial evil, the desire of being thought something more than man. Ambition is an infinite folly: when it has attained to the utmost pitch of human greatness, it soon falls to making pretensions upon heaven. The crafty Livia would needs be drawn in the habit of a priestess by the shrine of the new God: and this became a fashion not to be dispensed with amongst the ladies: the devotion was wondrous great amongst the Romans, for it was their interest, and, which sometimes avails more, it was the mode. Virgil, though he despised the heathen superstitions, and is so bold as to call Saturn and Janus by no better a name than that of old men, and might deserve the title of subverter of superstitions, as well as Varo, thought fit to follow the maxim of Plato his master, that every one should serve the Gods after the usage of his own country; and therefore was not the last to present his incense, which was of too rich a composition for such an altar; and by his address to Cæsar on this occasion, made an unhappy precedent to Lucan and the other poets which came after him, *Geor. i. and iii.* And this poem being now in great forwardness, Cæsar, who, in imitation of his predecessor Julius, never intermitted his studies in the camp, and much less in other places, refreshing himself by a short stay in a pleasant village of Campania, would needs be entertained with the rehearsal of some part of it. Virgil recited with a marvellous grace, and sweet accent of voice, but his lungs failing him, Mæcenas himself supplied his place for what remained. Such a piece of condescension, would now be very surprising, but it was no more than customary amongst friends, when learning passed for quality. Lælius, the second man of Rome in his time, had done as much for that poet, out of whose drops, Virgil would sometimes pick gold; as himself said, when one found him reading Ennius: (the like he did by some verses of Varo and Pacuvius, Lucretius and Cicero, which he inserted into his works.) But learned men then lived easy and familiarly with the great: Augustus himself would sometimes sit down between Virgil and Horace, and say, jestingly, that he sat betwixt fighting and tears, alluding to the asthma of the one, and the rheumatic eyes of the other; he would frequently correspond with them, and never leave a letter of theirs unanswered: nor were they under the constraint of formal superscriptions in the beginning, nor of violent superlatives at the close of their letters: the invention of these is a modern refinement. In which this may be remarked, in passing, that (humble servant) is respect, but (friend) an affront, which notwithstanding implies the former, and a great deal more. Nor does true greatness lose by such familiarity; and those who have it not, as Mæcenas and Pollio had, are not to be accounted proud, but rather very discreet, in their reserves. Some playhouse beauties do wisely to be seen at a distance, and to have the lamps twinkle betwixt them and the spectators.

But now Cæsar, who, though he were none of the greatest soldiers, was certainly the greatest traveller, of a prince, that had ever been, (for

which Virgil so dexterously compliments him, *Æneid vi.*) takes a voyage to Egypt, and having happily finished the war, reduces that mighty kingdom into the form of a province; over which he appointed Gallus his lieutenant. This is the same person to whom Virgil addresses his tenth Pastoral; changing, in compliance to his request, his purpose of limiting them to the number of the Muses. The praises of this Gallus took up a considerable part of the fourth book of the *Georgics*, according to the general consent of antiquity: but Cæsar would have it put out, and yet the seam in the poem is still to be discerned; and the matter of Aressteus's recovering his bees, might have been dispatched in less compass, without fetching the causes so far, or interesting so many gods and goddesses in that affair. Perhaps some readers may be inclined to think this, though very much laboured, not the most entertaining part of that work; so hard it is for the greatest masters to paint against their inclination. But Cæsar was contented that he should be mentioned in the last Pastoral, because it might be taken for a satyrical sort of commendation; and the character he there stands under, might help to excuse his cruelty, in putting an old servant to death for no very great crime.

And now having ended, as he begins his *Georgics*, with solemn mention of Cæsar, an argument of his devotion to him: he begins his *Æneis*, according to the common account, being now turned of forty. But that work had been, in truth, the subject of much earlier meditation. Whilst he was working upon the first book of it, this passage, so very remarkable in history, fell out, in which Virgil had a great share.

Cæsar, about this time, either cloyed with glory, or terrified by the example of his predecessor, or to gain the credit of moderation with the people, or possibly to feel the pulse of his friends, deliberated whether he should retain the sovereign power, or restore the commonwealth. Agrippa who was a very honest man, but whose view was of no great extent, advised him to the latter; but Mæcenas, who had thoroughly studied his master's temper, in an eloquent oration, gave contrary advice. That emperor was too polite, to commit the oversight of Cromwell, in a deliberation something resembling this. Cromwell had never been more desirous of the power than he was afterwards of the title of king: and there was nothing in which the heads of the parties, who were all his creatures, would not comply with him: but by too vehement allegation of arguments against it, he, who had outwitted every body besides, at last outwitted himself, by too deep dissimulation: for his council, thinking to make their court by assenting to his judgment, voted unanimously against their inclination; which surprised and troubled him to such a degree, that as soon as he had got into his coach, he fell into a swoon. But Cæsar knew his people better, and his council being thus divided, he asked Virgil's advice. Thus a poet had the honour of determining the greatest point that ever was in debate, betwixt the son-in-law and favourite of Cæsar. Virgil delivered his opinion in words to this effect. "The change of a

“ popular into an absolute government has generally been of very ill consequence: for be-
 “ twixt the hatred of the people, and injustice of
 “ the prince, it of necessity comes to pass that
 “ they live in distrust, and mutual apprehensions.
 “ But if the commons knew a just person, whom
 “ they entirely confided in, it would be for the
 “ advantage of all parties, that such a one should
 “ be their sovereign: wherefore if you should
 “ continue to administer justice impartially, as
 “ hitherto you have done, your power will prove
 “ safe to yourself, and beneficial to mankind.”
 This excellent sentence, which seems taken out of Plato, (with whose writings the gramarians were not much acquainted, and therefore cannot reasonably be suspected of forgery in this matter) contains the true state of affairs at that time: for the commonwealth maxims were now no longer practicable; the Romans had only the haughtiness of the old commonwealth left, without one of its virtues. And this sentence we find, almost in the same words, in the first book of the *Æneis*, which at this time he was writing; and one might wonder that none of his commentators have taken notice of it. He compares a tempest to a popular insurrection, as Cicero had compared a sedition to a storm, a little before.

At veluti magno in populo, cum sæpe coorta est
 Seditio, sævitaque animis ignobile vulgus,
 Jamque faces, ac saxa volant, furor arma ministrat:

Tum pietate gravem, et meritis si forte virum
 quem

Conspexere silent, arrectisque aribus adstant:
 Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

Piety and merit were the two great virtues which Virgil every where attributes to Augustus, and in which that prince, at least politically, if not so truly, fixed his character, as appears by the *Marmor Ancyr*, and several of his medals. *Friendshenius*, the learned supplementor of *Livy*, has inserted this relation into his history; nor is there any good reason, why *Ruæus* should account it fabulous. The title of a poet in those days did not abate, but heighten the character of the gravest senator. Virgil was one of the best and wisest men of his time, and in so popular esteem that one hundred thousand Romans rose when he came into the theatre, and paid him the same respect they used to *Cæsar* himself, as *Tacitus* assures us. And if Augustus invited *Horace* to assist him in writing his letters, and every body knows that the *Rescripta Imperatorum* were the laws of the empire, Virgil might well deserve a place in the cabinet-council.

And now Virgil prosecutes his *Æneis* which had anciently the title of the Imperial Poem, or Roman History, and deservedly; for though he were too artful a writer to set down events in exact historical order, for which *Lucan* is justly blamed; yet are all the most considerable affairs and persons of Rome comprised in this poem. He deduces the history of Italy from before Saturn to the reign of king *Latinus*; and reckons up the successors of *Æneas*, who reigned at *Alba*, for the space of three hundred years, down to the birth of

Romulus; describes the persons and principal exploits of all the kings, to their expulsion, and the settling of the commonwealth. After this he touches promiscuously the most remarkable occurrences at home and abroad, but insists more particularly upon the exploits of Augustus; inso-much that though this assertion may appear, at first, a little surprising, he has in his works deduced the history of a considerable part of the world from its original, through the fabulous and heroic ages, through the monarchy and commonwealth of Rome, for the space of four thousand years, down to within less than forty of our Saviour's time, of whom he has preserved a most illustrious prophecy. Besides this, he points at many remarkable passages of history under feigned names: the destruction of *Alba*, and *Veii*, under that of *Troy*: the star of *Venus*, which, *Varo* says, guided *Æneas* in his voyage to Italy, in that verse,

Matre dea monstrante viam.

Romulus's lance taking root, and budding, is described in that passage concerning *Polydorus*, *Æneid*. iii.

—Confixum ferrea textit

Telorum sejes, et jaculis increvit acutis.

The stratagem of the Trojans boring holes in their ships, and sinking them, lest the Latins should burn them, under that fable of their being transformed into sea-nymphs: and therefore the ancients had no such reason to condemn that fable as groundless and absurd. *Cocles* swimming the river *Tyber*, after the bridge was broken down behind him, is exactly painted in the four last verses of the ninth book, under the character of *Turnus*. *Marius* hiding himself in the morass of *Minturnæ*, under the person of *Simon*:

Limosoque lacu per noctem obscuris in ulva

Delitui—

Those verses in the second book concerning *Priam*;

Jacet ingens littore truncus, &c.

seem originally made upon *Pompey the Great*. He seems to touch the impious and intriguing humour of the empress *Livia*, under the character of *Juno*. The irresolute and weak *Lepidus* is well represented under the person of king *Latinus*; Augustus with the character of *Pont. Max.* under that of *Æneas*; and the rash courage (always unfortunate in Virgil) of *Marc Antony* in *Turnus*; the railing eloquence of *Cicero* in his *Philippics* is well imitated in the oration of *Drances*; the dull faithful *Agrippa*, under the person of *Achates*; accordingly his character is flat; *Achates* kills but one man, and himself receives but one slight wound, but neither says nor does any thing very considerable in the whole poem. *Curio*, who sold his country for about two hundred thousand pounds, is stigmatized in that verse:

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem

Imposuit—

Livy relates that, presently after the death of the two *Scipios* in Spain, when *Martius* took upon him the command, a blazing meteor shone

around his head, to the astonishment of his soldiers : Virgil transfers this to Æneas :

Lætæque vomunt duo tempora flammæ.

It is strange that the commentators have not taken notice of this. Thus the ill omen which happened a little before the battle of Thrasimen, when some of the centurions' lances took fire miraculously, is hinted in the like accident which befel Acestes, before the burning of the Trojan fleet in Sicily. The reader will easily find many more such instances. In other writers there is often well covered ignorance ; in Virgil, concealed learning.

His silence of some illustrious persons is no less worth observation. He says nothing of Scævola, because he attempted to assassinate a king, though a declared enemy. Nor of the younger Brutus ; for he effected what the other endeavoured. Nor of the younger Cato, because he was an implacable enemy of Julius Cæsar ; nor could the mention of him be pleasing to Augustus ; and that passage,

His dantem jura Catonem,

may relate to his office, as he was a very severe censor. Nor would he name Cicero, when the occasion of mentioning him came full in his way, when he speaks of Catiline ; because he afterwards approved the murder of Cæsar, though the plotters were too wary to trust the orator with their design. Some other poets knew the art of speaking well ; but Virgil, beyond this, knew the admirable secret of being eloquently silent. Whatsoever was most curious in Fabius Pictor, Cato the elder, Varo, in the Ægyptian antiquities, in the form of sacrifice, in the solemnities of making peace and war, is preserved in this poem. Rome is still above ground, and flourishing in Virgil. And all this he performs with admirable brevity. The Æneas was once near twenty times bigger than he left it ; so that he spent as much time in blotting out, as some moderns have done in writing whole volumes. But not one book has his finishing strokes : the sixth seems one of the most perfect, the which, after long entreaty, and sometimes threats of Augustus, he was at last prevailed upon to recite : this fell out about four years before his own death : that of Marcellus, whom Cæsar designed for his successor, happened a little before this recital : Virgil, therefore, with his usual dexterity, inserted his funeral panegyric in those admirable lines, beginning

*O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum,
&c.*

His mother, the excellent Octavia, the best wife of the worst husband that ever was, to divert her grief, would be of the auditory. The poet artificially deferred the naming Marcellus, till their passions were raised to the highest ; but the mention of it put both her and Augustus into such a passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further ; Virgil answered, that he had already ended that passage. Some relate, that Octavia fainted away ; but afterwards she presented the poet with two thousand one hundred pounds, odd money ; a round sum for twenty-seven verses. But they were Virgil's. Another writer says, that with a royal magnificence, she

ordered him massy plate, unweighed, to a great value.

And now he took up a resolution of travelling into Greece, there to set the last hand to this work ; proposing to devote the rest of his life to philosophy, which had been always his principal passion. He justly thought it a foolish figure for a grave man to be overtaken by death, whilst he was weighing the cadence of words and measuring verses ; unless necessity should constrain it, from which he was well secured by the liberality of that learned age. But he was not aware, that whilst he allotted three years for the revising of his poem, he drew bills upon a failing bank : for unhappily meeting Augustus at Athens, he thought himself obliged to wait upon him into Italy, but being desirous to see all he could of the Greek antiquities, he fell into a languishing distemper at Megara ; this neglected at first, proved mortal. The agitation of the vessel, for it was now autumn, near the time of his birth, brought him so low, that he could hardly reach Brindisi. In his sickness he frequently, and with great importunity, called for his scrutore, that he might burn his Æneis ; but Augustus interposing by his royal authority, he made his last will, of which something shall be said afterwards. And considering probably how much Homer had been disfigured by the arbitrary compilers of his works, obliged Tucca and Varius to add nothing, nor so much as fill up the breaks he left in his poem. He ordered that his bones should be carried to Naples, in which place he had passed the most agreeable part of his life. Augustus, not only as executor and friend, but according to the duty of the Pont. Max. when a funeral happened in his family, took care himself to see the will punctually executed. He went out of the world with all that calmness of mind with which the ancient writers of his life says he came into it : making the inscription of his monument himself ; for he began and ended his poetical compositions with an epitaph. And this he made exactly according to the law of his master Plato on such occasions, without the least ostentation.

*I sung flocks, tillage, heroes ; Mantua gave
Me life, Brundisium death, Naples a grave.*

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF

His Person, Manners, and Fortune.

HE was of a very swarthy complexion, which might proceed from the southern extraction of his father ; tall and wide shouldered, so that he may be thought to have described himself under the character of Musæus, whom he calls the best of poets.

— *Medium nam plurima turba*

*Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit
altis.*

His sickness, studies, and the troubles he met with, turned his hair gray before the usual time ; he had an hesitation in his speech, as many others

great men: it being rarely found that a very fluent elocution, and depth of judgment meet in the same person. His aspect and behaviour rustic and ungraceful: and this defect was not likely to be rectified in the place where he first lived, nor afterwards, because the weakness of his stomach would not permit him to use his exercises; he was frequently troubled with the headach, and spitting of blood; spare of diet, and hardly drank any wine. Bashful to a fault; and when people crowded to see him, he would slip into the next shop, or bye passage, to avoid them. As this character could not recommend him to the fair sex, he seems to have as little consideration for them as Euripides himself. There is hardly the character of one good woman to be found in his poems: he uses the word [Mulier] but once in the whole *Æneid*, then too by way of contempt, rendering literally a piece of a verse out of Homer. In his *Pastorals* he is full of invectives against love: in the *Georgics* he appropriates all the rage of it to the females. He makes Dido, who never deserved that character, lustful and revengeful to the utmost degree; so as to die devoting her lover to destruction; so changeable, that the Destinies themselves could not fix the time of her death; but Iris, the emblem of inconstancy, must determine it. Her sister is something worse. He is so far from passing such a compliment upon Helen, as the grave old counsellor in Homer does, after nine years war, when upon the sight of her he breaks out into this rapture in the presence of king Priam;

None can the cause of these long wars despise;
The cost bears no proportion to the prize:
Majestic charms in every feature shine;
Her hair, her port, her accent is divine.
However, let the fatal beauty go, &c.

Virgil is so far from this complaisant humour, that his hero falls into an unmanly and ill-timed deliberation, whether he should not kill her in a church; which directly contradicts what Deiphobus says of her, *Æneid* vi. in that place where every body tells the truth. He transfers the dogged silence of Ajax's ghost, to that of Dido; though that be no very natural character to an injured lover, or a woman. He brings in the Trojan matrons setting their own fleet on fire; and running afterwards, like witches on their Sabbath, into the woods. He bestows indeed some ornaments on the character of Camilla; but soon abates his favour, by calling her "aspero et horrendo virgo:" He places her in the front of the line for an ill omen of the battle, as one of the ancients has observed. We may observe, on this occasion, it is an art peculiar to Virgil, to intimate the event by some preceding accident. He hardly ever describes the rising of the sun, but with some circumstance which fore-signifies the fortune of the day. For instance, when *Æneas* leaves Africa and queen Dido, he thus describes the fatal morning.

Tithori croceum linquens aurora cubile.

[And for the remark, we stand indebted to the curious pencil of Pollio] the Mourning fields (*Æneid* vi.) are crowded with ladies of a lost repu-

tation: hardly one man gets admittance, and that is *Cæneus*, for a very good reason. *Latinus's* queen is turbulent, and ungovernable, and at last hangs herself: and the fair *Lavinia* is disobedient to the oracle, and to the king, and looks a little flickering after *Turnus*. I wonder at this the more, because *Livy* represents her as an excellent person, and who behaved herself with great wisdom in her regency during the minority of her son: so that the poet has done her wrong, and it reflects on her posterity. His goddesses make as ill a figure; *Juno* is always in a rage, and the fury of heaven: *Venus* grows so unreasonably confident, as to ask her husband to forge arms for her bastard son; which were enough to provoke one of a more phlegmatic temper than *Vulcan* was. Notwithstanding all this raillery of Virgil's, he was certainly of a very amorous disposition, and has described all that is most delicate in the passion of love; but he conquered his natural inclinations by the help of philosophy; and refined it into friendship, to which he was extremely sensible. The reader will admit of or reject the following conjecture, with the free leave of the writer, who will be equally pleased with either way. Virgil had too great an opinion of the influence of the heavenly bodies: and, as an ancient writer says, he was born under the sign of *Virgo*, with which nativity he much pleased himself, and would exemplify her virtues in his life. Perhaps it was thence that he took his name of *Virgil* and *Parthenias*, which does not necessarily signify base-born. *Donatus*, and *Servius*, very good grammarians, give a quite contrary sense of it. He seems to make allusion to this original of his name in that passage,

*Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope.*

And this may serve to illustrate his compliment to *Cæsar*, in which he invites him into his own constellation,

Where, in the void of heaven, a place is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion, and the Maid, for thee.

Thus placing him betwixt Justice and Power, and in a neighbouring mansion to his own; for Virgil supposed souls to ascend again to their proper and congenial stars. Being therefore of this humour, it is no wonder that he refused the embraces of the beautiful *Plotia*, when his indiscreet friend almost threw her into his arms.

But however he stood affected to the ladies, there is a dreadful accusation brought against him for the most unnatural of all vices, which, by the malignity of human nature, has found more credit in latter times than it did near his own. This took not its rise so much from the *Alexis*, in which *Pastoral* there is not one immodest word; as from a sort of ill nature that will not let any one be without the imputation of some vice; and principally because he was so strict a follower of *Socrates* and *Plato*. In order, therefore, to his vindication, I shall take the matter a little higher.

The *Cretans* were anciently much addicted to navigation, inasmuch that it became a Greek proverb, (though omitted, I think, by the indus-

trious Erasmus), A Cretan that does not know the sea. Their neighbourhood gave them occasion of frequent commerce with the Phœnicians, that accursed people, who infected the western world with endless superstitions, and gross immoralities. From them it is probable, that the Cretans learned this infamous passion, to which they were so much addicted, that Cicero remarks, in his Book de Rep. that it was a disgrace for a young gentleman to be without lovers. Socrates, who was a great admirer of the Cretan constitutions, set his excellent wit to find out some good cause, and use of this evil inclination, and therefore gives an account wherefore beauty is to be loved, in the following passage; for I will not trouble the reader, weary perhaps already, with a long Greek quotation: "There is
 " but one eternal, immutable, uniform beauty;
 " in contemplation of which our sovereign happiness does consist: and therefore a true lover
 " considers beauty and proportion as so many
 " steps and degrees, by which he may ascend
 " from the particular to the general, from all
 " that is lovely of feature, or regular in proportion, or charming in sound, to the general
 " fountain of all perfection. And if you are so
 " much transported with the sight of beautiful
 " persons, as to wish neither to drink, but to pass
 " your whole life in their conversation; to what
 " ecstasy would it raise you to behold the original beauty, not filled up with flesh and blood,
 " or varnished with a fading mixture of colours,
 " and the rest of mortal trifles and fooleries, but
 " separate, unmixed, uniform, and divine, &c." Thus far Socrates, in a strain much beyond the Socrate Cretien of Mr. Balfac: and thus that admirable man loved his Phædon, his Charmedes, and Theætetus; and thus Virgil loved his Alexander, and Cebes, under the feigned name of Alexis: He received them illiterate, but returned them to their masters, the one a good poet; and the other an excellent grammarian; and to prevent all possible misinterpretations, he warily inserted into the liveliest Episode in the whole *Æneis*, these words,

Nisus amore pio pueri.

And in the sixth, *Quique pii vates*. He seems fond of the words, *cattus*, *pius*, *virgo*, and the compounds of it; and sometimes stretches the use of that word further than one would think he reasonably should have done, as when he attributes it to *Pasiphae* herself.

Another vice he is taxed with, is avarice; because he died rich; and so indeed he did in comparison of modern wealth; his estate amounts to near seventy-five thousand pounds of our money: but Donatus does not take notice of this as a thing extraordinary; nor was it esteemed so great a matter, when the cash of a great part of the world lay at Rome. Antony himself bestowed at once two thousand acres of land in one of the best provinces of Italy, upon a ridiculous scribbler, who is named by Cicero and Virgil. A late cardinal used to purchase ill flattery at the expence of 100,000 crowns a year. But besides

Virgil's other benefactors, he was much in favour with Augustus, whose bounty to him had no limits, but such as the modesty of Virgil prescribed to it. Before he had made his own fortune, he settled his estate upon his own parents and brothers; sent them yearly large sums, so that they lived in great plenty and respect; and at his death divided his estate betwixt duty and gratitude, leaving one half to his relations, and the other to *Mecænas*, to *Tucca* and *Varius*, and a considerable legacy to Augustus, who had introduced a politic fashion of being in every body's will; which alone was a fair revenue for a prince. Virgil shows his detestation of this vice, by placing in the front of the damned those who did not relieve their relations and friends; for the Romans hardly ever extended their liberality further; and therefore I do not remember to have met in all the Latin poets, one character so noble as that short one in Homer.

Φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι,
 Πάντας γὰρ φιλεῖδκε

On the other hand, he gives a very advanced place in Elysium to good patriots, &c. observing in all his poem, that rule so sacred amongst the Romans, that there should be no art allowed, which did not tend to the improvement of the people in virtue; and this was the principle too of our excellent Mr. Waller, who used to say, that he would raze any line out of his poems, which did not imply some motive to virtue; but he was unhappy in the choice of the subject of his admirable vein in poetry. The Countess of Carlisle was the Helen of her country. There is nothing in Pagan philosophy more true, more just, and regular than Virgil's *Ethics*; and it is hardly possible to sit down to the serious perusal of his works, but a man shall rise more disposed to virtue and goodness, as well as most agreeably entertained. The contrary to which disposition may happen sometimes upon the reading of Ovid, of Martial, and several other second rate poets. But of the craft and tricking part of life with which Homer abounds, there is nothing to be found in Virgil; and therefore Plato, who gives the former so many good words, perfumes, crowns, but at last complementally banishes him his commonwealth, would have entreated Virgil to stay with him, (if they had lived in the same age), and intrusted him with some important charge in his government. Thus was his life as chaste as his style, and those who can critic his poetry, can never find a blemish in his manners; and one would rather wish to have that purity of mind, which the satyrists himself attributes to him; that friendly disposition, and evenness of temper, and patience, which he was master of in so eminent a degree, than to have the honour of being author of the *Æneis*, or even of the *Georgics* themselves.

Having, therefore, so little relish for the usual amusements of the world, he prosecuted his studies without any considerable interruption, during the whole course of his life, which one may reasonably conjecture to have been something longer

than fifty-two years; and therefore it is no wonder that he became the most general scholar that Rome ever bred, unless some one should except Varo. Besides the exact knowledge of rural affairs, he understood medicine, to which profession he was designed by his parents. A curious florist, on which subject one would wish he had writ, as he once intended: so profound a naturalist, that he has solved more phænomena of nature upon sound principles, than Aristotle in his physics. He studied geometry, the most opposite of all sciences to a poetic genius, and beauties of a lively imagination; but this promoted the order of his narrations, his propriety of language, and clearness of expression, for which he was justly called the pillar of the Latin tongue. This geometrical spirit was the cause, that to fill up a verse he would not insert one superfluous word; and therefore deserves that character which a noble and judicious writer has given him, * "That he never says too little, nor too much." Nor could any one ever fill up the verses he left imperfect. There is one supplied near the beginning of the first book; Virgil left the verse thus,

* Essay of Poetry by the Marquis of Normandy.

—Hic illius arma,

Hic currus fuit—

the rest is none of his.

He was so good a geographer, that he has not only left us the finest description of Italy that ever was; but, besides, was one of the few ancients who knew the true system of the earth, its being inhabited round about, under the torrid zone, and near the poles. Metrodorus, in his five Books of the Zones, justifies him from some exceptions made against him by astronomers. His rhetoric was in such general esteem, that lectures were read upon it in the reign of Tiberius, and the subject of declamations taken out of him. Pollio himself, and many other ancients, commented him. His esteem degenerated into a kind of superstition. The known story of Mr. Cowley is an instance of it. But the Sortes Virgilianæ were condemned by St. Austin, and other casuists. Abienus, by an odd design, put all Virgil and Livy into Iambic verse; and the pictures of those two were hung in the most honourable place of public libraries; and the design of taking them down, and destroying Virgil's works, was looked upon as one of the most extravagant amongst the many brutish frenzies of Caligula.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

P A S T O R A L S,

WITH A

SHORT DEFENCE OF VIRGIL, AGAINST SOME OF THE REFLECTIONS OF
MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.

As the writings of greatest antiquity are in verse, so of all sorts of poetry, Pastorals seem the most ancient; being formed upon the model of the first innocence and simplicity, which the moderns, better to dispense themselves from imitating, have wisely thought fit to treat as fabulous, and impracticable; and yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the most valuable blessings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a constant serenity and freedom of mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful refinements, can scarcely pass an autumn without some access of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by some unquiet passion. He was not then looked upon as a very old man, who reached to a greater number of years, than in these times an ancient family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the names of several, who saw, and practised the world for a longer space of time, than we can read the accounts of in any one intire body of history. In short, they invented the most useful Arts, Pasturage, Tillage, Geometry, Writing, Music, Astronomy, &c. Whilst the moderns, like extravagant heirs, made rich by their industry, ingratiously deride the good old gentleman who left them the estate. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that Pastorals are fallen into disesteem, together with that fashion of life, upon which they were grounded. And, methinks, I see the reader already uneasy at this part of Virgil, counting the pages, and posting to the *Æneis*; so delightful an entertainment is the very relation of public mischief and slaughter now become to mankind: and yet Virgil passed a much different judgment on his own works; he valued most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his reputation with posterity: but censures himself, in one of his letters to Augustus, for meddling with heroics, the invention of a degenerating age. This is the reason that the rules of pastoral are so little known, or studied. Aristotle, Horace, and the essay of Poetry, take no notice of it. And Mr. Boileau,

one of the most accurate of the moderns, because he never loses the ancients out of his sight, bestows scarce half a page on it.

It is the design, therefore, of the few following pages, to clear this sort of writing from vulgar prejudices; to vindicate our author from some unjust imputations; to look into some of the rules of this sort of poetry, and inquire what sort of versification is most proper for it, in which point we are so much inferior to the ancients, that this consideration alone were enough to make some writers think as they ought, that is, meanly of their own performances.

As all sorts of poetry consist in imitation; Pastoral is the imitation of a shepherd considered under that character: it is requisite therefore to be a little informed of the condition and qualifications of these shepherds.

One of the ancients has observed truly, but satyrically enough, that, mankind is the measure of every thing; and thus, by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and standard of others, and ourselves at last the measure of them all. We figure our ancient countrymen like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education: but men had quite different notions of these things, for the first four thousand years of the world; health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness, and effeminating sloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman; anciently it was quite otherwise. Mr. Fleury has severely remarked, that this extravagant passion for hunting, is a strong proof of our Gothic extraction, and shows an affinity of humour with the savage Americans. The barbarous Franks and other Germans, (having neither corn, nor

wine of their own growth), when they passed the Rhine, and possessed themselves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diversion, as they had done before for their necessary subsistence. The English gave this usage the sacred stamp of fashion, and from hence it is that most of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this subject, since an ill accident, occasioned by hunting, kept England in pain, these several months together, for one of the † best, and greatest peers which she has bred for some ages; no less illustrious for civil virtues, and learning, than his ancestors were for all their victories in France.

But there are some prints still left of the ancient esteem for husbandry, and their plain fashion of life, in many of our surnames, and in the escutcheons of the most ancient families, even those of the greatest kings, the roses, the lilies, the thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal causes of deposing Mahomet the IVth, was, that he would not allot part of the day to some manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet, and ancient practice of his predecessors. He that reflects on this, will be the less surprised to find that Charlemagne, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be instructed in some profession. And eight hundred years yet higher, that Augustus wore no clothes but such as were made by the hands of the empress and her daughters; and Olympius did the same for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, sent for their dictator from the plough, whose whole estate was but of four acres; too little a spot now for the orchard or kitchen garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the most renowned monarchies in the world, were shepherds: and the subject of husbandry has been adorned by the writings and labours of more than twenty kings. It ought not therefore, to be matter of surprise to a modern writer, that kings, the shepherds of the people in Homer, laid their first rudiments, in tending their mute subjects; nor that the wealth of Ulysses consisted in flocks and herds, the intendants over which were then in equal esteem with officers of state in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is called *Διὸς ὑποπόλεος* in Homer; not so much because Homer was a lover of a country life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the dignity and greatness of his trust, and because he was the son of a king, stolen away, and sold by the Phœnician pirates; which the ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange that the master of the horse to king Latinus, in the ninth Æneid, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when the news of the first skirmish betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of such quality, they cannot be supposed so very ignorant and unpolished; the learning and good breeding of the world was then in the hands of such people. He who was chosen

† The Duke of Shrewsbury,

by the consent of all parties to arbitrate so delicate an affair, as which was the fairest of the three celebrated beauties of heaven; he who had the address to debauch away Helen from her husband, her native country, and from a crown, understood what the French call by the too soft name of *Galanterie*; he had accomplishments enough, how ill use soever he made of them. It seems, therefore, that Mr. Fontenelle had not duly considered the matter, when he reflected so severely upon Virgil, as if he had not observed the laws of decency in his Pastorals, in making shepherds speak to things beside their character, and above their capacity. "He stands amazed" that shepherds should thunder out, (as he expresses himself,) the formation of the world, "and that too according to the system of Epicurus." "In truth, (says he, page 176,) I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece" (the sixth Past): I can neither comprehend the design of the author, nor the connexion of the parts; first come the ideas of philosophy, and "presently after those incoherent fables, &c." To expose him yet more, he subjoins, "It is Silenus himself who makes all this absurd discourse. Virgil says, indeed, that he had drank too much the day before; perhaps the debauch hung in his head when he composed this poem, &c." Thus far Mr. Fontenelle, who, to the disgrace of reason, as himself ingeniously owns, first built his house, and then studied architecture; I mean, first composed his eclogues, and then studied the rules. In answer to this, we may observe, first, that this very Pastoral which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous player on the Roman theatre, with marvellous applause, insomuch that Cicero who had heard part of it only, ordered the whole to be rehearsed; and, struck with admiration of it, conferred then upon Virgil the glorious title of

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

Nor is it old Donatus only who relates this, we have the same account from another very creditable and ancient author; so that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to confront the single opinion of this adventurous critic. A man ought to be well assured of his own abilities, before he attacks an author of established reputation. If Mr. Fontenelle had perused the fragments of the Phœnician antiquity, traced the progress of learning through the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted his learned countryman Huetius, he would have found (which falls out unluckily for him) that a Chaldæan shepherd discovered to the Ægyptians and Greeks the creation of the world. And what subject more fit for such a Pastoral, than that great affair which was first notified to the world by one of that profession? Nor does it appear, (what he takes for granted) that Virgil describes the original of the world according to the hypothesis of Epicurus; he was too well seen in antiquity to commit such a gross mistake; there is not the least mention of chance in that whole passage, nor of the *Clinamen Principiorum*, so peculiar to Epicurus's hypothesis. Virgil had

not only more piety, but was of too nice a judgment to introduce a God denying the power and providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn to the atoms and blind chance. On the contrary, his description agrees very well with that of Moses; and the eloquent commentator D'Acier, who is confident that Horace had perused the sacred history, might with greater reason have affirmed the same thing of Virgil. For, besides the famous passage in the sixth *Aeneid*, (by which this may be illustrated) where the word *Principio* is used in front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the seas are first mentioned, and the "spiritus intus alit," which might not improbably, as Mr. D'Acier would suggest, allude to the spirit moving upon the face of the waters; but omitting this parallel place, the successive formation of the world is evidently described in these words:

Rerum paulatim sumere formas:

And it is hardly possible to render more literally that verse of Moses,

"Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear," than in this of Virgil,

Jam durare solum, et discludere Nerea Ponto.

After this the formation of the sun is described (exactly in the Mosaic order), and next the production of the first living creatures, and that too in a small number, (still in the same method),

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the aforesaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly the Mosaic system, than an ingenious writer, who will by no means allow mountains to be coeval with the world. Thus much will make it probable at least that Virgil had Moses in his thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he composed this poem. But it is further remarkable, that this passage was taken from a song attributed to Apollo, who himself too unluckily had been a shepherd, and he took it from another yet more ancient, composed by the first inventor of music, and at that time a shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest fragments of Greek antiquity: and because I cannot suppose the ingenious Mr. Fontenelle one of their number who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian characters, I shall here set down the lines from which Virgil took this passage, though none of the commentators have observed it.

ἑρμῆς δ' οἱ ἐσπέιο φῶνι,
κρίνων ἀθανάτους τε θεούς, καὶ λαίαν ἐρέμην,
ὦ τὰ πρῶτα γένοιτο, κί ὡς λάχε μοῖραν ἑκάστος, &c.

Thus Linus too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preserved by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be instanced in Musæus himself.

So that our poet here, with great judgment, as always, follows the ancient custom of beginning their more solemn songs with the creation, and

VOL. XII.

does it too most properly under the person of a shepherd; and thus the first and best employment of poetry was, to compose hymns in honour of the great Creator of the universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other objections. He demands why those several transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and soul of poetry? Can himself assign a more proper subject of Pastoral than the *Saturnia Regna*, the age and scene of this kind of poetry? What theme more fit for the song of a God, or to imprint religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the species of creatures at their pleasure: their families lived in groves, near the clear springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glass, for fear of being stolen by the water-nymphs, that is, falling and being drowned, as *Hylas* was? *Pasiphae's* monstrous passion for a bull is certainly a subject enough fitted for *Bucolics*. Can Mr. Fontenelle tax *Silenus* for fetching too far the transformation of the sisters of *Phaeton* into trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those alders and poplars? Or the metamorphosis of *Philomela* into that ravishing bird, which makes the sweetest music of the groves? If he had looked into the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted honest *Servius*, he would have discovered that under the allegory of this drunkenness of *Silenus*, the refinement and exaltation of men's minds by philosophy was intended. But if the author of these reflections can take such flights in his wine, it is almost pity that drunkenness should be a sin, or that he should ever want good store of burgundy and champaign. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank out of *Silenus's* tankard, when he composed either his *Critique* or *Pastorals*.

His censure on the fourth seems worse grounded than the other; it is intituled in some ancient manuscripts, *The History of the Renovation of the World*; he complains "That he cannot understand what is meant by those many figurative expressions;" but if he had consulted the younger *Vossius's* dissertation on this pastoral, or read the excellent oration of the emperor *Constantine*, made French by a good pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those figurative expressions; and withal, very strong proofs of the truths of the Christian religion; such as converted heathens, as *Valerianus*, and others: and upon account of this piece, the most learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a Christian, even before Christianity. *Cicero* takes notice of it in his books of divination, and Virgil probably had put it in verse a considerable time before the edition of his pastorals. Nor does he appropriate it to *Pollio*, or his son, but complimentally dates it from his consulship. And therefore some one who had not so kind thoughts of Mr. Fontenelle as I, would be inclined to think him as bad a catholic as critic in this place.

But, in respect to some books he has wrote since, I pass by a great part of this, and shall on.

Y

ly touch briefly some of the rules of this sort of poem.

The first is, that an air of piety upon all occasions should be maintained in the whole poem: this appears in all the ancient Greek writers; as Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is so exact in the observation of it, not only in this work, but in his *Æneis* too, that a celebrated French writer taxes him for permitting *Æneas* to do nothing without the assistance of some God. But by this it appears at least, that Mr. St. Evremond is no Jansenist.

Mr. Fontenelle seems a little defective in this point; he brings in a pair of shepherdesses disputing very warmly, whether *Victoria* be a goddess, or a woman. Her great condescension and compassion, her affability and goodness, none of the meanest attributes of the Divinity, pass for convincing arguments that she could not possibly be a goddess.

Les deesses toujours fieres et meprisantes
Ne rassureroient point les bergeres tremblantes
Par d'obligeans discours, des souris gracieux;
Mais tu l'as veu; cette auguste personne
Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux
Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle e-
tonne,
Sa bonte descendant sans peine jusqu'à nous.

In short, she has too many divine perfections to be a Deity, and therefore she is a mortal [which was the thing to be proved.] It is directly contrary to the practice of all ancient poets, as well as to the rules of decency and religion, to make such odious preferences. I am much surprised therefore that he should use such an argument as this:

Cloris, as tu veu des deesses
Avoir un air si facile et si doux.

Was not *Aurora*, and *Venus*, and *Luna*, and I know not how many more of the heathen deities, too easy of access to *Tithonus*, to *Anchises*, and to *Endymion*? Is there any thing more sparkish and better-humoured than *Venus* ascofing her son in the deserts of *Libya*? or than the behaviour of *Pallas* to *Diomedes*, one of the most perfect and admirable pieces of all the *Iliads*; where she condescends to rail him so agreeably; and notwithstanding her severe virtue, and all the ensigns of majesty, with which she so terribly adorns herself, condescends to ride with him in his chariot? But the *Odysseys* are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous passage of *Lucan*, in which he prefers *Cato* to all the Gods at once.

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

Which *Bræleuf* has rendered so flatly, and which may be thus paraphrased;

Heaven meanly with the conqueror did comply,
But *Cato* rather than submit would die.

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of religion, to compliment their princes at the expence of their deities.

But letting that pass, this whole *Eclogue* is but a long paraphrase of a trite verse in *Virgil*, and *Homer*.

Nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certe.

So true is that remark of the admirable *Earl of Roscommon*, if applied to the Romans, rather I fear than to the English, since his own death.

—one sterling line,

Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.

Another rule is, that the characters should represent that ancient innocence, and unpractised plainness which was then in the world. *P. Rapsa* has gathered many instances of this out of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*; and the reader can do it as well as himself. But Mr. Fontenelle transgressed this rule, when he hid himself in the thicket to listen to the private discourse of the two shepherdesses. This is not only ill-breeding at *Versailles*; the *Arcadian* shepherdesses themselves would have set their dogs upon one for such an unpardonable piece of rudeness.

A third rule is, that there should be some ordonnance, some design, or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene. This is every where observed by *Virgil*, and particularly remarkable in the first *Eclogue*, the standard of all pastorals; a beautiful landscape presents itself to your view, a shepherd with his flock around him, resting securely under a spreading beech, which furnished the first food to our ancestors. Another in a quite different situation of mind and circumstances, the sun setting, the hospitality of the more fortunate shepherd, &c. And here Mr. Fontenelle seems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of writing, is, that there be choice diversity of subjects; that the *Eclogue*, like a beautiful prospect, should charm by its variety. *Virgil* is admirable in this point, and far surpasses *Theocritus*, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part. The subject of the First Pastoral is hinted above.

The second contains the love of *Corydon* for *Alexis*, and the seasonable reproach he gives himself, that he left his vines half-pruned, (which according to the Roman rituals, derived a curse upon the fruit that grew upon it) whilst he pursued an object undeserving his passion.

The third, a sharp contention of two shepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the discourse of a shepherd comforting himself in a declining age, that a better was ensuing.

The fifth a lamentation for a dead friend, the first draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the Pastorals now extant, his brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his court to *Augustus*, by turning it into an hypothesis of *Julius Cæsar*.

The sixth is the *Silenus*.

The seventh, another poetical dispute, first composed at *Mantua*.

The eighth is the description of a despairing lover, and a magical charm.

He sets the ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevailed upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diversifying his subjects. But Mr. Fontenelle is a great deal too uniform; begin where you please, the subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself.

Toujours, toujours de l'amour.

He seems to take pastorals and love-verses for the same thing. Has human nature no other passion? does not fear, ambition, avarice, pride, a capricio of honour, and laziness itself often triumph over love? But this passion does all, not only in pastorals, but in modern tragedies too. A hero can no more fight, or be sick, or die, than he can be born, without a woman. But dramatics have been composed in compliance to the humour of the age, and the prevailing inclination of the great, whose example has a more powerful influence, not only in the little court behind the scenes, but on the great theatre of the world. However, this inundation of love-verses is not so much an effect of their amorousness, as of immoderate self-love; this being the only sort of poetry, in which the writer can, not only without censure, but even with commendation, talk of himself. There is generally more of the passion of Narcissus than concern for Chloris and Corrina, in this whole affair. Be pleased to look into almost any of those writers, and you shall meet every where the eternal 'moy,' which the admirable Paschal so judiciously condemns. Homer can never be enough admired for this one so particular quality, that he never speaks of himself, either in the *Iliad*, or the *Odysseys*; and if Horace had never told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer of his life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. This consideration might induce those great critics, Varius and Tucca, to raze out the first version of the *Æneis*, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky "ille ego." But extraordinary geniuses have a sort of prerogative, which may dispense them from laws binding to subject wits. However, the ladies have less reason to be pleased with those addresses, of which the poet takes the greater share to himself. Thus the beau presses into their dressing-room, but it is not so much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjust his own steenkirk and peruke, and set his countenance in their glass.

A fifth rule, (which one may hope will not be contested) is, that the writer should show in his compositions, some competent skill of the subject matter, that which makes the character of persons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and œconomy of a poem, Virgil much excels his master Theocritus. The poet is still better skilled in husbandry than those that get their bread by it. He describes the nature, the diseases, the remedies, the proper places, and seasons, of feeding, of watering their flocks; the furniture, diet; the lodging and pastimes of his shepherds. But the persons brought in by

Mr. Fontenelle are shepherds in masquerade, and handle their sheep-hook as awkwardly, as they do their oaten reed. They saunter about with their "chers moutons," but they relate as little to the business in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ship, does to the history designed. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their sheep into the plains of Mount-Brison, and Marcilli, to the flowery banks of Lignon, or the Charanthe; that they are driving directly a la Boucherie, to make money of them. I hope hereafter Mr. Fontenelle will choose his servants better.

A sixth rule is, that as the style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the ancient fashion of writing. Parables in those times were frequently used, as they are still by the eastern nations, philosophical questions, ænigma's, &c. and of this we find instances in the sacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David, in Herodotus, in the Greek tragedians; this piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgment and discretion: he has proposed one riddle, which has never yet been solved by any of his commentators. Though he knew the rules of rhetoric as well as Cicero himself, he conceals that skill in his Pastorals, and keeps close to the character of antiquity: nor ought the connections and transitions to be very strict and regular; this would give the Pastorals an air of novelty; and of this neglect of exact connections, we have instances in the writings of the ancient Chinese, of the Jews and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of dithyrambics, in the choruses of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If Mr. Fontenelle and Ruæus had considered this, the one would have spared his critique of the sixth, and the other, his reflections upon the ninth Pastoral. The over-scrupulous care of connections, makes the modern compositions oftentimes tedious and flat: and by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the *Pensées* of the incomparable Mr. Paschal, and perhaps of Mr. Bruyere, are two of the most entertaining books which the modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after nature herself. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful prospect, than a curious parterre of sorted flowers in our gardens, and we are much more transported with the beauty of the heavens, and admiration of their Creator, in a clear night, when we behold stars of all magnitudes, promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious lights were ranked in their several orders, or reduced into the finest geometrical figures.

Another rule omitted by P. Rapin, as some of his are by me, (for I do not design an entire treatise in this preface) is, that not only the sentences should be short and smart, upon which account he justly blames the Italian, and French, as too talkative, but that the whole piece should be so too. Virgil transgressed this rule in his first Pastorals, I mean those which he composed at Mantua, but rectified the fault in his riper years. This appears by the *Culex*, which is as long as five of his

Pastorals put together. The greater part of those he finished, have less than an hundred verses, and but two of them exceed that number. But the *Silenus*, which he seems to have designed for his masterpiece, in which he introduces a god singing, and he too full of inspiration, which is intended by that ebriety, (which Mr. Fontenelle so unreasonably ridicules), though it goes through so vast a field of matter, and comprises the mythology of near two thousand years, consists but of fifty lines; so that its brevity is no less admirable, than the subject matter; the noble fashion of handling it, and the Deity speaking. Virgil keeps up his characters in this respect too, with the strictest decency. For poetry and pastime was not the business of men's lives in those days, but only their seasonable recreation after necessary labours. And therefore the length of some of the modern Italian, and English compositions, is against the rules of this kind of poetry.

I shall add something very briefly, touching the versification of Pastorals, though it be a mortifying consideration to the moderns. Heroic verse, as it is commonly called, was used by the Greeks in this sort of poem, as very ancient and natural; lyrics, iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: but there is so great a difference in the numbers of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a genus, than species, of verse. Whoever shall compare the numbers of the three following verses, will quickly be sensible of the truth of this observation.

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.

The first of the *Georgics*,

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sydere terram,
and of the *Æneis*,

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

The sound of the verses is almost as different as the subjects. But the Greek writers of Pastoral usually limited themselves to the example of the first; which Virgil found so exceeding difficult, that he quitted it, and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call rhyme, is the most ancient sort of poetry; and learned men have given good arguments for it; and therefore a French historian commits a gross mistake, when he attributes that invention to a king of Gaul, as an English gentleman does, when he makes a Roman emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who understood fully the force and power of numbers, soon grew weary of this childish sort of verse, as the younger Vossius justly calls it, and therefore those rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false syntax, than what we call a rhyme. Such a verse as this,

Vir precor uxori, frater succurre forori,
was passable in Ovid, but the nicer ears in Augustus's court could not pardon Virgil for

At regina pyra.

So that the principal ornament of modern poetry was accounted deformity by the Latins and Greeks; it was they who invented the different terminations of words, those happy compositions, those short monosyllables, those transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern languages. The French sometimes crowd together ten or twelve monosyllables into one disjointed verse; they may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacify a man that was in a violent transport of anger; nor those swift numbers of the priests of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any modern put into his own language the energy of that single poem of Catullus.

Super alta vectus Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; and the French, Spanish, and Italian, a corruption of Latin; and therefore a man might as well go about to persuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquor than wine, as that the modern compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin itself. The Greek tongue very naturally falls into iambics, and therefore the diligent reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those accurate orations of Isocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy's history is half an hexameter, and that of Tacitus an entire one. * The Roman historian, describing the glorious effort of a colonel to break through a brigade of the enemies, just after the defeat at Cannæ, falls unknowingly into a verse not unworthy Virgil himself.

Hæc ubi dicti dedit, stringit gladium, cuneoque Facto per medios, &c.

Ours and the French can at best but fall into blank verse, which is a fault in prose. The misfortune indeed is common to us both, but we deserve more compassion, because we are not vain of our barbarities. As age brings men back into the state and infirmities of childhood, upon the fall of their empire the Romans doted into rhyme, as appears sufficiently by the hymns of the Latin church; and yet a great deal of the French poetry does hardly deserve that poor title. I shall give an instance out of a poem which had the good luck to gain the prize in 1685, for the subject deserved a nobler pen.

*Tous les jours ce grand roy des autres roys l'ex-
ample,
S'ouvre nouveau chemin au faîte de un tem-
ple, &c.*

The judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of verse near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that passage of a famous academical, in which he, most compassionately, excuses the ancients for their not being so exact in their compositions as the modern French, because they wanted a dictionary, of which the French are at

* Livy.

last happily provided. If Demosthenes and Cicero had been so lucky as to have had a dictionary, and such a patron as Cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aspired to the honour of Balzac's Legacy of Ten Pounds, "le prix de l'éloquence."

On the contrary, I dare assert that there are hardly ten lines in either of those great orators, or even in the catalogue of Homer's ships, which is not more harmonious, more truly rhythmical, than most of the French or English sonnets; and therefore they lose, at least, one half of their native beauty by translation.

I cannot but add one remark on this occasion, that the French verse is oftentimes not so much as rhyme, in the lowest sense; for the childish repetition of the same note cannot be called music; such instances are infinite, as in the forecited poem.

'Epris	Trophee	cache;
Mepris	Orphee	cherche.

Mr. Boileau himself has a great deal of this *jeu de mots*, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultiness and poverty of the French tongue. Mr. Fontenelle at last goes into the excessive paradoxes of Mr. Perrault, and boasts of the vast number of their excellent songs, preferring them

to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer of as good credit has assured us, that seven lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek odes; but a few weeks would be sufficient, if a man were so very idle, as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I should be very glad to see a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

* Exact propriety of word and thought.

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another (for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious society, to which the learned world is much obliged), after all those golden dreams at the L'Ouvre, that their pieces will be as much valued ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek or Roman, I can no more get it into my head, that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H—K. [of the Royal Society], if he should pretend to show me a butterfly that had lived a thousand winters.

When Mr. Fontenelle wrote his Eclogues, he was so far from equalling Virgil or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings do consist.

† Essay of Poetry.

VIRGIL'S PASTORALS.

THE FIRST PASTORAL;

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBOEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following Pastoral; where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBOEUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs dif-
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan Muse: [fuse,
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home:
While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves;
And Amarillis fills the shady groves.

TIT. These blessings, friend, a Deity bestow'd:
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes:
And this you see I scarcely drag along,
Who yeaving on the rocks has left her young;
(The hope and promise of my failing fold.)
My loss by dire portents the gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have seen
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left presag'd the coming
blow.

But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial
Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their fires and dams express:
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.

MEL. What great occasion call'd you hence to
Rome! [slow to come:

TIT. Freedom, which came at length, though

Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amarillis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We stood amaz'd to see your mistress
mourn;
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whispering pines made vows for thy return.

TIT. What should I do, while here I was en-
chain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd,
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to
feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man! whose farm re-
mains
For you sufficient, and requites your pains:
Though rushes overspread the neighbouring
plains.
Though here the marshy grounds approach your
And there the soil a stony harvest yields, [fields,
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rott from tainted company.
Behold yon bordering fence of fallow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught
with bees:

The busy bees with a soft murmuring strain
Invite to gentle sleep the labouring swain.
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural
songs

The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TIT. Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall
change,

And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink:
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MEL. But we must beg our bread in climes
unknown,

Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone.

And some to far Oaxis shall be sold;

Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.

The rest among the Britons be confin'd;

A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.

O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,

Nor after length of rolling years return?

Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,

No more our houses and our homes to see?

Or shall we mount again the rural throng,

And rule the country kingdoms, once our own!

Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow;
Good heaven, what dire effects from civil dis-
cord flow!

Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.

Farewell my pastures, my paternal stock;

My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock:

No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb

The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!

No more extended in the grot below,

Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow

The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,

Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.

No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;

No more my song shall please the rural crew:

Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world a-
dieu!

TIT. This night, at least, with me forget your
care;

Chestnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare:

The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'er-
spread;

And boughs shall wave a covering for your head.

For see yon sunny hill the shade extends

And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

THE SECOND PASTORAL;

OR,

ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome armour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.

Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,

And must I die unpitied, and unheard?

Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,

The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;

And Theystylis wild thyme and garlick beats

For harvest hinds, o'erpent with toil and heats:

While in the scorching sun I trace in vain

Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,

The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,

They fry with heat, and I with fierce desire.

How much more easy was it to sustain

Proud Amarillis and her haughty reign,

The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,

Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.

Trust not too much to that enchanting face;

Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass:

White lilies lie neglected on the plain,

While dusky hyacinths for use remain.

My passion is thy scorn: nor wilt thou know

What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow:

What stores my dairies and my folds contain;

A thousand lambs that wander on the plain:

New milk that all the winter never fails,

And all the summer overflows the pails:

Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,

When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.

Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood

Upon the margin of the briny flood:

The winds were still, and if the glass be true,

With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.

O leave the noisy town, O come and see

Our country cots, and live content with me!

Y üij

o wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
 With me to drive a-field the browsing goats:
 To pipe and sing, and in our country strain
 To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
 Pan taught to join with wax, unequal reeds,
 Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
 Nor scorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
 With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
 Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
 Which with his dying breath Damætas gave:
 And said, This, Corydon I leave to thee;
 For only thou deserv'st it after me.
 His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift,
 For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.

Besides two kids that in the valley stray'd,
 I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
 They drain two bagging udders every day;
 And these shall be companions of thy play.
 Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
 Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
 And she shall have them if again she sue,
 Since you the giver and the gift refuse,
 Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
 And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
 White lilies in full canisters they bring,
 With all the glories of the purple spring.
 The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead,
 For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies head;
 The short narcissus, and fair daffodil,
 Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to
 And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue, [smell;
 To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue.
 Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
 To dress thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
 Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
 For downy peaches and the glossy plumb:

And thrash the chestnuts in the neighbouring grove,
 Such as my Amarillis us'd to love,
 The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree;
 And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
 Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy swain,
 Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
 Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
 Will rich Iolus yield, but offer more.
 What have I done to name that wealthy swain,
 So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
 The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring;
 And southern winds to blast my flowery spring.
 Ah cruel creature, whom dost thou despise?
 The gods to live in woods have left the skies.
 And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
 To Priam's wealth prefer'd Oenone's love.
 In cities which she built, let Pallas reign;
 Towers are for gods, but forests for the swain.
 The greedy lions the wolf pursues,
 The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse:
 Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
 All follow several games, and each his own.
 See from afar the fields no longer smoke,
 The sweating steers unharnes'd from the yoke,
 Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
 The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low.
 Cool breezes now the raging heats remove;
 Ah, cruel heaven! that made no cure for love!
 I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain;
 Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
 What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd,
 Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
 Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire:
 Mind what the common wants of life require:
 On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
 And find an easier love, though not so fair.

THE THIRD PASTORAL;

OR,

PALÆMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at a song; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

Ho! swain, what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave them me to [keep.

MEN. Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!

While he Næra courts, but courts, in vain,
 And fears that I the damsel shall obtain.

Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour:
 Thou milk'st his ewes, and offer twice an hour;
 Of gra's and fodder thou defraud'st the dams;
 And of their mother's dugs, the starving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young Catamite, at least to men:

We know who did your business, how, and when.
 And in what chapel too you plaid your prize;
 And what the goats observ'd with leering eyes:
 The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there
 your safety lies.

MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the
 Leis;

Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays.

DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts you broke :
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right ;
And, but for mischief, you had dy'd for spite.

MEN. What nonsense would the fool thy master
prate,

When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate !
Did I not see you, rascal, did I not ?
When you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat ?
His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes ; stop, stop the
Discover'd, and defeated of your prey, [thief !
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAM. An honest man may freely take his own ;
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.

A solemn match was made ; he lost the prize. }
Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies ;
I think he dares not ; if he does, he lies. }

MEN. Thou sing with him, thou booby ! never
Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd lip : [pipe
Dunce at the best ; in streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare ?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay ;
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day :
And twice besides her beastings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MEN. That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock :
What can I wager from the common stock ;
A stepdame too I have, a curst she,
Who rules my hen-peck'd fire, and orders me.
Both number twice a-day the milky dams ;
At once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
But since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay,
The pawn I profer shall be full as good ;
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood ;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made ;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid ;
The ivy's stem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
In various shapes around the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear ;
Conon, and, what's his name who made the
sphere, }

And show'd the seasons of the sliding year,
Instructed in his trade the labouring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain ?

DAM. And I have two, to match your pair, at
home ; [come :

The wood the same, from the same hand they
The kimbo handles seem with bears-foot carv'd ;
And never yet to table have been serv'd :
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove :
But these, not all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MEN. No more delays, vain boaster, but begin :
I prophecy before-hand I shall win.
Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme :
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAM. Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you
I fear not you, nor yet a better man. [can :
With silence, neighbour, and attention wait :
For 'tis a business of a high debate.

PAL. Sing then ; the shade affords a proper
place ; [grass ;

The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with
The blossoms blow ; the birds on bushes sing ;
And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damætas shall belong,
Mænalcas shall sustain his under-song :
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring ;
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAM. From the great Father of the gods above
My Muse begins ; for all is full of Jove ;
To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs ;
My flocks he blesses and he loves my songs.

MEN. Me Phœbus loves ; for he my Muse in-
spires ;

And in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him the god of shepherds and their sheep,
My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

DAM. My Phyllis with pelted apples plies, }
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies : }
And wishes to be seen before she flies. }

MEN. But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me, }
And offers love ; and sits upon my knee : }
Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he. }

DAM. To the dear mistress of my lovesick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd :
I saw two stock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the nest, and hers shall be the young.

MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground ;
I sent Amyntas all my present store ;
And will, to-morrow, send as many more.

DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms ;
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heaven her accents bear !
Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.

MEN. Ah ! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my sight !
I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey ;
And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAM. I keep my birth-day : send my Phillis
At shearing-time, Iolas, you may come. [home ;

MEN. With Phillis I am more in grace than }
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue : [you : }
Adieu, my dear, she said, a long adieu ! }

DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold ;
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-
wind. [plain,

MEN. The kids with pleasure browse the bushy
The showers are grateful to the swelling grain :
To teeming ewes the fallow's tender tree ;
But more than all the world my love to me.

DAM. Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read :
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MEN. My Pollio writes himself ; a bull he bred
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse ad-
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires ; [mire
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill,
And showers of honey from his oaks distil.

MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and
thee :

The same ill taste of sense should serve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and spoil
the spring,

Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly
sheep,

The ground is false, the running streams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.

DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and sling your
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook. [hook;

MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd
with heat,

In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.

DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous pas-
ture come!

But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom.

MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look
so thin,

Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.

What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAM. Say, where the round of heaven which
all contains,

To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

MEN. Nay, tell me first, in what new region
springs

A flower that bears inscrib'd the names of kings:
And thou shalt gain a present as divine
As Phœbus' self; for Phillis shall be thine.

PAL. So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserv'd, the prize.
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter sweets and pleasing pains of love.

Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain:
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL;

OR,

POLLIO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the birth-day of Saloniæ, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare [plain,
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends:
O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains;
And haste the glorious birth; thy own Apollo
reigns!

The lovely boy, with his auspicious face!
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace;
Majestic months set out with him to their ap-
pointed race.

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring
And fragrant herbs (the promises of spring),
As her first offerings to her infant king.

The goats, with strutting dugs, shall homeward
And lowing herds secure from lions feed. [speed,
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd;
The serpent's brood shall die: the sacred ground

Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear,
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn.
The knotted oak shall showers of honey weep,
And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall
creep.

Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain,
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round;
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground,
Another Typhis shall new seas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian
shore.

Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For every soil shall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin,
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-
hook the vine,

Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat:
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.

The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
 Mature in years, to ready honours move,
 O of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!
 See, labouring nature calls thee to sustain [main;
 The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and
 See, to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air,
 And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks
 appear, [long,
 To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath pro-
 Infusing spirits worthy such a song;
 Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
 Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;

Though each his heavenly parent should inspire;
 The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune
 the lyre.

Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
 Arcadian judges should their God condemn.
 Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about [single out;
 Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother
 Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous qualms of ten long months and tra-
 vel to requite.

Then smile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
 No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless
 the bed.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL;

OR,

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopius and Menalcus, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis; who is supposed, by the best critics, to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopius laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.

MENALCUS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
 And since my voice can match your tuneful reed.
 Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
 Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPS. Whether you please that sylvan scene
 to take,

Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make:
 Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
 Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

MEN. Your merit and your years command
 Amyntas only rivals you in voice. [the choice:

MOPS. What will not that presuming shep-
 herd dare,

Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?

MEN. Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
 Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays:
 If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
 Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPS. Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
 Which on the beech's bark I lately writ:

I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the swain
 Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

MEN. Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
 Or the pale fallow to the blushing rose;
 Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
 Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPS. No more, but sit and hear the pro-
 mis'd lay,

The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
 The nymphs about the breathless body wait
 Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.

The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
 At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.

The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
 Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.

She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and, furious with despair,
 She rent her garments, and she tore her hair:

Accusing all the gods, and every star.

The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
 Of running waters brought their herds to drink.

The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
 From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.

The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,

They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore;

The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.

Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;

And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear;

Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain;

And holy revels for his reeling train.

As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,

As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:

So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,

The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.

When envious Fate the godlike darkness took,

Our guardian Gods the fields and plains forsook:

Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,

Nor Phœbus fed his oxen in the plain;

No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;

But oats and darnel choke the rising corn.

And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,

Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.

Come, shepherds come, and strow with leaves the

plain;

Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.

With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,

And softly let the running waters glide,

A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,

With this inscription to record his praise;

Daphnis, the fields delight, the shepherd's love,

Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above,

Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,

But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.

MEN. O heavenly poet! such thy verse ap-
 pears,

So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,

As to the weary swain with cares oppress'd,

Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest:

As to the ferv'ish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise,
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was so good to love whate'er
was mine.

Mops. How is my soul with such a promise
rais'd!

For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MEN. Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with
wondering eyes

Views in the milky way the starry skies,
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods resound;
The purple spring arrays the various ground;
The nymphs and shepherds dance; and Pan
himself is crown'd.

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils:
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unhorn, the flocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.

Assenting nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted god.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold four hallow'd altars we design;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both are offered annual sacrifice.
The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls
will cheer.

Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine;
These will I pour to thee, and make the nec-
tar thine.

In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire; by summer in the shade.
Damætas shall perform the rites divine:
And Liétian Ægon in the song shall join.
Alphesibeus, tripping, shall advance;
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.

When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we survey:
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods;
While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew,
Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
Such annual honours shall be given; and thou
Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to
their vow. [sus find!]

Mops. What present worth thy verse can Mop-
Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
That play through trembling trees delight me
more;

Nor murmuring billows on the sounding shore;
Nor winding streams that through the valley glide;
And the scarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.

Receive you first this tuneful pipe; the same
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
The same that sung Næara's conquering eyes;
And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

Mops. Accept from me this sheephook, in ex-
change,
The handle brass, the knobs in equal range;
Antigenes, with kisses often try'd
To beg this present in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuse to his request,
Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL;

OR,

S I L E N U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in nature since her birth. This Pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains:
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan
But when I try'd her tender voice, too young, [plains.
And fighting kings, and bloody battles sung;

Apollo check'd my pride: and bad me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admonish'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus and thy wars.

My Pastoral Muse her humble tribute brings;
 And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.
 For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
 These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
 The name of Varus, oft inscrib'd shall see,
 In every grove, and every vocal tree;
 And all the sylvan reign shall sing of thee.
 Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
 Shall in the front of every page be shown;
 For he who sings thy praise, secures his own.
 Proceed, my Muse: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
 Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found.
 Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
 They found him snoring in his dark abode:
 And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
 His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
 Born by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
 His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
 Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the
 Invaded thus, for want of better bands, [day.
 His garland they unstring, and bind his hands:
 For, by the fraudulent god deluded long,
 They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
 Ægle came in, to make their party good;
 The fairest Nais of the neighbouring flood,
 And, while he stares around, with stupid eyes,
 His brows with berries, and his temples dyes.
 He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
 On what design the boys had bound his hands.
 "Loose me," he cry'd, "'twas impudence to find
 "A sleeping god, 'tis sacrilege to bind.
 "To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
 "The nymph shall be rewarded in her way."
 He rais'd his voice; and soon a numerous throng
 Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;
 And sylvan Fauns, and savage beasts advanced,
 And nodding forests to the numbers danced.
 Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
 Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
 With deeper silence, or with more regard.
 He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
 How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
 Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
 The tender soil then stiffening by degrees,
 Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding seas,
 Then earth and ocean various forms disclose;
 And a new sun to the new world arose.
 And mists condens'd to clouds obscure the sky;
 And clouds dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
 The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
 The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
 Yet few, and strangers, in th' unpeopled place.
 From thence the birth of man the song pursued,
 And how the world was lost, and how renew'd.
 The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
 Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage;
 The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd,
 With whose repeated name the shores resound.
 Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen:
 Happy for her if herds had never been.

What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy breast?
 The maids of Argos (though, with rage possess'd,
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
 Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy preposterous love.
 Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,
 Though labouring yokes on their own necks
 they fear'd; [heads rear'd.
 And felt for budding horns on their smooth fore-
 Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood;
 While on a flowery bank he chews the cud:
 Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves;
 And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
 Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,
 And trace his wandering footsteps on the ground.
 But ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
 And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
 We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
 While they at home sustain his happy load.
 He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
 With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd:
 The sister's mourning for the brother's loss;
 Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss.
 How each a rising alder now appears:
 And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears.
 Then sang, how Gallus by a Muses hand
 Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand.
 The senate, rising to salute their guest;
 And Linus thus their gratitude express'd,
 Receive this present, by the Muses made;
 The pipe on which th' Aſcræan pastor play'd;
 With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
 And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain.
 Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
 Where once his fane of Parian marble stood.
 On this his ancient oracles rehearse,
 And with new numbers grace the God of verse.
 Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate,
 The first by love transform'd, the last by hate.
 A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
 With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
 What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
 The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.
 Then ravish'd Philomel the song exprest;
 The crime reveal'd; the sisters cruel feast:
 And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
 The warbling nightingale in woods complains,
 While Progne makes on chimney tops her moan;
 And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
 Whatever songs besides, the Delphian God
 Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
 Silenus sung: the vales his voice rebound,
 And carry to the skies the sacred sound.
 And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain,
 To call his counted cattle from the plain:
 Yet still th' unweary'd fire pursues the tuneful
 strain.
 Till unperceiv'd the heavens with stars were
 hung:
 And sudden night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd
 song.

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL;

OR,

MELIBOEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly swains;
Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains;
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.

Of Daphnis I inquir'd; he, smiling, said,
Dismiss your fear, and pointed where he fed:
And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind,
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will seek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds:
And see from yon old oak, that mates the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.
What should I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams?
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains:
And I prefer'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

COR. Ye muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus O inspire my breast,
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or if my wishes have presumed too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign:
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian swains, your youthful poet
crown
With ivy wreaths; though furly Codrus frown.
Or if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
Lest his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poison or bewitch my growing song.

COR. These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untry'd before)
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy shrine;
But speed his hunting with thy power divine.
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our
country fare,)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care.

But if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

COR. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla
sweet;

Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
Come when my lated sheep at night return;
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy
morn.

THYR. May I become as abject in thy sight,
As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field for shame: the flock de-
serves

No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

COR. Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains
keep,

Defend my flock; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYR. With heapy fires our cheerful hearth
is crown'd;

And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating
fold.

COR. Our woods with juniper and chestnuts
crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores
around.

But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is
the field,

Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.

COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phillis crowns her flowing hair;
And while she loves that common wreath to
wear,

Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall
compare,

THYR. The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
But if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MEL. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE EIGHTH PASTORAL;

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some Enchantress, who endeavoured, by her spells and magic, to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains,
To which the savage lynxes listening stood,
The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood:
The hungry herd their needful food refuse;
Of two despairing swains I sing the mournful Muse.

Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boasts;
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me:
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine,
Thine was my earliest Muse; my latest shall be thine. [drew,

Scarce from the world the shades of night with-
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
When Damon stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:

Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day?
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore;
Witness, ye Powers, by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain;
Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their God complain;
Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair!

Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage
Promiscuous at the spring: prepare the lights,
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

O, Nisa! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou condemn'd;
For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my shaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon sighs, and sings in vain:
While Nisa thinks no God regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

I view'd thee first, how fatal was the view!
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
Then scarce the bending branches I could win,
The callow down began to clothe my chin;
I saw, I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

I know thee, love; in deserts thou wert bred;
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed.
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
Relentless love the cruel mother led [strains.
The blood of her unhappy babes to shed:
Love lent the sword; the mother struck the blow;
Inhuman she; but more unhappy thou.
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.

Old doting Nature, change thy course anew,
And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue:
Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder shoot.
Fat amber let the tamarisk distil:
And hooting howls contend with swans in skill.
Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.

Or, oh ! let nature cease, and chaos reign :
Begin with me, the flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

Let earth be sea ; and let the whelming tide
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide :
Farewell, ye secret woods and shady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves !
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main ;
Take the last present of thy dying swain :
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His friend's complaints ; and mighty magic verse.
Bring running water ; bind those altars round
With fillets ; and with vervain strow the ground :
Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with desires.
'Tis done, we want but verse. Restore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse from Heaven descends ;

And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends.
Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
Verse fires the frozen veins : restore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd :
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers please the gods : my charms,
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

Knit with three knots the fillets, knit them
straight ;

Then say, These knots to love I consecrate.
Haste, Amaryllis, haste ; restore my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

As fire this figure hardens, made of clay ;
And this of wax with fire consumes away ;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be ;
Hard to the rest of women ; soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn,
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn.
And while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
This, I for Daphnis burn ; thus Daphnis burn
away.

This laurel is his fate : restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wandering love ;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls :
Careless of night, unmindful to return ;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
While I so scorn his love ; restore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

These garments once were his ; and left to me ;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty :
Which underneath my threshold I bestow ;
These pawns, O sacred earth ! to me my Daphnis
owe.

As these were his, so mine is he : my charms,
Restore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.

These poisonous plants, for magic use design'd,
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind),
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train :
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts ;
And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne.
Such is the strength of spells : restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

Bear out these ashes ; cast them in the brook ;
Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn your
look :

Since neither gods, nor godlike verse can move,
Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd
love.

Exert your utmost power, my lingering charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play !
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis ; hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark. [lieve ;
Good heaven ! may lovers what they wish be-
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive !
No more, my Daphnis comes ; no more, my
charms ;

He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms.

THE NINTH PASTORAL ;

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MOERIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the Emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This Pastoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard usage ; and the persons introduced, are the Bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

Ho, Mœris ; whither on thy way so fast ?
This leads to town.

MOER. O Lycidas, at last

The time is come I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)

When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
Cries out, Pack up, ye rascals! and be gone.
Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we cou'd,
And these two kids t' appease his angry mood
I bear, of which the Furies give him good!

LYC. Your country friends were told another
That from the sloping mountain to the vale, [tale;
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MOER. Such was the news, indeed; but songs
and rhymes

Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle fousing from the skies.

And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the croak
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Mœris not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYC. Now heaven defend! could barbarous
rage induce

The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred Muse!
Who then should sing the nymphs, or who rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother verse!

Or Amaryllis praise, that heavenly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
To morning pastures, evening waters, led:
And 'ware the Libyan ridgel's butting head.

MOER. Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read;
Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder Powers
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan
towers,

(Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime),
The wings of swans, and stronger pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.

LYC. Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd.
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At least, the shepherds seem to like my lays,
But I discern their flattery from their praise:
I nor to Cinno's ears, nor Varus' dare aspire;
But gabble like a goose, amidst the swan-like
quire.

MOER. 'Tis what I have been conning in
my mind:

Nor are the verses of a vulgar kind.

Come, Galatea, come, the seas forsake;
What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse
murmurs make?

See, on the shore inhabits purple spring,
Where nightingales their love-sick ditty sing;
See, meads with purling streams, with flowers
the ground,

The grottos cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.

Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar,
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.

LYC. Or that sweet song I heard with such de-
light;

The same you sung alone one starry night;
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MOER. Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old
records,

To know the seasons when the stars arise?

See Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies:

The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly ripening ears of corn.

Under this influence graft the tender shoot;
Thy childrens children shall enjoy the fruit.

The rest I have forgot, for cares and time

Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme:

I could have once sung down a summer's sun,

But now the chime of poetry is done.

My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.

But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYC. Thy faint excuses but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll silent to the shore:

Hush! winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:

Already we have half our way o'ercome;

Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb; [bow'r

Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.

Rest here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,

We've day before us yet, to reach the town:

Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,

A song will help the beating storm to bear.

And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,

Singing, I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MOER. Cease to request me; let us mind our
Another song requires another day. [way:

When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,

And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL,

OR,

GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of Pastorals); where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
To crown my labour: 'tis the last I sing.
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
The Muse is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
Sing then, my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.
The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice re-
bound.

What lawns or woods withheld you from his
aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
Nor steepy Pindus cou'd retard your course,
Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source:
Nothing that owns the Muses cou'd suspend
Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub ap-
pears.

Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan;
When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every drooping
stone.

The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies:
Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise:
Along the streams his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and last
Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
Wondering they ask'd from whence arose thy
flame;

Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his
eyes:

Is she thy care? is she thy care? he cries.
Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee:
And for thy rival tempts the raging sea,
The forms of horrid war, and heaven's incle-
mency.

Sylvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too.
His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.
Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief, he cry'd:
Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfy'd?
The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews;
The bees with flowery shrubs, the goats with
browse.

Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes he mourn'd:
He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd.
'Tis past; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief:
And on your hills my last complaints renew;
So sad a song is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my sufferings in your songs express?
Ah! that your birth and business had been mine;
To penn the sheep, and press the swelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain.
Or any nymph, or any shepherd on the plain,
Though Phyllis brown, though black Amyntas
were,
Are viol's not sweet, because not fair?

Beneath the fallows, and the shady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine;
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
As you areauteous, were you half so true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only
you.

Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I should find it so!)
To shun my fight, your native soil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eter-
nal snow.

Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare;
Those are not limbs for ices to tear.
For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious
voice.

There will I sing, forsaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my
moan.

The rind of every plant her name shall know;
And as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage
race.

Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
And rush through sounding woods, and bend the
Parthian bow:

As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
Or by my pains the God of love appease.
My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain tops to chase the tusky boar;
No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue:
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding
woods, adieu.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we
freeze;

Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow.
Or when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we must yield to love.
My Muses, here your sacred raptures end:
The verse was what I ow'd my suffering friend.
This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending oars into baskets weav'd.
The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine:
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and every moment rise in view:
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend;
And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades
The singer's voice who sings beneath the shades.
From juniper unwholesome dews distil,
That blast the sooty corn: the withering herb-
age kill;
Away, my goats, away: for you have brows'd
your fill.

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT begin my address to your lordship, better than in the words of Virgil,

“ — Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.”

Seven years together I have concealed the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas passed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promised Italy. But I considered, that nothing which my meanness could produce, was worthy of your patronage. At last this happy occasion offered, of presenting to you the best poem of the best poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in despair of finding such another; and if I took it, I was still uncertain whether you would vouchsafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes: and you have been pleased not to suffer an old man to go discontented out of the world, for want of that protection, of which he had so long been ambitious. I have known a gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before King Charles the Second, though he much desired it. At length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majesty, that under her protection he had presumed to wait on him. With the same humble confidence I present myself before your lordship, and attending on Virgil, hope a gracious reception. The gentleman succeeded, because the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he should intercede for me. I would have translated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phrases, I fear I have traduced him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavoured to do a service. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had, (according to our homely saying), his full swing at this poem, beginning it about the age of thirty-five; and scarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. It is observed both of him and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great poets; that though

they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits. Thus Horace, in his First and Second Book of Odes, was still rising, but came not to his meridian till the Third. After which his judgment was an overpoise to his imagination: he grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he descended in his Fourth by slow degrees, and in his Satires and Epistles, was more a philosopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of summer the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the diurnal motion of the sun partakes more of a right line, than of a spiral. The same is the method of nature in the frame of man. He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropic; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his soul but small increases or decays. From fifty to threescore the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loses not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of observation, still increases: his succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest: yet if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in comparison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this somewhere, by a bold metaphor, a green old age; but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure.

“ Jam senior; sed cruda Deo, viridisque se-
nectus.”

Among those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter spring, your lordship is a rare example: who being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the least decay of your excellent judgment, and comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding. Your conversation is as easy as it is instructive; and I could never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said: but a natural unaffected modesty, full of good sense, and well digested;—a clearness of notion, expressed in ready and unstudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have discoursed too long on any subject: for you leave in us an eagerness of learning more; pleased with

what we hear, but not satisfied, because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your lordship from this fault; for though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply: that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written, than at first they could, and think they had added to his thoughts when it was all there before-hand, and he only saved himself the expence of words. However it was, I never went from your lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your youth. For too much of heat is required at first, that there may not too little be left at last. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains: and yours, my lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not so fierce as at the first, but the smoke is wholly vanished; and your friends who stand about you, are not only sensible of a cheerful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small observations of mankind, I have ever found, that such as are not rather too full of spirit when they are young, degenerate to dullness in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the waterish matter, but an insipid manhood, and a stupid old infancy; discretion in leading strings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his Third Georgic, when he describes a colt, who promises a courser for the race, or for the field of battle, shows him the first to pass the bridge, which trembles under him, and to stem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings must be in rashness; a noble fault: but time and experience will correct that error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your lordship is a man of honour, not only so unstained, but so unquestioned, that you are the living standard of that heroic virtue; so truly such, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generosity and probity; but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made those principles the rule and measure of all your actions. The world knows this, without my telling; yet poets have a right of recording it to all posterity.

"Dignum laude virum, Musa vetat mori."

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars, were not esteemed the worse commanders, for having made philosophy and the liberal arts their study. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both these virtues, and to have improved them both, with

a softness of manners, and a sweetness of conversation, few of our nobility can fill that character: one there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

"Digito monstrari, et dicier hic est."

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shows the native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common track of business, which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observed in former times, that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have least deserved their stations. But such only merit to be called patriots, under whom we see their country flourish. I have laughed sometimes (for who would always be an Hercules?) when I have reflected on those men, who from time to time have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them; some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others hissed off, and quitting it with disgrace. But while they were in action, I have constantly observed, that they seemed desirous to retreat from business: greatness they said was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome; a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them I believe said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease: they saw the happiness of a private life, and promised to themselves a blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferred it, and lingered still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy; they would have more, and laid in to make their solitude luxurious. A wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden: they loved the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession; they would first be old, and made as sure of health and life, as if both of them were at their disposal. But put them to the necessity of present choice, and they preferred continuance in power: like the wretch who called Death to his assistance, but refused him when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed sought honours in his youth, and endured the fatigues with which he purchased them. He served his country when it was in need of his courage and conduct, until he thought it was time to serve himself: but dismounted from the saddle when he found the beast which bore him began to grow restive and ungovernable. But your lordship has given us a better example of moderation. You saw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths; and therefore, though you were formed alike for the greatest of civil employments, and military commands, yet you pushed not your fortune to rise in either; but contented yourself with be-

ing capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your country with your sword, or assisting it with your counsel, when you were called. For the rest, the respect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise exchange for the honours of the court: a place of forgetfulness, at the best, for well-deservers. It is necessary for the polishing of manners, to have breathed that air; but it is infectious even to the best morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honest man is sure at the first of being cheated; and he recovers not his losses, but by learning to cheat others. The undermining smile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plausible conversation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have been a looker-on, without venturing to play; that a man may know false dice another time, though he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forsakes it because he knows it. A young man deserves no praise, who out of melancholy zeal leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloister, is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to endure austerities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleasures. For almost every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life: and the danger is the less when we are young; for, having tried it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a retreat, and not to have chosen it until you had maturely weighed the advantages of rising higher with the hazards of the fall. "Res non parva labore, sed relictæ," was thought by a poet to be one of the requisites to a happy life. Why should a reasonable man put it in the power of fortune to make him miserable, when his ancestors have taken care to release him from her? let him venture, says Horace, "qui zonam perdidit." He who has nothing, plays securely; for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses. But he who is born to a plentiful estate, and is ambitious of offices at court, sets a stake to Fortune, which she can seldom answer: if he gains nothing, he loses all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In short, however he succeeds, it is covetousness that induced him first to play, and covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at bottom. The odds are against him, that he loses; and one loss may be of more consequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the present war of the Christians against the Turk; every year

they gain a victory, and by that a town; but if they are once defeated, they lose a province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole empire. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your mind. A good conscience is a port which is land-locked on every side, and where no winds can possibly invade, no tempests can arise. There a man may stand upon the shore, and not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturbed and silent waters. Reason was intended for a blessing, and such it is to men of honour and integrity, who desire no more than what they are able to give themselves; like the happy old Coricyan, whom my author describes in his Fourth Georgic; whose fruits and fallads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth, and his own plantation. Virgil seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete, without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

"O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,
"Agricolas!"

It is but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: a foundation of good sense, and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestowed on your lordship the first of these, and you have bestowed on yourself the second. Eden was not made for beasts, though they were suffered to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge, for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition, into paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and in that solitude is prepared for them

"Et secura quies, et nescia fallere vita."

As I began this dedication with a verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another. The continuance of your health, to enjoy that happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for yourself, is the sincere and earnest wish of

Your lordship's

most devoted, and

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Z iii

ESSAY ON THE GEORGICS,

BY MR. ADDISON.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroic, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect, nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids, but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with Pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic; as that of a shepherd is in a Pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to Pastoral can any way affect the Georgics, which fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics goes upon, is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with a multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination; it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes

and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description. "A Georgic therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry." Now, since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is so much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and show themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join, as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us, the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutataque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.

—Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes,
Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: glandemque suis fregere sub ulmis.
—Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos:
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it; to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a bye-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a while, for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines.

Scilicet ex tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards, speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem,

—Non ullus aratro

Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis
Et curvæ rigidum falces constantur in ensem

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic: and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of "tempore" but "sydere" in his first verse, and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics, where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper; he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal; he lived altogether in the country, and was, probably for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandise, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sun-shine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus, when he speaks of January, "The wild beasts," says he, "run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the

"ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flead with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shown more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and un-nerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hands.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one: but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject, with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other, something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The poet with a great beauty applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it.

—O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most labour-ed of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scy-

thian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to out-do Lucretius in the description of his plague; and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased as when he has got among his bees in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labour of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapsin. The speech of Proteus, at the end, can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should, in the next place, endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, that I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's lifetime; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod; "nudus ara, fere nudus."—And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstances of sowing and ploughing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the Preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneis indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfections that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them. Instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death. And shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

Ye Deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct;
Bacchus and fostering Ceres, Powers divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine:
Ye Fawns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,

Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succour, for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sustains
The milky herds, that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the shepherds tutelary god,
Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough and ploughman's toil;

And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress
Come all ye gods and goddesses that wear [rear;
The rural honours, and increase the year.
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
And you, who sow those seeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state
Is yet the business of the gods debate;
Whether in after times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,

Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide;
Powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main;
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray,
Ev'n utmost Thulé shall thy power obey;
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.
The watery virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And, seated near the balance, poise the days;

Where in the void of heaven a space is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heaven thou shalt obtain;
For let not hell presume of such a reign;
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
Though Greece admires Elysium's blest retreat,
Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to those above.
But thou, propitious Cæsar! guide my course,
And, to my bold endeavours, add thy force.
Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's cares,
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our prayers.

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds

Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain-snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.

That crop rewards the greedy peasants pains,
Which twice the sun, and twice the cold sustains, (promis'd gains.)

And bursts the crowded barns, with more than
But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
The various course of seasons must be found;
The weather, and the setting of the winds,
The culture suiting to the several kinds
Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the soil denies.

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with grass, unbidden decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India, black ebony and white ivory bears;
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
And paked Spaniards temper steel for war.
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is th' original contract; these the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,

On sundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the desert world :
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn :
And early with thy team the glebe in furrows

turn.
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
But if the soil be barren, only scar
The surface, and but lightly print the share,
When cold Arcturus rises with the sun :
Lest wicked weeds the corn should over-run
In watery soils ; or lest the barren sand
Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land.
Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
And keeps a sabbath of alternate years :
That the spent earth may gather heat again ;
And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
At least, where vetches, pulse, and tares have

stood,
And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood),
Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year.
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield.
But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
Make easy labour, and renew the soil.
Yet sprinkle sordid ashes all around,
And load with fattening dung thy fallow ground.
Thus change of seeds for meagre soils is best ;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground ;
When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
Is driven along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth ;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire ;
Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and

makes [takes ;
New breathings, whence new nourishment she
Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
New knits the surface, and new strings the veins,
Lest soaking showers should pierce her secret

feat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat ;
Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit small, the peasant makes,
Who smooths with harrows, or who pounds with

rakes
The crumbling clods : nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye ;
Nor his, who plows across the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds ;
For he with frequent exercise commands
Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.

Ye swains, invoke the Powers who rule the sky,
For a moist summer, and a winter dry :
For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed :
So fenc'd from cold ; the pliant furrows break,
Before the surly clod resists the rake.

And call the floods from high, to rush amain
With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming
grain.

Then when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivel'd herbs on withering stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery stores, huge torrents flow ;
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture

yield,
Tempering the thirsty fever of the field.
And lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade
The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade ;
Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain :
And drains the standing waters, when they yield

Too large a beverage to the drunken field.
But most in autumn, and the showery spring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring :
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swell's hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain ;
When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places spue their watery store.

Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring steer,
Sustain alone the hazards of the year ;
But glutton geese, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops, invade the tender grain :
And towering weeds malignant shadows yield ;
And spreading succory chokes the rising field.
The fire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease :

And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exercise, with pains, the grudging soil.
Himself invented first the shining share,
And whetted human industry by care :
Himself did handicrafts and arts ordain,
Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign.

Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found :
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds :
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexact birth.

Jove added venom to the viper's brood, [flood :
And swell'd, with raging storms, the peaceful
Commission'd hungry wolves t' infest the fold,
And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.

Remov'd from human reach the cheerful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire :

That studious need might useful arts explore ;
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodfull store :
And force the veins of clashing flints t' expire
The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.

Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam ;
Then sailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering star :

The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds were

found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest-walks surround :
And casting nets were spread in shallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding axes made
(For wedges first did yielding wood invade) ;
And various arts in order did succeed.

(What cannot endless labour, urg'd by need ?)

First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to
 sow,
 And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough,
 When now Dodonian oaks no more supply'd
 Their mast, and trees their forest-fruits deny'd.
 Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
 And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
 Tough twifles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the
 corn,
 And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
 Then burs and brambles, an unbidden crew
 Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue:
 And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
 And shoots its head above the shining ears.
 So that unless the land with daily care
 Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
 Of rakes and harrows the proud foes expell'd,
 And birds with clamours frighted from the field;
 Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
 And heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
 On other crops you may with envy look,
 And shake for food the long abandon'd oak.
 Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
 Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
 Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
 And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
 The crooked plough, the share, the towering
 height
 Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
 The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
 The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail.
 These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
 The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
 Young elms with early force in copses bow,
 Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
 Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare,
 On either side the head produce an ear,
 And sink a socket for the shining share,
 Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
 Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.
 I could be long in precepts, but I fear
 So mean a subject might offend your ear.
 Delve of convenient depth your thrashing-floor:
 With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
 And let the weighty roller run the round,
 To smooth the surface of the unequal ground;
 Left crack'd with summer heats the flooring
 flies,
 Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise.
 For sundry foes the rural realms surround:
 The field-mouse builds her garner under ground,
 For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
 In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
 In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
 The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad:
 The corn-devouring weazel here abides,
 And the wise ant her wintry store provides.
 Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood;
 If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
 The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
 Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
 But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
 Such and so barren will thy harvest be:
 In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing-floor,
 For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
 Some steep their seed, and some in cauldrons boil
 With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,

O'er gentle fires; th' exuberant joice to drain,
 And swell the flattering husks with fruitful grain.
 Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
 Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd;
 Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
 Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
 Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
 Or Fate's decree, degenerate still to worse.
 So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the flood with headlong haste they
 drive.

Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
 When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus rise,
 Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
 Through Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breed
 ing sea.

But when Astrea's balance, hung on high,
 Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
 Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain;
 Till cold December comes with driving rain,
 Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
 In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
 Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
 And millet, rising from your annual toil:
 When with his golden horns, in full career,
 The bull beats down the barriers of the year;
 And Argos and the Dog forsake the northern
 sphere.

But if your care to wheat alone extend,
 Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
 And the bright Gnosian diadem downward bend;
 Before you trust in earth your future hope:
 Or else expect a little lazy crop. [found
 Some swains have sown before, but most have
 A husky harvest, from the grudging ground.
 Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
 The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean;
 Begin when the slow Waggoner descends;
 Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends:
 For this, through twelve bright signs Apollo guides
 The year, and earth in several climes divides.
 Five girdles bind the skies; the torrid zone
 Glows with the passing and repassing sun.
 Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heaven,
 To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given.
 Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
 Two habitable seats for human kind:
 And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
 Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
 Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise
 O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies.
 The first sublime in heaven, the last is whirl'd
 Below the regions of the nether world.
 Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
 And like a winding stream the Bears divides;
 The less and greater, who by Fate's decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the southern sea;
 There, as they say, perpetual night is found
 In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
 Or when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,
 She lights the downward heaven, and rises there,
 And when on us she breathes the living light,
 Red vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
 From hence uncertain seasons we may know;
 And when to reap the grain, and when to sow;

Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
To spread the flying canvass for the fleet.
Observe what stars arise or disappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather, and continued rain,
The labouring husband in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work with timely care,
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair:
Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the
 shining share,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store;
Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
The fallow twigs to tie the straggling vine;
Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can restrain
From necessary works the labouring swain.
Ev'n holidays and feasts permission yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep
In wholesome water-falls the woolly sheep.
And oft the drudging ass is driven, with toil,
To neighbouring towns with apples and with oil:
Returning late, and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.
The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour choole: the fifth be sure to shun:
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of earth.
With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they
 trove
To scale the steepy battlements of Jove:
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
The seventh is, next the tenth, the best to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the west:
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done;
Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolness of the night;
For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire:
He sharpens torches in the glimmering room:
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom:
Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year:
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thresh it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land,
For lazy winter numbs the labouring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
Yet that's the proper time to thrash the wood
For mast of oak, your father's homely food.

To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil.
For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare,
T' inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare.
With Balearic slings, or Gnosian bow,
To persecute from far the flying doe.
Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of rustling ice came rolling down the
 flood.

Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days;
And suns declining shine with feeble rays:
What cares must then attend the toiling swain;
Or when the lowering spring, with lavish rain,
Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly swell'd
With milky moisture, overlooks the field!
Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year:
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands:
Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble born;
With such a force the flying rack is driven,
And such a winter wears the face of heaven:
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas
 rebound.

The Father of the Gods his glory shrouds;
Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds;
And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes every human breast,
Their pride is humbled and their fear con-
 fess'd:

While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins.
But first to heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hours
Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flowers,
On the green turf thy careless limbs display,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
And sleeps are sweeter on the filken ground:
With milder beams the sun securely shines;
Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines.
Let every swain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
In long processions, shouting as they go;

Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,
 Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
 Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
 Before the sickles touch the ripening wheat,
 On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
 With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:
 On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
 With uncouth dances, and with country lays.

And that by certain signs we may presage
 Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
 The sovereign of the heavens has set on high
 The moon, to mark the changes of the sky:
 When southern blasts shall cease, and when the
 swain

Should near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
 For, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
 The working seas advance to wash the shore:
 Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
 And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods:
 Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
 From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main;
 When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
 And, stretching to the covert, wing their way;
 When sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand;
 When watchful herons leave their watery stand;
 And mounting upward with erected flight,
 Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight.
 And oft before tempestuous winds arise,
 The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies;
 And, shooting through the darkness, gild the
 night

With sweeping glories, and long trails of light:
 And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
 And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
 And floating feathers on the waters play.
 But when the winged thunder takes his way
 From the cold north, and east and west engage,
 And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
 The clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd rain
 The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
 And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain. }
 Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
 So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies:
 The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
 Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales:
 The cow looks up, and from afar can find,
 The change of heaven, and snuffs it in the wind.
 The swallow skims the river's watery face,
 The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious
 race.

The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
 And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
 At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
 Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food, }
 And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood.
 Besides, the several sorts of watery fowls,
 That swim the seas, or haunt the standing pools:
 The swans that sail along the silver flood,
 And dive with stretching necks to search their
 food, [vain,
 Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in
 And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
 The crow, with clamorous cries, the shower de-
 mands,
 And single stalks along the desert sands.
 The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies,
 Foresees the storm impending in the skies,

When sparkling lamps their sputtering light ad-
 vance,

And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.

Then after showers, 'tis easy to descry
 Returning suns, and a serener sky:
 The stars shine smarter, and the moon adorns,
 As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
 The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
 Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore:
 Their litter is not toss'd by fows unclean,
 But a blue draughty mist descends upon the plain.
 And owls, that mark the setting-sun, declare
 A star-light evening, and a morning fair.
 Towering aloft, avenging Nisus flies,
 While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
 Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
 Swift Nisus follows, and pursues his prey.
 Where injur'd Nisus takes his airy course,
 Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns his force.
 This punishment pursues th' unhappy maid,
 And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
 Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
 And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.
 Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
 To greet the sun: and seiz'd with secret joy,
 When storms are over-blown, with food repair
 To their forsaken nests, and callow care.
 Not that I think their breasts with heavenly souls
 Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls;
 But with the changeful temper of the skies,
 As rains condense, and sunshine ratifies;
 To turn the species in their alter'd minds,
 Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
 From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice;
 From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs re-
 joice.

Observe the daily circle of the sun,
 And the short year of each revolving moon:
 By them thou shalt foresee the following day;
 Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
 When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds
 Her silver crescent, tipp'd with sable clouds;
 Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
 And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
 Or if her face with fiery flushing glow,
 Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
 But four nights old, (for that's the surest sign,)
 With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine;
 Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
 Till her revolving race be wholly run,
 Are void of tempests both by land and sea,
 And sailors in the port their promis'd vows shall
 pay.

Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
 Foretels the change of weather in the skies;
 For, if he rise, unwilling to his race,
 Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face;
 Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
 Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams:
 Suspect a drizzling day, with southern rain,
 Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
 Or if Aurora with half-open'd eyes,
 And a pale sickly check, salute the skies,
 How shall the vine, with tender leaves defend
 Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend;
 When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail
 To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?

But, more than all, the setting-sun survey,
 When down the steep of heaven he drives the day.
 For oft we find him finishing his race
 With various colours erring on his face;
 If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
 High winds and furious tempests he portends:
 But if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
 He bodes wet weather by his watery hue;
 If dusky spots are vary'd on his brow,
 And streak'd with red a troubled colour show;
 That fullen mixture shall at once declare,
 Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
 What desperate madmen then would venture o'er
 The frith, or haul his cables from the shore?
 But if with purple rays he brings the light,
 And a pure heaven resigns to quiet night,
 No rising winds or falling storms, are nigh:
 But northern breezes through the forests fly,
 And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky.
 Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares,
 What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares:
 And when the south projects a stormy day,
 And when the clearing north will puff the clouds
 away

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
 And who dares give the source of light the lie?
 The change of empires often he declares,
 Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
 He first the fate of Cæsar did foretel,
 And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.
 In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
 And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
 Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.
 Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,
 And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd.
 What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
 From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
 What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
 Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!
 Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below,
 And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
 Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
 And voices heard of more than mortal men.
 In silent groves, dumb sheep and oxen spoke,
 And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook:
 The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell:
 The weeping statues did the wars foretel;
 And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.
 Then rising in his might, the king of floods
 Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods;

And rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
 Bore houses, herds, and labouring hinds away.
 Blood sprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns
 by night,

And boding victims did the priests affright.
 Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
 Nor forked lightnings flash'd from such a fullen
 sky.

Red meteors ran across th' ethereal space;
 Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.
 For this, th' Emathian plains once more were
 strow'd

With Roman bodies, and just heaven thought
 To fatten twice those fields with Roman blood.
 Then, after length of time, the labouring swains,
 Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
 Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
 And over empty helmets pass the rake,
 Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones,
 And mighty relics of gigantic bones.

Ye homeborn deities, of mortal birth!
 Thou, father Romulus, and mother Earth,
 Goddesses unmov'd! whose guardian arms extend
 O'er Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman towers
 defend;

With youthful Cæsar your joint powers engage,
 Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
 O! let the blood, already spilt, atone
 For the past crimes of curst Laomedon!
 Heaven wants thee there; and long the gods, we
 know,

Have grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world below:
 Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong con-
 found;

Where impious arms from every part resound,
 And monstrous crimes in every shape are
 crown'd.

The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest;
 The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest:
 The plain no pasture to the flock affords,
 The crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords:
 And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms,
 And here the Rhine re-bellows with alarms;
 The neighbouring cities range on several sides,
 Perfidious Mars long plighted leagues divides,
 And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
 So four fierce coursers starting to the race,
 Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
 Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they
 fear,

But force along the trembling charioteer.

B O O K II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which argument, the Poet shews all the different methods of raising trees: describes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best: and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy. After which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil; prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

Thus far of tillage, and of heavenly signs;
Now sing, my Mule, the growth of generous vines:
The shady groves, the woodland progeny;
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.

Great father Bacchus! to my song repair;
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine;
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come strip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at every
pore.

Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature
owe;

For some without the pains of planting grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
From the same principle gray willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But some from seeds inclos'd in earth arise;
For thus the mastful chestnut mates the skies.
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.

Some from the root a rising wood disclose;
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.

These ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the shoot, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mold:
Some cloven stakes, and (wondrous to behold),
Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race.
Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in distant arches rise again.
Others no root require, the labourer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.

'Tis usual now, an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gardener mark with care
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will
bear,

Explore the nature of each several tree;
And known, improve with artful industry;
And let no spot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground.
For open Iſmarus will Bacchus please;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive trees.

The virtues of the several soils I sing.
Mæcenæ, now thy needful succour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown;
Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
With flying sails, and breezes from the shore:
Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
So large a subject fully can embrace:
Not though I were supply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
And coast along the shore in sight of land.

Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.

The trees, which of themselves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but strongly built, and fair:
Because the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet these, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence transplanted, change their savage
mind;

Their wildness lose, and, quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.

The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots
In open fields, transplanted bear their fruits.

For where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the substance of the tree,
Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.

The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree
At leisure grows, for late posterity;

The generous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
And savage grapes are made the birds ignoble
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame [prey.
Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.

Well must the ground be digg'd, and better
dress'd,

New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.

Old stakes of olive-trees in plants revive;

By the same methods Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.

From roots hard hazles, and from cyons rise
Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies:
Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.

The thin-leav'd arbute, hazle-grafts receives,
And plains huge apples bear, that bore but leaves;
Thus mastful beech the bristly chestnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears,
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.

For where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows;
Just in that space a narrow slit we make,

Then other buds from bearing trees we take;
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,

In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows:
But when the smoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree;

And in the solid wood the slip inclose,
The battening bastard shoots again and grows;

And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.

The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the same species are of several minds.

Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd,
So funeral cypresses rising like a shroud,

Fat olive trees of sundry sorts appear,
Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries bear.

Radii long olives, Orchites round produce,
And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice.

Alcinous' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamotes and poulder pears,

Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour of the Lesbian grape.

The Thasian vines in richer soils abound,
The Meriotique grow in barren ground.
The Pſythian grape we dry : Lagæan juice
Will ſtammering tongues and ſtaggering feet
produce.

Rathe ripe are ſome, and ſome of later kind ;
Of golden ſome, and ſome of purple rind.
How ſhall I praife the Ræthian grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine !
Th' Aminean many a conſulſhip ſurvives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus king of Chian growth :
But for large quantities and laſting both,
The leſs Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, ſacred to the ſolemn day,
In ſecond ſervices is pour'd to Jove ;
And beſt accepted by the gods above.
Nor muſt Bumæſtus his old honours loſe,
In length and largeneſs like the dugs of cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe every rate and name,
And kinds, are leſs material to my theme.
Which who would learn, as ſoon may tell the ſands,
Driven by the weſtern wind on Lybian lands ;
Or number, when the bluſtering Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian ſhores.

Nor every plant on every ſoil will grow :
The fallow loves the watery ground, and low ;
The marſhes, alders ; Nature ſeems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild aſh's reign ;
The baleful yew to northern blaſts aſſigns ;
To ſhores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.

Regard th' extremeſt cultivated coaſt,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian froſt :
All ſorts of trees their ſeveral countries know ;
Black ebony only will in India grow :
And odorous frankincenſe on the Sabæan bough. }
Balm ſlowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy ſhrubs, in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good ;
With Ethiops hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell : and how the Seres ſpin
Their fleecy forests in a ſlender twine.
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian ſhores,
Whoſe height above the feather'd arrow ſoars,
Shot from the tough-eſt bow ; and by the brawn
Of expert archers with vaſt vigour drawn,
Sharp taſted citrons Median climes produce :
Bitter the rind, but generous is the juice :
A cordial fruit, a preſent antidote
Againſt the direful ſtepdame's deadly draught :
Who, mixing wicked deeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And did it not a different ſcent diſcloſe,
A laurel were : the fragrant flowers contemn
The ſtormy winds, tenacious of their ſtem.
With this the Medes to labouring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the ſourneſs of the breath.

But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden ſand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy ſtores Arabia yields ;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with ſweet Italy contend in fame. }
No bulls, whoſe noſtrils breathe a living flame, }
Have turn'd our turf ; no teeth of ſerpents here
Were ſown, an armed hoſt, an iron crop to bear.

But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
And harveſts heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields ; and on the cheerful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are ſeen.
The warrior-horſe, here bred, is taught to train :
There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain ;
Whoſe waves for triumphs after prosperous war,
The victim ox and ſnowy ſheep prepare.
Perpetual ſpring our happy climate ſees ;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees ;
And ſummer ſuns recede by ſlow degrees. }

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry ſeed ;
Nor poiſonous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in ſo vaſt a length our ſerpents glide,
Or rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
Their coſtly labour and ſtupendous frame :
Our forts on ſteepy hills, that far below
See wanton ſtreams in winding valleys flow.
Our two-fold ſeas, that, waſhing either ſide,
A rich recruit of foreign ſtores provide.
Our ſpacious lakes ; thee, Larius, firſt ; and next
Benacus, with tempeſtuous billows vex.
Or ſhall I praife thy ports, or mention make
Of the vaſt mound that binds the Lucrian lake ;
Or the diſdainful ſea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the ſtructure, and invades the fence ;
There, where ſecure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide ?
Our quarries deep in earth, were ſam'd of old
For veins of ſilver, and for ore of gold.
Th' inhabitants themſelves their country grace ;
Hence roſe the Marſian and Sabellian race :
Strong-limb'd and ſtout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard Ligurians, a laborous kind ;
And Volſcians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Beſides an offſpring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name :
And mighty Cæſar, whoſe victorious arms
To fartheſt Aſia carry fierce alarms :
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome ;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our peace at home.

Hail, ſweet Saturnian ſoil ! of fruitful grain
Great Parent, greater of illuſtrious men ;
For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſclos'd in ancient days :
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
And old Aſcræan verſe in Roman cities ſing.

The nature of their ſeveral ſoils now ſee,
Their ſtrength, their colour, their fertility :
And firſt for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty ſtones abound ;
Where the poor ſoil all ſuccour ſeems to want,
Yet this ſuffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted ſigns of ſuch a ſoil are found,
For here wild olive ſhoots o'erſpread the ground, }
And heaps of berries ſtrew the fields around. }
But where the ſoil, with fattening moiſture fill'd,
Is cloth'd with graſs, and fruitful to be till'd ;
Such as in cheerful vales we view from high ;
Which dripping rocks with rolling ſtreams ſup-
ply,
And feed with ooze, where riſing hillocks run
In length, and open to the ſouthern ſun ;

Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough;
That gentle ground to generous grapes allow;
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce;
And overflow the vats with friendly juice;
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour;
Then when the bloated Thuscan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.

If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then seek Tarentum's lawns and farthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost:
Where silver swans sail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood,
There crystal streams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and loose above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Resembling nature in an easy soil.
No land for seed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village-lord!
No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
So late at night, so heavy laden home.
The like of forest land is understood,
From whence the surly ploughman grubs the }
wood,

Which had for length of ages idle stood.
Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
And flying from their nests their callow young
forget.

The coarse lean gravel on the mountain sides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides:
Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of
snakes,

That work in hollow earth their winding tracks:
The soil exhaling clouds of subtle dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews:
Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean;
Well cloth'd with cheerful grass, and ever green,
Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband elms, in amorous twines!
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plough.

Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius
yields;

And such a country could Acerra boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast,
I teach thee next the differing soils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Choose first a place for such a purpose fit,
There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit.
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
Then if it rise not to the former height
Of superface, conclude that soil is light;
A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
But if the sullen earth, so press'd, repines,
Within its native mansion to retire,
And stays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks,
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.

Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.

VOL. XII.

Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits declin'd
From their first flavorful taste, renounceth their kind.
This truth by sure experiment is try'd:

For first an osier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling peasants
twine, [wine]);

When through strait passages they strain their
In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholesome water first:
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taste disclose the ground.

The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind:
Poor soil will crumble into dust, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.

Let not my land so large a promise boast,
Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd:

'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight,
The colour of the soil, and black from white.

But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants, that prosper there, will }
show;

Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yew.
These rules consider'd well, with early care
The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that cast a rising mound:
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
For putrid earth will best in vineyards take,
And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds will rot the mellow soil.

Some peasants, not to omit the nicest care,
Of the same soil their nursery prepare,
With that of their plantation; lest the tree
Translated, should not with the soil agree.
Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heaven's four quarters on the tender bark;
And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide:
So strong is custom, such effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

Choose next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or in the lowly plain:

If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice,
Plant thick; for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In close plantations there. But if the vine
On rising grounds be plac'd, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either side:
But marshal'd all in order as they stand,
And let no soldier straggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front display,
To try the fortune of some doubtful day.

And move to meet their foes with sober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider space;
Before the battle joins; while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of sword;
So let thy vines in intervals be set,
But not their rural discipline forget:

Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
That their extremest lines may scarce embrace:

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Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleasing prospect for the sight:
But for the ground itself, this only way
Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
Which, crowded, want the room their branches
to display.

How deep they must be planted, would'st thou
In shallow furrows vines securely grow. [know?
Not so the rest of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower skies, a bed profound;
High as his topmast boughs to heaven ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of ages lasts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
His shade protects the plains, his head the hills
commands.

The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard shun;
Nor plant it to receive the setting sun:
Nor break the topmost branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
For sparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds.
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives,
Ascending thence, 't crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires,
But most, when driven by winds, the flaming storm
Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise:
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again,
But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrate-
ful plain.

Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
But when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear;
That season deem the best to plant thy vines,
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines;
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.

The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves,
The womb of earth the genial seed receives.
For then Almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers;
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her birth with kindly juice, and fosters teeming
feeds.

Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love.
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And, while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground;
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies.

The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail
Unhurt by southern showers or northern hail.
They spread their gems the genial warmth to
share,

And boldly trust the buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial
king:

In prime of all the year, and holidays of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear;
Nor other was the tenour of the year:
When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintery breath suspend:
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds:
And golden stars flew up to light the skies,
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
Nor could the tender, new creation, bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year;
But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd.
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.

For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;
And shells and gravel in the ground enclose;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of stones above to lay
And press the plants with shreds of potter's clay.
This fence against immoderate rain they found:
Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
Be mindful, when thou hast entomb'd the shoot,
With store of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
To mount on reeds and wands, and, upward led,
On ashen poles to raise their forked head.
On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, swerving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their
guide,

On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nursing spare.
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth:
But when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandmen, be bold
To lop the disobedient bows, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fence'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender germs but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away;

And, worse than both, become th' unworthy
browse,
Of buffalos, salt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's frost that burns the boughs,
Nor Dog-days parching heat that splits the
rocks,
Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks;
Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the
flocks.
For this the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the streets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and crossing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad, with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
Leapt o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy:
With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience
please,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praise the God of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the
vine:
A madness so devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow vallies and on rising hills;
On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his
grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazle broach.
To dress thy vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at least, in compass of a year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer,
To turn the glebe; besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain:
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:
Ev'n then the naked vine he persecutes;
His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be first to dig the ground, be first to burn
The branches lopt, and first the props return
Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines;
But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'er shade
Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice in-
vade;
Hard labour both! commend the large excess
Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards useful found,
To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;

When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,
When husbands have survey'd the last degree,
And utmost files of plants, and order'd every
tree;
Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content,
Insulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet still they find a future task remain;
To turn the soil, and break the clods again:
And after all, their joys are unsincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite opposite to these are olives found,
No dressing they require, and dread no wound;
No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise:
Content with small endeavours till they spring,
Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing.
Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to
bear
Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air;
Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
Not trusting foreign forces, but their own;
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches
groan.
Thus trees of nature, and each common bush,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush;
Vile shrubs are shorn for browse: the towering
height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth)
To sow, to set, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd.
Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
And shade for sheep, and food for flocks, produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are seen
Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
Seems for retreat of heavenly Muses made!
But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
That need not ploughs, nor human industry.
Ev'n old Caucasian rocks with trees are spread,
And wear green forests on their hilly head.
Though bending from the blast of eastern storms,
Though shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their
arms;
Yet heaven their various plants for use designs:
For houses cedars, and for shipping pines.
Cypress provides for spokes, and wheels of wains:
And all for keels of ships that scour the watery
plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war from stubborn myrtle shafts receives:
From cornels javelins; and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made,
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with
ease invade.
Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide,
Now balance, with these gifts the sumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.

Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs train,
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine
were slain.

O happy, if he knew his happy state!
The swain, who, free from business and debate
Receives his easy food from nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
'T' admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brags.
No statues threaten from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests; which, through their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold.
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of Assyrian pride.
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents the sweetness of his oil.
But easy quiet, a secure retreat.
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner blest,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads and streams that through the valley
glide;

And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare,
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Astrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd;
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,
Would you your poet's first petition hear;
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know:
The depths of heaven above, and earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recesses they shrink again.
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood restrain the flight
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of nature and unclouded fields of light;
My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hemus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down:
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race,

Happy the man, who, studying nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause.
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.

And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of sylvans and adores the rural powers:
Whose mind, unmov'd the bribes of courts can see;
Their glittering baits and purple slavery.
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their
frown,

Nor when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.

Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults and discents, and distant war:
Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
For what befalls at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
Nor his own peace disturbs, with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The Senate's mad decrees he never saw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the seas and some to camps resort,
And some with impudence invade the court.
In foreign countries others seek renown;
With wars and taxes others waste their own,
And houses burn, and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchase:
To loll on couches, rich with Cytron steds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds,
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his bury'd store.
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire,
Of public speeches, which worse fools admire.
While from both benches, with redoubled sounds
Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country sold;
And leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
And the round year with daily labour fills.
And hence the country-markets are supply'd:
Enough remains for household charge beside;
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield;
A crop so plenteous as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks
abroad.

Thus every several season is employ'd:
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
The yearning ewes prevent the springing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields.
The winter comes, and then the falling mast
For greedy swine provides a full repast.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss;
His little children climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine, with swelling udders, ready stand,
And lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:

Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
 To rural Powers a just oblation pays;
 And on the green his careless limbs displays.
 The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen round
 The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets
 crown'd.
 He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
 The groom his fellow groom at butts defies;
 And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes.
 Or stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
 And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
 Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
 So Remus and his brother god were bred:
 From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose,
 And this rude life our homely fathers chose.

Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
 (The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth;)
 Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
 And in that compass all the world contains.
 Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies,
 When beasts were only slain for sacrifice,
 While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
 Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword:
 Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
 Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
 The good old god his hunger did assuage
 With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age;
 But, over-labour'd with so long a course,
 'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

B O O K III.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book begins with the invocation of some rural Deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrian that formerly raged among the Alps.

Thy fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
 And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse.
 Amphrysiæ shepherd; the Lycæan woods;
 Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleasing floods.
 All other themes that careless minds invite,
 Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
 Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
 Of hard Eurytheus, every reader sees:
 Hylas the boy, Latona's erring idle,
 And Pelops' ivory shoulder, and his toil
 For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
 Of Grecian tales, by poets are express;
 New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
 To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
 I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come
 From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies
 home:
 With foreign spoils adorn my native place;
 And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
 Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
 Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays:
 Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink;
 And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
 Full in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand:
 Hold the chief honours; and the dome command.
 Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown,
 (Submitting to his godhead my renown)
 A hundred coursers from the goal will drive;
 The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
 All Greece shall flock from far, my games to see;
 The whorlbat and the rapid race shall be
 Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me.
 Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
 Ev'n now methinks the public shouts I hear;
 The passing pageants and the pomps appear.

I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
 The sacrifice and sacrificers view;
 From thence return, attended with my train,
 Where the proud theatres disclose the scene:
 Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
 And show the triumph which their shame dis-
 plays.
 High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
 The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold;
 The Nile shall flow beneath; and on the side
 His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride,
 Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
 And dropping sage, shall his Armenia mourn;
 And Asian cities in our triumph borne.
 With backward bows the Parthian shall be
 there;
 And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
 A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows,
 Two differing trophies, from two differing foes.
 Europe with Afric in his fame shall join;
 But neither shore his conquest shall confine.
 The Parian marble, there, shall seem to move,
 In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove;
 Resembling heroes, whose ethereal root
 Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit,
 Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ;
 And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
 Envy herself, at last grown pale and dumb,
 (By Cæsar combated and overcome)
 Shall give her hands; and fear the curling snakes
 Of lashing furies, and the burning lakes:
 The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel;
 And Sisyphus that labours up the hill
 The rolling rock in vain; and curst Ixion's
 wheel.

Mean time we must pursue the Sylvan lands,
(Th' abode of nymphs untouch'd by former
hands;

For such, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I sing;
Come then, and with thyself thy genius bring;
With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay,
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue their
prey.

High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills and for his horses breed:
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound:
For echo hunts along and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer muse
In Cæsar's wars, a nobler theme shall choose.
And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
Than hath from Tithon past to Cæsar's days.

The generous youth, who, studious of the prize,
The race of running coursers multiplies;
Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each
proceeds.

The mother cow must wear a lowering look,
Sour-headed, strongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin descends:
And at her thighs the ponderous burden ends.
Long as her sides and large, her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
She tosses from the yoke: provokes the fight:
She rises in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's resemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.

Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the lusty fire;
Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail,
Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail.

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive!
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour come.
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate, for still they fall away,
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.

Like diligence require the courser's race;
In early choice, and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shows his generous kind,
Of able body, sound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks on pasterns firm and straight,
His motions easy; prancing in his gait.
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the tremb-
ling wood.

Dauntless at empty noises; lofty-neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd,
Frawny his chest, and deep: his colour gray;
For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd
fight,

On his right shoulder his thick main reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double; starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain
His heavenly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane;
When, half-surpris'd, and fearing to be seen,
The letcher gallop'd from his jealous queen;
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain,
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring
plain.

But worn with years when dire diseases come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For when his blood no youthful spirits move,
He languishes and labours in his love.
And when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
In vain he burns like hasty stubble fires;
And in himself his former self requires.

His age and courage weigh: nor those alone,
But note his father's virtues and his own;
Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize;
Of loss impatient, proud of victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Rush to the race; and panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of ferv'rish hope, and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force;
The flying chariot kindles in the course:
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd and cast backward on the follower's eyes.
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first;
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.

Bold Eriethonius was the first, who join'd
Four horses for the rapid race design'd;
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding fate;
The Lapithæ to chariots, add the state
Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound;
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round.
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know:
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

To choose a youthful steed, with courage fir'd;
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd masters, and in sundry ways:
Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
But once again the batter'd horse beware,
The weak old stallion will deceive thy care.
Though famous in his youth for force and
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed, [speed]
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself
proceed.

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial
Approaches for the stately steed to climb; [time
With food enable him to make his court;
Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport.
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind.
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
Instructed thus, produce him to the fair:
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the fire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race:
And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)

As for the females, with industrious care
Take down their mettle, keep them lean and bare;
When conscious of their past delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the sport again;
With scanty measure then supply their food;
And, when athirst, restrain them from the flood;
Their bodies harrafs, sink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the sun.
Starve them, when barns beneath their burden
groan;

And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown;
For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
Should scant the passage, and confine the room.
Left the fat furrows should the sense destroy
Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.
But let them suck the seed with greedy force,
And close involve the vigour of the horse.

The male has done; thy care must now proceed

To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
First let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough,
Let them not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads or cross the wood:
But range the forest, by the silver side
Of some cool stream, where nature shall provide
Green grass, and fattening clover for their fare,
And mossy caverns for their noon-tide lare:
With rocks above to shield the sharp nocturnal
air.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Oestros the Grecians call: Asylus, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their stings draw
blood,

And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel
This curse the jealous Juno did invent, [dry.
And first employ'd for Io's punishment.

To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, ere the sun arise,
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Distinguish all betimes, with branding fire;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the fire.
Whom to reserve for husband of the herd,
Or who shall be to sacrifice prefer'd;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough;

The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed,
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade;
Set him betimes to school, and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break;
For his soft neck a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth pursue:
Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two,
Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labouring yoke
And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicacies of leaves, and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land:
And minister the blade with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely fires have done;
Who fill'd the pail with beeatings of the cow:
But all her udder to the calf allow,

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labours of the courser, first
Must be with sight of arms and sound of trumpets
nurs'd:

Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
The loud applauses of his master's hand:
This from his weaning let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought:
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,
But when to four full springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
Let him, to this, with easy pains be brought:
And seem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the wind;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins;
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north;
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course.
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow;

The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restive to the rein.

Wouldst thou their courage and their strength
improve,

Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or, in the stall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast;
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;
Forfeats his food and pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing
grass.

The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A peauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release:
But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land, to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage resents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd
he lost.

Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own.
And therefore to repair his strength he tries:
Hardening his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree:
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite,
But, when he stands collected in his might,
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the watery war,
And, mounting upwards with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and belching from below
Black sands, as from a forceful engine throw.

Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.

'Tis with this rage, the mother lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young;
Demanding rites of love; she sternly stalks;
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes,
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes.

Boars whet their tusks, to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love,
Then woe to him, that in the desert land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning sand.
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy leacher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise:
He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his watery way he took;
About him, and above, the billows broke;
The sluices of the sky were open spread,
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
And every boding omen of the main.
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course.
No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
His floating carcase on the Sestian shore.

I pass the wars that spotted linxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the females' sake:
The howling wolves, the mastiffs amorous rage;
When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind en-
But, far above the rest, the furious mare, [gaged,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair.
For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harness, and she rends the rein;
For this (when Venus gave them rage and
power),

Their masters' mangled members they devour;
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.

When at the spring's approach their marrow
burns

(For with the spring their genial warmth returns),
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide nostrils snuff the western air:
When (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their
flight

Thro' plains, and mount the hills unequal height;
Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
Nor southward to the rainy regions run;
But boring to the west, and hovering there,
With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air:
With which impregnate, from their groins they
A slimy juice, by false conception bred. [shed
The shepherd knows it well; and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
This, gathered in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of
Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse; [power,
And mix, for deadly draughts, the poisonous juice.
But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue;
Surveying nature with too nice a view.

Let this suffice for herds: our following care
 Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
 Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,
 To raise my subject from a ground so low:
 And the mean matter which my theme affords,
 T' embellish with magnificence of words.
 But the commanding Muse my chariot guides:
 Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
 And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take:
 But first the way to new discoveries make.

Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
 I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
 First, with assiduous care, from winter keep
 Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep:
 Then spread with straw, the bedding of thy fold;
 With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold.
 That free from gout thou may'st preserve thy
 care,

And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
 Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd:
 And led to living streams, to quench their thirst.
 Feed them with winter-browse, and for their lare
 A cote that opens to the south prepare:
 Where, basking in the sunshine, they may lie,
 And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
 This during winter's drizzly reign be done:
 Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun:
 For hairy goats of equal profit are
 With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.
 'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian
 juice

Is dearly sold: but not for needful use:
 For the salacious goat increases more;
 And twice as largely yields her milky store.
 The still-distended udders never fail;
 But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
 Mean time the pastor shears their hoary beards;
 And eases of their hair, the loaden herds.
 Their camelots, warm in tents, the soldier hold;
 And shield the shivering mariner from cold.

On shrubs they browse, and on the bleak top
 Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
 Attended with their bleating kids they come
 At night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
 And scarce their swelling bags the threshold
 overcome.

So much the more thy diligence bestow
 In depth of winter to defend the snow:
 By how much less the tender helpless kind,
 For their own ills, can fit provision find.
 Then minister the browse, with bounteous hand;
 And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
 But when the western winds with vital power
 Call forth the tender grass, and budding flower;
 Then, at the last, produce in open air
 Both flocks, and send them to their summer fare.
 Before the sun, while Hesperus appears;
 First let them sip from herbs the pearly tears
 Of morning dews; and after break their fast
 On green-sward ground (a cool and grateful taste):
 But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the
 dews,

And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
 When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain,
 Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
 In summer's heat some bending valley find,
 Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind:

Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
 In ample breadth thy cattle to defend:
 Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
 To shield them with its venerable shade.
 Once more to watering lead; and feed again
 When the low sun is sinking to the main.
 When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews,
 And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews;
 When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
 And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.
 Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains;
 Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains?

Where oft the flocks without a leader stray;
 Or through continued deserts take their way;
 And, feeding, add the length of night to day. }
 Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
 Nor folds, nor hospitable harbour know;
 Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
 Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
 Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
 And with him all his patrimony bears:
 His house and household gods! his trade of war,
 His bow and quiver; and his trusty cur.
 Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
 Their long, laborious marches overcome:
 Cheerly their tedious travels undergo;
 And pitch their sudden camp before the foe.

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold;
 Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold:
 Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian strand;
 Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
 Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there
 No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear:
 The frozen earth lies buried there below
 A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow:
 And all the West allies of stormy Boreas blow. }

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face;
 Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chase;
 When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
 Or in the rudy ocean seeks his bed.
 Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd;
 And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd.
 An host now for waggon, which before
 Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
 The brazen cauldrons with the frost are flaw'd;
 The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
 With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
 By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
 From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
 Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are
 heard,

Mean time perpetual fleet, and driving snow,
 Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
 The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
 Huge oxen stand enclos'd in wintery walls
 Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
 Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
 The dextrous huntsman wounds not these afar,
 With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
 With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight:
 But close engages in unequal fight.
 And while they strive in vain to make their way
 Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray;
 Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears:
 And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden
 The men to subterranean caves retire; [bears;
 Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:

With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they
load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away.
And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets
Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer. [cheer
Such are the cold Riphean race; and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed:
Then of the purest white select thy breed.
Ev'n though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste for husband to thy fold.
But search his mouth; and if a swarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid-palate hung,
Reject him, lest he darken all the flock;
And substitute another from thy stock.
'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we
May trust report), Pan god of Arcady
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain,
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's
pain.

If milk be thy design; with plenteous hand
Bring clover-grass; and from the marshy land
Salt herbage for the foddering-rack provide
To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide:
These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
The flavour of the salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply
drain,
With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.
Their morning milk, the peasants press at night:
Their evening meal before the rising light
To market bear; or sparingly they steep
With seasoning salt, and stor'd, for winter keep.

Nor last, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
With fattening whey the mastiff's generous breed;
And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief:
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, rushing to the prey,
With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer;
Rouse from their desert dens the bristled rage
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.

With smoke of burning cedar scent thy walls,
And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls:
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd
For often under stalls unmov'd they lie, [race.
Obscure in shades, and shunning heaven's broad
And snakes, familiar to the hearth succeed, [eye.
Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed.
Whether to rooify houses they repair,
Or sun themselves abroad in open air,
In all abodes of pestilential kind
To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, shepherd, take, a plant of stubborn oak;
And labour him with many a sturdy stroke:
Or with hard stones, demolish from afar
His haughty crest, the seat of all the war;
Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires;
'Till, stretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.

He drags his tail, and for his head provides:
And in some secret cranny slowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and bat-
ter'd sides.

In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back:
While springs are broken, while the southern air
And dropping heavens the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs;
He fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious
frogs.

But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks;
And the chapp'd earth is furrow'd o'er with
chinks;
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground;
And hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction
threats.

O let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer livery rolls along,
Erect, and brandishing his forked tongue,
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young;
And thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison, for the following year.

The causes and the signs shall next be told,
Of every sickness that infects the fold.
A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin;
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within:
Or when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins:
When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear;
Short of their wool, and naked from the sheer.

Good shepherds, after sheering, drench their
sheep, [leap)
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs;
With scum that on the molten silver swims,
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these
Besides the waxen labour of the bees:
And hellebore, and squills deep rooted in the
seas,

Receipts abound, but, searching all thy store,
The best is still at hand---to lance the sore,
And cut the head, for till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground:
While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd
stands,

And, when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle prayers, from heaven de-
mands.

Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian shepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's billy ground,

The Gelons use it, when for drink and food
They mix their cruddled milk with horses blood.

But, when thou see'st a single sheep remain
In shades aloof, or crouch'd upon the plain;
Or listlessly to crop the tender grass;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.
Nor do those ills on single bodies prey;
But oftener bring the nation to decay; [away. }
And sweep the present stock and future hope }

A dire example of this truth appears:
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains:
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherd's }
happy reigns. }

Here from the vicious air, and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle, and the beasts of nature flew.
Poisoning the standing lakes, and pools impure:
Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
Strange death! For when the thirsty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk;
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, even
then

A waterish humour swell'd and ooz'd again;
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better use.
The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands
drest,

Sunk of himself, without the gods command:
Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inspected entrails could no fates foretel:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise;
But clouds of smouldering smoke forbade the sa-
crifice,

Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor. +
The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
And render their sweet souls before the plenteous
rack.

The fawning dog runs mad, the weasling swine
With coughs is chok'd, and labours from the
The victor horse, forgetful of his food, [chine:
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.

He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears, }
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears: }
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs. }
Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
But in time's process, when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient sobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath; which from his lungs sup-
ply'd,

And fetch'd from far, distends his labouring side.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue succeeds,
And roapy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been us'd;
And through a horn the generous juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his closing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause.

For the too vigorous dose too fiercely wrought;
And added fury to the strength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious error on our foes!

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins:
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
The pining steer no shades of lofty woods,
Nor flowery meads, can ease; nor crystal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease;
His eyes are settled in a stupid peace.
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil,
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil!
And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxuriously did join;
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his beverage, homely was his food;
The wholesome herbage, and the running flood.
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.

'Twas then that buffaloes, ill-pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the labouring swain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain: }
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed }

again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf, that round th' enclosure
proul'd

To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe }
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go: }
And round the dwellings roam of man, their
fiercer foe.

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases are driven aground:
And mighty Phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heavens contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls a-
bove.

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain;
Or trust to physic; physic is their bane.
The learned leaches in despair depart:
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round;
Before her drives diseases and affright;
And every moment rises to the sight: }
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light. }
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats resound,

At length, she strikes an universal blow ;
 To death at once whole herds of cattle go :
 Sheep, oxen, horses fall ; and, heap'd on high,
 The differing species in confusion lie.
 Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
 To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground,
 For, useless to the currier were their hides :
 Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
 Be freed from filth : nor could Vulcanian flame
 The stench abolish, or the favour tame.

Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store
 (Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with
 gore) ;
 Or touch the web : but if the vest they wear,
 Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
 And flaming carbuncles and noisome sweat,
 And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget :
 Till the slow creeping evil eats his way,
 Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life
 his prey.

B O O K IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of the Georgic : In the first he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals : and in the last singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic he shows us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey : how to call them home when they swarm ; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kind ; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost, and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following song pursues,
 Aërial honey, and ambrosial dews.
 Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
 Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings ;
 A mighty pomp, though made of little things. }
 Their arms, their arts, their manners I disclose,
 And how they war, and whence the people rose :
 Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
 If heaven assist, and Phœbus hear my call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find,
 And lodge them under covert of the wind :
 For winds, when homeward they return, will
 drive

The loaded carriers from their evening hive.
 Far from the cows and goats insulting crew,
 That trample down the flowers, and brush the
 dew :

The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
 Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
 The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
 And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in blood :
 These rob the trading citizens, and bear
 The trembling captives through the liquid air ;
 And for their callow young a cruel feast pre-
 pare. }

But near a living stream their mansion place,
 Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:
 And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to stop),
 Wild olive trees, or palms, before the busy shop.
 That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
 Calls out the venturous colony to swarm ;
 When first their way through yielding air they
 wing,

New to the pleasures of their native spring ;

The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
 For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat :
 And neighbouring trees, with friendly shade, in-
 The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight. [vite
 Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake,
 A passage for thy weary people make ;
 With osier floats the standing water strow ;
 Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow :
 That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
 And resting there, their flaggy pinions dry :
 When, late returning home, the laden host
 By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
 Wild thyme and savory set around their cell ;
 Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell ;
 Set rows of rosemary with flowering stem,
 And let the purple violets drink the stream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
 With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees ;
 Make but a narrow mouth : for as the cold
 Congeals into a lump the liquid gold ;
 So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat,
 And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.
 And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
 With dawby wax and flowers the chinks have
 lin'd.

And with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive
 To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
 Not birdlime, or Idæan pitch, produce
 A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
 In chambers of their own, beneath the ground :
 Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
 And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaster thou the chinky hives with clay,
 And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay,

Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yew their poisonous neighbour
grows: [their nose.]

Nor roast red crabs t' offend the niceness of
Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground:
Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.

For what remains, when golden suns appear,
And under earth have driven the winter year:
The winged nation wanders through the skies,
And o'er the plains and shady forest flies:
Then, stooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
They skim the floods, and sip the purple flowers.
Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
The young succession all their cares employ:
They breed, they brood, instruct, and educate,
And make provision for the future state:
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to sustain their lives.
But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,
The motions of their hasty flight attend;
And know to floods, or woods, their airy march
they bend.

Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound,
With these alluring savours strew the ground,
And mix with tinkling brags, the cymbal's dron-
ing sound.

Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
The reconcil'd deserters will repair.
But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire strive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murmuring sounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain,
With shouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds:
Then to their common standard they repair;
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
And every knight is proud to prove his worth.
Press'd for their country's honour, and their
king's, [stings;

On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed
And exercise their arms, and tremble with their
wings.

Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride,
The trusty guards come up, and close the side;
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
Thus in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of
light,

The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded
wound,
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailstones lie nor thicker on the plain,
Nor shaken oaks such showers of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of sovereign
sway,

The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midst of danger go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.

With mighty souls in narrow bodies prest,
They challenge, and encounter breast to breast;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or die;
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only reign).
Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay;
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are sunder'd from the fight,
Then to the lawful king restore his right.
And let the wasteful prodigal be slain,
That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honest open face:
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold,
And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.

That other looks like nature in disgrace,
Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face:
And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy
race:

Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
That long have travel'd through a desert plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust
again.

The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue;
Glittering and ardent, though in body less:
From these, at 'pointed seasons, hope to press
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use:
T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine.
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.

But when the swarms are eager of their play,
And loathe their empty hives, and idly stray,
Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The task is easy, but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
At their command, the people swarm away;
Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.
Sweet gardens, full of saffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight.
Besides the god obscene, who frights away,
With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of
prey.

With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees:
And with wild thyme and savory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not so near my labours end,
Strike sail, and hastening to the harbour tend,
My song to flowery gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts to sing
The Præstan roses, and their double spring:
How succory drinks the running stream, and how
Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late Narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with stately towers Tarentum stands,
And deep Galesus soaks the yellow sands,

I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
 Lord of few acres, and those barren too;
 Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow:
 Yet, labouring well his little spot of ground,
 Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he
 found:

Which, cultivated with his daily care,
 And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
 Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
 With wholesome poppy-flowers to mend his home-
 ly board:

For late returning home he supp'd at ease,
 And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less:
 The little of his own, because his own, did
 please.

To quit his care, he gather'd first of all
 In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
 And when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
 And ice the running rivers did restrain,
 He stripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth,
 And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring
 of sloth;

He therefore first among the swains was found,
 To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
 And squeeze the combs with golden liquor
 crown'd.

His limes were first in flowers; his lofty pines,
 With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines.
 For every bloom his trees in spring afford,
 An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.

He knew to rank his elms in even rows:
 For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose:
 And tame to plumbs, the sourness of the sloes.
 With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
 To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
 But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
 This task; for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the nature of the bees,
 Bestow'd by Jove for secret services:
 When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
 The King of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
 Of all the race of animals, alone
 The bees have common cities of their own,
 And common sons, beneath one law they live,
 And with one common stock their traffic drive.
 Each has a certain home, a several stall:
 All is the state's, the state provides for all.
 Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain:
 And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
 Some o'er the public magazines preside,
 And some are sent new forage to provide:
 These drudge in fields abroad, and those at home
 Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
 With dew, Narcissus' leaves, and clammy gum.
 To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive;
 Some nurse the future nation of the hive:
 Sweet honey some condense, some purge the
 grout;

The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut.
 All, with united force, combine to drive
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds:
 With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
 As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
 New thunder hasten for their angry god:
 Subdued in fire the stubborn metal lies,
 One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies;

And draws, and blows reciprocating air:
 Others to quench the hissing mass prepare:
 With lifted arms they order every blow,
 And chime their sounding hammers in a row:
 With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
 Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,
 With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the
 fire.

If little things with great we may compare,
 Such are the bees, and such their busy care:
 Studios of honey, each in his degree,
 The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee:
 That in the field; this in affairs of state,
 Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
 To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
 To prop the ruins lest the fabric fall:
 But late at night, with weary pinions come
 The labouring youth, and heavy laden home.
 Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
 The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
 He spoils the saffron flowers, he sips the blues
 Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dew.
 Their toil is common, common is their sleep;
 They shake their wings when morn begins to
 peep;

Rush through the city-gates without delay,
 Nor ends their work but with declining day:
 Then, having spent the last remains of light,
 They give their bodies due repose at night:
 When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
 Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their
 cells.

When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
 No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep,
 'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stay,
 When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day:
 But near the city walls their watering take,
 Nor forage far, but short excursions make.
 And as when empty barks on billows float,
 With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat,
 So bees bear gravel-stones, whose poising weight
 Steers through the whistling winds their steady
 flight. [tites,

But, what's more strange, their modest appe-
 Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
 No lust enervates their heroic mind,
 Nor wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind,
 But in their mouths reside their genial powers,
 They gather children from the leaves and flowers.
 Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat:
 And thus their little citizens create:
 And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.
 And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
 And sink beneath the burdens which they bear.
 Such rage of honey in their bosom beats:
 And such a zeal they have for flowery sweets.

Thus through the race of life they quickly run;
 Which in the space of seven short years is done;
 Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
 The fortune of the family remains:
 And grandfires grandsons the long list contains.

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
 With servile awe, their idol king adore:
 While he survives, in concord and content
 The commons live, by no divisions rent;
 But the great monarch's death dissolves the go-
 vernment.

All goes to ruin, they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys;
The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise:
Him they extol, they worship him alone:
They crowd his levees, and support his throne:
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout:
And when their sovereign's quarrel calls them out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of etherial thought:
Endu'd with particles of heavenly fires:
For God the whole created mass inspires;
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean's depth
he throws

His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and
fowls,

With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls.
Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again.
No room is left for death, they mount the sky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.

Now when thou hast decreed to seize their
And by prerogative to break their doors: [stores,
With sprinkled water first the city choke,
And then pursue the citizens with smoke.
Two honey-harvests fall in every year:
First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And springing upward spurn the briny seas:
Again, when their affrighted quire surveys
The watery Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind, }
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection
find.

Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's face:
And through the purple veins a passage find;
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.

But if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And would preserve thy famish'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards, shunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat.
Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain:
Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms:
Or secret moths are there in silence fed;
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have
spread.

The more oppress'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increase thy care to save the sinking
kind,

With greens and flowers recruit their empty hives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.

But since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state;
Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay.

They change their hue, with haggard eyes they
stare,

Lean are their looks, and snagged is their hair:

And crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd hides, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the hearse, the next rela-
tions mourn.

The sick, for air, before the portal gasp,
Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, or listless of their gain.
Soft whispers then and broken sounds are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd;
Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou seest, Galbanean odours use,
And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food:
Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
And raisins from the grapes of Pſythian vines:
To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
And with Cecropian thyme, strong scented cen-
taury.

A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found:
For from one root the rising stem bestows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
The flower itself is glorious to behold,
And shines on altars like refulgent gold:
Sharp to the taste, by shepherds near the stream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this restoring root in generous wine,
And set beside the door the sickly stock to dine.
But if the labouring kind be wholly lost,
And not to be retriev'd with care or cost,
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian master did of old impart:
And how he stock'd his empty hives again;
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.

An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal spring:
For where, with seven-fold horns, mysterious
Surrounds the skirts of Ægypt's fruitful isle, [Nile
And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the soil with slime, and black pro-
lific sands;

That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a sure relief have found.
First, in a place, by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread:
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruise'd with-
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin. [in,
Extended thus, in his obscene abode,
They leave the beast; but first sweet flowers are
strow'd

Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime.
This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or swallows twitter off the chimney-tops.

The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
 Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
 Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,
 A moving mast at first, and short of thighs;
 Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
 The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings:
 And more and more affecting air, they try
 Their tender pinions, and begin to fly. [clouds,
 At length, like summer storms from spreading
 That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods,
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
 When from afar they gall embattled foes,
 With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
 And such a form the winged squadrons bear.

What God, O Muse! this useful science taught?
 Or by what man's experience was it brought?
 Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled,
 His bees with famine, or diseases, dead; [head.
 On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy }
 And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
 Thus mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd:
 Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
 Is in the depth of this immortal flood:
 What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
 The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high
 King?

O! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
 And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
 Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
 Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.
 Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful
 plough

The needful aids of human life allow:
 So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou. }
 Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn;
 Root up my trees, with blights destroy my corn; }
 My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
 Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown,
 Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son.
 But from her mossy bower below the ground, }
 His careful mother heard the plaintive sound,
 Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
 One common work they plid: their distaffs full
 With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
 Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
 And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair:
 Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
 And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid.
 Clio and Beroe, from one father both, [cloth.
 Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd
 Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
 Nisæa lofty with Ligæa loud;
 Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad, }
 And Arethusa once Diana's maid,
 But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
 To these, Clymene the sweet thief declares
 Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares:
 And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
 From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
 Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
 A mournful sound again the mother hears;
 Again the mournful sound invades the sister's ears:
 Starting at once from their green seats they rise;
 Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
 But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
 First lifts above the waves her beauteous head; }
 And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said:

O sister! not with causeless fear possess,
 No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
 'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
 Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
 Near his paternal stream he sadly stands, [hands:
 With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded
 Upbraiding heaven from whence his lineage
 came,

And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.

Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
 Cries out, Conduct my son, conduct him here:
 'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
 To view the secrets of our deep abodes.
 At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
 At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
 Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
 And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
 Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
 Which to his mother's watery palace leads.
 With wondering eyes he views the secret store
 Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar.
 He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
 And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
 And where, distinguish'd in their several cells,
 The fount of Phasis and of Lycus dwells;
 Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears,
 And Tiber his majestic forehead rears.

Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
 Breaks thro' th' opposing rocks with raging sound.
 Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
 And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods,
 Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
 And his grim face a bulls resemblance bears.
 With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son
 Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
 Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
 Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
 Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
 With water drawn from their perpetual spring,
 From earthly dregs his body purify,
 And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
 Then load the tables with a liberal feast,
 And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.
 The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke,
 And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
 Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine; }
 Then thus, let these be pour'd, with rites divine,
 To the great author of our watery line.
 To father Ocean, this; and this she said, }
 Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid,
 Who rule the watery plains, and hold the wood-
 land shade.

She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the vestal fire,
 Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
 Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun,
 With words like these to cheer her drooping son.
 In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
 The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god;
 High o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,
 His azure car and finny couriers guides:
 Proteous his name: to his Pallenian port
 I see from far the weary god resort.
 Him, not alone, we river-gods adore,
 But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
 With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,
 He sees what is, and was, and to come.

This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly flocks, that graze the watery deep.
Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
The secret cause, and cure of all thy woes.
But first the wily wizard must be caught,
For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
Nor is with prayers, or bribes, or flattery bought.
Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind;
Then all his frauds will vanish into wind.
I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
When next the southing sun inflames the day:
When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain;
Then will I lead thee to his secret seat;
When, weary with his toil, and scorched with
heat,
The wayward fire frequents his cool retreat.
His eyes with heavy slumber overcast;
With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast:
Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold,
The slippery god will try to loose his hold:
And various forms assume to cheat thy sight;
And with vain images of beasts affright.
With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snare,
Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stare:
Or with a wile thy caution to betray,
In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To strain his fetters with a stricter care:
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true shape, in which he first was seen.
This said, with nectar she her son anoints:
Infusing vigour through his mortal joints;
Down from his head the liquid odours ran;
He breath'd of heaven, and look'd above a man,
Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes;
Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
In form of war, their watery ranks divide;
And there, like sentries set, without the mouth
abide;
A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
Secure within resides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,
The goddess guides her son, and turns him from
the light: flight.
Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her
'Twas noon; the sultry dog-star from the sky
Scorch'd Indian swains, the rival'd grass was dry;
The sun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, back'd the mud:
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves:
His sinny flocks about their shepherd play,
And, rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.
Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
Then in the shady covert seek repose.
Himself their herdsman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home:
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prouling wolf to nightly war.

VOL. XII.

Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies:
For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When rushing on, with shouts he binds in chains
The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
He, not unmindful of his usual art,
First in dissembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beasts and running streams he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having shifted every form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape;
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
Audacious youth, what madness could provoke
A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?
What business brought thee to my dark abode?
To this th' audacious youth: Thou know'st full
well
My name, and business, god, nor need I tell:
No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudulent arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come t' implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore.
The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage;
And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar god
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward,
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard;
For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife,
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape
The just revenge of that intended rape.
To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side:
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound,
Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
And sought, his mournful mind with music to
restore.
On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through forests void of light:
And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before the inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, listening, crowd the sweet musician's side.
Nor flocks of birds when driven by storms or night,
Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight,
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid,
* The mighty heroes more majestic shade;
And youths on funeral piles before their parents
laid.
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompasses around,
With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy
ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,
The infernal mansions nodding seem to dance:

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's translation.

B

The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl,
The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing wheel.

All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He first, and close behind him followed she,
For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
When strong desires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd;
A fault which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive.

For near the confines of ethereal light,
And longing for the glimmering of a sight,
Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.

Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: What fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man, to lose thyself and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
An iron slumber shut my swimming eyes.
And now farewell, involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.

In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In sweet embraces; ah! no longer thine;
She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air;
And left her hopeless lover in despair.

In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise:
But she return'd no more, to bless his longing
eyes.

Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.
What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
And shivering in the leaky sculler fate.
For seven continued months, if fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrows did renew;
By Strymon's freezing streams he sat alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs:
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their
fawning tongues.

So close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone: [thence,
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and
By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys,
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
Of love disdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd,

With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length, against his sacred life conspir'd.
Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they
kill'd,

And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field,
Then, when his head from his fair shoulders torn,
Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invoc'd his bride;
With his last voice, Eurydice, he cry'd,
Eurydice, the rocks and river banks reply'd.
This answer Proteus gave, nor more he said,
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And where he leap'd the waves in circles wide-
ly spread.

The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
And bade him banish his superfluous fear;
For now, said she, the cause is known, from whence,
Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence:
The nymphs, companions of the unhappy maid,
This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.
With vows and suppliant prayers their powers
The soft Napæan race will soon repent [appease;
Their anger, and remit the punishment:

The secret in an easy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
Which on Lycæus graze, without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:
For these, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland powers with prayer.
From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
Nine mornings thence, Lethean poppy bring,
T' appease the manes of the poets king:

And, to propitiate his offended pride,
A fatted calf, and a black ewe provide:
This finish'd, to the former woods repair.
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple visits, and adores with prayer.
Four altars raises, from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and prayers,
The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.

Behold a prodigy! for, from within
The broken bowels, and the bloated skin,
A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms,
Straight issue thro' the sides assembling swarms,
Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighbouring tree, descending light:
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependence from the bough.

Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of labouring bees:
While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war;
With conquering arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heaven pursues.
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise:
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen
shade,

The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

J O H N

LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

AND

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

AN Heroic Poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of a man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verse, that it may delight while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes, or under actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary, or convenient, to carry on the main design. Either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect; or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength; but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestic and sublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Aristotle and others have inserted in their poems; by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul and hardens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work; which he is driving on, labouring and hastening in every line: the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Boslu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject; though, to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or, at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius, who,

through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment, instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his seven champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform, when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second, went out of his way, as it were on propense malice, to commit a fault: for he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a serpent (that author of all evil), to make way for those funeral honours which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais; if he had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found some sorry excuse at least for the detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors, and his success was answerable to his enterprise.

If this economy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detached from the body, and almost independent of it, what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's Iliads and Odysses, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre, when it flourished under Æschylus, Eurypides, and Sophocles. For the original of the stage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer, which were proper for the stage, the poets

amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted they enlarged: out of one Hercules were made infinity of pygmies; yet all endued with human souls; for from him their great Creator, they have each of them the "*divinæ particulum auræ*." They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action, was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama: if he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day: so that as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened, by the same rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life: an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my Lord, I must contract also; for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions, to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries, which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? Are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them: they work by their substance and weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass: the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four and twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be

preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great: is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem; where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the cholar and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliads, that his anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shows them like rocks or quick-sands, to be shunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely: for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles: for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent: and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use

for their proper ends. The stage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use in process of time, and in its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action, to the dignity of the actors, I mean the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read: and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative: yet I may be allowed to say, without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your Lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Triphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the Ruelle; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately sustenance, and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting, the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

I might also add, that many things, which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage: and those not only the "*speciosa miracula*," as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphanes, and the Lestrigons, which cannot be represented even in operas, but the prowess of Achilles, or Æneas, would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in Homer, or in Virgil; but "*ne Hercules contra duos*" in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot, or ought not to represent. For I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me; that I plead for the pre-eminence of epic poetry, because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil; if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote tragedies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion

to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controversy. You come, my Lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your Essay of Poetry, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction: and, without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not without some envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgment than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge; there is a tincture of malice in his commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counsellor; but he does not willingly commend his brother-serjeant at the bar; especially when he controls his law, and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess: but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeased with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner; because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given had I known you. Nothing had been more easy than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were just; and if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic. For, by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded; and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude: the work was commended, not the author: and I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your Lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama: and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in

the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections. For, in this address to your Lordship, I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way, somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace, in his first epistle of the second book to Augustus Cæsar, and of that to the Pisos, which we call his Art of Poetry. In both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinsius, may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed, as often as I pleased, the same subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side-wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning; the greatness and excellency of an heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison, therefore, which I made betwixt the epopee and the tragedy, was not altogether a digression; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the master pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said, That the file of heroic poets is very short: all are not such who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Æneis, in so many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the Jerusalem: I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are entered, some Lord Chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your Lordship's ears, with his

"Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum."

Mere fustian, as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward, and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, Make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line. Father Le Moin, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king, and a Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his maid should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finished, or had been one. And Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam, if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human, in his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epic

poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the preface of Segrais before his translation of the Æneis, or out of Bossu, no matter which. The style of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The critic is certainly in the right, for the reason already urged: the work of tragedy is on the passions; and, in a dialogue, both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: for, "Volat irrevocabile verbum;" the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have leisure to digest. There an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his expression, which, if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physic, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure. Thus, my Lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness; and yet the merits of both causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present business; and not thinking of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies: he has a whole confederacy against him, and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero; I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanneguy, le Fevre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated; and, without contradicting my first opinion, I can show that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his; in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived and flourished. Homer's moral was to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding betwixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in their several chiefs, to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general, and one of the next in office

under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles represents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior on dishonourable conditions; the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered, and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the mean time the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain.

“*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*”

As the poet, in the first part of the example had shown the bad effects of discord, so after the reconciliation he gives the good effects of unity. For Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this it is probable, that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral, which all critics have allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flourished in the age of Ennius, and addressed to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Assyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by Octavius Cæsar; in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the public good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party: he, too, had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth (for the cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the Christian priesthood, refining on the Heathen). Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives, and took the estates of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power: such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bases on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction, each destroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabric of consequence must fall betwixt them, and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and constitutions. Like him, who, being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was over-persuaded by his

landlord to take physic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor: “*Stavo ben (was written on his monument) ma, perstar meglio, sto qui.*”

After the death of those two usurpers, the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the others growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age, that is, patriots of their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your Lordship with the repetition of what you know: after the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself outwitted by Cæsar; broke with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass against him: Cæsar, thus injured, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermost (for he was a Marian) had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country; whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of Perpetual Dictator. He being murdered by his own son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame (though Dante, in his *Inferno*, has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth) the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gulled, twice or thrice over; and as often enslaved in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and not long after the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good fortune of Augustus. It is true, that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands, than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your Lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource: the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author (as men of good sense are generally honest) that he was still of republican principles in his heart—

“*Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.*”

I think, I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the *Æneis*. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in *Elysium*; and there giving laws to the holy souls.

who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits. For his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate: that Romulus was no hereditary prince, and though, after his death, he received divine honours, for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making: that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt-acts of tyranny, and male-administration; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others: being, for my own opinion, of Montaign's principles, That an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born. Though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice: which, for many reasons, I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.

But to return from my long rambling: I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived; that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved: that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it: that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished: that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it: that the arts of peace flourished under him: that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate: that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time: still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness: these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed: to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince: by that respect to confirm their obedience to him: and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem: honest in the poet: honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary to the present age; and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iulus the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not so himself: or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there: but that the Romans valued them-

selves on their Trojan ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them, though they were all graven after his death, as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason, why Augustus should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the Æneis, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament, was, because it did him a real service, as well as an honour; that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse, which had the character of immortality stamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flourished in his time, less obliged to him than the emperor. Your Lordship knows with what address he makes mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the Æneis: but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchises. I insist not on their names; but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from Mnestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those who lost the prizes, were such as disoblige the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mæcenæ: and this was the poetical revenge he took. For "*genus irritabile Vatum*," as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him. "*Animamque in vulnere ponit*." I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himself. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We, and the French, are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector: and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a descendant of Æneas. Spenser favours this opinion what he can. His prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, and of Tasso an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone farther than the moral leads me. But if your Lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas, of which I shall say more when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero, I must prepare that subject, by showing how dextrously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both;

which is the part of a wise and an honest man : and proves, that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a free-born subject, as I am ; though such things perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your Lordship my opinion of Virgil ; that he was no arbitrary man : obliged he was to his master for his bounty ; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose the ground-work of his poem, one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was the just parallel. *Æneas* could not pretend to be Priam's heir, in a lineal succession : for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family ; and Helenus, a son of Priam, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his *Æneis*, the son of Polites, youngest son to Priam ; who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the second book. *Æneas* had only married Creusa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had Augustus in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance, derived from Julius Cæsar ; such a title being but one degree removed from conquest. For what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take. Since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a trust ; Virgil gives us an example of this, in the person of Mezentius. He governed arbitrarily ; he was expelled, and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shows us another sort of kingship, in the person of Latinus : he was descended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is described a just and gracious prince ; solicitous for the welfare of his people ; always consulting with his senate, to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall. Speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. *Æneas*, though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. "Pater arma Latinus habeto," &c. are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium : wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet withal,

he plainly touches at the office of the high priesthood, with which Augustus was invested : and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant, by the death of Pantheus, in the second book of the *Æneis*, for his hero to succeed in it ; and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought ; and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation ; the words of Virgil are very plain,

"Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates."

As for Augustus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by descent from *Æneas* ; that title is already out of doors, *Æneas* succeeded not, but was elected. Troy was fore-doomed to fall for ever.

"Postquam res Asiæ, Priamique evertere regnum"

"Immeritum visum Superis,——"

Æneis, Lib. III. 1."

Augustus, it is true, had once resolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire : but Horace writes an ode on purpose to deter him from that thought ; declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it, as it should be raised. Hereupon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude, that he had still his pedigree in his head ; and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them : what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge ; for it is levelled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus : those manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father ; love to his relations ; care of his people ; courage and conduct in the wars ; gratitude to those who had obliged him, and justice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your Lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character : and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language ; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight : they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him ; and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back ; he leads his little son ; his wife follows him ; but, losing his footsteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her ; and leaves not his pursuit till her ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his sorrow for his death ; of the games instituted in honour of his memory ; or seeking

him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elysian fields. I will not mention his tenderness for his son, which every where is visible: of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deiphobus; the funeral of his nurse; his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compose his character, as a king, or as a general, I need say nothing; the whole *Æneis* is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it should suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your Lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein, Segrais, in his admirable preface to his translation of the *Æneis*, as the author of the Dauphin's *Virgil* justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better understand the management of a war, than our islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their generals, we on our soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall perhaps say as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good, which is but doing justice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your Lordship, whose thoughts are always just; your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your examples would make all precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over lavish of praise to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

When I speak of your Lordship, it is never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him. For his preface is a perfect piece of criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durst not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master; and every patron who has the power of Augustus, has not his clemency. In short, my Lord, I would not translate him, because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same excellency; and, for the same reason, I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour; and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already said, from Bossu, that a poet is not obliged

to make his hero a virtuous man: therefore neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls *Æneas* in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish; thoroughly virtuous: and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me; and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his design was, to instruct in virtue, by showing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have said above. What follows is translated literally from Segrais.

Virgil had considered, that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people; which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all these qualities to *Æneas*. But, knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations, he judged that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valour, are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not considered (as they ought) that valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valour to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them? to a man who should abandon his father, or desert his king in his last necessity?

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety, before valour. I will now follow him where he considers this valour, or intrepid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his *Æneas*, and that in an heroic degree.

Having first concluded that our poet did for the best in taking the first character of his hero from that essential virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the ten years war of Troy, he was considered as the second champion of his country; allowing Hector the first place; and this, even by the confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomedes give him a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book:

—Stetimus tela aspera contra,

"Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
 "In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat
 "hastam.
 "Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
 "Terra viros; ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
 "Dardanus, et versis lugeret Græcia fati.
 "Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ,
 "Hectoris, Ænæque manu victoria Graiū
 "Hæsit, et in decumum vestigia retulit annum.
 "Ambo animis, ambo inignes præstantibus
 "armis:
 "Hic pietate prior."——

I give not here my translation of these verses; though I think I have not ill succeeded in them; because your Lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire that you should see Virgil and me so near together. But you may please, my Lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and insinuates, that Homer has done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman; though Diomedes was manifestly the second companion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the champion of his nightly expedition; for he had a head-piece of his own; and wanted only the fortitude of another, to bring him off with safety; and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: they who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easy to be answered. Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him would tire your Lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last Æneids. In short, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or a whole round table, than he performs. "*Proxima quæque metit gladio,*" is the perfect account of a knight-errant. If it be replied, continued Segrais, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprises, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first place, must fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable without them: and Ariosto, the two Tasso's, Bernardo, and Torquato, even our own Spenser; in a word, all modern poets have copied Homer, as well as Virgil; he is neither the first nor last; but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. Who knows, says Segrais, but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and signified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the astrologers will tell us, out of Virgil (who was well versed in the Chaldean mysteries), under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an art; though not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself thought otherwise. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either

his predecessor or his descendants. For Æneas was actually wounded in the twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the same goldsmith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It seems he was no war-luck, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free or lead-free. Yet after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by his mother's help; because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigour: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we see with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need say no more: for Virgil defends himself without needing my assistance; and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant; because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described, lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt-sea shore; and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here your Lordship may observe the address of Virgil: it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles. And Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion, and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin-hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice; when, in the beginning of the first

book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm.

"Extēplō Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra :
"Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas,"
&c.

But to this I have answered formerly; that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he showed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed, by Mr. Moyle, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken, Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage, which, if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire. For that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf. To which the god makes answer in these words:

"Parce metu, Cytheræa; manent immota tuorum
"Fata tibi," &c.

Notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for even after this, through the course of the whole Æneis, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven, whether he could alter fate or not. And indeed, some passages in Virgil would make us suspect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny. "Tua qua potes, orsa reflectas." To which he graciously answers:

"Si mora præsentis lethi tempusque caduco
"Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis;
"Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe
fatis.
"Hactenus indulgisse vacat. Sin altior istis
"Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
"Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inanes."

But that he could not alter those decrees, the king of gods himself confesses, in the book above cited: when he comforts Hercules, for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid before he threw his lance at Turnus:

"———Trojæ sub Mœnibus altis,
"Tot nati cecidere Deûm; quin occidit unâ
"Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam sua Turnum
"Fata manent, metasque dati pervenit ad ævi."

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he could not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discoursed with that excellent person Sir Robert Howard; who is better conversant, than any man that I know, in the doctrine of the Stoics, and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verse,

"Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis,"

he replied, and I think with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come: that it was in destiny for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more show of reason by the ladies; who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her cost; and, for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Segrais observes, with much acuteness, that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befall others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, say they, has shown his hero with these inconsistent characters: acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted; but, at the bottom, fickle and self-interested. For Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion.

"Vultis & his mecum pariter confidere Regnis?
"Urbem quam statuo, vestra est."

This was an obligation never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave, call it marriage, or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave, he had ac-

cepted the favour; and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Dr. Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them. You may please at least to hear the adverse party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But, at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas: and this being allowed, as I am afraid it must, he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy, for those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion; or, take it in the strongest sense, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its ground-work, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; because the property was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confess, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, as Virgil makes her say, that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immortal errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it:

"Fata obstant, placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures."

This, notwithstanding, as Segrais confesses, he might have shown a little more sensibility, when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

"Curam subcorde premebat,

"Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore."

Upon the whole matter, and humanely speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it seems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady to meet together in the lower regions; where he excuses himself when it is too late, and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now Segrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses his author, by saying that the Æneis is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it, and for that reason he had condemned it to the fire: though, at the same time, his two translators must acknowledge, that the sixth book is the most correct of the whole Æneis. Oh, how

convenient is a machine sometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one, and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair sex, however, if they had the deserter in their power, would certainly have shown him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus. For if too much constancy may be a fault sometimes; then want of constancy and ingratitude, after the last favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place; where I shall show, with how much judgment they have been used by Virgil: and, in the mean time, pass to another article of his defence, on the present subject; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet; for here I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall, but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into exile. But I go farther, and say, that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved, beside, the bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome: she was also present at the reading of the sixth Æneid, and we know not that she condemned Æneas; but we are sure she presented the poet, for his admirable elegy on her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had, for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described than in any other poet: love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it is the shortest of the whole Æneis, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion: and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero, she smothered those sparkles out of decency, but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forced to make a confidant of her whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her public owning it; and, after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing, for they were all machining work: but passion having cooled his love, as it increased her's, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change: this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble and entreats: and, nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connection of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory, to be interested in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step; for, endea-

vouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause: for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of history. Homer and Tasso are justly praised, for choosing their heroes out of Greece and Italy. Virgil indeed made his a Trojan, but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him; but all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was slain cowardly; Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezentius, but was slain by him; and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Este, who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himself engaged in honour to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shows her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband; doting on a stranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colours the falsehood of Æneas by an express command from Jupiter, to forsake the queen, who had obliged him; but he knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expence of the hero's honesty, but he gained his cause however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love, for still he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him if he had not got the start of her; she had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus: and "*varium & mutabile semper femina*," is the sharpest satire in the fewest words that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and animal must be understood to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury: if a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frightened him. It seems he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido. For your Lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, until the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. "*Notumque furens quid femina possit*;" she was injured, she was revengeful, she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of "*Punica fides*," many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lie, as an ambassador, for the honour and interest of his country; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the

famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries. For it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Bocaline, says, that Virgil was accused before Apollo for this error. The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reason, for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence; that any thing might be allowed to his son Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But, that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this story, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry, but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology, at best, is but a cobweb-law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must choose, as he did, an obscure and a remote æra, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Segrais says in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneid, to which I refer your Lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or, at least, as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own: he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and, being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have shown already; and have also begun to show that he might make this anachronism, by superseding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with, or suspend his own laws, when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil, for having made a fiction against the order of

time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who have made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what are the splendid miracles of the *Metamorphoses*? Yet these are beautiful as they are related; and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them: but to give, as Virgil does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction, after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a piece of history which is known to all the world; as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander; but, in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas; where the fourest critic must acknowledge, that if he had deprived his Æneis of so great an ornament, because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him, which is, want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm, in honour of this episode, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the Æneis, but was so accounted in his own age; and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary.

"Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
"Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor."

Where, by the way, you may observe, my Lord, that Ovid in those words, "*non legitimo fœdere junctus amor*," will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas: he was in banishment when he wrote these verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: You, Sir, saith he, have sent me into exile for writing my *Art of Love*, and my wanton elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over-honestly together: may I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to show it in the action? But was Ovid, the court poet, so bad a courtier as to find no other plea to excuse himself than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers; that Juno, the goddess of matrimony, had ratified it by her presence; for it was her business to bring matters to that

issue: that the ceremonies were short, we may believe, for Dido was not only amorous, but a widow. Mercury himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an innuendo.—"*Pulchramque uxoris urbem extruis.*"—He calls Æneas not only a husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word "*uxorius*" implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordship pleases, why Virgil is so much concerned to make this marriage (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom), it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid: and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had passed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our homespun English proverb, "*He killed two birds with one stone*;" pleased the emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. "*Neque hæc in fœdera veni*," is the very excuse which Æneas makes when he leaves his lady. I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage; my business was Italy, and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwrecked on your coast: be as kind an hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time, I call the gods to witness, that I leave your shore unwillingly; for though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you. This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of Latin verse into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your Lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this present age: I hinted it before. They lay no less than the want of invention to his charge: a capital crime, I must acknowledge: for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies: and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed so many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts, then Scaliger hath made out, saith Segrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into

this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature; every poet hath as much right to them, as every man hath to air or water. "Quid prohibetis aquas? usus communis aquarum est." But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the economy and disposition of it; these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet, who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews Messias will come together. There are parts of the *Æneis* which resemble some parts both of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey*: as, for example, *Æneas* descended into hell, and *Ulysses* had been there before him: *Æneas* loved *Dido*, and *Ulysses* loved *Calypso*: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's *Odyssey* in his first six books, and in his six last the *Iliad*. But from hence can we infer, that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil's *Æneas*? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of *Nisus* and *Uryalus*, of *Menzentius* and *Lausus*? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing *Æneas* into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony: to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from *Venus*, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken *Augustus* for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priests. "*Æneadum Genitrix*" was no more unknown to *Lucretius*, than to him. But *Lucretius* taught him not to form his hero; to give him piety or valour for his manners: and both in so eminent a degree, that, having done what was possible for man to save his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promised Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom *Horace* gives no better a name than of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. *Raphael* imitated nature; they who copy one of *Raphael's* pieces, imitate but him, for his work is their original. They translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation

of *Raphael*: for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. *Ulysses* travelled, so did *Æneas*; but neither of them were the first travellers: for *Cain* went into the land of *Nod*, before they were born: and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If *Ulysses* had been killed at *Troy*, yet *Æneas* must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude: Suppose *Apelles* and *Raphael* had each of them painted a burning *Troy*; might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it, they would not have designed it after the same manner: *Apelles* would have distinguished *Pyrrhus* from the rest of all the Grecians, and showed him forcing his entrance into *Priam's* palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. *Raphael*, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made *Æneas* the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back; his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other; and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage): he would have rather drawn him killing *Androgeus*, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This, I think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that I have granted a resemblance in some parts, yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For what are the tears of *Calypso*, for being left, to the fury and death of *Dido*? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languishing episode of the *Odyssey*? If this be a copy, let the critics show us the same disposition, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither; he had it from the story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*. But to what end did *Ulysses* make that journey? *Æneas* undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to show him all the succeeding heroes of his race: and, next to *Romulus* (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil), his own patron *Augustus Cæsar*. *Anchises* was likewise to instruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honour; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which *Augustus* was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many sign-post daubers, that now it is grown fulsome; rather by their want of skill, than by the commonness.

In the first place, I may safely grant, that by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own: but I should endeavour to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel; for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiarist, and cry, This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verse. This is like Merry-Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks which his master is so dextrously performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordship but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fevre or Valais; but I am sure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action, suppose for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raise our concerns to the highest pitch, turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mingles it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the cauldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business. And admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess, that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobserving critics tell us, in the heat of any action, but commonly in its declining: when he has warmed us in his description as much as possibly he can, then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your Lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to your observation, when next you review the whole *Æneis* in the original,

VOL. XII.

unblemished by my rude translation. It is in the first book, where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which *Æolus* had raised a tempest, without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master: he had warned them from the seas: he had beaten down the billows with his mace; dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while Triton and Cymothoe were heaving the ships from off the quicksands, before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration.

“Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
“Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
“Jamque faces, et faxa volant, furor arma ministrat;
“Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte virum
“quem
“Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adsunt:
“Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet:
“Sic cunctus pelagi accidit fragor, æquora post-
“quam
“Prospiciens genitor, cœloque innectus aperto
“Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.”

This is the first similitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole, for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury, any allusion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself; consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an ambitious ornament out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: “Nunc, non erat his locus:” and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the *Æneis*, by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answered them already. If I desired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius. Or not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for so Ruceus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months; Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer; and, if I examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's actions were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the satisfaction of the more curious, of which number I am sure your Lordship is one, I will

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translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the *Æneis* began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and a half, ground their calculation thus: Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. *Æneas*, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy: he is surprised by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of Afric: he stays at Carthage all that summer, and almost all the winter following: sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring; meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time: this part of the action completes the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumæ, and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with *Latinus*; the overture of the war; the siege of his camp by *Turnus*; his going for succours to relieve it; his return; the raising of the siege by the first battle; the twelve days truce; the second battle; the assault of *Laurentum*, and the single fight with *Turnus*; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account we cannot suppose the entire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned *Ruæus*, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's *Virgil*.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died, to be in the latter end of winter, or in the beginning of the spring; he acknowledges, that when *Æneas* is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confesses farther, that *Æneas* left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

"*Quinetiam hiberno moliris fidere classem.*"

But whereas Ronsard's followers suppose that when *Æneas* had buried his father, he set sail immediately for Italy (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage), Segrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August, at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea, and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of *Turnus*, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving at Carthage in the latter end of summer, staying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring,

making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronsardians reply, that having been for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father, after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which Segrais answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships, after so tedious a voyage, and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These, indeed, are but suppositions on both sides, yet those of Segrais seem better grounded. For the feast of Dido, when she entertained *Æneas* first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended when he begins his story: therefore the love was made in autumn; the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that scorching country were declining: the winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required: and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of *Æneas* at the mouth of the Tiber, which marks the season of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds, saluting the dawn; and by the beauty of the place: which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh *Æneid*:

"*Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,*

"*Cùm venti posuere; variæ circumque, su-*
" *præque*

"*Affueta ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,*

"*Æthera mulcebant cantu.*"

The remainder of the action required but three months more; for when *Æneas* went for succour to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander: so that, according to this calculation, the *Æneis* takes not up above a year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances, treated more at large by Segrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the *Pastorals*, but more particularly in the *Georgics*, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer according to the knowledge of that age. Now *Ilioneus* (whom Virgil twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to Orion, in his speech to Dido:

"*Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.*"

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before day-light. The achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of the day, and in opposition of the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about

that time it is, that he either causes or presages tempests on the seas.

Segrais has observed farther, that when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during winter, she speaks also of Orion:

"Dum pelago defævit hyems, & aquosus
"Orion."

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our supposition, understand the heliacal rising of Orion; Anna must mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem to manifest. Ilioneus calls him "nimbosus:" Anna "aquosus." He is tempestuous in the summer when he rises heliacally, and rainy in the winter when he rises achronically. Your Lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words, which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais, who, I think, deserves no little commendation in this new criticism. I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil's machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of Homer, but not copied them. It was established long before this time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations, for the most part, worshipped the same deities, as did also the Trojans; from whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians, because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had, in propriety, Ganymede and Mercury, and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers; he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party; therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the Æneis, to calm the tempest raised by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples amongst a hundred which I omit: to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of Orion? what wonder, if amongst so many ships, there should one be overfet, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies? at least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

"O nimium cœlo & pelago confise sereno,
"Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ."

But machines sometimes are specious things to

amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And besides, it soothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles; which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son Æneas, to behold the gods who combated against Troy in that fatal night when it was surprised, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision (which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerusalem). But the Greeks had done their business; though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses, is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her son Æneas. But in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed. And the poet had considered, that the dittany, which she brought from Crete, could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? And how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found those errors which he resolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his Æneis should be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomedes. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beside that the *exp* which they shed, were so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace says in his Art of Poetry, that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

"Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice no-
"dus;"

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be un-

tied, and no other way is left for making the discovery, then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience: but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the Dira, or flying pest, which flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections. For the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword: that of Turnus was not his own (which was forged by Vulcan for his father) but a weapon which he had snatched in haste, and, by mistake, belonging to his charioteer Metiscus. That, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the fates a collateral security by sending the screech-owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of Virgil:

"—Non me tua turbida virtus

"Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis."

In answer to which, I say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical, than this description of the three Diræ, or the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for first he makes God Almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow: then he makes the good angel's scale descend, and the devil's mount; quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense.

"Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances

"Sustinet; & fata imponit diversa duorum:

"Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere
"lethum."

For I have taken these words, "Quem damnet labor," in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place; "Damnabis tu quoque votis;" to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Balshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression, and I return to my subject. I said above, that these two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them: for, when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was "impar pugna," and that their chief was

over-matched. Whereupon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph before hand, that her brother was to fight;

"Imparibus fati; nec Diis, nec viribus æquis;"

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat. And in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken;

"—Non mea tua, turbida virtus

"Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis."

I doubt not but the adverb (*solùm*) is to be understood, it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy. For Turnus fled before when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use; because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruzæus saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly, for giving Turnus a second sword, to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the Dira was, to warn Juturna from the field, for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. I might further add, that Æneas was so eager in the fight that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the sword: whereas Turnus had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could. I say, not only suffered her, but consented to it; for it is plain he knew her by these words:

"O forror & dudum agnovi, cùm prima per
artem

"Fœdera turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;

"Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea."

I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say, in reference to my translation: unless I would swell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your Lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of Virgil, is against myself; for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet, who flourished in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace, I will give your Lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epods: for his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style:

"Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri."

And, therefore, as he himself professes, are "*sermoni propria*," nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verse, is every where elegant, sweet, and flowing, in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the station wherein their master set them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his: they must be read, in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses, but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my master: and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, I have shunned the *Cæsura* as much as possibly I could. For wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need, in a language which is over-stocked with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with *Cæsuras*. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure which roughens one, gives majesty to another: and that was it which Virgil studied in his verses. Ovid uses it but rarely; and hence it is that this versification cannot so properly be called sweet, as luscious. The Italians are forced upon it, once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already named, it is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only choose our words for elegance, but for sound; to perform which, a mastery in the language is required, the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels, which are more sonorous, and much more soft and sweet; and so dispose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is resolved to follow his own verve (as the French call it) the proverb will fall heavily upon him: Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master.

Virgil employed eleven years upon his *Æneis*; yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect. Which when I seriously consider, I wish, that instead of three years which I have spent in the translation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is; for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness, in excuse of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to say: for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I

could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your Lordship, and your often experienced goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

"*Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis*
 "*Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit*
 "*Aut humana parum cavit natura.*"

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a *Cæsura*, in this whole poem: but where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aspirate, and our diphthongs are plainly such; the greatest latitude I take is in the letter *Y*, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule: that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as *He, She, Me, I, &c.* Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third Pastoral:

"*Et succus pecori, & lac subducitur agnis.*"

But, "*nobis non licet esse tam disertis*:" at least if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an English Prosodia, containing all the mechanical rules of versification, wherein I have treated with some exactness of the feet, the quantities and the pauses. The French and Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practised them. As for the pauses, Malherbe first brought them into France, within this last century; and we see how they adorn their Alexandrians. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle which he leaves unsolved,

"*Dic quibus in terris, inscripti nomina regum*
 "*Nascantur flores, & Phyllida solus habeto,*"

so will I give your Lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgment. I am sure there are few who make verses, have observed the sweetness of these two lines in Cooper's Hill;

"*Tho' deep yet, clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;*
 "*Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.*"

And there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends in conversation, and they have allowed the criticism to be just. But, since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow-poets; since if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and above all, since your Lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall ob-

serve inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrian line; which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his Odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables, in their heroic verse; but since Ronfard's time, as I suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run and measure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews like our English: it has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and "*pondere non numero*," is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for queens and goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid; but much more sparing of them in his *Æneis*, than in his *Pastorals* and *Georgics*:

"*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.*"

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have used that licence in his *Æneis* sometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to those who understand no better. It is like Ovid's

"*Semivirumque bovem, semivobemque virum.*"

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling sin which he would not be persuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accused the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The Triumvir and Proscriptor had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon: yet he was only banished; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour. Ariosto, who, with all his faults, must be acknowledged a great poet, has put these

words into the mouth of an evangelist; but whether they will pass for gospel now, I cannot tell:

"*Non fu sì santo ni benigno Augusto,
" Come la tuba di Virgilio suona;
" L'haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
" La proscrittione iniqua gli pardona.*"

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bosſu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill: and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Segrain, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation; though his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst the Italians; yet his translation of the *Æneis* is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme (if it be modern, for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as arrant rhyme as they are translated). Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfetter'd, it is a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease: though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense: and he who loses the least by it, may be called a gainer: it often makes us swerve from an author's meaning. As if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian translator of the *Æneis*: he is a foot-poet, he lacquies by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be presumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst, but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly: for I have forsaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him: of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth *Æneid*.

" —Sorti pater æquus utrique."

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks the word *pater* is to be referred to Evander the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an

Impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus, than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance): because the gods cannot control destiny.—The verse follows:

“ Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.”

Which the same Ruxus thus construes: Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutilian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another exposition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a fight so unpleasing to him. The word *rejicit*, I know, will admit of both senses; but Jupiter having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules, it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet it is intended for the honour of my country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it, than either the French, or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great success. As particularly your Lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; it is the utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly, and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eighth Pastoral; the first or fourth Georgic; and amongst the *Æneids*, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but, above all, the elegance of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers. For, as I have said in a former dissertation, the words are in poetry, what the colours are in painting. If the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spenser and Milton are the nearest in English to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style in imitating their masters. I will further own to you, my Lord, that my chief ambition is to please

those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Segrain has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased). In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*: such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house: who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense, and elegant expression: these are mob-readers: if Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Hugonots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized: who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a monte-bank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mananares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers (as we hold there is a middle state of souls) such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted); but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt sustenance, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial or Owen's epigrams; but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes—an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these too desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their pedagogue at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels: and many of those three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of those flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them: and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious; souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding: these are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new profelyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed, judicious poem, which, at its first appearance, gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at first, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's *Æneis*, and Marini's *Adone*: and if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes!

"*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*"

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page; "*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis*:" and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your Lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition which I own, of desiring to please the "*Judices Natos*," I could never have been able to have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him: and we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour; "*Nec dona moror.*" For Dampier has informed us, in his voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had, long since, considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally; and Virgil least of any other; for his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the *Æneis* is not harsh:

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate, &c.
But a much better instance may be given from the last line of *Manilius*, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame,
Where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it

in other places of this work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words: for it seldom happens, but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose, and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase; some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own; yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word, what we are constrained to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word "*pater*," for example, signifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed, that Virgil endeavours to be short and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity; for there is he like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase and literal translation, to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words, and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graft on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has, sometimes, two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one: and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English, as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowledge with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt accord-

ing to my desire; yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if, in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject, before I end the preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I should have added, that I take another licence in my verses; for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason, because they bound the sense: and therefore I generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for, besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses: and Chapman hath followed him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both, and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry; and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has infinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative; yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings: they may come as near it as their master: not that I would discourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises; and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure: but, at the same time, I must excuse him; for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel, at an age, when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother-tongue, which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus, by gaining abroad, he lost at home: like the painter in the Arcadia, who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off: and returned, says Sir Philip Sidney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs (or half verses) breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the Faery Queen: and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for an heroic poem, as being all too lyrical: yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses; of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil;

and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But, I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him, or any other, such a precedent; and I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his Pastorals or Georgics: for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems. But his *Æneis* he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it; and, in the second place, I reasonably presume, that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because, in one of them, we find the sense imperfect.

“*Quem tibi jam Trojâ—*”

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a line of nonsense;

“*peperit fumante Creûsa.*”

For Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city, which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line of the sixth *Æneid*, the enthusiasm seizing him while he was reading to Augustus:

“*Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros.*”

To which he added in that transport “*Martemque accendere cantu:*” and never was a line more nobly finished, for the reasons which I have given in the book of Painting. On these considerations I have shunned hemistichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault; like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it. I am confident your Lordship is, by this time, of my opinion; and that you would look on those half lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a hasty Muse: like the frogs and serpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest him better: but give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer: that Charlemain, who made the Palladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own defence, that, from the beginning of the first Georgic to the end of the last *Æneid*, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole verses, which

he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money; and yet we see that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word; and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt: so that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle; and consequently the twelfth *Æneid* cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money for want of milled; that is, in the same old words which I had used before. And the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not so sacred, as that one iota must not be added or diminished, on pain of an anathema). But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation: we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked; for the proud reader will only say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for, being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched translator has no such privilege: for being tied to thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression; and for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Segrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that "*mollis amaranthus*," on which Venus lays Cupid in the first *Æneid*. If I should translate it *sweet-marjoram*, as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies, to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb; and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him---a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

"*Quem quisquis studet æmulari,*

"*— ceratis ope Dedalææ*

"*Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus*

"*Nomina ponto.*"

What modern language, or what poet can express the majestic beauty of this one verse amongst a thousand others?

"*Aude hospes contemnere opes, et te quoque*

"*dignum*

"*Finge Deo.*"

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your Lordship, and all my better sort of judges, when you take up my version, and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent: but, like Spenser's false Florimel, made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems, that I Latinize too much. It is true, that when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin, or any other language: but when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament, and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables; therefore if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalised, by using it myself; and, if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages; and, lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly; for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed, not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your Lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late earl of Lauderdale sent me over his new translation of the *Æneis*, which he had ended before I engaged in the same design; neither did I then intend it: but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desired his Lordship's leave that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to show for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work, which he might have done two years before I could publish mine; and had performed it, if death had not prevented him. But having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's

sense: for no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that translation by them; which had they pleased to have given the public, the judges must have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the *Æneis*, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has showed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have easily found more, and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the life of Virgil; the two prefaces to the *Pastorals* and the *Georgics*, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation; which, perhaps, has caused a report that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of versification observed, are proofs sufficient that this is one man's work: and your Lordship is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your Lordship may see I was in earnest when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say, that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first *Æneid*, because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective "vicina" in the second line, and the substantive "arva" in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long; and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

"Ut quamvis avido,"

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and,

"Gratum opus agricolis,"

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he said before.

"Horrentia Martis arma,"

is worse than any of the rest. "Horrentia" is such a flat epithet as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to found a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:

"Arma, virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab
"oris."

Scarce a word without an R, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The prefacer began with "Ille ego," which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with "At nunc," to make the sense cohere. And if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion, that they were added by Tueca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be answered by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the *Æneis*, in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former, in the last lines of the fourth *Georgic*. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others, which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto in his stead. My master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office, and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface:

"I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,

"Sang to my oaten pipe their rural loves,

"And issuing thence, compell'd the neighbouring
"field

"A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,

"Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful
"plain,

"(A poem grateful to the greedy swain)," &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole translation: want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line! For even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned upon me, Why then did you attempt it? to which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length so many times by the daubers of almost all nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied beforehand that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth *Pastoral*, a *Pharmaceutria*, a single *Orpheus*, and some other features, have been exactly taken; but those holiday-authors write for pleasure, and only showed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my Lord, to accept, with your wonted goodness, this unworthy present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and, though some part of them are covered in the verse (as Erichonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameness), such of them as cannot be concealed you will please to connive at, though, in the strictness of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes, in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my Aurengzebe into your protection, with all his faults; and I hope here cannot be so many, because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge; if I had said partial, would your Lordship have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the world, that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the Revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your Lordship or your noble kinsman the earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet, when I least expected it, you have both remembered me: so inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so seldom to return my thanks, and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty, but nothing of disrespect

or unthankfulness. I will not say that your Lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest, if my labours meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgment to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and if your Lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your Essay on Poetry. It was on this consideration that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not addressed to a poet and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgment, and shamed my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you, my Lord, so soon be tired as any other, because the discourse is on your art: neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is "ad clerum." At least, when he begins to be weary, the church-doors are open. That I may pursue the allegory with a short prayer, after a long sermon,

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry! which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man, than by

Your Lordship's

most humble, most obliged,

and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy; but are overtaken by the dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of an huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore;
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town:
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

O, Muse! the causes and the crimes relate,
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man!
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show;
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea:
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade.
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot, here, if heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the sky);
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor, thus confin'd, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece against the Trojan state. }
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd:
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.

Each was a cause alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host:
And seven long years th' unhappy wandering train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the
main.

Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores; [oars
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring still with endless discontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent.

Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield, said she,
And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hissing with her father's flame
She strongly seiz'd, and, with a burning wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my slighted altars lay?

Thus rag'd the goddess, and, with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought;
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds,

This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend :
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands :
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way :
Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would
roll,

And heaven would fly before the driving soul !
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with
mountain loads :

Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her prayers addrest,
And thus the tenor of her suit express'd.

O Æolus ! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempests and of winds has given :
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main :
A race of wandering slaves abhor'd by me,
With prosperous passage cut the Thuiscan sea :
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples
there.

Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies ;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice seven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train :
Succeed my wish, and second my design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine ;
And make thee father of a happy line.

To this the god—'Tis yours, O queen ! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and the wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand ;
Yours is my sovereign's grace, and as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast ;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue ;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you !
He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quivering spear, and all the god apply'd !
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground :
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep ;
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep !
South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.

The cables crack, the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend ; and sable night involves the skies ;
And heaven itself is ravish'd from their eyes !
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
Then flashing fires the transient light renew ;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears !
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief !
And thrice, and four times happy those, he cry'd,
That under Ilian walls before their parents dy'd !
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain :
O great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear !

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets : the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies :
Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow ;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow :
While those astern descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep :
Three ships were hurry'd by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast !
Those hidden rocks, th' Ausonian sailors knew,
They call'd them altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood !
Three more fierce Eurys in his angry mood
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land !
Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves was overborne :
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn, [toft,
Was headlong hurl'd : thrice round, the ship was
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost !
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men !
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And suck'd thro' loosen'd planks the rushing sea !
Ilioneus was her chief : Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less : their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams !

Mean time imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground :
Displeas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main :
Serene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes
Around this space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heaven oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims, and what her arts pursue :
He summon'd Eurys and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast :
Then thus rebuk'd ; Audacious winds ! from
whence

This bold attempt, this rebel insolence ?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoris'd by my supreme command ?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main ?
Whom I——But first 'tis fit the billows to re-
strain, [reign,
And then you shall be taught obedience to my
Hence, to your Lord my royal mandate bear,
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his ; by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His power to hollow caverns is confin'd,
There let him reign, the jailer of the wind :
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall ! [sea,
He spoke ; and while he spoke, he smooth'd the
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day :
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands ;
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving
sands ;

Then heaves them off the shoals; where'er he
 guides
 His finny courfers, and in triumph rides,
 The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
 As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
 Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
 And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
 And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
 If then some grave and pious man appear,
 They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
 He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
 And quenches their innate desire of blood:
 So when the father of the flood appears,
 And o'er the seas his sovereign trident rears,
 Their fury fails: he skims the liquid plains,
 High on his chariot, and with loosen'd reins
 Majestic moves along, and awful peace main-
 tains.

The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
 To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
 Broke by the jutting land on either side:
 In double streams the briny waters glide.
 Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
 Appears above, and groves for ever green:
 A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
 To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
 Down through the crannies of the living walls
 The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.
 No hawfers need to bind the vessels here,
 Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.
 Seven ships within this happy harbour meet,
 The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
 The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with
 woes,
 Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd
 repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
 Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
 Short flame succeeds a bed of wither'd leaves
 The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
 Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
 And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
 The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
 The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground;
 Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
 Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
 Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
 And takes a prospect of the seas below:
 If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy;
 Or see the streamers of Caius fly.
 No vessels there in view: but, on the plain,
 Three beamy stags commands a lordly train
 Of branching heads; the more ignoble throng
 Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
 He stood; and while secure they fed below,
 He took the quiver, and the trusty bow
 Achates used to bear; the leaders first
 He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
 Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
 Seven mighty bodies with their blood distain.
 For the seven ships he made an equal share,
 And to the port return'd, triumphant from the
 The jars of generous wine (Acestes' gift, [war.
 When his Tripacrian shores the navy left)

He set abroad, and for the feast prepar'd,
 In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
 Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief,
 With cheerful words, allay'd the common grief;
 Endure, and conquer; Jove will soon dispose
 To future good, our past and present woes.
 With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
 Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd.
 What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
 Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
 An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
 Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate.
 Through various hazards and events we move
 To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove,
 Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
 Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise.
 Endure the hardships of your present state,
 Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate.

These words he spoke; but spoke not from his
 heart:

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
 The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
 The quarry share, there plenteous dinner haste:
 Some strip the skin, some portion out the spoil;
 The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil:
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine;
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their
 souls with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
 The doubtful fortune of their absent friends;
 Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
 Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.
 Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
 Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state
 Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
 The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.
 When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
 Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
 At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes:
 Whom, pondering thus on human miseries,
 When Venus saw, she with a lively look,
 Not free from tears, her heavenly fire bespoke:
 O king of gods and men, whose awful hand
 Disperes thunder on the seas and land;
 Disposes all with absolute command:
 How could my pious son thy power incense?
 Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offence?
 Our hope of Italy not only lost
 On various seas, by various tempests tost, [coast.
 But shut from every shore, and barr'd from every
 You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
 Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
 In after-times should hold the world in awe,
 And to the land and ocean give the law.
 How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
 When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
 Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
 When fortune still pursues her former blow,
 What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
 What end of labours has your will decreed?
 Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure, and pierce the Illyrian coasts:
 Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
 And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he sounded Padua's happy seat,
 And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:

There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
 And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:
 But we, descended from your sacred line,
 Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
 Are banish'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
 Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
 Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards?
 And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?
 To whom, the father of immortal race,
 Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
 With which he drives the clouds and clears the
 First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies: [skies,
 Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire
 The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
 Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls,
 And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,
 Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:
 No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
 And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
 Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of fate:
 Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
 In Italy shall wage successful war;
 Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
 And sovereign laws impose, and cities build.
 Till, after every foe subdued, the sun
 Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
 This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
 Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.
 He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear:
 Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer:
 And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build;
 The throne with his succession shall be fill'd,
 Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen,
 Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen.
 Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws
 Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys disclose.
 The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain,
 Then Romulus his grandfire's throne shall gain,
 Of martial towers the founder shall become,
 The people Romans call, the city Rome.
 To them, no bounds of empire I assign;
 Nor term of years to their immortal line.
 Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
 Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself tur-
 moils;
 At length aton'd, her friendly power shall join,
 To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
 The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
 And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
 An age is ripening in revolving fate,
 When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state:
 And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call,
 To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
 Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,
 Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
 Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with Eastern
 spoils,
 Our heaven, the just reward of human toils,
 Securely shall repay with rites divine;
 And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
 Then dire debate, and impious war shall cease,
 And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
 Then banish'd faith shall once again return,
 And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
 And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
 The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
 And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
 With bolts and iron bars: within remains
 Imprison'd fury, bound in brazen chains:
 High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
 He sits, and threatens the world with vain alarms.
 He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
 To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
 To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
 The queen might force them from her town and
 state:
 Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
 And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding skies.
 Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
 Performs his message, and displays his rod;
 The surly murmurs of the people cease,
 And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
 The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
 The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
 Mean time, in shades of night Æneas lies;
 Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes:
 But when the sun restor'd the cheetful day,
 He rose, the coast and country to survey,
 Anxious and eager to discover more:
 It look'd a wild uncultivated shore:
 But whether human kind, or beasts alone
 Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
 Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
 Tall trees surround the mountains shady sides:
 The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
 Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
 And true Achates on his steps attends.
 Lo, in the deep recesses of the wood,
 Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
 A huntress in her habit and her mien;
 Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
 Bare were her knees, and knots her garments
 bind;
 Loose was her hair, and wanton'd on the wind;
 Her hand sustain'd a bow, her quiver hung be-
 hind.
 She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
 With such array Harpalice bestrode [pid flood.
 Her Thracian courser, and out-stripp'd the ra-
 Ho! strangers! have you lately seen, she said,
 One of my sisters, like myself array'd;
 Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
 A painted quiver at her back she bore,
 Vary'd with spots, a lynx's hide she wore:
 And at full cry pursu'd the tusky boar?
 Thus Venus: Thus her son reply'd again,
 None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
 O Virgin! Or what other name you bear
 Above that style; O more than mortal fair!
 Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
 If, as you seem, the sister of the day;
 Or one, at least, of chaste Diana's train.
 Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain:
 But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
 What earth we tread, and who commands the
 coast?
 Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
 And offer'd victims at your altars fall.
 I dare not, she reply'd, assume the name
 Of goddess, or celestial honours claim:
 For Tyrian Virgins bows and quivers bear,
 And purple buskins o'er their ancles wear.

Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are :
 A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
 The rising city, which from far you see,
 Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
 Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
 Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate :
 Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate,
 Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
 For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
 Possess'd fair Dido's bed : and either heart
 At once was wounded with an equal dart.
 Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid ;
 Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd :
 One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
 Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause.
 The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
 With steel invades his brother's life by stealth ;
 Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
 And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed :
 Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
 To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
 At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
 Of her unhappy lord : the spectre stares,
 And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.
 The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
 And the dire secret of his house reveals :
 Then warns the widow and her household gods
 To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
 Last, to support her in so long a way,
 He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
 Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
 The queen provides companions of her flight :
 They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
 Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
 They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find ;
 Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
 The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea,
 With prosperous winds, a woman leads the way.
 I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
 Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heaven !
 At last they landed, where from far your eyes
 May view the turrets of new Carthage rise :
 There bought a space of ground, which, Byrsa
 call'd
 From the bull's hide, they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
 But whence are you ? what country claims your
 birth ?
 What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth ?
 To whom, with sorrow streaming from his
 And deeply sighing, thus her son replies : [eyes,
 Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
 O nymph ! the tedious annals of our fate !
 Through such a train of woes if I should run,
 The day would sooner than the tale be done !
 From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came,
 If you by chance have heard the Trojan name :
 On various seas, by various tempests toss'd,
 At length we landed on your Libyan coast :
 The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
 While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame :
 My household gods, companions of my woes,
 With pious care I rescued from our foes ;
 To fruitful Italy my course was bent,
 And from the king of heaven is my descent.
 With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea ;
 Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
 Scarce seven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
 From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet :

VOL. XII.

Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
 Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
 In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.

His tender parent could no longer bear ;
 But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
 Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heaven,
 Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven,
 Have courage : to the gods permit the rest,
 And to the queen expose your just request.
 Now take this earnest of success, for more :
 Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore ;
 The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger
 Or I renounce my skill in augury. [free,
 Twelve swans behold, in beauteous order move,
 And stoop, with closing pinions, from above :
 Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
 And, through the clouds, pursu'd the scattering
 Now all united in a goodly team, [throng :
 They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
 As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
 And ride the circuits of the skies in rings :
 Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
 Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend,
 No more advice is needful, but pursue
 The path before you, and the town in view.
 Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
 Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair ; [ground,
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around :
 In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
 And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is
 The prince pursu'd the parting deity, [known.
 With words like these : Ah ! whither dost thou
 Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son [fly ?
 In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun ;
 Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown ;
 And still to speak in accents not your own !
 Against the goddesses these complaints he made ;
 But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
 They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds,
 With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds :
 That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
 Or force to tell the causes of their way.
 This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
 To visit Paphos, and her native clime :
 Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
 With vows are offer'd, and with solemn prayer,
 A hundred altars in her temple smoke,
 A thousand bleeding hearts her power invoke.
 They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
 Now, at a nearer distance, view the town :
 The prince, with wonder, sees the stately towers,
 Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely
 bowers ;
 The gates and streets ; and hears from every part
 The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
 The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
 To ply their labour : some extend the wall ;
 Some build the citadel ; the brawny throng
 Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.
 Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
 Which first design'd, with ditches they surround.
 Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
 Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
 Here some design a mole, while others there
 Lay deep foundations for a theatre :
 From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
 For ornaments of scenes, and future view.

D d

Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
 As exercise the bees in flowery plains:
 When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
 Invites them forth to labour in the sun: [dense
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some con-
 Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
 Some at the gate stand ready to receive
 The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
 All, with united force, combine to drive
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
 With envy slung, they view each other's deeds;
 The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
 Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise;
 Æneas said; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
 Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
 Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
 He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
 Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
 Full in the centre of the town there stood,
 Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
 The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
 And, digging here, a prosperous omen found:
 From under earth a courser's head they drew,
 Their growth and future fortune to foreshow:
 This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
 Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
 Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
 Did Juno's temple build and consecrate:
 Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
 But more the goddess made the place divine.
 On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
 And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
 The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd,
 The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
 What first Æneas in this place beheld,
 Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
 For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
 His wandering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd;
 Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
 The striving artists and their arts renown:
 He saw, in order painted on the wall,
 Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
 The wars that fame around the world had blown,
 All to the life, and every leader known.
 There Agamemnon, Priam here he spies,
 And fierce Achilles who both kings defies.
 He stopp'd, and weeping said, O friend! ev'n here
 The monuments of Trojan woes appear:
 Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
 See there, where old unhappy Priam stands?
 Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
 And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.
 He said: his tears a ready passage find,
 Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
 And with an empty picture fed his mind. }
 For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
 And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
 Pursu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain,
 On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
 The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
 By their white sails betray'd to nightly view.
 And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword [lord.
 The centries slew, nor spar'd their slumbering
 Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
 Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
 Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defy'd
 Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.

Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd
 Was by his horses hurry'd o'er the plains: [reins,
 Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
 The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound;
 With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground. }

Mean time the Trojan dames, oppress'd with
 To Pallas' fane in long procession go, [woe,
 In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
 They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend
 their hair,

And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear:
 But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with prayer
 Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
 The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
 Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
 The lifeless body of his son is sold.

So sad an object, and so well express'd,
 Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's
 To see the figure of his lifeless friend, [breast:
 And his old sire, his helpless hand extend.

Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
 Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain?
 And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
 His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.

Penthesilea, there, with haughty grace,
 Leads to the wars an Amazonian race;
 In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
 The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
 Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
 Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes:
 And dares her maiden arms to manly force op-
 pose. }

Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
 Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
 The beauteous Dido with a numerous train,
 And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
 Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
 Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
 When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
 The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
 Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
 She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
 Latona sees her shine above the rest,
 And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
 Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
 Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
 Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
 And, passing with a gracious glance proceeds:
 Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the
 shrine;

In crowds around the swarming people join.
 She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
 Hears and determines every private cause.
 Their tasks, in equal portions, she divides,
 And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
 Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
 His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends:
 Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cleanthus strong,
 And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng;
 Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
 And widely scatter'd on another coast.
 The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
 And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands:
 But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
 And, from the hollow cloud, his friends surveys:
 Impatient till they told their present state, [fate;
 And where they left their ships, and what their

And why they came, and what was their request;
 For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,
 To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
 And gain admission to the gracious queen.
 Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
 Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
 O queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods,
 To found an empire in these new abodes;
 To build a town, with statutes to restrain
 The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign:
 We wretched Trojans, toss'd on every shore,
 From sea to sea, thy clemency implore:
 Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
 Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
 And spare the remnant of a pious race.
 We come not with design of wasteful prey,
 To drive the country, force the swains away:
 Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire,
 The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
 A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old,
 The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold:
 Th' Oenotrians held it once, by common fame,
 Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
 To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
 When winds, and every warring element
 Disturb'd our course, and, far from light of land,
 Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
 The sea came on; the south with mighty roar,
 Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
 Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
 Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here;
 What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
 What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
 Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
 And drive us to the cruel seas again!
 If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
 Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws,
 The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
 Æneas was our prince; a juster lord,
 Or noble warrior, never drew a sword:
 Observant of the right, religious of his word.
 If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
 Nor we his friends of safety shall despair;
 Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
 Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
 We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
 Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
 Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
 Refitted from your woods with planks and oars;
 That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
 Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
 But if, O best of men! the fates ordain
 That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main;
 And if our young Iulus be no more,
 Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore;
 That we to good Acestes may return,
 And with our friends our common losses mourn.
 Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
 With cries and clamours his request renew.
 The modest queen a while, with down-cast eyes,
 Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
 Trojans, dismiss your fears: my cruel fate,
 And doubts attending an unsettled state,
 Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes:
 Who has not heard the story of your woes?
 The name and fortune of your native place,
 The fame and valour of the Phrygian race?

We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
 Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.
 Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
 Or, driven by tempests from your first intent,
 You seek the good Acestes' government;
 Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
 And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
 Or, would you stay, and join your friendly
 powers,
 To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers.
 My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
 And would to heaven the storm, you felt, would
 bring
 On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king.
 My people shall, by my command, explore
 The ports and creeks of every winding shore,
 And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
 Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest.
 Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
 And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
 Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
 From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
 What more can you desire, your welcome sure
 Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
 One only wants: and him we saw in vain
 Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main!
 Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid,
 The rest agrees with what your mother said.
 Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
 The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
 The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
 August in visage, and serenely bright.
 His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
 Had form'd his curling locks, and made his tem-
 ples shine;
 And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace;
 And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
 Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
 Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold,
 Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
 And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
 He whom you seek am I: by tempests tost,
 And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast:
 Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
 A prince that owes his life to you alone.
 Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
 Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress.
 You, who your pious offices employ
 To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
 Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore;
 With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
 Associate in your town a wandering train,
 And strangers in your palace entertain.
 What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
 Who scatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
 The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd,
 If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;
 And more than all the gods, your generous heart,
 Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
 In you this age is happy, and this earth:
 And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
 While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
 And round the space of heaven the radiant sun:
 While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
 Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die.
 Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
 Your image shall be present in my mind.

Thus having said; he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sereftus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace:
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected stood; and thus began:
What fate, O goddess-born, what angry powers
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame.
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idean shore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And conquering, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd,
Enter, my noble guest; and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind.

For I myself, like you, have been distress'd;
Till heaven afforded me this place of rest.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes, so like my own.
She said, and to the palace led her guest,
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships he sends:
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
And jars of generous wine, and spacious bowls,
She gives to cheer the sailors drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the side-boards shine.
And antic vases all of gold emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost):
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men;
From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past;
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire;
From Argos by the fam'd adulteress brought:
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought;
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame.
The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore;
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order set with gems, and one with gold.
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes:
And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries: and new designs prepares:
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace:
Should bring her presents, in her nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed.
For much she fear'd the Tyrian's, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers
broke;

And thus alarm'd to winged love she spoke:
My son, my strength, whose mighty power alone
Controls the thunderer on his awful throne;
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succour, and thy faith relies.
Thou know'st my son, how Jove's revengeful
wife,

By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life.
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains;
Him Dido now with blandishment detains:
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Ascanius, by his father, is design'd
To come, with presents, laden from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bowers to keep?
Or high Cythera: that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat,
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving space;
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face.
That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs, and fondles thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou mayst infuse thy venom in her veins.
The god of love obeys, and sets aside
His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride:
He walks Iulus in his mother's sight;
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.

The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
And, in a pleasing slumber, seals his eyes;
Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves:
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid, mean time, assum'd his form and face,
Following Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sate,
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed: her princely guest
Was next her side, in order sate the rest.
Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high;
Th' attendants water for their hands supply;
And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
Next, fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore.
Then youths, and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze;
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze!

His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the gods
disguise.

Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god she drew so near her breast.
But he, not mindless of his mother's prayer,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair;
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.

The dead is to the living love resign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remoy'd, and every guest was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace cheerful cries resound,
From gilded roofs depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she
O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke, [spoke:
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power?
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting concord, from this day combine,
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here:
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To heaven with mine, to ratify the peace.

The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground),
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias, whom she call'd, a thirsty soul,
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl:
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimer saw.
The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas
taught.

The various labours of the wandering moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun.
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense;
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence.

What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song;
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight.
Of Priam much inquir'd, of Hector more;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon
wore;

What troops he landed on the Trojan shore.
The steeds of Diomede vary'd the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force.
At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd:
Relate at large, my godlike guest, she said,
The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd;
The fatal issue of so long a war, [clare.
Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes, de-
For, since on every sea, on every coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Seven times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd.

B O O K II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken, not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was design'd for him.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,
When, from his lofty couch, he thus began:
Great queen! what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate,
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent:

A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.

But, since you take such interest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befel.

By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which, like a steed of monstrous height, appear'd;
The sides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it
made

For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide;
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay,
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for
Greece

The sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and, with delight, survey
The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the several chiefs they show'd,
Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode. }
Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ
(The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy).
Thymætus first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd;
Or to the watery deep: at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore:
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, followed by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?

Think you the Grecians from your coasts are
gone,

And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd; by fraud or force;
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierc'd return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro'
the wound.

And had not heaven the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better
mind: }

Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Ilion towers and Priam's empire stood.

Mean time, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds
bring

A captive Greek in bands, before the king:
Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray.
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles dis-
Behold a nation in a man compris'd. [guis'd,
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around;
Then said, Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare, my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name:
Though plung'd by fortune's power in misery,
'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times;
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes:
Because the fatal wars he would prevent; [ment;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late l-
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare }
Of other means, committed to his care:
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there: nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the peoples' hearts;
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell; then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state:
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent heaven once more }
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
And fought, by treason, my devoted head:
New crimes invented, lest unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own,
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought:
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know,
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:

My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacas at ease.

This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations on our longing hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.

His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:

Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And weary'd with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintery seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home and chang'd their
minds.

Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene:
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus, t' enquire their fate, was sent;

He from the gods this dreadful answer brought;
O Grecians! when the Trojan shores you fought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought!

So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main!
The spreading rumour round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the state.

Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
The intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
Till, tir'd with endless clamours, and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute:

But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die!
All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.

The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.

But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again?
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require?
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine!

Which, O, if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.

False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words; Dismiss thy fears,
Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs:
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd this pile?

Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
Ye lamps of heaven! he said, and lifted high
His hands now free, thou venerable sky,

Inviolable powers, ador'd with dread,
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled,
Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!

Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king! preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.

The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they
Were only founded on Minerva's aid. [made,

But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands:

From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their courage languish'd as their hopes decay'd,
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.

Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:

When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around;
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heavenly limbs distill'd a briny sweat,
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to
wield

Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield!
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,
And hope no conquest from the tedious war:
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with prayers be-
sought

Her injur'd power, and better omens brought:
And now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.

But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
For her stolen statue, and her tower betray'd;
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:

So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates.
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast.

For so religion and the gods ordain;
That if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!

But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands,
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.

With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts,
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years siege had done:

False tears and fawning words the city won.
A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire event.

Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer.
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spy'd
Two serpents rank'd abreast, the seas divide,

And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.

Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
 Their bellies seem to burn the seas below :
 Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
 And, on the sounding shore, the flying billows
 force.

And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
 Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd :
 Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
 And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.
 We fled amaz'd ; their destin'd way they take,
 And to Laocoon and his children make :
 And first around the tender boys they wind,
 Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and
 bodies grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid
 With pious haste, but vain, they next invade :
 Twice round his waist their winding volumes
 roll'd,

And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
 The priest, thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
 And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.
 With both his hands he labours at the knots,
 His holy fillets the blue venom blots :

His roaring fills the flitting air around.
 Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
 He breaks the bands, the fatal altar flies, [skies.
 And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding
 Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
 And to the tower of Pallas make their way :
 Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
 By her large buckler, and protended spear.

Amazement seizes all ; the general cry
 Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
 Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
 And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
 All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
 And incense offer'd, to th' offended maid.

A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
 Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare,
 And fasten to the horses feet : the rest
 With cabels hawl along th' unwieldy beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls :

At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
 And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
 Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
 O sacred city ! built by hands divine !
 O valiant heroes of the Trojan line !

Four times he stuck ; as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
 Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
 We hawl along the horse in solemn state ;
 Then place the dire portent within the tower.
 Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd the unhappy hour ;
 Foretold our fate ; but, by the gods decree,
 All heard, and none believ'd, the prophecy.
 With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
 In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.

Mean time the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
 And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night :
 Our men secure, nor guards nor centries held,
 But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
 The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
 From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores :
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light.

When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes ;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Tyfander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
 And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide :
 Then Thoas, Athmas, and Pyrrhus haste ;
 Nor was the Podalyrian hero last :
 Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the sam'd
 Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
 A nameless crowd succeed ; their forces join
 T' invade th' town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake, first meet their fate,
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
 'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When Hector's ghost before my sight appears :
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears.
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
 Theffalian courfers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were
 thrust

Thro' the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
 Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
 Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils :
 Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore ;
 And all the wounds, he for his country bore,
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran :
 I wept to see the visionary man :
 And, while my trance continu'd, thus began :
 O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy !
 O, long expected by thy friends ! from whence
 Art thou so late return'd for our defence ?
 Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
 With length of labours, and with toils of war ?
 After so many funerals of thy own ?
 Are thou restor'd to thy declining town ?
 But say, what wounds are these ? What new dis-
 grace

Deforms the manly features of thy face ?
 To this the spectre no reply did frame ;
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came :
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 This warning, in these mournful words, express'd :
 O goddess-born ! escape, by timely flight,
 The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
 The foes, already, have possess'd the wall,
 Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
 Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
 More than enough to duty and to fame.
 If by a mortal hand my father's throne
 Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone :
 Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
 And gives her gods companions of thy fate :
 From their assistance happier walls expect,
 Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.
 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
 The venerable statues of the gods :
 With ancient Vesta, from the sacred choir
 The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts come thundering from afar,
 Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war !
 The noise approaches, through our palace flood
 Aloof from streets, encompals with a wood.

Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms!
Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,
But mount the terrais, thence the town survey:
And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey! }
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls and mows the standing corn:
Or deluges descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of labouring oxen, and the peasant's gains:
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey!
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees, from far,
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd!
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
With splendor not their own; and shine with Tro-
jan light.

New clamours and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries!
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms!
But first to gather friends, with them to oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
With sense of honour, and revenge inspir'd!

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the
With relics loaden to my doors he fled, [flame;
And, by the hand, his tender grandson led.
What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus with a groan,
Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands!
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse!
Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
The flames, and foes for entrance press without,
With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To several posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the
wide.

The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise;
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who
flies.

The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.
I heard; and heaven, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me, through lifted swords and rising fires,
To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the walls!
Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
With young Choroëbus, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid:
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.

Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all;
Brave souls, said I, but brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desperate state of our affairs; [ers.
And heaven's protecting powers are deaf to pray-
The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
Despair of life, the means of living shows.
So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire!

As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy
night,

Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood,
So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try!
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
Th' unequal combat in the public square: }
Night was our friend, our leader was Despair. }
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night!
What eyes can weep the sorrows and afflict!
An ancient and imperial city falls,
The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
Houses and holy temples float in blood,
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but, in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn:
Ours take new courage from despair and night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly death in sundry shapes appears!
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land:
From whence, said he, my friends, this long de-
You loiter, while the spoils are borne away. [lay?
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store,
And you, like truants, come too late ashore,
He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found by the doubtful answers which we make:
Amaz'd he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight,
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant in a bushy brake,
Has, with unwary footing, press'd a snake,
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes; }
So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies! }
In vain; for him and his we compass round, }
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground; }
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus fortune on our first endeavour smil'd;
Choroëbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Sworn with success, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally design'd.
My friends, said he, since fortune shows the way,
'Tis fit we should the auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans good?
Then change we shields, and their devices bear,
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms. This said, himself he dress'd }
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest, }
His painted buckler, and his plumed crest. }

Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
And strew, with Grecian carcases, the street.
Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat:
And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse and pant in secret there.

But ah! what use of valour can be made,
When heaven's propitious powers refuse their aid:
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair;
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands,
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heaven she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd,
(Twas all she could), her tender arms were ty'd.
So sad a sight Choroebus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair,
Amid the barbarous ravishers he flew;
Our leader's rash example we pursue;
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's
height,

Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.
They aim at the mistaken crests, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with anger and disdain to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free:
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.

Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, east, and west, on airy couriers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep, the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
The troops we squander'd first, again appear
From several quarters, and inclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our different speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Choroebus first,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneus pierc'd.

Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right: [tends,
Heaven thought not so: Dymas their fate at-
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there:
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' invested palace ring;
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,

As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space:
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter only there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling-ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolish'd towers the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
(Such arms their last necessity provides):
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death:
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A postern door, yet unobserv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's closet led, a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne:
Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandfire and his grandfire's queen.
Through this we pass, and mount the tower, from
whence,

With unavailing arms, the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft descri'd
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from his lofty height with swords we hew;
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault re-
new.

And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and feet:
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are peace-meal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake:
And, casting off his slough, when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun, and, rais'd on spires, he rides;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes, by fits, his forked tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Autemedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Entering the court, with shouts the skies they
rend,

And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows,
And, with his ax, repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his ax, and unresisted strength.

A mighty breach is made; the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret fate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
With not a door, and scarce a space between.
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain;
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill;
Those few defendants whom they find they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood:
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd be-
tween

The brother-kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise of a progeny).
The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter, and possess the place.
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire:
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every side inevitable woes;
In arms disus'd, invests his limbs decay'd
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
Despairing of success: ambitious to be slain! }
Uncover'd but by heaven, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass
round

The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
What rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my husband's
mind;

What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids: were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would ap-
pear.

With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs. [flies
Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he
Through empty courts, and open galleries:
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.

The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes.
Whom, gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
The gods, said he, requite thy brutal rage:
As sure they will Barbarian! sure they must,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just:
Who tak'it in wrongs an insolent delight,
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted fire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for fums of gold,
The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold.
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent.

This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.

Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from me to fate;
And to my father my foul deeds relate. [fire,
Now die: with that he dragg'd the trembling
Sliddering through clotter'd blood and holy mire
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had
made),

Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody faulchion bare;
His left he twisted in his hoary hair:

Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he
found: [wound,

The lukewarm blood came rushing through the
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred
ground.

Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs, like domestic slaves, obey'd,
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
* A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone,
Deserted at my need, my friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames
consum'd the rest.

Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sat, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames, that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan's sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd. }
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard;
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham,

Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew;
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood!

'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
And boast no conquest from a woman slain;
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease:
And murmuring manes of my friends appease.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasant light
Spread o'er the place, and, shining heavenly
bright,

My mother stood reveal'd before my sight.
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Nor her own star confess'd a light so clear.
Great in her charms, as when the gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break:
Then, from her rosy lips, began to speak:
My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your hapless father yet survive;
Or if Ascanius, or Creusa, live.

Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around; while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve:
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.

Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil:
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies, [arise,
Stones rent from stones, where clouds of dust
Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place:
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace:
And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands,
Full in the Scaean gate, with loud commands,
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.

See Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
See Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labour end:
Haste where your trembling spouse and fire at-
tend: [befriend.

Haste, and a mother's care your passage shall
She said: and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd: dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw, nor could prevent;
And Ilium from its old foundations rent.
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the
winds;

And stood the sturdy strokes of labouring hinds:

About the roots the cruel ax resounds,
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds,
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours
down.

To their united force it yields, though late;
And mourns, with mortal groans, th' approaching
fate:

The roots no more their upper load sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through
the plain. [fire:

Descending thence, I 'scape through foes, and
Before the goddesses, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey; resolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy:
Rather than exile and old age sustain.

Go you, whose blood runs warm in every vein:
Had heaven decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew;
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils: and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulchre let heaven take care.

'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering
life:

Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry. }
What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve?
He still persists his reasons to maintain;
Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.

Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death must
Can I without so dear a father live? [give?
You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?
If fortune please, and so the gods ordain, }
That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain;
And you conspire with fortune, to be slain;
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who
slew

The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the fire himself to the dire altar drew.

O goddess-mother, give me back to fate;
Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires to see my house a prey?
Shall I, my father, wife, and son, behold
Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haste! gird my sword, though spent and over-
come:

'Tis the last summons to receive your doom.

I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call :
Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
Restore me yet to the unfinish'd fight :
My death is wanting to conclude the night.
Arm'd once again, my glittering sword I }
wield ! [shield : }
While th' other hand sustains my weighty }
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field. }

I went ; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And, cross the threshold, in my passage lay ;
Embrac'd my knees ; and when I would have
gone,

Show'd me my feeble fire, and tender son.
If death be your design, at least, said she,
Take us along to share your destiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife !
While thus she fills the house with clamorous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes ;
For while I held my son, in the short space,
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,
Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head }
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread }
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and flake his hair ;
But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hand to heaven, and this request preferr'd :
If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend }
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend, }
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd
to send.

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air :
There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly ;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move ;
And trailing vanish'd in th' Idean grove.
It swept a path in heaven, and shone a guide ;
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur dy'd.

The good old man with suppliant hands im-
plor'd

The gods protection, and their star ador'd.
Now, now, said he, my son, no more delay,
I yield, I follow where heaven shows the way.
Keep (O my country gods) our dwelling-place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race :
This tender child ; these omens are your own ;
And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow ;
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.

He said ; the crackling flames appear on high,
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire ;
And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait),
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,
One death, or one deliverance, we will share.
My hand shall lead our little son ; and you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands :
Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once ; a cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high ;

By long religion kept : there bend your feet ;
And, in divided parties, let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands :
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war :
Till, in some living stream, I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.
Thus, ordering all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow spoils : then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take.
While, on my better hand, Ascanius hung.
And, with unequal paces, tript along.
Creüsa kept behind : by choice we stray
Through every dark and every devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shocks of lances bore,
At every shadow now am seiz'd with fear :
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.
Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear ;
My father, looking through the shades with fear,
Cry'd out, Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh ;
Their swords and shining armour I descry.
Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense :
For while, through winding ways, I took my
flight,

And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
Alas ! I lost Creüsa : hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary fate, or wander'd with affright ;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now-deserted seat :
We met : not one was wanting, only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse !
Whom did I not of gods or men accuse ?
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now-forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My fire, my son, my country gods, I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
I tread my former tracks : through night explore
Each passage, every street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there :
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met :
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
Driven on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel, and desert court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass'd by Juno's church ;
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch :
There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.

The spoils which they from ranfack'd houses brought,
 And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
 The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
 The peoples' treasure, and the pomp of priests.
 A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
 And captive matrons in long order stands.
 Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
 Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name.
 Creüsa still I call: at length she hears;
 And, sudden, through the shades of night appears.
 Appears no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
 But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
 Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
 I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair,
 Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
 Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;
 Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
 You bear no more than what the Gods ordain.
 My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
 Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
 Long wandering ways for you the powers decree:
 On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
 Then, after many painful years are past,
 On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast:
 Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
 The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
 There end your toils: and there your fates provide
 A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:

There fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
 And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
 Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
 Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame:
 Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
 My goddess-mother, or my royal race.
 And now, farewell: the parent of the gods
 Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
 I trust our common issue to your care.
 She said: and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
 I strove to speak, but horror ty'd my tongue;
 And thrice about her neck my arms I flung:
 And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.
 Thus, having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
 I to my longing friends return again.
 Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
 Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
 A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
 With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught.
 Resolv'd, and willing under my command,
 To run all hazards both of sea and land.
 The morn began, from Ida, to display
 Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor led the day:
 Before the gates the Grecians took their post:
 And all pretence of late relief were lost.
 I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
 And, loaded, up the hill convey my fire.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneis proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete: his household Gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream: he follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

WHEN heaven had overturn'd the Trojan state,
 And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate:
 When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,
 And Ilium's lofty towers in ashes lay:
 Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat,
 To seek in foreign lands a happier seat
 Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
 The timber of the sacred groves we cut;
 And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
 What place the gods for our repose assign'd.
 Friends daily flock, and scarce the kindly spring
 Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing:
 When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
 The crew, my father, and the fates obey.
 With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
 And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
 My fire, my son, our less, and greater gods,
 All fail at once, and cleave the briny floods.

Against our coast appears a spacious land,
 Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command:
 Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
 Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care.
 A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind;
 With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
 I land, with luckless omens; then adore
 Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
 I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
 And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
 To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
 And all the powers that rising labours aid;
 A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
 Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
 Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew.
 There, while I went to crop the sylvan icenes,
 And shade our altar with their leafy greens,

I pull'd a plant (with horror I relate
 A prodigy so strange, and full of fate);
 The rooted fibres rose; and from the wound
 Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
 Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;
 Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood:
 Man'd once again, another plant I try,
 That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
 Then, fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
 With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone;
 With all the sisters of the woods, and most
 The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast:
 That they, or he, these omens would avert;
 Release our fears, and better signs impart.
 Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd; at length
 To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
 I bent my knees against the ground; once more
 The violated myrtle ran with gore.
 Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
 Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
 A groan as of a troubled ghost renew'd
 My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
 Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
 O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
 Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
 The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
 But every drop this living tree contains
 Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:
 O fly from this unhospitable shore,
 Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
 Here loads of lances in my blood embrued,
 Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.

My faltering tongue and shivering limbs declare

My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.

When Troy with Grecian arms was closely
 pent,

Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
 This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent.

Loaded with gold, he sent his darling far
 From noise and tumults, and destructive war:
 Committed to the faithless tyrant's care:

Who, when he saw the power of Troy decline,
 Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join:

Broke every bond of nature and of truth:

And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold,

What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!

Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,

I call my father, and the Trojan peers:

Relate the prodigies of heaven, require

What he commands, and their advice desire.

All vote to leave that execrable shore,

Polluted with the blood of Polydore.

But ere we sail, his funeral rites prepare;

Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.

In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round:

With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd;

With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.

Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,

And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

Now when the raging storms no longer reign;

But southern gales invite us to the main;

We launch our vessels with a prosperous wind;

And leave the cities and the shores behind.

An island in th' Ægean main appears;

Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs,

It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides
 To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.

Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,

With needful ease our weary limbs restore:

And the sun's temple and his town adore.

Anius the priest, and king, with laurel crown'd,

His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,

Who saw my fire the Delian shore ascend,

Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend:

Invites him to his palace: and in sign

Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.

Then to the temple of the god I went;

And thus before the shrine my vows present:

Give, O Thymbræus, give a resting-place

To the sad relics of the Trojan race:

A seat secure, a region of their own,

A lasting empire, and a happier town.

Where shall we fix, where shall our labours end,

Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?

Let not my prayers a doubtful answer find,

But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.

Scarce had I said; he shook the holy ground,

The laurels, and the lofty hills around:

And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.

Prostrate we fell, confess'd the present god;

Who give this answer from his dark abode:

Undaunted youths, go seek that mother earth

From which your ancestors derive their birth,

The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,

In her old bosom, shall again embrace.

Through the wide world th' Æneian house shall

reign,

And childrens children shall the crown sustain.

Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose:

A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.

All are concern'd to know what place the god

Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.

My father, long revolving in his mind

The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,

Thus answer'd their demands: ye princes, hear

Your pleasing fortune; and dispel your fear.

The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,

Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,

In the mid ocean lies with large command;

And on its plains a hundred cities stand.

Another Ida rises there; and we

From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.

From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,

To the Rhætean shores old Teucer came:

There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,

Ere Ilium and the Trojan towers arose.

In humble vales they built their soft abodes,

Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,

With tinkling cymbals, charm'd th' Idæan

woods.

She secret rites and ceremonies taught,

And to the yoke the savage lions brought.

Let us the land, which heaven appoints, explore;

Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian shore.

If Jove assist the passage of our fleet,

The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.

Thus having said, the sacrifices laid

On smoking altars to the gods he paid.

A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,

Another bull to bright Apollo slew:

A milk-white ewe the western winds to please;

And one coal black to calm the stormy seas.

Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy:
We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea.
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way:
Then green Donyfa pass; and sail in sight
Of Paros isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
That scarce distinguish'd seem to stud the seas,
The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their
oars.

All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete, they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itself was grateful; I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort.
Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand.
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year:
The trees, devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn.
Nor scape the beasts: for Sirius from on high
With pestilential heat infects the sky:
My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos and the god implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct.

'Twas night, when every creature, void of
cares,

The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd)
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood; majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.
Then thus they spoke; and eas'd my troubled
mind:

What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,
He tells thee here; and sends us to relate:
Those powers are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were
brought;

Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain;
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have given thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
Th' Oenotrians held it once; by later fame,
Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
Jafius there, and Dardanus were born:
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.

Astonish'd at their voices, and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night?)
I saw, I knew their faces, and descri'd
In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd);
I started from my couch, and clammy sweat
On all my limbs and shivering body fate.
To heaven I lift my hands with pious haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More cheerful to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news: in little space
He found his error of the double race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful feat.
Then said, O son! turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
Such things as these Cassandra did relate:
This day revives within my mind, what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have
thought

That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought?
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way,
He said, and we with glad consent obey;
For sake the seat; and, leaving few behind;
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our gallies move,
With only seas around, and skies above.
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night, with sable clouds, involves the main;
The rustling winds the foamy billows raise;
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways;
The face of heaven is ravish'd from our eyes,
And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found [around.
Betwixt the night and day, such darkness reign'd
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays
Without distinction, and three sunless days.
The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,
We view a rising land like distant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight,
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvas falls, their oars the sailors ply,
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas:
Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main,
The dire abode where the foul harpies reign:
Fore'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare,
Monsters more fierce, offended heaven ne'er sent
From hell's abyss, for human punishment.
With virgin-faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul patches, and with ordure still unclean:
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

We landed at the port, and soon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feast:
And Jove himself the chief invited guest.
We spread the tables on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly:

They snatch the meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit;
Secure from fight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn,
And once again the ravenous birds return:
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the grass their glittering weapons hide:
Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
Their clattering wings, and saw the foes appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
And our strong hands with swords and bucklers

arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmost force the monsters to destroy.
In vain; the fated skin is proof to wounds:
And, from their plumes, the shining sword re-

bounds. [prey,
At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled
And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.

Yet one remain'd the messenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celeno fate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:
What, not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the harpies from their native reign?
Heed, therefore, what I say, and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd:
And I, the Fury's queen, from both relate;
You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate:
Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.

Fierce famine is your lot, for this misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
She said, and to the neighbouring forest flew:
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to prayers we fall,
And on th' offended harpies humbly call.
And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchises, offering sacrifice,
And lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: Avert, said he,
These omens; render vain this prophecy;
And, from th' impending curse, a pious people

free.
Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our haulers and obey,
And soon, with swelling sails, pursue our wa-

tery way.
Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,
And the sun's temple, which the sailor fears.

VOL. XII.

Resolv'd to breathe a while from labour past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here safe, beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrestlers noble toil.
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The verse beneath my name and action speaks,
These arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks.
Then I command to weigh: the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars, the smoking billows fly.
The sight of high Phœacia soon we lost;
And skim'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Her wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by fame,
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece: That Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne.
And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my gallies riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood,
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld
My shining armour, and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsook her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, she falls; and, scarce recovering
strength, [length:
Thus, with a faltering tongue, she speaks at
Are you alive, O goddess-born! she said,
Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?
At this she cast a loud and frightful cry:
With broken words I made this brief reply:
All of me that remains appears in sight.
I live; if living be to loath the light.
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord?
By what strange blessings are you now restor'd?
Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause, she thus begun:
Oh only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foes embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity;
Or in a haughty master's arms to lie
In Grecian ships unhappy we were botne:
Endur'd the victor's lust; sustain'd the scorn;

E e

Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed.
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd :
At least one half with Helenus remain'd ;
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls :
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our coast,
What gods have sent you, or what storms have
toss'd ?

Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy ?
O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming
years,
How much of Hector in his face appears ?
She spoke : and mix'd her speech with mournful
cries :

And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp attended with a numerous train :
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see ;
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran :
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertain'd,
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious halls around,
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were
crown'd.

Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling
sails.

Then to the royal seer I thus began :
O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heaven, and what the stars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree :
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare :
O say : for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage and a prosperous end ;
And every power and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destin'd Italy.
But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes :
O say what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.

The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods ; their pardon then implores :
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head ;
To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine :
O goddess-born (for heaven's appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Fore-shows thy voyage, and thy course directs ;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects) :

Of many things, foræ few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal ;
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
First then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly :
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars :
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer,
And, after this, to Circe's island veer.
And last, before your new foundations rise, [skies.
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round ;
The dam and offspring, white as falling snow :
These on thy city shall their name bestow,
And there shall end thy labour and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,
For Phœbus will assist, and fate the way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent ;
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd :
The savage Locrians here the shores infest.
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields.
And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore ;
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes ;
Let hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.

When parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits :
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Back to the larboard, and stand off to sea :
Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaring tides
The passage broke, that land from land divides :
And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean
rides.

Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields (so much can time invade
The mouldering work that beauteous nature
made).

Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides :
Charybdis roaring on the left presides ;
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides :
Then spouts them from below ; with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and wash the face of heaven.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws :
Then dashes on the rocks : a human face,
And virgin-bosom, hides her tail's disgrace.
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, though with more delay :

Than once to view mishapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.

Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget:
Which therefore more than once I must repeat.
Above the rest, great Juno's name adore:
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd;
And mollify with prayers her haughty mind,
Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
And you shall safe descend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood,
Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
The mad prophetic sibyl you shall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.

She sings the fates, and in her frantic fits,
The notes and names inscrib'd, to leaves commits.
What she commits to leaves, in order laid;
Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but if a blast of wind
Without, or vapours issue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
And she resumes no more her museful care:
Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse:
Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.

Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid;
And, with loud curses, leave the mystic shade.

Think it not loss of time a while to stay;
Though thy companions chide thy long delay:
Though summon'd to the seas, though pleasing
gales

Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails,
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With swelling words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show;
And all thy wars and all thy future woe;
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must
undergo.

She shall direct thy course; instruct thy mind;
And teach thee how the happy shores to find,
This is what heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan
state;

This when the priest with friendly voice de-
clar'd,

He gave me license, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant.
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And every ship with sums of silver stor'd.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament:
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
Then flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my fire forgotten, nor my friends;
And large recruits he to my navy sends;
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores:
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.
Mean time my fire commands to hoist our sails;
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet blest the parting crew: and last,
With words like these, his ancient friend em-
Old happy man, the care of gods above, [brac'd:
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,

And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost;
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
There land; but take a larger compass round;
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes;
Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods:
For I with useless words prolong your stay;
When southern gales have summon'd you away.

Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd;
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.

A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flowers on golden tissue wrought;
A Phrygian vest; and loads, with gifts beside,
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
Accept, she said, these monuments of love;
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
Regard these trifles for the giver's sake;
'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.
Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:
In thee his features and his form I find.
His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions, such was all his frame;
And, ah! had heaven so pleas'd, his years had
been the same.

With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
Your fortune, happy fair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wish: my different state,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet seat the gods allow,
You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase:
(Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!)
You see another Simois, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy;
With better auspice than her ancient towers,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore:
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own,
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live;
And both in acts of equal friendship strive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,
The double Troy shall differ but in name:
That what we now begin, may never end;
But long, to late posterity descend.

Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore
(The shortest passage to th' Italian shore).
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night,
We land: and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found;
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise, and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of heaven, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd every breath of air to try:
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watery force;
And both the bears is careful to behold;
And bright Orion arm'd with burnish'd gold.

Then, when he saw no threatening tempest nigh,
 But a sure promise of a settled sky;
 He gave the sign to weigh: we break our sleep;
 Forsake the pleasing shore, and plow the deep.
 And now the rising morn, with rosy light,
 Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight:
 When we from far, like bluish mists, descry
 The hills, and then the plains of Italy.
 Acharis first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
 Then Italy the cheerful crew rebound;
 My fire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
 And offering, thus implor'd the powers divine:
 Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas,
 And you who raging winds and waves appease,
 Breathe on our swelling sails a prosperous wind,
 And smooth our passage to the port assign'd.
 The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
 And now the happy harbour is in view.
 Minerva's temple then salutes our sight;
 Plac'd as a land-mark, on the mountain's height;
 We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
 The curling waters round the galleys roar;
 The land lies open to the raging east,
 Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
 Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves com-
 And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain. [plain,
 The port lies hid within; on either side
 Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide.
 The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
 To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
 Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld [field.
 Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flowery
 War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,
 (My father cry'd) where warlike steeds are found.
 Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they submit,
 And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
 Peace may succeed to war. Our way we bend
 To Pallas, and the sacred hills ascend.
 There prostrate to the fierce virago pray;
 Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
 Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head;
 And all commands of Helenus obey'd;
 And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid. }
 These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and
 To sea, forsaking that suspected land. [stand
 From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view;
 For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
 Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands:
 Caulonian towers, and Scylacæan strands [spy,
 For shipwrecks fear'd: Mount Ætna thence we
 Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
 Far off we hear the waves with furly sound
 Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
 The billows break upon the founding strand;
 And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
 Then thus Anchises, in experience old,
 'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold:
 And those the promis'd rocks; bear off to sea:
 With haste the frighted mariners obey.
 First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd:
 Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
 To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride;
 Then down to hell descend, when they divide.
 And thrice our galleys knock'd the stony ground, }
 And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the sound, }
 And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with
 dew around.

The flagging winds forsook us with the sun;
 And, weary'd, on Cyclopean shores we run.
 The port capacious, and secure from wind,
 Is to the foot of thundering Ætna join'd.
 By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
 By turns hot embers from her entrails fly;
 And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky. }
 Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
 And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
 Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
 Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
 Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
 With blasted limbs came trembling from above:
 And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
 This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
 As often as he turns his weary sides, [hide-
 He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens
 In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
 Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls af- }
 Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight, [fright;
 For not one star was kindled in the sky;
 Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply:
 For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;
 The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
 Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
 Scarce had his heat the pearly dew dispell'd;
 When from the woods their bolts, before our sight,
 Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a spright.
 So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
 So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man,
 This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
 Our pious aid, and pointed to th' shore.
 We look behind; then view his shaggy beard;
 His clothes were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his
 limbs besmear'd;
 The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
 Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
 He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
 Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew:
 Stood still, and paus'd; thence all at once began
 To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
 Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
 And thus, with tears and sighs, for pity calls:
 Now by the powers above, and what we share
 From nature's common gift, this vital air,
 O Trojans, take me hence; I beg no more,
 But bear me far from this unhappy shore:
 'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
 Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town;
 For such demerits if my death be due,
 No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
 This only favour let my tears obtain,
 To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
 Since nothing more than death my crime demands:
 I die content, to die by human hands.
 He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
 I bade him boldly tell his fortune past;
 His present state, his lineage, and his name;
 Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
 The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;
 Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
 From Ithaca my native soil I came
 To Troy, and Achæmenides my name.
 Me, my poor father with Ulysses sent;
 (Oh had I stay'd with poverty content)
 But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
 Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den,

The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies,
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.

Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food:
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd, Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state;
For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human
While fast asleep the giant lay supine: [wine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw:

We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eye-ball with a flaming brand:
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye
(For only one did the vast frame supply);
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.

The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends;
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly;

Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from
steep to steep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright;
And, in deserted caverns, lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice rebound;
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.

While all around my longing eyes are cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last:
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run,
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun:
What other death you please yourselves, bestow.
Scarcely had he said, when, on the mountains brow,
We saw the giant-shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore.
A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight,
His staff a trunk of pine to guide his steps aright.
His ponderous whistle from his neck descends;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends:

This only solace his hard fortune sends.
Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the
waves,

From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves:
He gnash'd his teeth and groan'd; through seas
he strides,

And scarce the topmast billows touch his sides.

Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
The cables cut, and silent haste away:
The well-deserving stranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the
main.

The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound:
But when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward; and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.

With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.

The neighbouring Ætna trembling all around:
The winding caverns echo to the sound.

His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar;
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the
shore.

We saw their stern distorted looks from far.
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war.

A dreadful council with their heads on high;
The misty clouds about their foreheads fly:

Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.

New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail,
We tug at every oar, and hoist up every sail;

And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun

Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal fate on either side appears;

We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
For from Pelorus' point, the north arose,

And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we pass, and make our way

By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay;
This passage Achæmenides had shown,

Tracing the course which he before had run.
Right o'er against Plemmyrium's watery strand

There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land:
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found

From Greece a secret passage under ground:
By love to beauteous Arethusa led,

And mingling here, they roll in the same sacred
bed.

As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectress of the shore.

With prosperous gales we pass the quiet sounds
Of still Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.

Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.

The town of Camarine from far we see:
And fenny lake undrain'd by fates decree.

In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was:

Then Agragas with lofty summits crown'd;
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd:

We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybean strand,

Unsafe, for secret rocks, and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd:

Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endless labours, often tost

By raging storms, and driven on every coast,
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost.

Ease of my cares and solace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain.

The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst conceal'd.

And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill:
This my last labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode.

Thus, to the listening queen, the royal guest
His wandering course, and all his toils express'd,
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him: she prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his design; and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sisters entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover: when nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought:
My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
My labouring soul; what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest?
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was my first,
To this one error I might yield again:
For since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first, let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me through the dark abyss descend:
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,
Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, shall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the
grave.

She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?

Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghost below?
I grant, that while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman and a queen
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject;
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land, which heaven bestows,
On every side is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Getulian cities here are spread around;
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand:
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid;
How will your empire spread, your city rise
From such an union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above,
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay;
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to
threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.
These words, which from a friend and sister
came,

With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On every altar sacrifice renew:
A chosen ewe of two-years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day:
Preferring Juno's power: for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And while the priests with prayer the gods in-
voke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke.
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.

What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful shepherd from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods;
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shows to tempt her wandering
guest;

Her faltering tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight:
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er: but still in vain;
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends. [light

Thus, when they part, when Phœbe's paler
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when every guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears,
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears:
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguild.

Mean time the rising towers are at a stand:
No labours exercise the youthful band:
Nor use of arts nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height that seem'd to
threat the sky.

But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love;
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
High praises, endless honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy son:
Two gods a silly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.

You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.
Then Venus, who her hidden fraud desir'd,
(Which would the sceptre of the world mis-
guide

To Libyan shores), thus artfully reply'd;
Who but a fool would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse?

If fortune with our joint desires comply:
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
Lest he forbid with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land.
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wishes are your own.
Mine, said imperial Juno, be the care;
Time urges now to perfect this affair:
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.

When next the sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays;
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
With hail and thunder, and tempestuous rain:
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state
For the slow queen in anti-chambers wait:
Her lofty courser in the court below
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam
around.

The queen at length appears: on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flower'd cymarr, with golden fringe she wore;
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins:
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast:
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports:
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan
bands,

Before the joyful altars join their hands.
Himself, on Cynthus waking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair enclose;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
In manly presence or in lofty mien. [seat

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the
Of savage beasts in dens, their last retreat:

The cry pursues the mountain-goats; they bound
 From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
 Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
 In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain;
 And a long chase, in open view, maintain. }
 The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
 Spurs thro' the vale, and these and those outrides.
 His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
 The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
 Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
 Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way;
 And rather would the tusky boar attend,
 Or see the tawny lion downward bend. [skies:

Mean time the gathering clouds obscure the
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
 The rattling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
 A wintry deluge down, and sounding showers.
 The company dispers'd, to coverts ride,
 And seek the homely cots, or mountains hollow
 The rapid rains, descending from the hills, [side.
 To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
 The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
 One common cavern in her bosom hides.
 Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
 And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
 Hell from below, and Juno from above,
 And howling nymphs were conscious to their love.
 From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose
 Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
 The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
 No longer made a secret of her love;
 But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
 To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.
 The loud report through Libyan cities goes;
 Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows.
 Swift from the first; and every moment brings
 New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her
 Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size: [wings.
 Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies:
 Enrag'd against the gods revengeful earth
 Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.
 Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste:
 A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast;
 As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
 Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
 And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue: }
 And round with listening ears the flying plague
 is hung.

She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
 By day from lofty towers her head she shows:
 And spreads, through trembling crowds disastrous
 news.

With court-informers haunts, and royal spies,
 This done relates, nor done she feigns; and min-
 gles truth with lies.

Talk is her business; and her chief delight
 To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
 She fills the people's ears with Dido's name;
 Who, lost to honour, and the sense of shame,
 Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
 A wandering guest, who from his country fled:
 Whole days with him she passes in delights;
 And wastes in luxury long winter nights.
 Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust;
 Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.

The goddess widely spreads the loud report;
 And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.
 When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
 Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
 This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
 A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
 An Ammon's honour, his celestial fire,
 A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
 And through his vast dominions priests ordain'd,
 Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
 The gates and columns were with garlands
 crown'd,

And blood of victim beasts enrich the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
 The Tyrian princes, who disdain'd his love,
 His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
 Mad with despair, impatient with desire.
 Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
 He thus with prayers implor'd his fire divine:
 Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race,
 Who feast on painted beds, with offerings grace
 Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
 With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
 Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
 Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
 Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
 Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of
 chance;

A wandering woman builds, within our state,
 A little town bought at an easy rate;
 She pays me homage, and my grants allow
 A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough.
 Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
 Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed:
 And now this other Paris, with his train
 Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign! [seis:
 (Whom, what they are, their looks and garb con-
 Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Libyan dress.)
 He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
 And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus prefer'd,
 And held his altars horns: the mighty thunderer
 heard,

Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
 The lustful pair, in lawless pleasure drown'd.
 Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
 And both forgetful of their better fame.
 He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
 By whom his menacing command he sends:
 Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
 Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
 There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
 In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
 Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate;
 To him this message from my mouth relate:
 Not so, fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
 Thy life with prayers; nor promis'd such a son.
 Her's was a hero, destin'd to command
 A martial race; and rule the Latian land.
 Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw;
 And, on the conquer'd world, impose the law.
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
 Yet why should he defraud his son of fame;
 And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
 What are his vain designs? what hopes he more,
 From his long lingering on a hostile shore?

Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast:
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake;
With this command the slumbering warrior wake.

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand,
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian
waves;

With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight;
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, [space.
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid
Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies;
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends:
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
Then, rested thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight:
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood:
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies;
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely
sheds, [heads.

Now towers within the clouds advance their
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence:
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waste he wore;
A sword with glittering gems diversify'd,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began
(Resuming his own shape): Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who sways the world below, and heaven above,
Has sent me down, with this severe command:
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land!
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise, from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir;
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear;
To whom th' Ausonian sceptre and the state
Of Rome's imperial name is own'd by fate.
So spoke the god; and speaking took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair;
Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and lothes the charming land.
What should he say, or how should he begin,
What courie, alas! remains, to steer between
Th' offended lover, and the powerful queen! }

This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries and none can find:
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means;
After long thought to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men with silent care:
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, mean time, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sovereign power decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad:
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
Nor impious fame was wanting, to report
The ships repair'd; the Trojans thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court. }
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round:
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear, }
And howl about the hills, and shake the wrea-
thy spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious man,
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
Base and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen,
Ev'n when the wintry winds command your
stay,

You dare the tempest, and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See whom you fly; am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place;
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate;
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone I suffer in my fame;
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame:
Whom have I now to trust? (ungrateful guest!
That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty?
Or till Hiärbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight, }
Some bahe to bless the mother's mournful sight; }

Some young *Aeneas* to supply your place;
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain, to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left!

Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd he holds his
eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at
length replies:

Fair queen, you never can enough repeat,
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget *Eliza's* name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence;
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence:
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
And not submit my life to fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust adore;
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn;
Why may not we, like you a foreign race,
Like you seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
And young *Ascanius* justly may complain,
Of his defrauded fate, and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd,
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight.
The sender and the sent, I both attest,
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd:
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods com-
mand;

Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.

Thus while he spoke, already she began,
With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:
False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a listening ear;
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice, why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain.
Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore:
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed:
I took the traitor to my throne and bed;

Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat
The rest, I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads!
And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now *Hermes* is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human.
But go; thy flight no longer I detain; [fate!
Go seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels and their perjurd lord,
Then shalt thou call on injur'd *Dido's* name:
Dido shall come, in a black sulphury flame;
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal
frame:

Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep;
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And fame shall spread the pleasing news below.

Abruptly here she stops: then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led;
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

But good *Aeneas*, though he much desir'd
To give that pity, which her grief requir'd,
Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove: [love,
Reviews his forces; they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
And well-caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studios of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On every side are seen, descending down,
Thick swarms of soldiers laden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
To invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some set their shoulders on the ponderous grain;
Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging
tram;

All ply their several tasks, and equal toil sustain.
What pangs the tender breast of *Dido* tore,
When, from the tower, she saw the cover'd shore;
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
All-powerful love, what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends;
To prayers and mean submissions she descends.
No female arts or aids she left untry'd,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd.
Look, Anna, look; the Trojans crowd to sea:
They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh,
The shouting crew, their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.

Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so
near,

My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.

But do not you my last request deny,

With yon perfidious man your interest try;

And bring me news, if I must live or die.

You are his favourite, you alone can find

The dark recesses of his inmost mind:

In all his trusty secrets you have part,

And know the soft approaches to his heart.

Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;

Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go;

Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,

Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy;

Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust;

Why should he then reject a suit so just!

Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly?

Can he this last, this only prayer deny?

Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,

Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.

The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more;

Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.

A short delay is all I ask him now,

A pause of grief, an interval from woe:

Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain

Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.

If you in pity grant this one request,

My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.

This mournful message pious Anna bears,

And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:

But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;

Again she comes, and is refus'd again. [move;

His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatenings

Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.

As when the winds their airy quarrel try,

Justling from every quarter of the sky,

This way and that, the mountain oak they bend,

His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;

With leaves and falling mast they spread the

The hollow valleys echo to the sound; [ground,

Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,

Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:

Far as he shoots his towering head on high,

So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie:

No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;

Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,

And bandy'd words still beating on his ears.

Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains,

But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel fate,

Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,

And loaths to live: then dire portents she sees,

To hasten on the death her soul decrees;

Strange to relate: for when, before the shrine,

She pours, in sacrifice, the purple wine,

The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,

And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.

This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,

From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.

A marble temple stood within the grove,

Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;

That honour'd chapel she had hung around

With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:

Of, when she visited this lonely dome,

Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:

She thought she heard him summon her away,

Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.

Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,

The solitary screech-owl strains her throat:

And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,

With songs obscene, disturbs the silence of the
night.

Besides, old prophecies augment her fears,

And stern Æneas in her dreams appears

Didainful as by day: she seems alone

To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,

Guideless and dark: or, in a desert plain,

To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain.

Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,

He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear:

Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost

Full in his face infernal torches toss'd;

And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,

Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;

The furies guard the door, and intercept his
flight.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,

From death alone she seeks her last relief:

The time and means resolv'd within her breast,

She to her mournful sister thus address'd,

(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,

And a false vigour in her eyes appears):

Rejoice, she said, instructed from above,

My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.

Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,

Long tracks of Æthiopian climates run:

There a Massylian princess I have found,

Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;

Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;

'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.

She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,

Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.

She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind

The chains of love, or fix them on the mind.

She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry;

Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.

The yawning earth rebellows to her call,

Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.

Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,

How lothe I am to try this impious art!

Within the secret court with silent care,

Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air;

Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,

Spoils, arms, and presents of my faithless guest.

Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,

Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:

All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire,

For so the priestess and her charms require.

Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears;

A mortal paleness in her face appears:

Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find

The secret funeral in these rites design'd,

Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.

Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,

She fear'd no worse than when Sicheus fell:

Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear

Within the secret court, expos'd in air.

The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;

And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.

Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,

And every baleful green denoting death.

The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,

The spoils and sword he left, in order spread:

And the man's image on the nuptial bed.

And now, (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the
ground.

Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd
ground:

Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night.
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal;
Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
A leaven'd cake, in her devoted hands
She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bare,
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying
breath,

The heav'ns and planets, conscious of her death;
And every power, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on
the ground.

The flocks and herds, and party colour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or twim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.

Nor sleep, nor ease, the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater
part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind:
What shall I do; what succour can I find?
Become a suppliant to Hiarba's pride,
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true: but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
And with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second
Tyre?

Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind;
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and still my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair:
But shar'd, with savage beasts, the common air;

Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast;
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night,
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom, once more, the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And, with this new alarm, invades his ears:
Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou
drown

Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes? nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate;
And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die;
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power to fly.
The sea, with ships, will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various, and a changeful thing.
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear:
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay,
Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors
weigh;

And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
A god commands; he stood before my sight;
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred power, what power soe'er thou art,
To thy blest orders I resign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And prosper the design thy will commands.
He said, and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twisted
cord:

An emulating zeal inspires his train;
They run, they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with labouring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread,
When from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies:
She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descri'd:
Stung with despight, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair,
And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, she said,
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not rush from every street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haste; haul my gallies out; pursue the foe:
Bring flaming brands; set sail, and swiftly row.
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain, and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burden of his feeble father bore!

I should have torn him piece-meal; strow'd in
floods

His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods:
Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the
fire,

Have set the reeking boy before the fire.

Events are doubtful, which on battle wait;

Yet where's the doubt to souls secure of fate!

My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,

Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band:

At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;

And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,

Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the funeral
flame.

Thou sun, who view'st at once the world below,

Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,

Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes;

Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods,

All powers invoc'd with Dido's dying breath,

Attend her curses, and avenge her death.

If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,

Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian
lands,

Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,

His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;

Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,

His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd;

Let him for succour sue from place to place,

Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace:

First let him see his friends in battle slain,

And their untimely fate lament in vain:

And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,

On hard conditions may he buy his peace.

Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,

But fall untimely by some hostile hand,

And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.

These are my prayers, and this my dying will:

And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil;

Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim

Against the prince, the people, and the name.

These grateful offerings on my grave bestow,

Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know:

Now, and from hence in every future age,

When rage excites your arms, and strength sup-
plies the rage,

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood;

With fire and sword, pursue the perjurd brood:

Our arms, our seas, our shores oppos'd to theirs,

And the same hate descend on all our heirs.

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs

The means of cutting short her odious days.

Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said

(For when she left her country her's was dead),

Go, Barce, call my sister; let her care

The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare:

The sheep, and all the atoning offerings bring,

Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring

With living drops: then let her come, and thou

With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.

Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,

And end the cares of my disastrous love.

Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,

And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.

The nurse moves onward, with officious care,

And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.

But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,

Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.

With livid spots, distinguish'd was her face,

Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her
pace:

Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,

And mounts the funeral pile, with furious haste:

Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind

(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).

But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,

Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,

She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes em-
brac'd;

Then on the couch her trembling body cast,

Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:

Dear pledges of my love, while heaven so pleas'd,

Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:

My fatal course is finish'd, and I go,

A glorious name, among the ghosts below.

A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;

Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.

What could my fortune have afforded more,

Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?

Then kiss'd the couch; and must I die, she said,

And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!

Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive;

On any terms, 'tis better than to live.

These flames from far may the false Trojan view;

These boding omens his base flight pursue.

She said, and struck. Deep enter'd in her side

The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:

Clogg'd in the wound, the cruel weapon stands;

The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.

Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,

And, with loud cries, the sounding palace shook.

Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,

And through the town, the dismal rumour spread.

First from the frighted court the yell began,

Redoubled thence from house to house it ran:

The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and
cries

Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.

Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,

Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,

The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,

Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.

Her sister hears, and, furious with despair,

She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair:

And, calling on Eliza's name aloud, [crowd.

Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the

Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,

These fires, this funeral pile, these altars rear'd?

Was all this train of plots contriv'd, said she,

All only to deceive unhappy me?

Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend

To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?

Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;

One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb.

Was I to raise the pile, the powers invoke,

Not to be present at the fatal stroke?

At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me;

Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!

Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death

Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying
breath.

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,

And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd:

Her temples chaff'd, and her own garments
tore,
To staunch the streaming blood, and cleanse the
gore.

Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed.
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the
light,

But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.

For, since she dy'd, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know,
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddesses took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light:
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to th' infernal gods I bear:
Thus while she spoke she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd
in air.

B O O K V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas, setting sail from *Afric*, is driven by a storm on the coast of *Sicily*: where he is hospitably received by his friend *Acestes*, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, *Juno* sends *Iris* to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships; who, upon her instigation, set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not *Jupiter*, by a miraculous shower, extinguished it. Upon this, *Aeneas*, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for *Italy*: *Venus* procures of *Neptune* a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot *Palinurus*, who was unfortunately lost.

MEAN time the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his voyage through the curling sea:
Then, casting back his eyes with dire amaze,
Sees, on the Punic shore, the mounting blaze.
The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd:
He knew the stormy souls of woman-kind,
What secret springs their eager passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw,
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound,
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the heavens with shadows were o'er-
spread;

A swelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head:
Livid it look'd, the threatening of a storm;
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, *Palinurus*, cry'd aloud,
What gusts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts presage? Ere yet the tempest roars
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind:
The frighted crew perform the task assign'd.
Then to his fearless chief, Not heaven, said he,
Though *Jove* himself should promise *Italy*,
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea!
Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies!
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea;
Much less against the tempest force their way;
'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate we must
obey.

Not far from hence, if I observe aright
The southing of the stars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies; whose hospitable shores
In safety we may reach, with struggling oars.
Aeneas then reply'd: Too sure I find,
We strive in vain, against the seas and wind:
Now shift your sails: what place can please me
more

Than what you promise, the *Sicilian* shore;
Whose hallow'd earth *Anchises'* bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!
The course resolv'd, before the western wind
They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.

Mean time, *Acestes*, from a lofty stand,
Beheld the fleet descending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,
And held the hero in a strict embrace.
Of a rough *Libyan* bear the spoils he wore;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of *Dardan* blood;
His sire *Crinifus*, a *Sicilian* flood;
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates, and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chac'd
away
The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Aeneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground:
Offspring of heaven, divine *Dardanian* race,
The sun revolving through th' ethereal space,
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since first this isle my father's ashes held:

And now, the rising day renews the year
 (A day for ever sad, for ever dear).
 This would I celebrate with annual games,
 With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
 Though banish'd to Getulia's barren sands,
 Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands:
 But since this happy storm our fleet has driven
 (Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven)
 Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,
 Which hide Anchises, and his blest remains,
 Let us with joy perform his honours due,
 And pray for prosperous winds, our voyage to
 renew.

Pray, that in towns, and temples of our own,
 The name of great Anchises may be known,
 And yearly games may spread the gods renown.
 Our sports, Acestes, of the Trojan race,
 With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
 Two steers on every ship the king bestows;
 His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.
 Besides, if nine days hence, the rosy morn
 Shall, with unclouded light, the skies adorn,
 That day with solemn sports I mean to grace:
 Light galleys on the seas shall run a watery race.
 Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
 And others try the twanging bow to bend:
 The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall stand,
 Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
 Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
 And joyful victors wait the just reward.
 But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd;
 He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
 Then Helymus, by his example led,
 And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
 Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
 His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.

Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
 By thousands follow'd through the flowery plain,
 To great Anchises' tomb: which, when he
 found,

He pour'd to Bacchus on the hallow'd ground,
 Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
 And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.
 With roses then, the sepulchre he strow'd;
 And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:
 Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again
 Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
 The gods permitted not that you, with me
 Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy;
 Or Tyber's flood, what flood soe'er it be.
 Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
 A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
 His huge bulk on seven high volumes roll'd;
 Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with
 scaly gold:

Thus, riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
 A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
 More various colours through his body run,
 Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the sun:
 Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
 The sacred monster shot along the ground;
 With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
 And, with his lolling tongue, assay'd the taste:
 Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
 Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
 The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
 The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd:

Doubtful if this, the place's genius were,
 Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.
 Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew,
 As many swine, and steers of sable hue;
 New generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
 And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
 The glad attendants, in long order come,
 Offering their gifts at great Anchises' tomb;
 Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil;
 Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
 Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd: the skies were
 bright,

With rosy lustre of the rising light:
 The bordering people, rous'd by sounding fame
 Of Trojan feasts, and great Acestes' name,
 The crowded shore, with acclamations fill,
 Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
 And first the gifts in public view they place,
 Green laurel wreaths, and palm (the victor's
 grace):

Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
 Ingots of gold, and silver heap'd on high,
 And vests embroider'd of the Tyrian dye.
 The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims,
 And all prepare for their appointed games.
 Four galleys first, with equal rowers bear,
 Advancing, in the watery lists appear.
 The speedy dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
 Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:
 Gyas the vast chimæra's bulk commands,
 Which rising like a towering city stands:
 Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
 Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore.
 Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar;
 Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race,
 In the great centaur took the leading place
 Cloanthus, on the sea-green Scylla stood,
 From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
 There stands a rock; the raging billows roar
 Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
 Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
 In peace below the gentle waters run;
 The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
 On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
 The mark to guide the mariners aright.
 To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
 Then round the rock they steer, and seek the
 former shores.

The lots decide their place: above the rest,
 Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest:
 The common crew, with wreaths of poplar
 boughs,
 Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty
 brows.

Besmeas'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine:
 All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign.
 They grape their oars, and every panting breast
 Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear,
 depress'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
 At once they start, advancing in a line.
 With shout, the sailors rend the starry skies;
 Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;
 Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean
 fries.

Exact in time, with equal strokes they row:
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths
below.

Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace.
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash; and, ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills, rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before;
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast;
But his o'ermaisted galley check'd his haste.
The centaur, and the dolphin brush the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line:
And now the mighty centaur seems to lead,
And now the speedy dolphin gets a-head:
Now board to board the rival vessels row;
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans
below.

They reach'd the mark: proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode the victors of the main:
But steering round, he charg'd his pilot stand
More close to shore, and skim along the sand.
Let others bear to sea. Menætes heard,
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd:
And, fearing, sought the deep; and still aloof
he steer'd.

With louder cries the captain call'd again;
Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.
He spoke, and speaking at his stern, he saw
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw:
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla flood,
And, in a closer compass, plough'd the flood:
He pass'd the mark, and wheeling got before:
Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindless of others lives (so high was grown
His rising rage) and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and over board he threw:
This done, he seiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his
years:

Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain;
The crowd, that saw him fail, and float again,
Shout from the distant shore, and loudly laugh'd,
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny
draught.

The following centaur, and the dolphin's crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark: Sergesthus takes the place:
Mnestheus pursues; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind.
Then on the deck, amidst his mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd:
My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour; tug the labouring oar;
Stretch to your strokes, my still-unconquer'd crew,
Whom, from the flaming walls of Troy, I drew.

In this, our common interest, let me find
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malæan flood,
And o'er the Syrtes broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet—but ah, that haughty wish is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be last, the lags of all the race,
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.
Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
The sea beneath them sinks: their labouring sides
Are swell'd, and sweat runs guttering down in
tides.

Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success;
Sergesthus, eager with his beak, to press
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts the unwieldy centaur in the lock.
The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.
The trembling rowers, from their banks arise,
And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the shores;
And gather, from the sea, their floating oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
Urge their success, and call the willing winds:
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compass on the roomy sea.
As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
Rous'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes,
The cavern rings with clattering; out she flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies;
At first she flutters; but at length she springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings;
So Mnestheus in the dolphin cuts the sea,
And, flying with a force, that force assists his
way.

Sergesthus in the centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedge'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practises to row with shatter'd oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and out-flies:
The ship without a pilot yields the prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he pursues, and all his vigour strains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude arise,
Applauding echo to the shouts replies;
Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling
through the skies.

These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd
reward:

Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with success, the dolphin swiftly ran
(For they can conquer who believe they can):
Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies,
And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize:
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And succour from the watery powers demands:
Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row,
If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Assist to make me guilty of my vow.
A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain,
His offer'd entrails cast into the main:
And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown,
Your graceful gift and my return shall own.

The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
 With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
 And old Portunes, with his breadth of hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land.
 Swift as a shaft, on winged wind, she flies;
 And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.
 The herald summons all, and then proclaims
 Cloanthus, conqueror of the naval games.
 The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
 And three fat steers are to his vessel led;
 The ship's reward: with generous wine beside,
 And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
 The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest,
 The victor honour'd with a nobler vest:
 Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
 And needle-work its happy cost bestows.
 There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
 Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart;
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue:
 When from aloft descends, in open view,
 The bird of Jove; and, fousing on his prey,
 With crooked talons bears the boy away.
 In vain, with lifted hands, and gazing eyes,
 His guards behold him soaring through the skies,
 And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries. }
 Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd;
 And summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd:
 A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
 More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore, }
 In single combat on the Trojan shore.
 'This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess
 In war for his defence; for ornament in peace:
 Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
 But yet, so ponderous with its plates of gold,
 That scarce two servants could the weight sus- }
 tain,
 Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
 Pursued, and lightly seiz'd the Trojan train. }
 The third succeeding to the last reward,
 Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd;
 With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
 And two brass cauldrons from Dodona brought.
 Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
 Their conquering temples bound with purple
 bands,
 And now Sergesthus, clearing from the rock,
 Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.
 Forlorn she look'd without an aiding oar,
 And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore.
 As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
 Is crush'd athwart her body by the load
 Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
 Her belly bruise'd, and trodden to the ground,
 In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along,
 Yet fierce above, she brandishes her tongue:
 Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales,
 But, groveling in the dust, her parts unbound she
 trails!
 So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
 But what she wants in oars with sails amends:
 Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
 Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense.
 Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
 Beauteous herself, with lovely twins, as fair.
 From thence his way the Trojan hero bent,
 Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains
 pent,

Whole sides were shaded with surrounding
 wood:

Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
 A native theatre, which rising flow,
 By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
 High on a sylvan throne the leader sat,
 A numerous train attend in solemn state;
 Here those, that in the rapid course delight,
 Desire of honour and the prize invite:
 The rival runners without orders stand,
 The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band,
 First Nisus with Euryalus appears,
 Euryalus a boy of blooming years;
 With sprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd:
 Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.
 Diore's next, of Priam's royal race,
 Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place:
 But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
 And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
 Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these
 Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes,
 Both jolly hunters, both in forest bred,
 And owning old Acestes for their head.
 With several others of ignobler name,
 Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd:
 In words, which general approbation gain'd:
 One common largess is for all design'd;
 The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd.
 Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,
 A silver-studded ax alike bestow'd.
 The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed;
 The first of these obtains a stately steed
 Adorn'd with trappings: and the next in fame,
 The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
 With feather'd Thracian arrows well supply'd; }
 A golden belt shall girt his manly side,
 Which with a sparkling diamond shall be ty'd: }
 The third this Grecian helmet shall content,
 He said: to their appointed base they went:
 With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
 And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
 Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
 Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'er-pass'd;
 Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
 The next, but though the next yet far disjoint'd,
 Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
 Then Helymus, whom young Diore's ply'd,
 Step after step, and almost side by side:
 His shoulders pressing, and in longer space
 Had won, or left at least a dubious race.

Now spent, the goal they almost reach at
 last;

When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
 Slipp'd first, and, slipping fell upon the plain,
 Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain
 The careless victor had not mark'd his way;
 But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
 His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor,
 He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
 Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred bonds of amity.
 He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,
 And caught the foot of Salius as he rose:
 So Salius lay extended on the plain;
 Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,

The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
 And latter augurs judge from this event.
 Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
 A trail of following flames ascending drew:
 Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny ways
 Across the skies, as falling meteors play,
 And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
 The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare;
 And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
 The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
 And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace:
 Then, honouring him with gifts above the rest,
 Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
 The gods, said he, this miracle have wrought;
 And order'd you the prize without the lot.
 Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
 Which Thracian Cisseus gave my fire of old:
 This pledge of ancient amity receive,
 Which to my second fire I justly give.
 He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,
 Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
 Nor good Eurytian envy'd him the prize;
 Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
 Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
 The third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
 The chief, before the games were wholly done,
 Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son;
 And whisper'd thus: With speed Ascanius find,
 And if his childish troop be ready join'd,
 On horseback let him grace his grandfire's day;
 And lead his equals arm'd in just array.
 He said, and, calling out, the cirque he clears:
 The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
 And now the noble youths, of form divine,
 Advance before their fathers in a line:
 The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with
 glory shine.
 Thus marching on, in military pride,
 Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
 Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths, they
 wear
 Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
 Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
 Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before:
 Three graceful troops they form'd upon the
 green;
 Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
 Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a space
 between.
 The first young Priam led a lovely boy,
 Whose grandfire was the unhappy king of Troy:
 His race, in after time, was known to fame,
 New honours adding to the Latian name;
 And well the royal boy his Thracian steed be-
 came.
 White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
 And on his front a snowy star he bore:
 Then beauteous Atis, with Iulus bred,
 Of equal age, the second squadron led.
 The last in order, but the first in place,
 First in the lovely features of his face,
 Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,
 Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
 Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
 With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
 The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
 And all the parents in the children view:

Their make, their motions, and their sprightly
 graces
 And hopes and fears alternate in their face.
 Th' unsledg'd commanders, and their martial
 First make the circuit of the sandy plain, [train;
 Around their fires: and at th' appointed sign,
 Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
 The second signal sounds: the troop divides
 In three distinguish'd parts, with three distin-
 guish'd guides.
 Again they close, and once again disjoin,
 In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line. [afar
 They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts
 With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
 Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
 Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.
 Broken they break, and rallying, they renew
 In other forms the military show.
 At last, in order, undiscern'd they join;
 And march together, in a friendly line.
 And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
 With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,
 Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
 In a round error, which deny'd recess;
 So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
 Turn'd, and return'd, and still a different way.
 Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase,
 In circles, when they swim around the watery race.
 This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught;
 And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.
 Show'd what he learn'd: the Latin fires impart,
 To their succeeding sons, the graceful art:
 From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game;
 Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they
 Thus far, the sacred sports they celebrate: [name
 But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient state;
 For while they pay the dead his annual dues,
 Those envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
 And sends the goddess of the various bow,
 To try new methods of revenge below:
 Supplies the winds to wing her airy way;
 Where in the port secure the navy lay.
 Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends;
 And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
 She saw the gathering crowd; and gliding thence,
 The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
 The Trojan matrons on the sands alone,
 With sighs and tears, Anchises' death bemoan.
 Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
 Their pity to themselves, renews their cries.
 Alas! said one, what oceans yet remain
 For us to sail; what labours to sustain!
 All take the word; and, with a general groan,
 Implore the gods for peace; and places of their
 own.
 The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains;
 And, in a woman's form, her heavenly limbs re-
 strains.
 In face and shape, old Beroë she became,
 Doriclus' wife, a venerable dame;
 Once bless'd with riches, and a mother's name.
 Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
 Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:
 O wretched we, whom not the Grecian power,
 Nor flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
 O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
 Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!

Now seven revolving years are wholly run,
 Since this improsperous voyage we begun:
 Since toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to
 Inhospitable rocks and barren lands; [lands,
 Wandering in exile, through the stormy sea,
 We search in vain for flying Italy.
 Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,
 What should our rest, and rising walls with- }
 Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band? [stand?
 O, country lost! and gods redeem'd in vain,
 If still in endless exile we remain!
 Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
 Or streams of some resembled Simois view?
 Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume:
 Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.
 In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands
 (For this I more than dreamt) with flaming
 brands:
 With these, said she, these wandering ships de- }
 stroy;
 These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy. }
 Time calls you now, the precious hour employ. }
 Slack not the good presage, while heaven inspires
 Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
 See Neptune's altars minister their brands;
 The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands.
 Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,
 And, toss'd in air, amidst the gallees threw.
 Wrap'd in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
 Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
 Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's numerous race,
 No Beroë this, though she belies her face:
 What terrors from her frowning front arise;
 Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
 What rays around her heavenly face are seen,
 Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal
 mien!
 Beroë but now I left; whom, pin'd with pain,
 Her age and anguish from these rites detain.
 She said; the matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
 Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
 They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
 They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
 The goddess, having done her task below,
 Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted
 bow.
 Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
 The matrons prosecute their mad design:
 They shriek aloud, they snatch, with impious
 hands,
 The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
 Green boughs, and saplings, mingled in their haste;
 And smoking torches on the ships they cast.
 The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains;
 And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:
 Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
 And seizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.
 Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
 While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
 Then what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:
 A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.
 Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
 His early warriors on his prancing steed.
 And spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd,
 Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.
 Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
 He sent his voice before him as he flew;

What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy
 The last remainders of unhappy Troy?
 Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
 And on your friends your fatal fury turn,
 Behold your own Ascanius: while he said
 He drew his glittering helmet from his head;
 In which the youths to sportful arms he led. }
 By this, Æneas and his train appear;
 And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
 Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight;
 Abhor their actions, and avoid the light:
 Their friends acknowledge, and their error find;
 And shake the goddess from the alter'd mind.
 Not so the raging fires their fury cease;
 But lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
 Work on their way, amid the smouldering tow,
 Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
 The silent plague through the green timber eats,
 And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
 Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
 The fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:
 Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
 Can the victorious element withstand.
 The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
 To heaven his hands, and with his hands his vows:
 O Jove, he cry'd, if prayers can yet have place;
 If thou abhor'st not all the Dardan race;
 If any spark of pity still remain;
 If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain; }
 Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train. }
 Yet from the flames our burning vessels free:
 Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
 At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
 And send the willing sacrifice below.
 Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise;
 From pole to pole the forked lightning flies;
 Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain;
 Heaven bellies downward, and descends in rain;
 Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
 Which, hissing through the planks, the flames pre-
 vent:
 And stop the fiery pest: four ships alone
 Burn to the waste, and for the fleet atone.
 But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
 If he should still in Sicily reside,
 Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main,
 In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
 Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom alone
 The will of heaven by Pallas was fore-shown;
 Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inspir'd
 To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd:
 Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
 With cheerful words reliev'd his labouring mind.
 O goddess-born, resign'd in every state,
 With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.
 By suffering well, our fortune we subdue;
 Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.
 Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind;
 To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
 Trust in his hands your old and useless train,
 Too numerous for the ships which yet remain:
 The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
 The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
 With all their dastard crew, who dare not stand
 The shock of battle with your foes by land;
 Here you may build a common town for all;
 And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call.

The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
 Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.
 'Twas dead of night; when to his slumbering eyes,
 His father's shade descended from the skies;
 And thus he spoke: O more than vital breath,
 Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
 O son, in various toils and troubles tofs'd,
 The king of heaven employs my careful ghost
 On his commands; the God who sav'd from fire
 Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire:
 The wholesome counsel of your friend receive;
 And here the coward train, and women leave:
 The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare
 Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
 The stern Italians with their courage try;
 Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
 But first to Pluto's palace you should go,
 And seek my shade among the blest below.
 For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
 Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
 But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
 The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey;
 And blood of offer'd victims free the way;
 There shall you know what realms the gods assign;
 And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
 But now, farewell: I vanish with the night;
 And feel the blast of heaven's approaching light:
 He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy
 flight.

Whither so fast, the filial duty cry'd,
 And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace deny'd!
 He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
 He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires.
 His country gods and Vesta then adores
 With cakes and incense; and their aid implores.
 Next for his friends and royal host he sent,
 Reveal'd his vision and the gods intent,
 With his own purpose. All, without delay,
 The will of Jove and his desires obey.
 They list with women each degenerate name,
 Who dares not hazard life, for future fame.
 These they cashier: the brave remaining few,
 Oars, banks, and cables half consum'd renew.
 The prince designs a city with the plough;
 The lots their several tenements allow.
 This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
 And the new king ascends the throne with joy.
 A chosen senate from the people draws;
 Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
 Then on the top of Eryx, they begin
 A rising temple to the Pamphian queen:
 Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god;
 A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
 And groves are planted round his blest abode.
 Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples
 crown'd;
 And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
 Then, from the south arose a gentle breeze,
 That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
 The rising winds a rustling gale afford,
 And call the merry mariners aboard.

Now loud laments along the shores resound,
 Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
 The trembling women, the degenerate train,
 Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
 Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
 Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war.

Whom good Æneas cheers; and recommends
 To their new master's care, his fearful friends.
 On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
 A lamb new fallen to the stormy seas;
 Then slips his hausers, and his anchors weighs.
 High on the deck the godlike hero stands;
 With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
 Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
 And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
 Fresh gales arise, with equal strokes they vie,
 And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Mean time the mother goddess, full of fears,
 To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
 The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
 The malice which no sufferings can assuage,
 Compel me to these prayers: since neither fate,
 Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate,
 Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
 Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
 As if 'twere little to consume the town {crown:
 Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial
 She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains;
 And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
 Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
 But you can witness its effects too well.
 You saw the storms she rais'd on Libyan floods,
 That mix'd the mountain billows with the clouds;
 When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main;
 And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
 With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames
 To burn their fleet with execrable flames:
 And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
 To leave his followers on a foreign coast:
 For what remains, your godhead I implore;
 And trust my son to your protecting power.
 If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withstand,
 Secure his passage to the Latian land.

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
 What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's reign?
 My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
 Of your endanger'd fleet, may claim your confi-
 dence,
 Nor less by land than sea, my deeds declare,
 How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
 Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I attest:
 Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
 And drove before him headlong on the plain,
 And dash'd against their walls the trembling
 train,
 When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain:
 When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
 Stood-up on ridges to behold the sea; {way.
 New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his
 When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,
 Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
 I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
 Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.
 Ev'n then secur'd him, when I fought with joy
 The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
 My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,
 Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:
 Their lives are given; one destin'd head alone
 Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.
 I thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
 His sinny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
 And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.

High on the waves his azure car he guides;
It axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides:
The tempests fly before her father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And choirs of tritons crowd the watery way.
The martial'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better side
Enclose, and on the worse the nymphs and ne-
reids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open
sea.

A-head of all the master pilot steers,
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The steeds of night had travell'd half the sky,
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie;
When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas
wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep
Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous deep!

The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the syren south again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?
He said, his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Sty-
gian dew:

The pilot, vanquish'd by the power divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air;
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy
flies:

Glides by the syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost;
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars;
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy: she attends him to hell: describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises: who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration: and shows him that glorious race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity.

He said, and wept: then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman
shore:
Their anchors dropt, his crew the vessels moor.
Then turn their heads to sea, their stern to land;
And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian strand.
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks the kindled flames to feed;
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through vallies the discover'd floods.
Thus, while their several charges they fulfil,
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.

When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by
fame,
To the Cumæan coast at length he came;
And here alighting, built this costly frame.
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cuts the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his heart emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghost:
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
The mournful parents stand around in tears;
And rising Crete against their shore appears.
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen:

Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye:
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
 The lower part a beast, a man above,
 The monument of their polluted love.
 Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze;
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways;
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found, but by the faithful clue:
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief;
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well,
 That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part;
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he drop'd the forming mould.

All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
 Each varying object his delight renew'd.
 Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame;
 The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name. }
 Time suffers not, she said, to feed your eyes
 With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
 Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choose,
 And for Diana seven unspotted ewes.
 This said, the servants urge the sacred rites;
 While to the temple she the prince invites.
 A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
 Through the hills hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors, a hundred entries grace:
 As many voices issue; and the sound
 Of Sibyls' words as many times rebound.
 Now to the mouth they come: Aloud she cries,
 This is the time; inquire your destinies.
 He comes, behold the god! Thus while she said
 (And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
 Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring
 breast.

Greater than human-kind she seem'd to look:
 And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke,
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
 When all the god came rushing on her soul.
 Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,
 Why this delay? she cried; the powers invoke:
 Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.
 She said no more; the trembling Trojans hear:
 O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
 Indulgent god, propitious power to Troy,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
 Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
 Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
 Through ambient seas, and through devouring
 sands,
 Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found;
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
 With fury has pursued her wandering race:
 Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengeance
 Troy is no more, and can no more offend. [end

And thou, O sacred maid! inspir'd to see
 Th' event of things in dark futurity,
 Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
 To conquer and command the Latain state:
 To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
 To the twin gods, with vows and solemn prayer
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names;
 Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land,
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
 Preserv'd in shrines: and every sacred lay,
 Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
 All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen train
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
 But, Oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
 To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,
 Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:
 Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate.

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
 And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
 With more, and far superior force he press'd:
 Commands his entrance, and, without control,
 Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
 Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
 Ope of themselves, a rushing whirlwind roars
 Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice restores: }

Escap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
 Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
 The coast so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event)
 Thy troops shall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
 Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
 And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
 Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there;
 A new Achilles shall in arms appear:
 And he, too, goddess-born: fierce Juno's hate,
 Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
 To what strange nations shalt not thou resort!
 Driven to solicit aid at every court!
 The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd,
 A foreign mistress and a foreign guest:
 But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
 The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose:
 The dawns of thy safety shall be shown,
 From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian
 town.

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,
 And the resisting air the thunder broke: }
 The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
 Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring }
 breast,
 In these mysterious words his mind express'd:
 Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest. }
 At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
 And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
 Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
 No frightful face of danger can be new:
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare, [my care.
 The fates, without my power, shall be without
 This let me crave, since near your grove the }
 road
 To hell lies open, and the dark abode.
 Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood: }
 Conduct me through the regions void of light,
 And lead me longing to my father's sight:

For him, a thousand dangers I have fought;
 And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
 Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.
 He, for my sake, the raging ocean try'd,
 And wrath of heaven; my still auspicious guide,
 And bore beyond the strength decrepit age supply'd.

Oft since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,
 His reverend image stood before my sight;
 Enjoin'd to seek below his holy shade;
 Conducted there by your unerring aid:
 But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
 Oblige the father, and protect the son.
 Yours is the power; nor Proserpine in vain
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
 If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
 And from the shades below redeem his wife;
 If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
 Could free his brother; and can daily go
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below;
 Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend!

Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
 My mother greater, my descent the same.
 So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while he pray'd,
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.
 Then thus reply'd the prophetess divine:
 O goddess-born! of great Anchises' line,
 The gates of hell are open night and day:
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
 But, to return, and view the cheerful skies,
 In this the task and mighty labour lies.
 To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
 And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.
 Betwixt those regions, and our upper light,
 Deep forests and impenetrable night
 Possess the middle space. Th' infernal bounds
 Cocytus, with his sable waves surrounds:
 But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
 As twice below to view the trembling shades;
 If you so hard a toil will undertake,
 As twice to pass th' innavigable lake,
 Receive my counsel. In the neighbouring grove
 There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
 Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
 Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
 One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold,
 The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
 This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
 And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
 Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies:
 The first thus rent, a second will arise,
 And the same metal the same room supplies.
 Look round the wood, with lifted eyes to see
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
 Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
 The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if favour'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not, no labour can the tree constrain.
 And strength of stubborn arms, and steel are vain,
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
 Breathless he lies, and his unbury'd ghost,
 Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your host.

Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead,
 Two sable sheep around his herse be led:
 Then, living turfs upon his body lay;
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,
 To find the regions destitute of day.
 She said: and held her peace. Æneas went
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent;
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
 Achates, the companion of his breast,
 Goes grieving by his side with equal cares oppress'd.
 Walking they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
 What friend the priestess, by those words, design'd:
 But soon they found an object to deplore;
 Misenus lay extended on the shore.
 Son of the god of winds; none so renown'd,
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound:
 With breathing brags to kindle fierce alarms,
 And rouse to dare their fate, in honourable arms.
 He serv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear,
 But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
 He chose Æneas, and he chose as well.
 Sworn with applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore;
 With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
 Then cast his mangled carcase on the strand;
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.
 All weep, but most Æneas mourns his fate,
 And hastens to perform the funeral state.
 In altar-wise a stately pile they rear;
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
 (The shady covert of the savage kind)
 The Trojans found: the sounding ax is ply'd:
 Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruins down.
 Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
 And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
 He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
 And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
 O may thy power, propitious still to me,
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
 In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
 Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death.
 Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
 He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
 Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid;
 And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
 Whole glittering shadow gilds the sacred ground:
 And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
 In this distress, be present to my prayer.
 Thus having said, he stopp'd: with watchful sight
 Observing still the motions of their flight,
 What course they took, what happy signs they
 show;
 They fed, and, fluttering by degrees, withdrew
 Still farther from the place, but still in view:
 Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
 To the slow lake: whose baleful stench to shun,

The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
 Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.
 'Twas dead of night; when to his slumbering eyes,
 His father's shade descended from the skies;
 And thus he spoke: O more than vital breath,
 Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
 O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd,
 The king of heaven employs my careful ghost
 On his commands; the God who sav'd from fire
 Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire:
 The wholesome counsel of your friend receive;
 And here the coward train, and women leave:
 The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare
 Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
 The stern Italians with their courage try;
 Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
 But first to Pluto's palace you should go,
 And seek my shade among the blest below.
 For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
 Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
 But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
 The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey;
 And blood of offer'd victims free the way;
 There shall you know what realms the gods assign;
 And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
 But now, farewell: I vanish with the night;
 And feel the blast of heaven's approaching light:
 He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy
 flight.

Whither so fast, the filial duty cry'd,
 And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace deny'd!
 He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
 He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires.
 His country gods and Vesta then adores
 With cakes and incense; and their aid implores.
 Next for his friends and royal host he sent,
 Reveal'd his vision and the gods intent,
 With his own purpose. All, without delay,
 The will of Jove and his desires obey.
 They list with women each degenerate name,
 Who dares not hazard life, for future fame.
 These they cashier: the brave remaining few,
 Oars, banks, and cables half consum'd renew.
 The prince designs a city with the plough;
 The lots their several tenements allow.
 This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
 And the new king ascends the throne with joy.
 A chosen senate from the people draws;
 Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
 Then on the top of Eryx, they begin
 A rising temple to the Pamplian queen:
 Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god;
 A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
 And groves are planted round his blest abode.
 Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples
 crown'd;
 And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
 Then, from the south arose a gentle breeze,
 That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
 The rising winds a rustling gale afford,
 And call the merry mariners aboard.

Now loud laments along the shores resound,
 Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
 The trembling women, the degenerate train,
 Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
 Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
 Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war.

Whom good Æneas cheers; and recommends
 To their new master's care, his fearful friends.
 On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
 A lamb new fallen to the stormy seas;
 Then slips his hausers, and his anchors weighs.
 High on the deck the godlike hero stands;
 With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
 Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
 And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
 Fresh gales arise, with equal strokes they vie,
 And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Mean time the mother goddess, full of fears,
 To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
 The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
 The malice which no sufferings can assuage,
 Compel me to these prayers: since neither fate,
 Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.
 Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
 Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
 As if 'twere little to consume the town [crown:
 Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial
 She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains;
 And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
 Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
 But you can witness its effects too well.
 You saw the storms she rais'd on Libyan floods,
 That mix'd the mountain billows with the clouds;
 When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main;
 And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
 With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames
 To burn their fleet with execrable flames:
 And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
 To leave his followers on a foreign coast:
 For what remains, your godhead I implore;
 And trust my son to your protecting power.
 If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withstand,
 Secure his passage to the Latian land.

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
 What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's reign?
 My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
 Of your endanger'd fleet, may claim your confi-

dence,
 Nor less by land than sea, my deeds declare,
 How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
 Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I attest:
 Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
 And drove before him headlong on the plain,
 And dash'd against their walls the trembling
 train,

When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain:
 When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
 Stood-up on ridges to behold the sea; [way.
 New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his
 When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,
 Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
 I spread a cloud before the victor's fight,
 Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight,
 Ev'n then secur'd him, when I fought with joy
 The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
 My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,
 Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:
 Their lives are given; one destin'd head alone
 Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.
 Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
 His sinny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
 And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.

High on the waves his azure car he guides;
 It axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
 And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
 The tempests fly before her father's face;
 Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
 And monster whales before their master play,
 And choirs of tritons crowd the watery way.
 The martial'd powers in equal troops divide
 To right and left: the gods his better side
 Enclose, and on the worse the nymphs and ne-
 reids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
 Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
 He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
 The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
 They scud before the wind, and sail in open
 sea.

A-head of all the master pilot steers,
 And, as he leads, the following navy veers,
 The steeds of night had travell'd half the sky,
 The drowsy rowers on their benches lie;
 When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
 Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
 Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
 To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
 Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep he bears;
 And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas
 wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
 The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
 The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
 Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
 Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.
 To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep
 Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous deep!

The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
 And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
 Shall I believe the syren south again,
 And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?
 He said, his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,
 And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
 The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
 A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Sty-
 gian dew:

The pilot, vanquish'd by the power divine,
 Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
 Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
 The god, insulting with superior strength,
 Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
 And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
 Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
 Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
 The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air;
 While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
 On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
 But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
 And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy
 flies:

Glides by the syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
 Long infamous for ships and sailors lost;
 And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars;
 And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
 The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
 The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
 Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
 The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
 Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
 Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
 For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky,
 Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie.

B O O K VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy: she attends him to hell: describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises: who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration: and shows him that glorious race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity.

He said, and wept: then spread his sails before
 The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman
 shore:
 Their anchors dropt, his crew the vessels moor.
 Then turn their heads to sea, their stern to land;
 And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian strand.
 Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
 Some gather sticks the kindled flames to feed;
 Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
 Or trace through vallies the discover'd floods.
 Thus, while their several charges they fulfil,
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
 Where Phœbus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
 Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
 Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.

When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
 (The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by
 fame,
 To the Cumæan coast at length he came;
 And here alighting, built this costly frame.
 Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his wings, that cuts the sky;
 Then o'er the lofty gate his heart emboss'd
 Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghost:
 Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
 The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
 And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
 The mournful parents stand around in tears;
 And rising Crete against their shore appears.
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
 The mad affection of the Cretan queen:

Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye:
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
 The lower part a beast, a man above,
 The monument of their polluted love.
 Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze;
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways;
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief;
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well,
 That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part;
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he drop'd the forming mould.

All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
 Each varying object his delight renew'd.
 Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame;
 The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name. }
 Time suffers not, she said, to feed your eyes
 With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
 Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choose,
 And for Diana seven unspotted ewes.
 This said, the servants urge the sacred rites;
 While to the temple she the prince invites.
 A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
 Through the hills hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors, a hundred entries grace:
 As many voices issue; and the sound
 Of Sibyls' words as many times rebound,
 Now to the mouth they come: Aloud she cries,
 This is the time; inquire your destinies.
 He comes, behold the god! Thus while she said
 (And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
 Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring
 breast.

Greater than human-kind she seem'd to look:
 And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke,
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
 When all the god came rushing on her soul.
 Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,
 Why this delay? she cried; the powers invoke:
 Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.
 She said no more; the trembling Trojans hear:
 O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
 Indulgent god, propitious power to Troy,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
 Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
 Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
 Through ambient seas, and through devouring
 sands,

Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found;
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
 With fury has pursued her wandering race:
 Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengeance
 Troy is no more, and can no more offend. [end

And thou, O sacred maid! inspir'd to see
 Th' event of things in dark futurity,
 Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
 To conquer and command the Latain state:
 To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
 To the twin gods, with vows and solemn prayer
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names;
 Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land,
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
 Preserv'd in shrines: and every sacred lay,
 Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
 All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen train
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
 But, Oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
 To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,
 Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:
 Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate.

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
 And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
 With more, and far superior force he press'd:
 Commands his entrance, and, without control,
 Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
 Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
 Ope of themselves, a rushing whirlwind roars
 Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice restores: }

Escap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
 Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
 The coast so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event)
 Thy troops shall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
 Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
 And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
 Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there;
 A new Achilles shall in arms appear:
 And he, too, goddess-born: fierce Juno's hate,
 Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
 To what strange nations shalt not thou resort!
 Driven to solicit aid at every court!
 The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd,
 A foreign mistress and a foreign guest:
 But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
 The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose:
 The dawns of thy safety shall be shown,
 From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian
 town.

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke, }
 And the resisting air the thunder broke:
 The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook. }
 Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring }
 breast,
 In these mysterious words his mind express'd: }
 Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest. }
 At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
 And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
 Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
 No frightful face of danger can be new:
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare, [my care.
 The fates, without my power, shall be without
 This let me crave, since near your grove the }
 road
 To hell lies open, and the dark abode. }
 Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood: }
 Conduct me through the regions void of light,
 And lead me longing to my father's sight:

For him, a thousand dangers I have fought;
 And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
 Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.
 He, for my sake, the raging ocean try'd,
 And wrath of heaven; my still auspicious guide,
 And bore beyond the strength decrepit age sup-
 ply'd.

Oft since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,
 His reverend image stood before my sight;
 Enjoin'd to seek below his holy shade;
 Conducted there by your unerring aid:
 But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
 Oblige the father, and protect the son.
 Yours is the power; nor Proserpine in vain
 Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
 If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
 The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
 And from the shades below redeem his wife;
 If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
 Could free his brother; and can daily go
 By turns aloft, by turns descend below;
 Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could
 ascend!

Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
 My mother greater, my descent the same.
 So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while he pray'd,
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus reply'd the prophetess divine:
 O goddess-born! of great Anchises' line,
 The gates of hell are open night and day:
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
 But, to return, and view the cheerful skies,
 In this the task and mighty labour lies.
 To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
 And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.
 Betwixt those regions, and our upper light,
 Deep forests and impenetrable night
 Possess the middle space. Th' infernal bounds
 Cocytus, with his sable waves surrounds:

But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
 As twice below to view the trembling shades;
 If you so hard a toil will undertake,
 As twice to pass th' innavigable lake,
 Receive my counsel. In the neighbouring grove
 There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
 Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
 Conceal the happy plant from human sight.

One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold,
 The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
 This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
 And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
 Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies:
 The first thus rent, a second will arise,
 And the same metal the same room supplies.
 Look round the wood, with lifted eyes to see
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:

Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
 The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if favour'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not, no labour can the tree constrain.
 And strength of stubborn arms, and steel are vain,
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
 Breathless he lies, and his unbury'd ghost,
 Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your host.

Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead,
 Two sable sheep around his herse be led:
 Then, living turfs upon his body lay;
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,
 To find the regions destitute of day.
 She said: and held her peace. Æneas went
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent;
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
 Achates, the companion of his breast,
 Goes grieving by his side with equal cares oppress'd.
 Walking they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
 What friend the priestess, by those words, design'd:
 But soon they found an object to deplore;
 Misenus lay extended on the shore.

Son of the god of winds; none so renown'd,
 The warrior trumpet in the field to sound:
 With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
 And rouse to dare their fate, in honourable arms.
 He serv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear,
 But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
 He chose Æneas, and he chose as well.
 Sworn with applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore;
 With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
 Then cast his mangled carcase on the strand;
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.
 All weep, but most Æneas mourns his fate,
 And hastens to perform the funeral state.

In altar-wise a stately pile they rear;
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
 (The shady covert of the savage kind)
 The Trojans found: the sounding ax is ply'd:
 Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruins down.
 Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
 And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
 He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
 And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
 O may thy power, propitious still to me,
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
 In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
 Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death.

Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
 He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
 Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid;
 And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
 Whole glittering shadow gilds the sacred ground:
 And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
 In this distress, be present to my prayer.
 Thus having said, he stopp'd: with watchful sight
 Observing still the motions of their flight,
 What course they took, what happy signs they
 show;

They fed, and, fluttering by degrees, withdrew
 Still farther from the place, but still in view:
 Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
 To the slow lake: whose baleful stench to shun,

They wing'd their flight aloft; then stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden
bough. [glow;

Through the green leaves the glittering shadows
As on the sacred oak, the wint'ry misleto:

Where the proud mother views her precious brood;
And happier branches, which she never sow'd.

Such was the glittering, such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.

He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with ease, the lingering gold:

Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.

Mean time, the Trojan troops, with weeping
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies. [eyes,

First from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:

The fabric's front, with cypress twigs they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.

The topmast part, his glittering arms adorn;

Warm waters, then, in brazen cauldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint:

And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.

With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:

Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,

The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away
(Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay). }

Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,

And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.

These gifts, the greedy flames to dust devour;

Then, on the living coals, red wine they pour:

And last, the relics by themselves dispose,

Which in a brazen urn the priests enclose.

Old Chorineus compass'd thrice the crew,

And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;

Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud

Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd.

But good Æneas order'd on the shore

A stately tomb; whose top a trumpet bore;

A soldier's faulchion, and a seaman's oar. }

Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.

These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.

Deep was the cape; and downward as it went

From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;

And here th' access a gloomy grove defends:

And here th' unnavigable lake extends.

O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,

No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;

Such deadly stench from the deep arise,

And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.

From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.

Four fable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,

For sacrifice the pious hero brought;

The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;

Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation
burns,

Invoking Hecate hither to repair

(A powerful name in hell, and upper air).

The sacred priests with ready knives bereave

The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive

The streaming blood: a lamb to hell and night

(The fable wool without a streak of white)

Æneas offers: and, by fates decree,

A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee,

With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills:

Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:

Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he powers;

Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours:

Late, the nocturnal sacrifice begun;

Nor ended, till the next returning sun.

Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,

And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,

Ere Hecate came: Far hence be souls profane,

The Sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abstain.

Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford,

Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.

She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space,

The prince pursu'd her steps with equal pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,

Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night,

Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate

The mystic wonders of your silent state.

Obscure they went through dreary shades, that
Along the waste dominions of the dead: [led

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,

By the moon's doubtful and malignant light:

When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,

And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell, [eyes.

Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell;

And pale diseases, and repining age;

Want, fear, and famine's unrelucted rage: [sleep,

Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother,

Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:

With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,

Deep frauds before, and open force behind:

The furies iron beds, and strife that shakes

Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.

Full in the midst of this infernal road,

An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:

The god of sleep there hides his heavy head,

And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.

Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more;

Centaur, and double shapes, besiege the door:

Before the passage horrid Hydra stands,

And Briareus with all his hundred hands:

Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,

And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.

The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,

Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,

Offering his brandish'd weapon at their face,

Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,

And told him what those empty phantoms were;

Forms without bodies, and impassive air.

Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,

Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,

Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:

There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast;

A sordid god: down from his hoary chin

A length of beard descends; uncomb'd, unclean:

His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire:

A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.

He spreads his canvas, with his pole he steers;

The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom
bears.

He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen

A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.

An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,

Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood,

Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,

And mighty heroes more majestic shades,

And youths intomb'd before their father's eyes.
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries,
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods :
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands :
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands ;
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore :
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant ?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent ?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd ?
Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd ?

Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,
The Sibyl said, you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected, are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchres, and funeral due.
The boatman Charon ; those the bury'd host,
He ferries over to the farther coast,
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves,
With such whose bones are not compos'd in
graves.

A hundred years they wander on the shore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd ;
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the
waves, [quiet graves.

Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their
The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew ;
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew :
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas the tempests met ;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erriet.
Amidst the spirits Palinurus press'd ;
Yet fresh from life ; a new admitted guest.
Who, while he steering, view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric, to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen sha-
dow knew. [friend,

Then thus the prince : What envious power, O
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end ?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
Has, in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.
The god foretold, you should not die, before
You reach'd, secure from seas, the Italian shore.
Is this th' unerring power ? The ghost reply'd,
Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers ly'd ;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep :
But while the stars, and course of heaven I
keep,

My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep. }
I fell ; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds, and raging waves, I swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care :
Left, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blustering nights, borne by the southern
blast,

I floated, and discover'd land at last :
High on a mountain wave my head I bore ;
Forcing my strength, and gathering to the shore :

Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast :
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs
are tost :

Which O avert, by yon ethereal light
Which I have lost, for this eternal night :
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead fire, and by your living son,
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost,
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast ;
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose :
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake ;
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore.
Scarce had he said, the prophets began,
What hopes delude thee, miserable man ?
Think'st thou, thus untomb'd, to cross the
floods,

To view the furies, and infernal gods ;
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes ?
Attend the term of long revolving years :
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take ;
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows, and solemn prayer ;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.
This calm'd his cares, looth'd with his future
fame,

And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw :
Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood :
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath ;
Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee stand,
And tell thy name, and business in the land.
Know this, the realm of night ; the Stygian
shore :

My boat conveys no living bodies o'er :
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear ;
Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty fame ;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter ty'd,
And took him trembling from his sovereign's
side : [bride.

Two fought by force to seize his beauteous
To whom the Sibyl thus : Compose thy mind :
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops con-
strain
Of airy ghosts ; and vex the guilty train :
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen re-
main.

The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his fire in yon Elysian grove.
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,

This fatal present shall prevail at least;
 Then show'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.
 No more was needful, for the gloomy god
 Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod:
 Admir'd the destin'd offering to the queen
 (A venerable gift so rarely seen).
 His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
 The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
 He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
 The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
 Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:
 The pressing water pours within her sides.
 His passengers, at length, are wafted o'er;
 Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry shore.
 No sooner landed, in his den they found
 The triple porter of the Stygian fount,
 Grim Cerberus; who soon began to rear
 His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
 The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
 A sop in honey steep'd to charm the guard.
 Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before
 His greedy, grinding jaws, just op'd to roar:
 With three enormous mouths he gapes, and
 straight,
 With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
 Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs en-
 slave;
 He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
 The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
 Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
 Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
 Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
 Assault his ears: then those whom form of laws
 Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their
 cause.
 Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
 The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
 Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears,
 And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
 Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
 The next in place, and punishment, are they
 Who prodigally throw their souls away;
 Fools, who repining at their wretched state,
 And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
 With late repentance now they would retrieve
 The bodies they forsook, and wish to live.
 Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
 To view the light of heaven, and breathe the
 vital air.
 But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
 And, with nine circling streams, the captive soul
 enclose.
 Not far from thence, the mournful fields ap-
 pear;
 So call'd, from lovers that inhabit there.
 The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
 In secret solitude, and myrtle shades,
 Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
 Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
 Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
 Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
 With Phædra's ghost, a soul incestuous pair.
 There Laodamia, with Evadne moves:
 Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
 But ending in the sex she first began.
 Not far from these Phænician Dido stood,
 Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in
 blood.

Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
 Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
 (Doubtful as he who runs through dusky night,
 Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light);
 With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade,
 And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
 Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
 Of rumour true, in your reported death,
 And I, alas, the cause! By heaven, I vow,
 And all the powers that rule the realms below,
 Unwilling I forsook your friendly state:
 Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate.
 Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
 Have sent me to these regions, void of light:
 Through the vast empire of eternal night.
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows,
 'Tis the last interview that fate allows!
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
 With tears and prayers, and late repenting love:
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground:
 And what he says, and swears, regards no more,
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar.
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
 Hid in the forest, and the shades of night.
 Then fought Sichæus, through the shady grove,
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her
 love.

Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
 And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade.
 Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
 And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
 Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls
 remain'd.

Tideus he met, with Meleager's race,
 The pride of armies, and the soldiers grace;
 And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
 Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train:
 All much lamented, all in battle slain.
 Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
 Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest:
 And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
 Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy
 spear.

The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend,
 And, with unweary'd eyes, behold their friend.
 Delight to hover near, and long to know
 What business brought him to the realms below.
 But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
 When his refulgent arms flash'd through the sha-
 dy plain,
 Fled from his well-known face, with wonted
 fear,

As when his thundering sword and pointed spear
 Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the
 routed rear,
 They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
 But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.
 Here Priam's son, Deiphobus he found,
 Whose face and limbs were one continued wound.

Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be known.
And therefore first began: O Teucer's race,
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could with, what hand inflict, this
dire disgrace?

'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night,
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight:
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed:
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I sought; and, had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground.

The ghost reply'd: Your piety has paid
All needful rites to rest my wandering shade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
These are the monuments of Helen's love:
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
The night, that was by heaven decreed our last.
For, when the fatal horse descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy

town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambushade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd:
Mean time my worthy wife our arms mislay'd;
And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd:
The door unlatch'd; and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.

Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way;
Avenging power! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!

But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state?
Driven by the winds and errors of the sea,
Or did you heaven's superior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way?
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats?
While thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass,
The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay, which heaven had lent.
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;
Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right, to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.
Then thus Deiphobus: O sacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd:

Lo to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.
He said; and while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, espy'd
A lofty tower, and strong on every side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing
noise resounds.

Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threatens the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd,
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward.
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward
way:

From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the
pains
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise?
And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air?
She thus reply'd: The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.

But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through these dire
abodes,

And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state:
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal:
Loth to confess, unable to conceal:
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To this last hour of unrepenting death.

Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the fury snakes
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes:
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.
Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door:
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what centries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within;
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulf, low to the centre lies;
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the
skies.

The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd space.

Here lie th' Alæan twins (I saw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth;
Who dar'd in fight the thunderer to defy;
Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky:
Salmonæus, suffering cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew:
Th' audacious wretch four fiery couriers drew;

He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches, of resounding brass;
To rival thunder, in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force.
But he, the king of heaven, obscure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and launching in the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heaven; his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A ravenous vulture in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd:
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
The growing liver still supply'd the feast.
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food re-
mains.

Ixion and Pirithous I could name;
And more Theſſalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at every blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts, with regal pomp, are made.
The queen of furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted
meat.

Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears:
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.
Then they, who brothers better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold:
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend;
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adultery slain.
Hosts of deserters, who their honours sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold:
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains, nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty stone; some laid along,
And, bound with burning wires, on spokes of
wheels are hung.

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair:
And wretched Phlegias warns the world with
cries [wife),
(Could warning make the world more just or
Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging
deities.

To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold:
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made;
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With incest some their daughters bed profan'd.
All dar'd the worst of ills, and what they dar'd,
attain'd.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

But let us haste our voyage to pursue;
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view:
The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
On anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops hands.
Before our farther way, the fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough.
She said; and through the gloomy shades they pass,
And chose the middle path: arriv'd at last,
The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body, then approach'd the door.
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie;
With æther vested, and a purple sky:
The blissful seats of happy souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And, on the green, contend the wrestler's prize.
Some in heroic verse, divinely sing,
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at once
they fill.

Here found they Teucer's old heroic race;
Born better times, and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and couriers train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.
The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain:
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head
below.

Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood;
Priests of unblemish'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their aspiring god:
And searching wits of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts.
Those who, to worth, their bounty did extend;
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these, the Sibyl thus her speech address'd;
And first to him surrounded by the rest;
Towering his height, and ample was his breast:
Say, happy souls, divine Musæus say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bit-
ter lake?

To this the sacred poet thus reply'd,
In no fix'd place the happy souls reside;
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the
meads:

But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end.

This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
 And shows them all the shining fields below;
 They wind the hill, and through the blissful
 meadows go.
 But old Anchises, in a flowery vale,
 Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale.
 Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
 For future being, and new bodies wait,
 With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious
 In nature's order as they pass'd along. [throng,
 Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their
 care,
 In peaceful senates, and successful war.
 He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
 Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
 Welcome, he said, the gods undoubted race,
 O long expected to my dear embrace;
 Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!
 The love and pious duty which you pay,
 Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
 'Tis true, computing times I now believ'd
 The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes de-
 ceiv'd. [pass'd,
 What length of lands, what oceans have you
 What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been
 cast?
 How have I fear'd your fate! But fear'd it most
 When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast.
 To this, the filial duty thus replies:
 Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
 Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enter-
 prise.
 After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
 My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
 But reach your hand, oh parent shade, nor shun
 The dear embraces of your longing son!
 He said: and falling tears his face bedew:
 Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw:
 And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
 Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
 Now, in a secret vale the Trojan sees
 A separate grove, through which a gentle breeze
 Plays with a passing breath, and whispers
 through the trees.
 And just before the confines of the wood,
 The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
 About the boughs an airy nation flew,
 Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden
 dew;
 In summer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
 And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy
 seed.
 The winged army roams the field around;
 The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
 Æneas wondering stood: then ask'd the cause,
 Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
 Then thus the fire: The souls that throng the
 flood [ow'd:
 Are those, to whom, by fate, are other bodies
 In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste;
 Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
 Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
 To set before your sight your glorious race.
 That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
 To seek the shores by destiny design'd.
 O father, can it be, that souls sublime
 Return to visit our terrestrial clime?

And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
 Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?
 Anchises then in order thus begun
 To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
 Know first, that heaven and earth's compacted
 frame,
 And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
 And both the radiant lights, one common soul
 Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
 This active mind infus'd through all the space,
 Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
 Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain;
 And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
 Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,
 And every soul is fill'd with equal flame:
 As much as earthy limbs and gross alloy
 Of mortal members, subject to decay,
 Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
 From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
 Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts:
 And grief and joy, nor can the groveling mind,
 In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
 Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind.
 Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains:
 But long-contracted filth, e'en in the soul, re-
 mains.
 The relics of inveterate vice they wear:
 And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
 For this are various penances enjoind;
 And some are hung to bleach upon the wind;
 Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
 Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust
 expires!
 All have their manes, and those manes bear:
 The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
 And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian
 air.
 Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime.
 No speck is left of their habitual stains;
 But the pure æther of the soul remains.
 But when a thousand rolling years are past
 (So long their punishments and penance last);
 Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
 Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood:
 In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
 Of their past labours, and their irksome years.
 That, unremembering of its former pain,
 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.
 Thus having said; the father spirit leads
 The priests and his son through swarms of shades,
 And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
 The long procession of his progeny.
 Survey (pursu'd the fire) this airy throng;
 As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
 These are th' Italian names, which fate will join
 With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
 Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
 And holds the nearest station to the light,
 Already seems to snuff the vital air,
 And leans just forward on a shining spear;
 Silvius is he: thy last-begotten race,
 But first in order sent, to fill thy place.
 An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
 Born in the covert of a shady wood:
 Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
 Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.

In Alba he shall fix his royal seat:
 And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
 Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
 Capys' and Numitor, of endless fame.
 And second Silvius after these appears;
 Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
 For arms and justice equally renown'd:
 Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
 How great they look, how vigorously they wield
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
 But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths ap-

pear,
 Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear:
 Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found;
 And raise Colatian towers on rocky ground.
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
 Though now they lie obscure, and lands without
 a name.

See Romulus the great, born to restore
 The crown that once his injur'd grandfire wore.
 This prince, a priestess of your blood shall bear;
 And, like his fire, in arms he shall appear.
 Two rising crests his royal head adorn;
 Born from a god, himself to godhead born.
 His fire, already, signs him for the skies,
 And marks the seat amidst the deities.
 Auspicious chief! thy race in times to come
 Shall spread the conquest of imperial Rome.
 Rome, whose ascending towers shall heaven in-
 volving earth and ocean in her shade:
 High as the mother of the gods in place;
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.

Then when in pomp she makes the Phrygian
 round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd,
 A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
 Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
 Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.

The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour,
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd
 power.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
 Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Afric and India shall his power obey,
 He shall extend his propagated sway
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way.
 Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around:
 And his broad shoulders with their lights are
 crown'd.

At his fore-seen approach, already quake
 The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
 Their seers behold the tempests from afar,
 And threatening oracles denounce the war.
 Nile hears him knocking at his seven-fold gates,
 And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew
 Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew, [fates.
 Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
 Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
 And dipp'd his arrows in Lernaean gore.
 Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
 By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
 From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
 With curling vines around his purple reins.

And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
 The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
 But what's the man, who from afar appears,
 His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer
 bears?

His hoary head and holy vestments bring
 His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
 He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain:
 Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
 Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds;
 An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
 He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
 Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
 By dint of sword, his crown he shall increase,
 And scour his armour from the rust of peace:
 Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
 But vain within, and proudly popular.

Next view the Tarquin kings: th' avenging sword
 Of Brutus justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
 He first renews the rods, and ax severe;
 And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
 His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
 And long for arbitrary lords again,
 With ignominy scout'd, in open light,
 He dooms to death deterr'd: asserting public right.
 Unhappy man, to break the pious laws

Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
 Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
 'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:

The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
 Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
 And next, the two devoted Decii view.

The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
 With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes
 o'ercome.

The pair you see in equal armour shine;
 (Now, friends below, in close embraces join:
 But when they leave the shady realms of night,
 And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light),
 With mortal heat each other shall pursue:
 [fue,
 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall en-
 From Alpine heights the father first descends;
 His daughter's husband in the plain attends:

His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
 Embrace again, my sons; be foes no more:
 Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
 And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim;
 Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.

Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
 And to the capitol his chariot guide;
 From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
 And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
 On Argos shall impose the Roman laws;

And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause:
 Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
 Shall vindicate his ancestors disgrace:
 And Pallas, for her violated place,

Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
 And conquering Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
 Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
 The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
 The double bane of Carthage? Who can see,
 Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
 Severe Fabricus, or can cease t' admire
 The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?

Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
 And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,

Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of medals, and inform the breathing brass;
And, soften into flesh a marble face:
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way.
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

He paus'd: and while with wondering eyes they
view'd

The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal
spoils!

He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright:
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight:
Then, to the capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas, here, beheld of form divine
A godlike youth, in glittering armour shine;
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face:
He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
What, and of whence was he, who press'd the
hero's side?

His son, or one of his illustrious name,
How like the former, and almost the same:
Observe the crowds that compass him around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting
sound:

But hovering mists around his brows are spread,
And night, with fable shades, involves his head.
Seek not to know (the ghost reply'd with tears)
The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state;
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!

What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad so-
lemnity!

No youth shall equal hopes of glory give:
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast;
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe unpunish'd in the fighting field,
Shall dare thee foot to foot, with sword and
shield:

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming
horse.

Ah, couldst thou break through fate's severe de-
cree,

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow,
This gift which parents to their children owe,

This unavailing gift, at least I may bestow!
Thus having said, he led the hero round
The confines of the blest Elysian ground,
Which, when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars ordain'd by fate;
The strength and customs of the Latian state:
The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn;
True visions through transparent horn arise;
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.

Then, through the gate of ivory, he dismiss'd
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way;
Embark'd his men, and skim'd along the sea:
Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his gallies moor;
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to
shore.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his crown.
Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks
the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many
other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces, and the names of their commanders, are particu-
larly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is called from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.

VOL. XII.

Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sail display'd.

G g

From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun),
A dangerous coast: the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays,
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard (rebellowing to the
main)

The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars; and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors
ears.

These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's
power

(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in wicked shapes confin'd.
Which monsters, lest the Trojans pious host
Should bear or touch upon th' enchanted coast;
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
Supply'd with these, they skim the sounding
shore,

And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
Now when the rosy morn began to rise,
And weav'd her saffron streamer through the
skies;

When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds are blown.
A sudden silence fate upon the sea, [way.
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror
flood:

Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward
force

That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
'To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd,
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the
main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was: her ancient kings:
Declare the past, and present state of things:
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia fought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought,
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage:
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursu'd and found their fate:
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud a-
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms. [larms,
A larger scene of action is display'd,
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latium sceptre, and his people blest'd:
His father Faunus; a Laurentium dame
His mother, fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
Was blest'd with no male issue to succeed:
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by
fate;

One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand;
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair
Was kept, and cut with superstitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
And last, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy)
A swarm of bees that cut the liquid sky,
Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight:
There, with their clasping feet together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesy'd from hence:
Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
From the same parts of heaven his navy stands,
To the same parts on earth: his army lands:
The town he conquers, and the tower com-
mands.

Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her fire;
Strange to relate, the flames involv'd the smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke:
Caught her dishevel'd hair and rich attire;
Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views;
Then pausing thus, his prophecy renews:
The nymph who scatters flaming fires around,
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state:
Latinus frighted with this dire oment,
For counsel to his father Faunus went:
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's sulphurous fountain lie.
To those the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief demand.
The priest on skins of offerings takes his ease;
And nightly visions in his slumber sees:
A swarm of thin aerial shapes appears,
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears:
These he consults, the future fates to know,
From powers above, and from the fiends below.

Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears: and thus the vision spoke:
Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.
These answers in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame through all the neighbouring nations
flew.

When now the Trojan navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
They fate, and (not without the god's command)
Their homely fare dispatch'd: the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flower.
Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling said,
See, we devour the plates on which we fed.
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes)
All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods,
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold.
"When on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
"By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
"Then ease your weary Trojans will attend:
"And the long labours of your voyage end.
"Remember on that happy coast to build:
"And with a trench enclose the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men: but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught;
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future
thought.

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heavenly race;
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And night, and all the stars that gild her fable
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove; [throne:
And last his sire below, and mother queen above.

Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice
aloud;

And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew:
The time was come their city to renew:
Then every brow with cheerful green is crown'd,
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to several parts divide their way,
To learn the natives names, their towns, explore
The coast, and trendings of the crooked shore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs
(The spacious palace where the prince resides):
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace;
And carry presents to procure accels.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince de-
signs

The new-elected seat, and draws the lines:
The Trojans round the place a rampart cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.

Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town, and lofty towers survey:
At length approach the walls: without the gate
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the couffer's
rein;

Some bend the stubborn bow for victory:
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop, advis'd their aged prince;
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name;
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood!
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sovereign
power:

In state the monarch march'd, the victors bore
Their awful axes, and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandfires
stood.

Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines:
And studiously surveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and
spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their
wars.

Above the rest, as chief of all the band.
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long divining wand.

Girt in his gabin gown the hero fate :
 Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
 For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
 Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain :
 Then mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
 She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
 Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly
 With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering pye.
 In this high temple, on a chair of state,
 The seat of audience, old Latinus fate ;
 Then gave admission to the Trojan train,
 And thus, with pleasing accents, he began :
 Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own ;
 Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown ;
 Say what you seek, and whither were you bound ?
 Were you by stress of weather cast a-ground ?
 Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
 And oft befall to miserable men.
 Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
 Spent and disabled in so long a way ?
 Say what you want ; the Latians you shall find
 Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd ;
 For since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
 His hospitable customs we retain.
 I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
 Th' Arunci told ; that Dardanus, though born
 On Latian plains, yet fought the Phrygian shore,
 And Samothracia, Samos call'd before :
 From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth.
 But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
 From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
 A god, and as a god augments their sacrifice.
 He said. Ilioneus made this reply :
 O king, of Faunus' royal family !
 Nor wintery winds to Latium forc'd our way,
 Nor did the stars our wandering course betray.
 Willing we fought your shores, and hither bound,
 The port so long desir'd, at length we found.
 From our sweet homes and ancient realms ex-
 Great as the greatest that the sun beheld. [pell'd ;
 The god began our line, who rules above,
 And as our race, our king descends from Jove :
 And hither are we come, by his command,
 To crave admission in your happy land.
 How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd.
 Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd ;
 What was the waste of war, what dire alarms
 Shook Asia's crown with European arms ;
 Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
 Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea :
 And such as born beneath the burning sky,
 And sultry sun betwixt the tropics lie.
 From that dire deluge, through the watery waste,
 Such length of years, such various perils past :
 At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
 To beg what you without your want may
 spare ;
 The common water, and the common air.
 Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean a-
 Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods. [bodes,
 Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
 Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
 Besides what endless honour you shall gain
 To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.
 Now, by my sovereign, and his fate, I swear,
 Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war ;

Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
 And what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
 Despise not then, that in our hands we bear
 These holy boughs, and sue with words of prayer.
 Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
 Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
 To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends,
 Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends.
 Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
 And where Numicus opes his holy source.
 Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
 Some small remains of what his fire possess'd.
 This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
 Anchises did in sacrifice employ ;
 This royal robe and this tiara wore
 Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore
 In full assemblies, and in solemn games ;
 These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames.
 Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
 His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
 Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast ;
 Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest :
 But pondering future things of wondrous weight :
 Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate :
 On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind ;
 And then resolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
 This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
 To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed.
 This was the race that sure portents foreshow
 To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
 At length he rais'd his cheerful head and spoke :
 The powers, said he, the powers we both invoke,
 To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
 And firm our purpose with their augury.
 Have what you ask : your presents I receive ;
 Land where, and when you please, with ample
 leave ;
 Partake and use my kingdom as your own ;
 It shall be yours, while I command the crown.
 And if my wish'd alliance please your king,
 Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring :
 Then let him not a friend's embraces fear ;
 The peace is made when I behold him here.
 Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
 I add to his commands my own request :
 One only daughter heirs my crown and state,
 Whom, not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
 Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
 With any native of th' Ausonian line.
 A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
 (Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war :
 Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
 And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
 Himself to be the man the fates require,
 I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire.
 He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed ;
 Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
 Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd ;
 Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
 To mount the Trojan troop ; at his command,
 The steeds caparison'd with purple stand :
 With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
 And champ, betwixt their teeth, the foaming gold.
 Then to his absent guest the king decreed
 A pair of coursers born of heavenly breed :
 Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire ;
 Whom Circe stole from her celestial fire ;

By substituting mares, produc'd on earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal
birth.

These draw the chariot which Latinus sends;
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachymas' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight. }
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main!
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
Th' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty
head,

Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:
O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fate of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpity'd, on the plain,
But slain revive, and taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires, and swords, and seas, they forc'd
their way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursued their exil'd race:
Engag'd the heavens, oppos'd the stormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scylla's and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storm's and Juno's hate.
Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs bathe,
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath:
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?
But I, the consort of the thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war:
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length are foil'd.
If native power prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without?
If Jove and heaven my just desires deny,
Hell shall the power of Heaven and Jove supply.
Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:

At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought:
And both the people near destruction brought.
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood! }
Bellona leads thee to thy lovers hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand;
To burn with foreign fires her native land!
A second Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame.

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian fount;
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.

This fury fit for her intent she chose,
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own mis-shapen race
Her sister-furies fly her hideous face:
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
O virgin daughter of eternal night,
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince:
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.

'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state, }
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight.
There sought the queen's apartments, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast }
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispos'd,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black, bloody locks the fury shakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart:
That thus envenom'd she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen, and her naked limbs.
His baleful breath inspiring as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And, with her circling volumes, folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slide with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war:
And thus bespoke her husband: Shall, she said,
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before, }
In show of friendship, sought the Spartan shore;
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word:
And think on Turnus, her once-plighted lord:
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care: and if the god,
Your fire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.

Then if the line of Turnus you retrace;
 He springs from Inachus of Argive race.
 But when she saw her reason ill spent,
 And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
 She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
 She raves, she runs, with a distracted pace,
 And fills with horrid howls the public place.
 And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
 On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
 The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
 Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout,
 They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
 And lend their little souls at every stroke:
 Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
 Amidst the crowds, and kindles as she goes.
 Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
 And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
 She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
 Of madding matrons, hears the bride along:
 Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious
 ways,

And with these arts the Trojan-match delays.
 She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
 And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
 Evoe, O Bacchus! thus began the song,
 And Evoe! answer'd all the female throng:
 O virgin! worthy thee alone, she cry'd;
 O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd;
 For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
 And with the winding ivy wreaths her lance.
 Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
 All seek the mountains and forsake the town:
 All clad in skins of beasts the javelin bare,
 Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
 And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air.
 The queen, herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
 Shook high above her head a flaming pine:
 Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
 And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song!
 To ye Latian dames, if any here
 Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear:
 If there be here, she said, who dare maintain
 My right, nor think the name of mother vain,
 Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
 And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
 Amata's breast the fury thus invades,
 And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades,
 Then when she found her venom spread so far,
 The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
 Rais'd on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
 And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
 His town, as fame reports, was built of old
 By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold:
 Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
 Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
 Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to
 reign.

'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears
 Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
 Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
 Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
 Secure in sleep: the fury laid aside [try'd]
 Her looks and limbs, and with new methods
 The foulness of the infernal form to hide.
 Propp'd on a staff, she takes the trembling mein,
 Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene:

Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws,
 Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws:
 Her hoary head with holy fillets bound,
 Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
 Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
 Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began:
 Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man.
 Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain,
 In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
 Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize?
 Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
 The bride and sceptre which thy blood has bought,
 The king transfers, and foreign heirs are sought:
 Go now, deluded man, and seek again
 New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain.
 Repel the Tuscan foes, their city seize;
 Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
 This dream all-powerful Juno sends; I bear
 Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
 Haste, arm your Ardeans, illue to the plain,
 With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train: [lie
 Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that
 In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
 The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
 Own his old promise, and his new forget;
 Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
 For such is heaven's command. The youthful
 prince

With scorn reply'd; and made this bold defence:
 You tell me, mother, what I knew before:
 The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore:
 I neither fear, nor will provoke, the war:
 My fate is Juno's most peculiar care,
 But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
 Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
 Go, be the temple and the gods your care;
 Permit the men the thought of peace and war.

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
 And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.
 Her eyes grew stiffen'd and with sulphur burn,
 Her hideous looks and hellish form return:
 Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
 And open all the furies of her face!
 Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
 She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
 And, lingering, sought to frame some new re-
 plies.

High on her head she rears two twisted snakes;
 Her chain she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
 And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
 Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
 Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell:
 Behold the fates' infernal minister;
 War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.

Thus having said, her smouldering torch im-
 press'd
 With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
 Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his bed,
 Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread:
 Arms, arms, he cries, my sword and shield pre-
 pare;
 He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
 So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
 The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
 Above their brims they force their fiery way;
 Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
 He first commissions to the Latian land,
 In threatening embassy: then rais'd the rest,
 To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest:
 To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
 And Italy's endanger'd peace restore;
 Himself alone, an equal match he boasts,
 To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
 The gods invok'd, the Rutili prepare
 Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
 His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
 The rest his house, and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
 The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
 New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
 Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
 Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
 With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
 And pitch their toils around the shady plain. }
 The fury fires the pack; they snuff they vent,
 And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
 'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
 High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies:
 From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
 The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast, the two Tyrrhedæ bred,
 Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling
 fed.

Their father Tyrrheus did their fodder bring;
 Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
 Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
 The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
 To hang his budding horns: with ribbons ty'd
 His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide;
 And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
 In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand.
 He waited at his master's board for food;
 Then sought his savage kindred in the wood:
 Where, gazing all the day, at night he came
 To his known lodgings, and his country dame.

This household beast, that us'd the woodland
 grounds,

Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds;
 As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
 In the cool waters, and to quench his heat,
 Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
 Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
 But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
 Which pierc'd his bowls through his panting sides. }
 The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
 Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes;
 His old familiar hearth, and household gods. }
 He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans;
 Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
 Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
 For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
 The churls assemble; for the fiend who lay
 In the close woody covert urg'd their way.
 One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
 Arm'd with a knotty club, another came:
 Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
 Their fury makes an instrument of war.
 Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
 Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist:
 But held his hand from the descending stroke, }
 And left his wedge within the cloven oak, }
 To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.

And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
 Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
 Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
 Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
 Adds all her breath; the rocks and woods around,
 And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
 The sacred lake of Trivia from afar
 The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar, }
 Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war. }
 Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
 And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
 With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
 The powers of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
 With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
 Nor theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
 But a firm body of embattled men.
 At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
 The fight with clubs and burning brands was
 try'd:

But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
 Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
 A shining harvest either host displays,
 And shoots against the sun with equal rays.

Thus when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
 White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries; }
 Then roars the main, the billows mount the }
 skies:

Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
 The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.

First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
 Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
 Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
 And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
 Huge heaps of slain around the body rise;
 Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies:
 A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
 Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
 Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;
 His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.

Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
 The fury bath'd them in each others blood.
 Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
 And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies,
 To Juno thus she speaks: Behold 'tis done;
 The blood already drawn, the war begun;
 The discord is complete, nor can they cease
 The dire debate, nor you command the peace.

Now since the Latian and the Trojan brood
 Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood,
 Speak, and my power shall add this office more;
 The neighbouring nations of th' Ausonian shore
 Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
 Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.

Then Juno thus: The grateful work is done;
 The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;
 Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
 And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate:
 A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
 Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
 But thou with speed to night and hell repair. }
 For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear }
 Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air. }
 Leave what remains to me, Saturnia said: }
 The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd, }
 Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether }
 shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
 There lies a lake, Amfancus is the name,
 Below the lofty mounts, on either side
 Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
 Full in the centre of the sacred wood
 An arm arises of the Stygian flood; [found,
 Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing
 Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
 Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
 And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
 To this infernal lake the fury flies; [ing skies.
 Here hides her hated head, and frees the labour-
 Saturnian Juno, now, with double care,
 Attends the fatal process of the war.
 The clowns return'd from battle bear the slain,
 Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
 The corpse of Almon and the rest are shown,
 Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened town.
 Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
 And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears:
 Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
 A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
 A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel
 brood.
 Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their
 fear
 In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
 And lead his dances with dishevell'd hair;
 Increase the clamour, and the war demand,
 (Such was Amata's interest in the land).
 Against the public functions of the peace;
 Against all omens of their ill success;
 With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
 To force their monarch, and insult the court.
 But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
 The raging tempest and the rising waves,
 Propp'd on himself he stands: his solid sides
 Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides:
 So stood the pious prince unmov'd: and long
 Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
 But when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,
 And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
 He calls the gods to witness their offence,
 Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
 Hurry'd by fate, he cries, and borne before
 A furious wind; we leave the faithful shore:
 O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
 The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
 Thou Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
 And pray to heaven for peace; but pray too late.
 For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
 I to the port of death securely tend.
 The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,
 Is all I want, and all you take away.
 He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
 Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd:
 Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
 But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.
 A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
 Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
 Their standard when, in fighting fields, they rear
 Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
 The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
 Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
 Their eagles lost in Carrhæ's bloody plain:
 Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear)
 And still are worshipp'd with religious fear,

Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
 And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
 Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
 The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
 Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
 The Roman consul their decree declares,
 And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
 The youth in military shouts arise,
 And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
 These rites, of old by sovereign princes us'd,
 Were the king's office, but the king refus'd:
 Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
 Of sacred peace, or loose the imprison'd war:
 But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
 Abhor'd the wicked ministry of arms.
 Then heaven's imperious queen shot down from
 At her approach the brazen hinges fly; [high;
 The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar,
 And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
 The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
 Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
 Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
 Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare:
 Some their soft limbs in painful marches try, [cry,
 And war is all their wish, and arms the general
 Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part
 New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart:
 With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
 And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
 Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian powers,
 Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
 Ardea the proud, the Crustumian town:
 All these of old were places of renown.
 Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
 Some twine young fallows to support the shield;
 The croslet some, and some the cuishes mould,
 With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
 The rustic honours of the scythe and share,
 Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
 Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
 The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.
 The word is given, with eager speed they lace
 The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
 The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd;
 The trusty weapon fits on every side.

And now the mighty labour is begun,
 Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
 Sing you the chiefs that sway th' Ausonian land,
 Their arms, and armies under their command:
 What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
 What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
 For well you know, and can record alone, [down.
 What fame to future times conveys but darkly
 Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain;
 Scorn sat upon his brows, and sour disdain:
 Defying earth and heaven: Etruria lost,
 He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
 The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
 Rode in the rank, and next his lullen fire:
 To Turnus only second in the grace
 Of manly mien, and features of the face;
 A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
 With fates averse a thousand men he led:
 His fire unworthy of so brave a son;
 Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his charriot round
 The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd

Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample shield.
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs.
Of heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led;
On Tuscan Tiber's flowery banks they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine, the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms his men long piles and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle
Like Hercules himself, his son appears, [gore.
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the skaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely dress,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tiber came
(Which from their brother Tibur took the name);
Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front ap-
pear. [height,
Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's
With rapid course descending to the fight,
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Sabine land:
Besides the succour which old Anian yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers
wield,

Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field;
But whirl from lethern strings huge balls of lead:
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bulls raw hide they sheath the right.

Mesappus next (great Neptune was his sire),
Secure from steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears; and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscians he to battle brings.
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavianian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king.
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
Which homeward from their watery pastures
borne,

They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war:
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land:
And in himself alone an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot:
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of high renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town;
And all th' Eretian powers: besides a band
That followed from Velinum's dewy land:
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear:
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion sets in wintery rain;
Nor thicker harvest on rich Hermes rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies;
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring
around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the
solid ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born: to Turnus' aid,
A thousand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Aruncans from their hilly ground:
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where, with shoaly fords, Vulturius roars;
Cales and Osea's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with leather thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
And, on their warding arms, like bucklers bear.

Nor, Oebalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon sprung:
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd;
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway;
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea:
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight:
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain-troops that Nursia sent.
The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their sport, and plundering was their
trade.

In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd:
Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest, the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wound of serpents, could assuage.

He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to sleep
 Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
 But vain were Marſian herbs, and magic art,
 To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.
 Yet his untimely fate, th' Angitian woods
 In ſighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
 The ſon of fam'd Hippolytus was there;
 Fam'd as his ſire, and as his mother fair.
 Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
 And nurs'd his youth along the marſhy ſhore:
 Where great Diada's peaceful altars flame
 In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.
 Hippolytus, as old records have ſaid,
 Was by his ſtepdame ſought to ſhare her bed:
 But when no female arts his mind could move,
 She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
 Torn by wild horſes on the ſandy ſhore,
 Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;
 Glutting his father's eyes with guiltleſs gore. }
 But chaſte Diana, who his death deplor'd,
 With Æſculapian herbs his life reſtor'd.
 When Jove, who ſaw from high, with juſt diſdain
 The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
 Struck to the centre with his flaming dart,
 Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
 But Trivia kept in ſecret ſhades alone,
 Her care, Hyppolytus, to fate unknown;
 And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove:
 Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from Jove.
 For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood, }
 Are courſers driven, who ſhed their maſter's
 Affrighted by the monſters of the flood. [blood;
 His ſon, the ſecond Virbius, yet retain'd
 His father's art, and warrior ſteeds he rein'd.
 Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
 High o'er the reſt in arms the graceful Turnus
 rode:
 A triple pile of plumes his creſt adorn'd,
 On which, with belching flames, Chimæra burn'd:

The more the kindled combat riſes higher,
 The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
 Fair Iö grac'd his ſhield; but Iö now
 With horns exalted ſtands, and ſeems to lowe:
 (A noble charge) her keeper by her ſide,
 To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd.
 And on the brims her fire, the watery god,
 Roll'd from a ſilver urn his cryſtal flood:
 A cloud of foot ſucceeds, and fills the fields
 With ſwords and pointed ſpears, and clattering
 Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands, [ſhields;
 And thoſe who plough the rich Satulian lands;
 Auruncan youth, and thoſe Sacrana yields,
 And the proud Labicans, with painted ſhields,
 And thoſe who near Numician ſtreams reſide, }
 And thoſe whom Tiber's holy foreſts hide;
 Or Circe's hills from the main land divide:
 Where Uſens glide along the lowly lands,
 Or the black water of Pomptina ſtands.
 Laſt, from the Volcians fair, Camilla came;
 And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
 Unbred to ſpinning, in the loom unſkill'd,
 She choſe the nobler Pallas of the field,
 Mix'd with the firſt, the fierce Virago fought,
 Suſtain'd the toils of arms, the dangers ſought:
 Outſtripp'd the winds in ſpeed upon the plain,
 Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
 She ſwept the ſeas, and as ſhe ſkim'd along,
 Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
 Men, boys, and women, ſtupid with ſurpriſe,
 Where'er ſhe paſſes, fix their wandering eyes:
 Longing they look, and gaping at her ſight,
 Devour her o'er and o'er with vaſt delight.
 Her purple habit ſits with ſuch a grace
 On her ſmooth ſhoulders, and ſo ſuits her face:
 Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
 And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
 She ſhakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
 Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

B O O K VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all poſſible preparations. Turnus ſends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in perſon to beg ſuccours from Evander, and the Tuſcans. Evander receives him kindly, furniſhes him with men, and ſends his own ſon Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the requeſt of Venus, makes arms for her ſon Æneas, and draws on his ſhield the moſt memorable actions of his poſterity.

WHEN Turnus had aſſembled all his powers;
 His ſtandard planted on Laurentum's towers;
 When now the ſprightly trumpet, from afar,
 Had given the ſignal of approaching war,
 Had rous'd the neighing ſteeds to ſcour the fields,
 While the fierce riders clatter'd on their ſhields,
 Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
 To join th' allies, and headlong ruſh to war.
 Fierce Uſens, and Meſſapus, led the crowd;
 With bold Mezentius, who blaſphem'd aloud.
 Theſe, thro' the country took their waſteful courſe;
 The fields to forage, and to gather force.

Then Venulus to Diomede they ſend,
 To beg his aid Auſonia to defend:
 Declare the common danger, and inform
 The Grecian leader of the growing ſtorm:
 Æneas landed on the Latian coaſt,
 With baniſh'd gods, and with a baffled hoſt:
 Yet now inspir'd to conqueſt of the ſtate;
 And claim'd a title from the gods and fate.
 What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
 And how they ſpread his formidable name:
 What he deſign'd, what miſchiefs might ariſe,
 If fortune favour'd his firſt enterpriſe,

Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common interest was involv'd in theirs.
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempests which his foes prepare,
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself, in vain, in every part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glittering species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side:
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep;
And beast and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then through the shadows of the poplar wood
Arose the father of the Roman flood:
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who through the foes, hast born thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace;
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.

And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son, Ascanius, on this empty space
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame;
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driven with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here; and plac'd on high their
walls;

Their town the founder Palanteum calls:
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandfire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony;
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams:
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams:
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's power thy just devotion pay.
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease:
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name: among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat: in times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome,

He said; and plung'd below, while yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas, and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing and the day arise.
Then, water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood; and thus the powers bespoke:
Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas; and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery stores; where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies,
Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn, [urn
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shall share my morning song, and evening vows.
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid;
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made:
Thus having said, two gallies, from his stores,
With care he chooses; mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found:
Wondrous to tell; she lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young;
Æneas takes the mother, and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
The following night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tiber smooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood:
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood. [shore:
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force,
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships, that stem the stream.
One summer's night, and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the li-
quid glass.

The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising towers,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds lowly bowers:
Thin as they stood, which then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But when they saw the ships that stemm'd the
flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast:
Till dauntless Pallas re-assur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself, without delay,
A javelin seiz'd, and singly took his way.
Then gain'd a rising ground; and call'd from
far: [are;
Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you
Your business here, and bring you peace or
war?

High on the stern, Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,

While thus he spoke: The Phrygian arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy.
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made:
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd,
This message bear: the Trojans and their chief,
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.
Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies, Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts: upon our shores descend,
A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend.
He said; and downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you; though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe:
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim,
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations
blown.

Our fathers mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your fire is Mercury; whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore.
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky:
Thus from one common source our streams di-
vide:

Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith im-
plore; [sador.
But come, without a pledge, my own ambaf-
The same Rutilians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.

Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their power athwart the
land;

And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith; and give us thine:
Ours is a generous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare.
He said; and while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise,
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face,
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine,
How I recall Anchises, how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train, with vast delight,
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:

But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I first accosted him: I sued, I fought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver, and a Gnosian bow;
A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my son's couriers in obedience hold.
The league you ask I offer, as your right:
And when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
With swift supplies you shall be sent away:
Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day;
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast; and take your seat
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat.
Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd; and soon restor'd the
cheer.

On sods of turf he set the soldiers round;
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread.
The loaves were serv'd in canisters, the wine
In bowls, the priest renew'd the rites divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food; and beefs con-
tinued chine.

But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:
These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
From no vain fears, or superstition, spring;
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky,
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie:
Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's den; inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the
door.

Vulcan this plague begot: and, like his fire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load:
And brought the needful presence of a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain;
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent.
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd:
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
The tracks averse, a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave:
Mean time the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass.

The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all a-round

With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.

Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
And tofs'd about his head his knotted oak.

Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, th' ærial height.

Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:

Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach: trembling he springs,

As terror had increas'd his feet with wings:

Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he
His body; on his back the door he drew. [threw

The door, a rib of living rock; with pains

His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.

He broke the heavy links: the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.

The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;

The fierce avenger came with bounding haste:

Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;

And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.

He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round

With winged speed, the circuit of the ground.

Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,

And, panting, thrice desist'd from his pain.

A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,

Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:

Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,

Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.

The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,

And nodded to the left: the hero stood

Averie, with planted feet, and, from the right,

Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.

Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock

Gave way: heaven echo'd at the rattling shock.

Tumbling it chok'd the flood: on either side

The banks leap backward, and the streams divide:

The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread;

And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.

The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to fight;

The cavern glares with new-admitted light.

So pent the vapours with a rumbling sound

Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:

A sounding flaw succeeds: and, from on high,

The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:

The ghosts repine at violated night,

And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the fight.

The graceless monster, caught in open day,

Enclos'd, and in despair to fly away,

Howls horrible from underneath, and fills

His hollow palace with unmanly yells.

The hero stands above; and from afar

Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.

He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires

Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires.

Gathering, with each repeated blast, the night:

To make uncertain aim, and erring fight.

The wrathful god then plunges from above,

And where in thickest waves the sparkles droye,

There lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes his way;

Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasp'd his prey.

The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;

He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around,

And in a knot his crippled members bound.

Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes;

Roll'd on a heap the breathless robber lies.

The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,

And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.

The bulls redeem'd, breathe open air again:

Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.

The wondering neighbourhood, with glad surprise,

Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,

His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine,

We worship at the hero's holy shrine.

Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,

As priests, were added the Pinarian house;

Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,

Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.

For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,

Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.

Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood:

And, with deep draughts, invoke our common god.

This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd:

And poplars, black and white, his temples bind.

Then brims his ample bowl: with like design

The rest invoke the god, with sprinkled wine.

Mean time the sun descended from the skies;

And the bright evening-star began to rise,

And now the priests, Potitius at their head,

In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led:

Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,

As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands:

Then with a second course the tables load;

And with full chargers offer to the god.

The Sali sing, and cense his altars round

With Saban smoke; their heads with poplar bound.

One choir of old, another of the young;

To dance, and bear the burden of the song.

The lay records the labour, and the praise,

And all th' immortal acts of Hercules. [bands,

First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in

The serpents strangled with his infant hands.

Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,

Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.

Besides a thousand hazards they relate,

Procur'd by Juno's and Euristheus' hate.

Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue

The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew,

Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood:

Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.

The triple porter of the Stygian seat,

With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet:

And, seiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat.

Th' infernal waters trembled at the sight;

Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;

Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,

Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.

Hail Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
 To heaven, and the great author of thy race,
 Receive the grateful offerings, which we pay,
 And smile propitious on thy solemn day.
 In numbers, thus, they sung: above the rest,
 The den, and death of Cacus crown the feast.
 The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
 The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
 The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
 Betwixt young Pallas, and his aged sire
 The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey;
 And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
 The stranger cast around his curious eyes:
 New objects viewing still with new surprise.
 With greedy joy inquires of various things:
 And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
 Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
 These woods were first the seat of sylvan powers,
 Of nymphs and fawns, and savage men, who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
 Nor law they knew, nor manners, nor the care
 Of labouring oxen, nor the shining share:
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare. }
 Their exercise the chase: the running flood
 Supply'd their thirst; the trees supply'd their food.
 Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
 Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
 The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
 And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught:
 And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
 With his mild empire peace and plenty came:
 And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
 A more degenerate and discolour'd age
 Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
 Th' Ausonians, then, and bold Sicanians came;
 And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
 Then kings, gigantic Tiberis, and the rest,
 With arbitrary sway, the land oppress'd.
 For Tiber's flood was Albula before;
 Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
 By fortune's power, and fate's resistless doom.
 Long toils'd on seas, I sought this happy land:
 Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by
 heaven's command. [gate,

Thus walking on, he spoke: and show'd the
 Since call'd Carmentis by the Roman state;
 Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
 Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:
 Who to her son foretold th' Æthenean race,
 Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place.
 Then shows the forest, which in after-times,
 Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
 A sacred refuge made: with this, the shrine
 Where Pan below the rocks had rites divine.
 Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
 Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
 Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
 Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with
 homely reeds.

A reverend fear (such superstition reigns
 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
 Some god they knew, what god they could not
 Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell. [tell,
 Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they
 The mighty thunderer with majestic awe; [saw

Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around;
 And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
 Then saw two heaps of ruins; once they stood
 Two stately towns, on either side the flood.
 Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
 And either place the founder's name retains.
 Discouring thus together, they resort
 Where poor Evander kept his country court.
 They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
 Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
 Then, stooping, through the narrow gates they
 press'd,

When thus the king address'd his Trojan guest:
 Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
 Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
 Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
 Which feasted him; and emulate a god.
 Then underneath a lowly roof he led
 The weary prince, and laid him on a bed:
 The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'er-
 spread. }

Now night had shed her silver dew around,
 And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
 When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
 (New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
 Couch'd with her husband, in his golden bed,
 With these alluring words invokes his aid;
 And, that her pleasing speech his mind may
 move,

Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
 While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian powers,
 To level with the ground the Trojan towers;
 I ask not aid th' unhappy to restore;
 Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
 Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
 A sinking empire longer to sustain.
 Though I much ow'd to Priam's house; and more
 The danger of Æneas did deplore.
 But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
 His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
 With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
 O still propitious power that rules my heart!
 A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
 By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
 To forge impenetrable shields; and grace,
 With fated arms, a less illustrious race.
 Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
 Against the relics of the Phrygian kind:
 With fire and sword my people to destroy;
 And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy.
 She said; and straight her arms, of snowy hue,
 About her unresolving husband threw.
 Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
 His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire: }
 And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
 Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
 Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.
 The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
 And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
 Then thus, the power obnoxious to her charms,
 Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
 Why seek you reasons for a cause so just:
 Or your own beauties, or my love distrust?
 Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
 Th' artificer and art you might command,
 To labour arms for Troy; nor Jove, nor Fate,
 Confin'd their empire to so short a date:

And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely your's: your anxious fears remove:
And think no task is difficult to love.
Trembling he spoke: and, eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god;
The time when early housewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they spread;
Supply the lamp and call the maids to rise,
With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;
They ply the distaff by the twinkling light;
And to their daily labour add the night.
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread:
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging power.

Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipara,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and deep below,
In hollow caves, the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies:
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts for angry Jove they daily cast;
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three ways of writhing rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture train:
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers for Mars repair
His broken axle-trees and blunted war:
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war with trumpets loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold,
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted
face.

My sons, said Vulcan, set your tasks aside;
Your strength and master-skill must now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge: arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.
He said: they set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a shield prepare;
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Seven orbs within a spacious round they close!
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.

They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply'd th' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes;
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side;
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide;
Two menial dogs before their master press'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly
guest.

Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace;
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a secret seat they chose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds;
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient buildings and of high renown;
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race;
Who gave the name of Cære to the place.
Once Agyllina call'd: it flourish'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike strong:
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint those execrable times;
The subjects sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race:
The living and the dead at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand:
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd
The lingering wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more;
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging monster: but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd; and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms their king to punishment require:
Their numerous troops, now muster'd on the
strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coast: they cry
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With those foreboding words restrains their hate:
Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;

Know this; no native of our land may lead
This powerful people: seek a foreign head.

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide;
And wait, with longing looks, their promis'd
guide.

Torchan, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and every regal ornament:
The people join their own with his desire;
And all, my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son;
And half a native: but in you combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
Where fate, and smiling fortune show the way,
Pursue the ready path to sovereign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own.
In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare:
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war.
Your matchless courage and your conduct view;
And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command:
Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed: and my son
As many more has added in his own.
Scarce had he said: Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd:
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
And, in a heaven serene, refulgent arms appear;
Reddening the skies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver
sound.

The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine.
Æneas only conscious to the sign,
Presag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war: th' expected sign
Is given of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
My goddess-mother, whose indulgent care
Forelaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn:
And corpse and swords, and shields on Tiber
borne,

Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms,
And Latian troops prepare your perjurd arms.

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun:
And, on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires:
Then cheerful to his household gods retires.
There offers chosen sheep: th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.

Next of his men, and ships, he makes review,
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly couster, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded works, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city spreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breasts; dissolve in tears;
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright:
And rises every moment to the fight.
Then, old Evander, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow
his face.

Would heaven, said he, my strength and youth
Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall, [recall,
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue:
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore;
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more:
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas'
arms:

Nor proud Mezentius thus unpunish'd boast,
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father, and a king.
If fate and you reserve those eyes to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bliss his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length, let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But if your hard decrees, which, O! I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head,
This, O this very moment, let me die;
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie.
While yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms:
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!
He said, and swooning, sunk upon the ground:
His servants bore him off; and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along,
Last, follows in the rear, th' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of heaven are led:
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew;
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives, the walls and turrets
crowd;

And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud:
Which winds disperse by fits; and show from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er healthy plains pursue the ready way.

Repeated peals of shouts are heard around :
 The neighing courfers answer to the sound ;
 And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground. }
 A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
 Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town ;
 Encompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
 Which add a holy horror to the grove.
 The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
 That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd :
 The guardian of their flocks and fields ; they pay
 Their due devotions on his annual day.
 Not far from hence, along the river's side,
 In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide !
 By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
 Æneas cast his wondering eyes around ;
 And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
 Stretch'd on the spacious plains from left to right.
 Thither his warlike train the Trojan led :
 Refresh'd his men, and weary horses fed.

Meantime the mother-goddes, crown'd with
 charms, [arms.
 Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated
 Within a winding vale she finds her son,
 On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
 She shows her heavenly form without disguise,
 And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
 Behold, she said, perform'd in every part,
 My promise made ; and Vulcan's labour'd art.
 Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy ;
 And haughty Turnus to the field defy.
 She said : and having first her son embrac'd,
 The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
 Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
 Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
 He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
 The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires :
 His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold :
 One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold.
 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright :
 So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
 He shakes the pointed spear : and longs to try
 The plaited cuirasses on his manly thigh :
 But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
 And Roman triumphs rising on the gold.
 For these, emboss'd, the heavenly smith had wrought
 (Not in the rolls of future time untaught)
 The wars in order, and the race divine
 Of warriors, issuing from the Julian line.
 The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens :
 There, by the wolf, was laid the martial twins :
 Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung ;
 The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue :
 They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
 She lick'd their tender limbs ; and form'd them
 as they fed.

Not far from hence new Rome appears, with games
 Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
 The pit resounds with shrieks : a war succeeds,
 For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
 Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend :
 The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
 Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease ;
 And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
 The friendly chiefs, before Jove's altar stand ;
 Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand :
 A fatted sow for sacrifice is led ;
 With imprecations on the perjurd head.

VOL. XII.

Near this the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
 Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green ;
 By Tullus' doom : the brambles drink his blood ;
 And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.
 There Porfenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings ;
 And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
 One tyrant for his fellow tyrant fights :
 The Roman youth assert their native rights,
 Before the town the Tuscan army lies :
 To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
 Their king, half threatening, half disdaining, stood :
 While Cocles broke the bridge ; and stemm'd the
 flood.

The captive maids there tempt the raging tide :
 Spac'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood ;
 To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
 Then Rome was poor ; and there you might be-
 hold [gold

The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with
 The silver goose before the shining gate
 There flew ; and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
 She told the Gauls approach : th' approaching
 Gauls,

Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
 The gold, dissembled well their golden hair :
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
 Gold are their vests : long Alpine spears they
 wield ;

And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
 Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance :
 And naked through the streets the mad Luperci
 dance

In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heaven :
 Here modest matrons in soft litters driven,
 To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear :
 And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
 Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen :
 Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Cataline :
 Hung on a rock the traitor ; and around
 The furies hissing from the nether ground.
 Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
 And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
 Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea :
 But foaming surges, there, in silver play.
 The dancing dolphins, with their tails, divide
 The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
 Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
 Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
 Actium surveys the well-disputed prize :
 Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.
 Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
 Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight :
 His beamy temples shoot their flames afar ;
 And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
 Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous gales ;
 And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.
 A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
 The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
 Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.
 Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
 Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war.
 And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
 His ill fate follows him ; th' Egyptian wife.
 Moving they fight : with oars, and forked prows,
 The froth is gather'd ; and the water glows.

H h

It seems as if the Cyclades again
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the main;
 Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet:
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
 Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed javelins fly:
 The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
 The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
 With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers warms.
 Fool as she was; who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
 Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
 The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
 Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
 Mars, in the middle of the shining shield,
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
 The Diræ souse from heaven, with swift descent:
 And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the peace: her steps Bellona treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
 Pours down his arrows: at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield:
 And soft Sabæans quit the watery field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails:
 And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks; and heaves her breast for breath:
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
 The god had figur'd her, as driven along
 By winds and waves, and scudding through the
 Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide [throng.
 His arms, and ample bosom, to the tide,

And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast;
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying
 The victor, to the god his thanks express'd: [host
 And Rome triumphant, with his presence bless'd.
 Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
 With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with
 praise,
 The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
 All altars flame: before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
 Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne;
 Before Apollo's porch, of Parian stone:
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory;
 And hangs the monumental crown on high.
 Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
 Here Mulciber assigns the proper place
 For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race:
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row;
 And Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides:
 And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides.
 And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
 The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;
 And Morini, the last of human kind.
 These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
 By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace;
 And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

B O O K IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
 The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
 To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
 The secret shade of his great grandfire sought.
 Retir'd alone she found the daring man:
 And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
 What none of all the gods could grant thy vows;
 That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows!
 Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
 Has left the Trojan camp without defence;
 And, short of succours there, employs his pains
 In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains:
 Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs,
 Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.
 This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
 And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
 The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
 And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
 Iris, the grace of heaven, what power divine
 Has sent thee down, through dusky clouds to shine?

See they divide! immortal day appears;
 And glittering planets dancing in their spheres!
 With joy, these happy omens I obey;
 And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.
 Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
 He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
 Then, with his hands, the drops to heaven he
 throws,
 And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.
 Now march the bold confederates through the
 plain;
 Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train:
 Messapus leads the van; and in the rear,
 The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
 In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
 The mighty Turnus towers above the rest:
 Silent they move; majestically flow,
 Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
 The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far
 And the dark menace of the distant war.

Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Blackening the fields, and thickening through the
skies.

Then, to his fellows thus aloud he calls: [walls?
What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the
Arm, arm, and man the works: prepare your spears
And pointed darts; the Latian host appears!
Thus warn'd, they shut their gates: with shouts
ascend

The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend.
For their wise general, with foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them, not to tempt the doubtful war:
Nor, though provok'd, in open fields advance;
But close within their lines attend their chance:
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command;
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest,
A pyc-ball'd steed of Thracian strain he prefs'd;
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his
crest.

With twenty horse to second his designs,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

Is there, he said, in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour, and his danger, share;
Then, spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
In sign of war; applauding shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And stops at every post; and every passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with descending showers, and stiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
Securely swig the dug beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain:
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy
lies;

Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his presence, every soul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scattering sparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.
What power, O Muses, could avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'Tis said that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun:
Grant me, she said, the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king:
On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood:
And on the summit rose a sacred grove,
Where I was worshipp'd with religious love;

These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince to speed his flight.
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erfet, nor waves entomb,
The floating forests of the sacred pine;
But let it be their safety to be mine.
Then thus reply'd her awful son; who rolls
The radiant stars, and heaven and earth controls:
How dare you, mother, endless date demand,
For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
At my command shall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine; and plow the watery way,
Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea.

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
He said; and shook the skies with his imperial
nod.

And now, at length, the number'd hours were
come,

Prefix'd by fates' irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung,
A light that sing'd the heavens, and shot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs:
And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror
wounds.

O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear;
And know my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient ships their haufers break;
And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring
again:

As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast,
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
Old Tiber roar'd; and raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock;
And with these words his trembling troops be-
spoke:

These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black presages sent,
He takes the cowards last relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, constrain'd to stay,
Must yield, unfought, a base inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is lost;
Heaven shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.
Theirs is no more than that small spot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men surround,

Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
 'Twas given to Venus, they should cross the seas;
 And land secure upon the Latian plains:
 Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
 'Tis in the fate of Iunus to destroy,
 With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.
 Shall such affronts as these alone inflame
 The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
 My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
 And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
 Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
 They fell; but will they fall a second time?
 One would have thought they paid enough before,
 To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more.
 Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
 A slight partition, a thin interval, [built
 Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though
 By hands divine, yet, perish'd by their guilt?
 Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
 To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
 Less than a thousand ships will end this war;
 Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
 Let all the Tuscans all th' Arcadians join,
 Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
 Let them not fear the treasons of the night;
 The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
 Our onset shall be made in open light. }
 No wooden engine shall their town betray,
 Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
 No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
 Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy
 year,
 Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
 Give me the silent night to needful rest:
 Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
 The morn shall end the small remains of war.
 The post of honour to Messapus falls,
 To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
 To pitch the fires at distances around,
 And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
 Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand:
 And twice seven hundred horse their chiefs com-
 mand:
 All clad in shining arms the works invest;
 Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
 Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy
 ground;
 They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round:
 With lights and cheerful fires renew the day;
 And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.
 The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
 And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
 Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
 Join works to works with bridges; tower to tower:
 Thus all things needful for defence abound;
 Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round:
 Commission'd by their absent prince to share
 The common danger, and divide the care,
 The soldiers draw their lots; and, as they fall,
 By turns relieve each other on the wall.
 Nigh were the foes their utmost guards ad-
 vance
 To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus' chance.
 His father Hyrticus of noble blood;
 His mother was a huntress of the wood;
 And sent him to the wars; well could he bear
 His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:

But, better skill'd unerring shafts to send,
 Beside him stood Euryalus his friend,
 Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
 No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast.
 Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
 One was their care, and their delight was one.
 One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
 And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.
 Then Nisus, thus: Or do the gods inspire
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
 A generous ardour boils within my breast,
 Eager of action, enemy to rest;
 This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
 To leave a memorable name behind.
 Thou seest the foe secure: how faintly shine
 Their scatter'd fires! the most in sleep supine
 Along the ground an easy conquest lie;
 The wakeful few the flaming flaggon ply:
 All hush around. Now hear what I revolve;
 A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
 Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
 By message both would hasten his return:
 If they confer what I demand on thee
 (For fame is recompence enough for me),
 Methinks beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
 A way that safely will my passage guide.
 Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;
 With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
 Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind: }
 All this alone, and leaving me behind,
 Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
 Think'st thou I can, my share of glory yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the field?
 Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
 Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;
 Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
 Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend
 The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
 And think it over-fold to purchase fame.
 Then Nisus, thus: Alas! thy tender years
 Would minister new matter to my fears:
 So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
 Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
 Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust)
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.
 But if some chance, as many chances are,
 And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;
 If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life; I would not perish all.
 Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date;
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
 To bear my mangled body from the foe;
 Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow.
 Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
 O let me not the widow's tears renew;
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
 Her age committing to the seas and wind,
 When every weary matron staid behind,
 To this Euryalus: You plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain:
 No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes
 The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
 The guard reliev'd, the generous couple went
 To find the council at the royal tent.

All creatures else forgot their daily care ;
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share :
 Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful fate
 In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief ;
 Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
 Remote their clamour, and secure from foes,
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
 Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
 Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
 And beg admission, eager to be heard ;
 Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd. }
 Ascanius bids them be conducted in ;
 Ordering the more experienc'd to begin.
 Then Nisus thus: Ye fathers, lend your ears,
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
 The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
 Neglect their watch ; the fires but thinly shine :
 And where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
 Covering the plain, and curling to the skies,
 Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,
 Which will our way to great Æneas guide. }
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may :
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way ;
 For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between :
 And know the winding course, with every ford.
 He ceas'd : and old Alethes took the word.
 Our country gods, in whom our trust we place
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race :
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear
 In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.
 Then into tears of joy the father broke ;
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took :
 Panted, and paus'd ; and thus again he spoke : }
 Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 In recompence of such desert, decree ?
 The greatest sure, and best you can receive,
 The gods, and your own conscious worth, will
 give.
 The rest our grateful general will bestow ;
 And young Ascanius till his manhood owe.
 And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
 Ascanius adds, by the great deities,
 By my dear country, by my household-gods,
 By hoary Vesta's rites, and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both (on you my fortune stands,
 That and my faith I plight into your hands) :
 Make me but happy in his safe return,
 Whose wonted presence I can only mourn,
 Your common gift shall two large goblets be,
 Of silver, wrought with curious imagery ;
 And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam
 reign'd,
 My conquering fire at sack'd Arisba gain'd.
 And more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
 With two great talents of the finest gold :
 Beside a costly bowl, engrav'd with art,
 Which Dido gave when first she gave her heart.
 But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
 When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,
 Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
 That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,

And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy
 share ; }
 Twelve labouring slaves, twelve handmaids }
 And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care. }
 And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
 And a large portion of the king's domains.
 But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
 No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
 From thee, heroic youth ; be wholly mine :
 Take full possession ; all my soul is thine.
 One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend ;
 My life's companion, and my bosom friend ;
 My peace shall be committed to thy care,
 And to thy conduct my concerns in war.

Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd :
 Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
 The same shall be my age, as now my youth
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth.

This only from your goodness let me gain
 (And this ungranted, all rewards are vain) :
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
 And sure the best that ever bore the name :
 Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily could hold
 From me departing, but, o'erspent, and old,
 My fate she follow'd ; ignorant of this,
 Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,
 Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave ;
 And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
 By this right hand, and conscious night, I swear,
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
 Be you her comfort ; fill my vacant place
 (Permit me to resume so great a grace).
 Support her age, forsaken and distress'd ;
 That hope alone will fortify my breast
 Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.
 He said : the mov'd assistants melt in tears.
 Then thus Ascanius (wonder-struck to see
 That image of his filial piety) :
 So great beginnings, in so green an age,
 Exact the faith, which I again engage.
 Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,
 Creusa had ; and only want the name.
 Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
 'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
 Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
 (My father us'd it) what returning here
 Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
 That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share.

He said ; and, weeping while he spoke the word,
 From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
 Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
 And in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade :
 This was his gift : great Mnesthus gave his friend
 A lion's hide, his body to defend :
 And good Alethes furnish'd him beside,
 With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans
 Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate. [wait
 With prayers and vows, above the rest appears
 Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
 And messages committed to their care,
 Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd ; then took their
 way
 Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay ;
 To many fatal, ere themselves were slain : [plain,
 They found the careless host dispers'd upon the

Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely
snore;

Unharnas'd chariots stand along the shore:
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Observing Nisus show'd his friend the sight;
Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd;
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I securely go,
And hue a passage through the sleeping foe.
Softly he spoke; then, striding, took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes
His head rais'd high, on tapestry beneath, [lay:
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath:
A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd;
Him, and his sleeping slaves, he slew. Then spies
Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies:
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels:
And his lov'd horses: last invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
Which, by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,
He slew; and then Serranus fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it lasted till the day.

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks; with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebeus, and Rhætus slew.
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But Rhætus, wakeful, and observing all,
Behind a spacious jar he sink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood:
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

Now where Messapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive.
The warrior-horses tied in order fed;
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said,
Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts: no more, my friend,
Here let our glutt'd execution end:
A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have
made:

The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd,
Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
A precious load; but these they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
To make the rich caparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.

This present Cedicus the rich bestow'd
On Remulus, when feiendship first they vow'd
And absent, join'd in hospitable ties;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering Ardean troops oppress'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
These glittering spoils (now made the victor's
He to his body suits; but suits in vain. [gain)
Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd
Three hundred horse with Volscens for their
guide.

The queen a legion to king Turnus sent,
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent:
And now, advancing, fought the leader's tent.
They saw the pair; for thro' the doubtful shade
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volscens, from the
crowd,

These men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:
Stand, stand: why thus in arms, and whither
bent: [sent?

From whence, to whom, and on what errand
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to
The speedy horse all passages belay, [night.
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were
worn.

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear misl'd the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd:
And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around:
Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth: where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take! Again he ventures back:
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and listening hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the rider's voice.
The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
The foes enclosing, and his friend pursu'd:
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt? What arms em-
ploy?

What fruitless force to free the captive boy:
Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
With odds oppress, in such unequal strife?
Resolv'd at length his pointed spear he took;
And casting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night,
Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright:
If e'er my pious father for my sake,
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make;
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung the holy roofs with savage spoils,

Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove, [spear.
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round; his eye-balls roll in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd; a second javelin flies
With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies:
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing
round,

Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
Nor knew to fix revenge: But thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both, and at the prisoner flies
With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep
despair,

That cruel fight the lover could not bear:
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your swords alone
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth;
Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!
His only crime (if friendship can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender
sides. [wound

Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flower by the keen share oppress'd:
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd:
Volscens he seeks: on him alone he bends;
Borne back, and bor'd, by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd; and kept him still in sight;
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazen
broke:

Dying he flew; and staggering on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain:
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give,
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live:
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And spread where'er the Roman eagle flies!

The conquering party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found:
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround:
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground. }
All knew the helmet which Messapus lost;
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed;
And, with the dawn of day, the skies o'erspread.
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.

When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus, and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears: a ghastly sight;
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they stood:
Safe was the right surrounded by the flood.
But casting from their towers a frightful view,
They saw the faces which too well they knew;
Though then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all
o'er

With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore:
Soon hasty fame, through the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears:
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air. }
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was 't on his face my famish'd eyes I fed!

Ah how unlike the living is the dead!
And couldst thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies:
To call about his corpse his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.
Where shall I find his corpse? What earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas! I left my needful ease,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
And send me thunder-struck to shades below!

Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans
ears,

Unman their courage and augment their fears:
Nor young Ascanius could the fight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain:
But Actor and Idæus, jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war,
The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds,
And heaven, from pole to pole, their noise re-
bounds.

The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed;
These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks
down:

Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.
But where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.

With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught by their ten years siege defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unresisted weight :

To break the penthouse with the ponderous blow
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo.
But could not bear th' unequal combat long ;
For where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads became an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage ;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.

Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls to scale the town. }

Calliope begin : ye sacred nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design ;
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made :
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade :
What fame the soldiers with their captain share,
And the vast circuit of the fatal war.
For you in singing martial facts excel ;
You best remember ; and alone can tell.

There stood a tower, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams ; and of stupendous height ;
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join ;
The wary Trojans obviate their design :
With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd their troops
below,

Shoot through the loop-holes, and sharp javelins
throw. [hand,

Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thundering
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand :
It stuck, the fiery plague : the winds were high ;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts : it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd
throng.

The Trojans fled ; the fire pursu'd amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train ;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heaven itself resound,
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.
The tower that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it
flew :

Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent ;
All the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only 'scape ;
Sav'd how they know not, from the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two ; by birth,
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare, }
And sent her boasted bastard to the war
(A privilege which none but freemen share).
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield,
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And, rising, found himself amidst his foes.

Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way ;
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay :
And like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
Of eager huntmen, and invading hounds,
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears :
So dares the youth, secure of death, and throws
His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war :
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to
reach.

But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind) :
Fool, said the chief, though fleetier than the wind,
Could'st thou presume to 'scape when I pursue ?
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard : at the tug he falls,
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking
walls.

Thus on some silver swan, or timorous hare,
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air ;
Her crooked talons trusts the fearful fray :
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward, with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.

Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Asylas flew ;
To bend the bow young Liger better knew :
Asylas best the pointed javelin threw. }
Brave Cæneas laid Ottygius on the plain ;
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus slain.
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar and Ida, standing on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found ;
Hurt by Themilla first ; but slight the wound ;
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part :
The second shaft came swift and unespied,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side :
Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart ;
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the
dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest,
In glittering armour and a purple vest.
Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove :
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And sent in arms to purchase early fame.
Him when he spy'd from far, the Thuscan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling :
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and
The heated lead half melted as it flew : [threw :
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain ;
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the
plain.

Then young Ascanius, who before this day
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
First bent in martial strife the twanging bow;
And exercis'd against a human foe.
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Tarnus' younger sister took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd
with a stride,
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defy'd:
Twice conquer'd cowards, now your shame is
shown,

Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a shield.
Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force!
What gods, what madness hither steer'd your
course!

You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports but what belong to war they know,
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free;
No change in age, or difference in degree.
We plough, and till in arms; our oxen feel,
Instead of goads, the spur, and pointed steel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in
The body, not the mind: nor can control [vain:
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
Our helms defend the young, disguise the gray:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female
pride

Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
Go Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen;
Go, less than women, in the shapes of men;
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
Where with unequal sound the flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade;
Relinquish the war to men, who know the martial
trade.

This foul reproach Ascanius could not bear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew.
But first, before the throne of Jove he stood:
And thus with lifted hands invoc'd the god:
My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed;
An annual offering in thy grove shall bleed:
A snow-white steer before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head,
But with his threatening brows, and bellowing
stands,
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.

Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious
ear,

And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
The steel through both his temples forc'd the
way:

Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn;
The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this
third return.

Ascanius said no more: the Trojans shake
The heavens with shouting, and new vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardless victor, he bespoke a-
loud:

Advance, illustrious youth; increase in fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe
To thee, a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heaven: the powers divine,
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vast world is
theirs.

Troy is too narrow for thy name. He said,
And, plunging downward, shot his radiant head;
Dispell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal fight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
Now left to rule Ascanius, by his fire;
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his
years:

Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praise; nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themselves no danger shun:
From wall to wall the shouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their slings
around:

Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the
ground; [sound.

And helms, and shields, and rattling arms re-
The combat thickens like the storm that flies
From westward, when the showery kids arise:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain:
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Pand'rus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise;
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,

And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unshorn;
And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other
nod.

In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free.
Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus rushing on,
Equicolas, who in bright armour shone,
And Hæmon first, but soon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended pass they die.
These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;
And each, on equal terms at length, engage.
Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
The foes had left the fastness of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The first he met, Antiphates the brave,
But base-begotten on a Theban slave;
Sarpedon's son he slew: the deadly dart
Found passage through his breast, and pierc'd his
heart.

Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood;
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic size
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes. }
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,
A dart were lost within that roomy breast,
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong;
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the
ground:

His arms and clattering shield on the vast body
Not with less ruin, than the Bajan mole [sound.
(Rais'd on the seas the surges to control),
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud
arise.

The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
Typhæus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on
his back.

The warrior-god the Latian troops inspir'd;
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confusion fill'd.
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his shoulders to
the weight.

Some happier friends within the walls enclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd.

Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they descry;
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breast,
His rattling armour, and his crimson crest.

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who sought his destiny.
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hostile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left,
To whom, with countenance calm, and soul se-
date,

Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate:
My message to the ghost of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there.

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:
With his full force he whirl'd it first around;
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.

But hope not thou, said Turnus, when I strike,
To shun thy fate; our force is not alike:
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god:
Then, rising, on his utmost stretch he stood;
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardless cheeks in
two:

Down sinks the giant, with a thundering sound,
His ponderous limbs oppress the trembling }
ground; [wound.
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping
Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides;
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push on his fury to pursue the crowd;
Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges dy'd;
Then Phalaris is added to his side:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms against their fellows threw.
Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall
(Engag'd against the foes, who scal'd the wall):
But whom they fear'd without, they found with-
in:

At last, though late, by Linceus he was seen:
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince;
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
He joints the neck; and with a stroke so strong,
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd, and in poison skill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
And Cretus, whom the Muses held so dear:

He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:
Arms were his business, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,
Whom brave Seresthus and his troop sustain.
To save the living, and revenge the dead,
Against one warrior's arm all Troy they led.
O, void of sense and courage, Mnestheus cry'd,
Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah, where beyond these rampires can you run!
One man, and in your camp enclos'd, you shun!
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
And pass unpunish'd from a numerous host?
Forfaking honour, and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king, you
shame.

This just reproach their virtue does excite,
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield;
But with slow paces measures back the field;
And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.
The more he loses, they advance the more;
And tread in every step he trod before:
They shout, they bear him back, and whom by
might

They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As, compass'd with a wood of spears around,
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane:
He loses while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run;

So Turnus fares, and, unresolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.
Yet twice enrag'd, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues:
But now they swarm; and, with fresh troops sup-
ply'd,
Come rolling on, and rush from every side.
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted
store.

For Jove, with four commands, sent Iris down,
To force th' invader from th' affrighted town.

With labour spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy faulchion, or sustain the shield:
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they
fling

The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way: with stony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
Is falsify'd, and round with javelins fill'd.

The foe now faint; the Trojans overwhelm:
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at every pore,
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er,
Shorter and shorter every gasp he takes,
And vain efforts and hurtle's blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast;
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

THE gates of heaven unfold; Jove summons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all th' inferior world: from first to last
The sovereign senate in degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty fire began: Ye gods,
Natives, or denizens, of blest abodes; [mind,
From whence these murmurs, and this change of
This backward fate from what was first design'd?
Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.
What fear or hopes on either part divides
Our heavens, and arms our powers on different
A lawful time of war at length will come [sides?
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom)
When Carthage shall contend the world with
Rome;

Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;
And like a flood come pouring on the plains:
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissension cease:
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
O power immense, eternal energy!
(For to what else protection can we fly?)
Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,
In shining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erflows,
With a red deluge, their increasing moats.

Aeneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
 Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
 This endless outrage they shall still sustain?
 Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fired again?
 A second siege my banish'd issue fears,
 And a new Diomede in arms appears.
 One more audacious mortal will be found;
 And I thy daughter wait another wound.
 Yet if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
 The Latian lands my progeny receive,
 Bear they the pains of violated law,
 And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
 But if the gods their sure success foretel,
 If those of heaven consent with those of hell,
 To promise Italy; who dare debate
 The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
 What should I tell of tempest on the main,
 Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?
 Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat,
 To inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.
 Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
 Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
 That new example wanted yet above:
 An act that well became the wife of Jove.
 Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
 The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
 Imperial sway no more exalts my mind
 (Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was
 kind);
 Now let my happier foes possess my place,
 Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
 And conquer they, whom you with conquest
 grace.
 Since you can spare, from all your wide com-
 mand,
 No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
 Which may my wandering fugitives receive
 (Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);
 Then, father (if I still may use that name)
 By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
 I beg you, let Ascanius by my care,
 Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
 Inglorious let him live without a crown;
 The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
 Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
 Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers;
 In those recesses, and those sacred bowers,
 Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
 To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
 Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns de-
 stroy,
 Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
 What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
 Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his fire;
 To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
 Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
 To reach th' Italian shores: if, after all,
 Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
 Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
 And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
 To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
 And give them back to war, and all the woes be-
 fore.
 Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
 And must I own, she said, my secret smart?
 What with more decency were in silence kept,
 And but for this unjust reproach had slept.

Did god, or man, your favourite son advise,
 With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
 By fate you boast, and by the gods decree,
 He left his native land for Italy:
 Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
 Than Heaven, inspir'd, he sought a foreign
 shore!
 Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
 To the raw conduct of a beardless boy?
 With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
 And through the waves a wandering voyage
 takes?
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
 The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
 Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
 You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
 With swords your Trojans, and with fires your
 Troy:
 Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law:
 That Turnus is permitted still to live,
 To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
 But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to
 join.
 Realms not your own, among your clans divide,
 And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd
 bride:
 Petition, while you public arms prepare;
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
 'Twas given to you, your darling son to shroud,
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd;
 And for a man obtend an empty cloud.
 From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
 And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea,
 But 'tis my crime, the Queen of Heaven offends,
 If she presume to save her suffering friends.
 Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
 You say is absent: absent let him be.
 Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
 The soft recesses, and the sacred bowers.
 Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
 And thus provoke a people prone to war?
 Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
 Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
 Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
 Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
 Think on whose faith th' adulterous youth re-
 ly'd:
 Who promis'd, who procur'd the Spartan bride?
 When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
 To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
 Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
 Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.
 Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd ap-
 plause;
 Just as they favour, or dislike, the cause:
 So winds, when yet unsledg'd in woods they lie,
 In whispers first their tender voices try:
 Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
 And storms to trembling mariners presage.
 Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
 Who shakes Heaven's axles with his awful nod.
 (When he begins, the silent senate stand
 With reverence, listening to the dread com-
 mand:

The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;

And the hush'd waves lie flatt'd on the main).

Celestials! your attentive ears incline;
Since, said the god, the Trojans must not join
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to discompose our happy state;
The war henceforward be resign'd to Fate,
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the lots the Fates decree.
Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;
And if she favours those, let those defend:
The Fates will find their way. The Thunderer
said;

And shook the sacred honours of his head;
Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
Trembled the poles of Heav'n; and earth con-
fess'd the nod:

This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
And to his palace wait their sovereign through
the skies.

Mean time, intent upon their siege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan host enclose:
They wound, they kill, they watch at every
gate:

Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' Æneans wish in vain their wonted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief;
Thin on the towers they stand; and ev'n those
few,

A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew:
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Asius and Acmon: both th' Assaraci;
Young Hæmon, and, though young, resolv'd to die.
With these were Clarus and Thymetes join'd;
Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.

From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone.
His brother Mnestheus could not more have
done;

Or the great father of th' intrepid son.
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows
send;

And some with darts, and some with stones defend.
Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair;
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crowd he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd ivory set,
Amidst the meawer foil of fable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poison arm'd: in Lydia born
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn:
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden sands,
There Capys, author of the Capuan name:
And there was Mnestheus too increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.

Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:

For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's
Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief; [tent;
His name and country told, and ask'd relief:
Propos'd the terms; his own small strength de-
clar'd,

What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
Then show'd the slippery state of human kind,
And fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:
And to his wholesome counsel added prayer.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs:
And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.

They soon set sail; nor now the Fates with-
stand;

Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.

Æneas leads; upon his stern appear

Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear;

Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.

Under their grateful shade Æneas sate,

Revolving war's events, and various fate.

His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,

And oft' of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:

Oft' of the stars, and of their watery way;

And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring:

The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing;

Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:

Their arms, their numbers, and their names, de-
clare.

A thousand youths brave Maslicus obey,

Born in the Tiger, through the foaming sea;

From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care;

For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts they bear.

Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;

His stern, Apollo's golden statue bore;

Six hundred Populonea sent along,

All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.

Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,

An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.

Asylas on his prow the third appears,

Who heaven interprets, and the wandering stars;

From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,

And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.

A thousand spears in warlike order stand,

Sent by the Pisans under his command.

Fair Astur follows in the watery field

Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield,

Gravisca, noisome from the neighbouring fen,

And his own Cære, sent three hundred men:

With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;

All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.

Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew;

And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:

Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,

And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan.

Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,

Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.

For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phæton,

And sung his loss in poplar groves alone;

Beneath the sister shades to soothe his grief:

Heaven heard his song, and hasten'd his relief;

And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,

And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.

His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:

Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,

Who heav'd a rock, and threatening still to throw,
With lifted hands, alarm'd the seas below :
They seem to fear the formidable fight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain,
The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,

An ancient city, but of mix'd descent,
Three several tribes compose the government :
Four towns are under each ; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his fire Benacus bore ;
(Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead
cover'd o'er.

These grave Auletes leads. A hundred sweep,
With stretching oars, at once the glassy deep :
Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
High on his poop the sea-green god appears :
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound,
And at the blast the billows dance around.

A hairy man above the waste he shows,
A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows ;
And ends a fish : his breast the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood :
But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar ; and in a ring
Enclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast.
Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides :
She spoke for all the choir ; and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man :
Sleeps our lov'd lord ? O goddess-born ! awake,
Spread every sail, pursue your watery track ;
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea :
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.

Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain) ;
And since have fought you through the Tuscan
main.

The mighty mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd,
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd ;
Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,
Advance in order to the Latian coast ;
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight ;
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.

To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.
Parting, she spoke ; and, with immortal force,
Push'd on the vessel in her watery course,
(For well she knew the way) impell'd behind,
The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind.
The rest make up : unknowing of the cause,
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens
draws. [eyes :

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his
Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will).
Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.

He said no more. And now renewing day
Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.
He charg'd the soldiers with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare ;
Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade them hope
the war.

Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
His camp encompass'd, and th' enclosing foe.
His blazing shield embrac'd, he held on high :
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts
reply. [throw

Hope arms their courage : from their towers they
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal given, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd ;
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd ;
The seas with swelling canvas cover'd o'er ;
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field ;
And the keen glittering of the golden shield.
Thus threatening comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies :
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry fa-
mine frights.

Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind, is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent :
And thus awakes the courage of his friends.
What you so long have wish'd, kind fortune sends :
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe :
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare :
Your swords will make you masters of the war.
Your fires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came ;
And emulate in arms your father's fame. [stand
Now take the time, while staggering yet they
With feet unfirm ; and prepossess the strand :
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he said,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead :
Then these elects, the landing to prevent ;
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore :
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With labouring oars they bear along the strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,

Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore:
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave com-
mand,

Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land, I ask no more,
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore.
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at every oar; and every stretcher bends:
They run their ships aground, the vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back, the loosen'd sides give way,
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand
Their passage, while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon the uncertain
sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.
The trumpets sound: Æneas first assail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and soon pre-
vail'd

Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:
Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.
He first in open fields defy'd the prince,
But armour scal'd with gold was no defence
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn:
Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting steel was free.
Nor far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong;
Vain bulk and strength; for when the chief as-
sail'd,

Nor valour, nor Herculean arms, avail'd;
Nor their fam'd father, wont to war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below,
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death,
Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling
breath.

Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clyti in his beardless bloom,
And fought with lust obscene polluted joys:
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his seven bold brethren stopp'd the course
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Seven darts are thrown at once, and some rebound
From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:
The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
The spears that knew the way to victory.
Those fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain,
He said: then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buck-
ler flew; [heart:
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.

Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain.
A second spear, which kept the former course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and, holding on, bereft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor, from his dead brother, drew
Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw:
Preventing Fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,
And from afar at Dryops took his aim.
The spear flew hissing through the middle space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the ground;
Life-blood and life rush'd mingled through the
wound.

He flew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place, }
He sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace.
Halesus next, the bold Aurunci leads;
The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse: on either hand
These fight to keep, and those to win the land.
With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dy'd,
While on its borders each their claim decide.

As wintry winds, contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try: [ven
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of hea-
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield;
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can:
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But in another part, th' Arcadian horse,
With ill-success engage the Latian force,
For where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,
Huge craggy stones, and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their courfers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursu'd,
Us'd threatnings mix'd with prayers, his last re-
source: [fire their force.

With these to move their minds, with those to
Which way, companions! whither would you run?
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won;
By my great fire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight. [way
Trust not your feet; your hands must hew your
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis through that path forward that we must
come:

There lies our way, and that our passage home.
Nor powers above, nor destinies below,
Oppress'd our arms; with equal strength we go; }
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we stand: a scapty shore;
The sea behind, our enemies before:
No passage left, unless we swim the main;
Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain.
This said, he strode with eager haste along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng,

Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw;
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.

Hisbon came on, but while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For, warding his at once, at once he press'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust.
And after him the Daunian twins were slain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus'd an error in their parent's eyes.
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides.
For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd: and Laris' hand,
Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,
And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain.

Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians
came:
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds in-
flame.

Then with a casual blow was Rhæteus slain,
Who chang'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain!
The flying spear was after Ilus sent,
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.

As, when in summer welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring
heads;

Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite;
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood
(But first collected in his arms he stood):
Advancing then he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres, fell:
Around his head he tofs'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' fire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Destiny laid hold upon the son,
And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian spear a memorable death.
Pallas, th' encounter seeks; but ere he throws,
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
O sacred stream, direct my flying dart,
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart;

His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his prayer;
For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;
But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the stay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude shock of war both armies came,
The leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front they could not wield
There angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear, [air.
But both by Fate forbid to breathe their native
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Meantime Juturna warns the Dunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
Let none presume his needless aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh were his father here my just revenge to view!
From the forbidden space his men retir'd,
Pallas their awe and his stern words admir'd,
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering sight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and towering
height.

Then to the king; your empty vaunts forbear.
Success I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.
He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horror sate on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion, when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him first, resolv'd to try
If Fortune would his want of force supply;
And thus to Heaven and Hercules address'd:
Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,
His son adjures you by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain re-
quest; [breast
Alcides mourn'd; and stifled sighs within his
Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus began:
Short bounds of life are set to mortal man;
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow
span.

So many sons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:

My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
 Nor I, his mighty fire, could ward the blow.
 Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath;
 And stands already on the verge of death.
 This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
 But from the Latian fields averts his sight.
 Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
 And, having thrown, his shining faulchion drew:
 The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
 And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.
 Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
 And pois'd his pointed spear before he threw:
 Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
 See now, said he, whose arm is better strung.
 The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
 By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:
 Thro' folded brags and tough bull-hides it pass'd,
 His croslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
 In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
 The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
 He falls; his arms upon his body sound;
 And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corpse: Arcadians hear,
 Said he; my message to your master bear:
 Such as the fire deserv'd, the son I send:
 It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
 The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,
 Unask'd, to rest his wandering ghost below.
 He said, and trampled down with all the force
 Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse:
 Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;
 The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:
 Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to fight,
 All, in the compass of one mournful night,
 Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
 Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
 O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
 To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
 The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
 Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain:
 Shall wish the fatal belt were far away;
 And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
 Bear back the breathless body on a shield.
 O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd
 With praises to thy fire, at once deplor'd.
 One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
 Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
 One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy
 shield.

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
 But sad spectators, to the hero came:
 His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
 Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.
 He whirls his sword around, without delay,
 And hews through adverse foes an ample way;
 To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:
 Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
 To large deserts, are present to his eyes;
 His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
 He took in fight, and living victims led,
 To please the ghost of Pallas; and expire
 In sacrifice, before his funeral fire.
 At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below
 The flying spear, and shun'd the promis'd blow.

VOL. XII.

Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and
 pray'd:

By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
 O spare my life, and send me back to see
 My longing fire, and tender progeny.
 A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
 In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
 All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
 The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
 If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail?
 A single soul's too light to turn the scale.
 He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd:
 Thy bars, and ingots, and the sums beside,
 Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
 All rules of war, by one relentless stroke,
 When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
 My father's shadow, but my living son.
 Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
 He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
 Then with his right-hand, whilst his neck he
 wreath'd,

Up to the hilts his shining faulchion sheath'd.
 Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near,
 His holy fillets on his front appear;
 Glittering in arms he shone amidst the crowd;
 Much of his god, more of his purple proud:
 Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field,
 The holy coward fell: and, forc'd to yield,
 The prince stood o'er the priest; and at one blow
 Sent him an offering to the shades below.
 His arms Sereesthus on his shoulders bears,
 Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
 And umbro born upon the mountain's height.
 The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those;
 And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
 At Anxur's shield he drove, and at the blow
 Both shield and arm to ground together go.
 Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
 And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
 So made by mutter'd spells: and from the spheres
 Had life secur'd in vain, for length of years.
 Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
 A nymph his mother, and his fire a god.
 Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;
 With his portended lance he makes defence:
 Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
 Arrests his better hand, and drags him down.
 Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
 Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
 Mows off his head; the trunk a moment stood,
 Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain;
 Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
 Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
 Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
 Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey;
 Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.

On Lycas, and Antæus next he ran,
 Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van,
 They fled for fear; with these he chas'd along,
 Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong,
 Both great in arms, and both were fair and
 young:

Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
 In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
 And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign.

I i

And as Ægean, when with heaven he strove,
 Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
 Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
 Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
 At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
 And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires:
 In his right-hand as many swords he wields,
 And takes the thunder on as many shields:
 With strength like his the Trojan hero stood,
 And soon the fields with falling crops were

strew'd,
 When once his faulchion found the taste of blood.
 With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
 Against Niphaeus, whom four coursers drew.
 They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
 And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,
 Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
 They drew their master headlong from the chair:
 They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before
 They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger, scour the plains,
 With two white steeds, but Liger holds the reins,
 And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains.
 Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
 His flaming sword; Æneas couch'd his spear,
 Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
 Then Liger thus. Thy confidence is vain
 To 'scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
 Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
 Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
 Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield:
 Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.
 Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
 Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
 As Lucagus to lash his horses bends,
 Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
 Prepar'd for flight, the fatal dart arrives,
 And through the border of his buckler drives;
 Pass'd through, and pierc'd his groin; the deadly

wound,
 Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
 Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful
 spight;

Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight;
 Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat:
 But you yourself forsake your empty seat.
 He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein
 (For Liger lay already on the plain
 By the same shock); then, stretching out his
 hands,

The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
 Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
 By her and him from whom thy breath began,
 Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare
 This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's prayer.
 Thus much he spoke; and more he would have
 But the stern hero turn'd aside his head, [said,
 And cut him short; I hear another man,
 You talk'd not thus before the fight began;
 Now take your turn: and, as a brother should,
 Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
 Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent,
 And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
 As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
 Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around:
 At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
 Broke from the camp, so long belieg'd in vain.

Mean time, the king of gods and mortal man
 Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
 My sister-goddes, and well-pleasing wife,
 Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife;
 Sustains her Trojans, or themselves alone
 With inborn valour force their fortune on?
 How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd
 Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.
 To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
 Soft in her tone, submissively replies.

Why, O my sovereign lord, whose frown I fear,
 And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
 Why urge you thus my grief? when if I still
 (As once I was) were mistress of your will,
 From your almighty power, your pleasing wife
 Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life;
 Securely snatch him from the fatal fight;
 And give him to his aged father's sight.
 Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
 And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
 Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
 And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came!
 Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
 And offers daily incense at your shrine.

Then shortly thus the sovereign god reply'd;
 Since in my power and goodness you confide;
 If for a little space, a lengthen'd span,
 You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
 I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
 From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
 But if some secret meaning lies beneath,
 To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death:
 Or if a farther thought you entertain,
 To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
 And what if that request your tongue denies,
 Your heart should grant; and not a short reprieve,
 But length of certain life to Turnus give?
 Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
 If my presaging soul divines with truth,
 Which, O! I wish might err through causeless
 fears,

And you (for you have power) prolong his years.
 Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
 And drives a storm before her through the skies.
 Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
 Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
 Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made,
 And what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.
 Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
 His head aloft, a plummy crest he wore:
 This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
 And that sustain'd an imitated shield:
 With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground;
 Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting sound.
 (Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking fight,
 Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night).
 The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare,
 And flourishes his empty sword in air:
 At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his spear;
 The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.
 Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
 And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
 Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
 Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud;)
 Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me
 The fated land you fought so long by sea.

He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium king Ofinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,
And skipp'd, and sculk'd, and under hatches
went.

Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The haulers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.

The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he cast.
O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?

Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne,
How, and with what reproach shall I return!
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty towers again?
What will they say of their deserting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief:
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
There scatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.

Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh, ye pitying winds! a wretch relieve;
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive:
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more;
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious Fame,
Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim!

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates resolv'd,
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea took place:
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain:
Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood:
And thrice repress'd his rage: strong gales sup-
ply'd,

And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
At length she lands him on his native shores,
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful
flight,

Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a solid rock by seas enclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;

From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled:
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung,
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound,
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His crest and armour, from his body torn,
Thy shoulders, Laufus, and thy head adorn.
Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he slew,
Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew:
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his fire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain;
Unthinking Mymus, on the Latian plain.

And as a savage boar on mountains bred,
With forest mast and fattening marshes fed;
When once he sees himself in toils enclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their javelins from afar;
All keep aloof, and safely shout around,
But none presumes to give a nearer wound.
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his side:
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd
And just revenge, against the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated
night.

Mezentius sees him through the squadron ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A game some goat who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore;
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy
ground,

The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in
the wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd:
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then, turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
And rested lance: and thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
The fields around with Iu Pæan ring,
And peals of shouts applaud the conquering king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesy'd in death:
Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd:
For what belongs to me let Jove provide;

But die thou first, whatever chance ensue.
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew:
A hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cadicus, Alcatous was slain;
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:
Orles the strong to greater strength must yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master as he made a bound;
The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground.
Then Clonius hand in hand, on foot assails,
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.

Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride.
To single fight the boldest foe defy'd;
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Antronius sent,
But the same fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealces' hand, well skill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors, and vanquish'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heaven survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of human life.

Above the rest two goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:
Amidst the crowd infernal Atë shakes
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.

Once more the proud Mezentius with disdain
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain:
Where towering in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like tall Orion italking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.
Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his strength, and like a rock,
Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
He stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries;
My strong right-hand, and sword, assist my stroke:
(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke)
His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.
He said, and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial shield that stopp'd the course;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The sides and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
And in Evander's palace sought repose:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He cast to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.

The pious Trojan then his javelin sent. [went
The shield gave way: through treble plates it
Of solid brags, of linen trebly roll'd, [roll'd.
And three bull-hides which round the buckler

All these it pass'd, resistless on the course,
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood;
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His fauchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief,
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
To thy immortal memory be just;
And sing an act so noble and so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by flight:
Incumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
The lifted sword springs forth, to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield:
All fir'd with generous indignation strive;
And, with a storm of darts, at distance drive
The Trojan chief: who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, passenger, and labouring hind,
For shelter to the neighbouring covert fly;
Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heaven above them
Return to travel, and renew their toils; [smiles,
Æneas, thus o'erwhelm'd on every side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat-
ening cry'd:

Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn [tir'd,
Provokes the lingering prince, whose patience,
Gave place, and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd sheers;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which full descending, with a frightful sway,
Through shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous
way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple stream through the thin armour strove,
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother
wove;

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought!
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more!
Accept whatever Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be the sword!
And all that pleas'd the living, still remain
Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain!
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.

There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
 'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.
 With this his distant friends he beckons near,
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
 Himself assist to lift him from the ground,
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out
 the wound.

Meantime his father, now no father, stood,
 And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
 Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
 His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.
 A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,
 His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
 A chosen train of youth around him stand,
 His drooping head was rested on his hand:
 His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,
 And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
 Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
 He much inquir'd, and many a message sent
 To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
 Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
 O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
 And drew a bloody trail along the ground.

Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
 The dire event with a foreboding mind.
 With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,
 Then both his lifted hands to heaven he spread;
 Last the dear corpse embracing, thus he said: }
 What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
 That I have been so covetous to live?
 To see my son, and such a son, resign
 His life a ransom for preserving mine?
 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
 How much too dear has that redemption cost!
 'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
 My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
 Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd,
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
 I lov'd my people these, and from their hate
 With less resentment could have borne my fate.
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the fight
 Of hated men, and of more hated light:
 But will not long. With that he rais'd from
 ground

His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound.
 Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappal'd
 With pains or perils, for his courser call'd:
 Well-mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himself did
 dress }
 With daily care, and mounted with success;
 His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
 The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke:
 O Rhæbus, we have liv'd too long for me
 (If life and long were terms that could agree);
 This day thou either shalt bring back the head
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
 This day thou either shalt revenge my woe
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
 Or, if inexorable Fate deny
 Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
 For, after such a lord, I rest secure,
 Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure.
 He said: and straight th' officious courser kneels
 To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills

With pointed javelins: on his head he lac'd
 His glittering helm, which terribly was grac'd
 With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar;
 Then spurr'd his thundering steed amidst the war.
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness
 wrought,

Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
 Of inborn worth, his labouring soul oppress'd,
 Roll'd in his eyes, and rang'd within his breast.
 Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name.
 The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
 Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting god,
 Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good.
 He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,
 And threaten'd with his long protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus: thy vaunts are vain,
 My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
 He's lost! thy conquest is already won,
 The wretched fire is murder'd in the son.
 Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy,
 Forbear thy threats, my business is to die;
 But first receive this parting legacy. }
 He said: and straight a whirling dart he sent:
 Another after, and another went.

Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
 And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield: }
 Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
 Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withstood
 The strokes; and bore about an iron wood.
 Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
 Still to defend, and to defend alone:
 To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
 Urg'd and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight:
 At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force
 Full at the temples of the warrior-horse. [spear
 Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring
 Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either ear.
 Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
 The wounded steeds curvets; and, rais'd upright,
 Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
 Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
 Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
 His horse came after with unwieldy weight;
 And, floundering forward, pitching on his head,
 His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid,
 From either host the mingled shouts and cries
 Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.
 Æneas, hastening, wav'd his fatal sword,
 High o'er his head with this reproachful word:
 Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce dis-
 Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain? [dain
 Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
 With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies:
 Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
 To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
 'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
 Nor came I here with hope of victory.
 Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
 As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.
 My dying son contracted no such band;
 The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand.
 For this, this only favour let me sue:
 If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
 Refuse it not: but let my body have
 The last retreat of human-kind, a grave.
 Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;
 Protect me from their vengeance after fate.

This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side.
He said, and to the throat his sword apply'd.

}

The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

B O O K XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of *Mezentius*: grants a truce for burying the dead; and sends home the body of *Pallas* with great solemnity. *Latius* calls a council to propose offers of peace to *Æneas*, which occasions great animosity betwixt *Turnus* and *Drances*: in the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein *Camilla* signalizes herself; is killed: and the *Latine* troops are entirely defeated.

SCARCE had the rosy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend:
Yet first to heaven perform'd a victor's vow:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
Now on a naked shag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumed crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs enclose the godlike man:
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began: [cess:

Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure suc-
The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce *Mezentius* lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall stand extended on the plain;
And in this omen is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance:
That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they
fought; [bought.

And which for us with their own blood they
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend,
To the sad city of *Evander* send:

Who not inglorious in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented *Pallas* lay:
Acetes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.

A troop of *Trojans* mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;

But when *Æneas* view'd the grisly wound
Which *Pallas* in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:

Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needful succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' *Etrurian* land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war;
A bloody breathless body: which can owe
No farther debt, but to the powers below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the funeral honours of his son.
These are my triumphs of the *Latian* war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care.
And yet, unhappy fire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy *Pallas* no dishonest wound receiv'd.

He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
But what a champion has th' *Ausonian* coast,
And what a friend hast thou, *Ascanius*, lost!

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
To bear him back, and share *Evander's* grief
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief).
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier;
Then on their shouldersthe sad burden rear,

The body on this rural herse is borne,
 Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
 All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
 New crott by virgin hands, to dress the bower :
 Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below, [owe.
 No more to mother earth or the green stem shall
 Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,
 Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
 For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
 Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
 One vest array'd the corpse, and one they spread
 O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head :
 That when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
 The catching fire, might burn the golden caul.
 Besides the spoils of foes in battle slain,
 When he descended on the Latian plain :
 Arms, trappings, horses, by the herse he led
 In long array (th' atchievements of the dead).
 Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
 Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear :
 Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
 To sprinkle with their blood, the funeral flame.
 Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne ;
 Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn ;
 And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
 Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
 Accetes on his pupil's corpse attends,
 With feeble steps ; supported by his friends :
 Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd,
 Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground.
 Where groveling, while he lies in deep despair,
 He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
 The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
 Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably
 foul.

To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
 Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
 Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace [face.
 He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his
 The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
 Are borne behind ; the victor seiz'd the rest.
 The march begins : the trumpets hoarsely sound,
 The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
 Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse,
 To Pallantean towers direct their course,
 In long procession rank'd ; the pious chief
 Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
 The public care, he said, which war attends,
 Diverts our present woes, at least suspends ;
 Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell ;
 Hail holy relics, and a last farewell !
 He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
 Refrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, de-
 mand

A truce, with olive branches in their hand.
 Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
 Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
 They plead, that none those common rites deny
 To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
 All cause of hate was ended in their death ;
 Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
 A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request :
 Whose son he once was call'd, and once his
 guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,
 The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd :

O Latian princes, how severe a fate
 In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state !
 And arm'd against an unoffending man,
 Who sought your friendship ere the war began !
 You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
 Not only for the slain, but those who live.
 I came not hither but by heaven's command,
 And sent by Fate to share the Latian land.
 Nor wage I wars unjust ; your king deny'd
 My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride
 Left me for Turnus ; Turnus then should try
 His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
 My right and his are in dispute : the slain
 Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
 In equal arms let us alone contend ;
 And let him vanquish, whom his Fates befriend.
 This is the way, so tell him, to possess
 The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
 Bear this my message back ; with ample leave
 That your slain friends may funeral-rites receive.

Thus having said, th' ambassadors amaz'd,
 Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd :
 Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
 Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
 Broke silence first, and to the godlike man,
 With graceful action bowing, thus began :

Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
 But yet whose actions far transcend your fame :
 Would I your justice or your force express,
 Thought can but equal ; and all words are less :
 Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
 And favours granted to the Latian state :
 If wish'd success your labour shall attend,
 Think peace concluded, and the king your friend :
 Let Turnus leave the realm to your command :
 And seek alliance in some other land :
 Build you the city which your Fates assign :
 We shall be proud in the great work to join.
 Thus Drances ; and his words so well persuade
 The rest empower'd, that soon a truce is made.
 Twelve days the term allow'd : and during those,
 Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
 Mix'd in the woods, for funeral pile prepare,
 To fell the timber, and forget the war.
 Loud axes through the groaning groves resound :
 Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground :
 Firs fall from high : and some the trunks receive,
 In loaden wains, with wedges some they cleave.

And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
 Through the short circuit of th' Arcadian town,
 Of Pallas slain : by Fame, which just before
 His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
 Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
 Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand :
 Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze :
 The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
 That cast a sullen splendor on their friends
 (The marching troop which their dread prince
 attends).

Both parties meet : they raise a doleful cry :
 The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply :
 And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted
 sky.

The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
 Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears :
 Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
 With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng :

Falls on the corpse, and groaning there he lies,
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes;
Short sighs and sobs succeed: till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauspicious war,
Vain vows to heaven, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
Whose holy soul the stroke of fortune fled:
Prescious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.
If, from my league against th' Ausonian state,
Amid their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deserv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
At least he led the way to victory:
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes be-
fore:

A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
Content with those the Trojan hero gave.
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd;
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd:
Great spoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they
bear:

Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood,
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood.
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
These troops to view the tears thou shed'st in vain!
Go, friends, this message to your lord relate;
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
And after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus; whose devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead:
My son and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news below.

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light:
The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command
To raise the piles along the winding strand:
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black smouldering smoke from the green wood
expires; [retires.]
The light of heaven is chok'd, and the new day
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so),

Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the
ground;

And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe;
Helms, bitts emboss'd, and swords of shining steel,
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms restore:
The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore;
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain,
Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their
burning friends.

Lingering along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heaven with starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighbouring fields convey'd.
The corpse of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are bury'd in the town:
The rest unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires;
And the promiscuous blaze to heaven aspires.

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night;
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain:
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow:
These relics with their country rites they grace;
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.

But in the palace of the king appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common
moans:

Orphans their fires, and fires lament their sons.
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
These are the crimes, with which they load the
name

Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim.
Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain, our lot is but to serve:
'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve.
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spight,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit, in the Latian court.
His former acts secure his present fame;
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn;
The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost,
And care employ'd, their embassy is lost:
That Diomedes refus'd his aid in war;
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to prayer,

Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought;
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late
A foreign son is pointed out by fate:
And till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of heaven is hovering o'er his head.
The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
When late their titles in the field were try'd:
Witness the fresh laments, and funeral tears un-
dry'd.

Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
The Latian senate to the council-hall:
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears:
Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmuring sound
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.
We have, said he, perform'd your high command:
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place desir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and rising towers beheld.
Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls;
From his own Argos nam'd; we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
Then crave an instant audience from the king:
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name;
And tell th' important cause for which we came.

Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Made this return: Ausonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword
(A needless ill your ancestors abhor'd).
We (for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came)
Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main:
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he sought,
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n,
Out-casts, abandon'd by the care of heaven:
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witness the vessels by Minerva tols'd
In storms, the vengeful Capharæan coast;
Th' Eubæan rocks; the prince, whose brother
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed, [led
In Egypt lost; Ulysses, with his men,
Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den:
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain,
Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain?
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adulteress lost his life:
Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,
My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:

Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the
sky,

Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly:
Hovering about the coasts they make their moan;
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those harms,
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Presum'd against immortal powers to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight, I know him to my cost;
With what a whirling force his lance he tols'd:
Heavens! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose at every
blow!

Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the
fight:

Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd:
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand;
Both brave alike, and equal in command:
Æneas not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.
He said no more: but, with this cold excuse,
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce.

Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:
White foam in gathering eddies floats around:
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.

The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise; than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heaven's peculiar care,
But heaven's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united strength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:

You see th' event—Now hear what I propose,
 To save our friends, and satisfy our foes:
 A tract of land the Latins have possess'd
 Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,
 Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till:
 And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill;
 Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
 If you consent, the Trojan shall command;
 Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
 On terms agreed, the common country share.
 There let them build, and settle, if they please;
 Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
 In search of seats remote of Italy;
 And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
 Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,
 Or twice as many more, if more they need;
 Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
 Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
 Let them the number, and the form assign;
 The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
 To treat the peace, a hundred senators
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample powers;
 With olive crown'd: the presents they shall
 bear,

A purple robe, a royal ivory chair; [wear;
 And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs
 And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
 This great affair, and save the sinking state.

Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd
 long since,

The rising glories of the Daunian prince.
 Factionous and rich, bold at the council-board,
 But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword;
 A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
 Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
 But what his father's parentage, unknown.
 He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
 To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.

Such truths, O king! said he, your words con-
 tain,

As strike the sense, and all replies are vain:
 Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
 What common needs require; but fear to speak.
 Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
 Whose pride this inauspicious war began:
 For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
 Fear set a part, though death is in my way)
 The plains of Latium run with blood around;
 So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
 Dejected grief in every face appears;
 A town in mourning, and a land in tears.
 While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
 The man who menaces the gods with arms,
 Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
 And sought his safety in ignoble flight.

Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
 Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
 Add yet a greater at our joint request,
 One which he values more than all the rest;
 Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
 With that alliance let the league be ty'd;
 And for the bleeding land a lasting peace pro-
 vide.

Let insolence no longer awe the throne,
 But with a father's right bestow your own.
 For this maligner of the general good,
 If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd;

His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
 Your sceptre to release, and our just rights re-
 store.

O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
 Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee!
 What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,
 And send us out to meet our certain fate?
 'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
 Our peace and public safety we demand.
 Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
 If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
 Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
 Nor will I much with your belief contend:
 I beg your greatness not to give the law
 In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
 Pity your own, or pity our estate;
 Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
 Your interest is, the war should never cease;
 But we have felt enough, to wish the peace:
 A land exhausted to the last remains,
 Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
 Yes, if desire of fame, and thirst of power,
 A beauteous princess, with a crown in dower,
 So fire your mind, in arms assert your right;
 And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
 Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;
 We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:
 A base ignoble crowd, without a name:
 Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame:
 By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
 That Turnus may possess a royal wife.
 Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
 Should share such triumphs; and detain from
 you

The post of honour, your undoubted due:
 Rather alone your matchless force employ;
 To merit, what alone you must enjoy.

These words, so full of malice, mix'd with art,
 Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
 Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.
 You, Drances, never want a stream of words,
 Then, when the public need requires our swords.
 First in the council-hall to steer the state;
 And ever foremost in a tongue debate.
 While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
 Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
 But let the potent orator declaim,
 And with the brand of coward blot my name;
 Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
 Has cover'd with more corpse the sanguine
 strand;

And high as mine his towering trophies stand.
 If any doubt remains who dares the most,
 Let us decide it at the Trojans' cost:
 And issue both a-breast, where honour calls;
 Foes are not far to seek without the walls.
 Unless his noisy tongue can only fight:
 And feet were given him but to speed his flight.
 I beaten from the field! I forc'd away!
 Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
 Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
 Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies:
 What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
 And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.
 All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
 In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.

The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
Not such the Trojans try'd me, when, enclos'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd:

First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array;
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a destructive war! So let it be,

But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
With false reports, their minds with panic fears:
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race,
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.

Say rapid Ausidus with awful dread,
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity,
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest:
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.

Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down so low;
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins:
That man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast:
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
To shun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought:
And not a bloodless victory was bought:
Their losses equal'd ours; and for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain:
Why thus unforc'd should we so tamely yield;
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen

Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again:
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,
The great Messapus yet remains our friend:
Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours:
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their powers:
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
Your own brave subjects have our cause em-
brace'd.

Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
Contains an army in herself alone:
And heads a squadron, terrible to fight
With glittering shields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet if the foe a single fight demand,
And I alone the public peace withstand;
If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles let him take the field,
With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield;

For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand
And I alone will answer his demand.
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.

While they debate; nor these nor those will
Æneas draws his forces to the field; [yield;
And moves his camp. The scouts with flying
speed

Return, and through the frighted city spread
Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descri'd
In battle marching by the river's side;
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.
Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field;
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield;
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring sound results and mingles in the sky, }
Like that of swans remurmuring to the floods,
Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods,
Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,
Talk on, ye quaint harranguers of the crowd;
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls;
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
He said, and, turning short, with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.

Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
Messapus, and Catillus, post your force
Along the fields, and charge the Trojan horse.
Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.

They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
The gathering storm, just breaking on the state,
Dismiss'd the council, till a fitter time,
And own'd his easy temper as his crime;
Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

Some help to sink new trenches, others aid
To ram the stones or raise the palisade. [walls
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm: around the
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour
calls.

A sad procession, in the streets is seen,
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
High in her chair she sits, and at her side,
With down-cast eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;
Prayers in their mouths, and presents in their
hands;

With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine;
Then in this common supplication join:
O patroness of arms, unpotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid:
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.

Now Turnus arms for fight: his back and
breast,
Well-temper'd steel and scaly brags invest:
The cuishes, which his brawny thighs infold,
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful fauchion sits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:

But bare to view amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower descends.
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival and to promise war.

Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds:
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:

If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,
Can promise aught; or on itself rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown;
You, general, stay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply!
Not only words lie labouring in my breast;
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan (not in stratagem unskill'd)
Sends his light horse before, to scour the field:
Himself, through steep ascents and thorny brakes,
A larger compass to the city takes.
This news my scouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare:
With chosen foot his passage to forelay:
And place an ambush in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse:
The brave Messapus shall thy troops enforce;
With those of Tibur; and the Latian band:
Subjected all to thy supreme command.

This said, he warns Messapus to the war:
Then every chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.
Enclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise;
A narrow track, by human steps untrod,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obscure
abode.

High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands:
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground
The top is level: an offensive feat [commands.
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress:
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their descending backs, a stony shower.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way;
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Meantime, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the lightfoot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd, and ever-trusty maid.
Then with a sigh began: Camilla goes
To meet her death, amidst her fatal foes.
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Camilla, was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains;
The raging flood his farther flight restrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders, with unusual rains. }
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears:
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he stops awhile; and thinks in haste;
Then, desperate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow space:
With twigs of bending osier bound the case.
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight:
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
Accept, great goddess of the woods, he said,
Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid:
Through air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.
He said; and with full force the spear he threw;
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide;
And gain'd by stress of arms, the farther side.
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls enclose,
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes.
But rough, in open air he chose to lie:
Earth was his couch, his covering was the sky.
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dugs of bears, and every savage beast,
He drew, and through her lip the liquor press'd.
The little Amazon could scarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
And, that she might her staggering steps com-
mand,

He with a slender javelin fills her hand:
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.
The flying dart she first attempts to fling;
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling:
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began }
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan; [crane.
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the

The Tuscan matrons with each other vy'd,
 To bless their rival sons with such a bride:
 But she disdains their love; to share with me
 The sylvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
 And oh! I wish, contented with my cares
 Of savage spoils, she had not fought the wars:
 Then had she been of my celestial train;
 And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
 But since, opposing heaven's decree, she goes
 To find her death among forbidden foes;
 Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,
 Where, with the gods adverse, the Latins fight:
 This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
 This chosen arrow to revenge her death:
 By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
 Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,
 Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
 Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,
 To bear the breathless body of my maid:
 Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd
 Her holy limbs with any human hand:

And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.
 She said: the faithful nymph descends from
 high
 With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
 Black clouds and stormy winds around her body
 fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
 Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,
 Approach the walls; the sprightly couriers bound;
 Press forward on their bits, and shift their
 ground:

Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far;
 And the fields glitter with a waving war.
 Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
 Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;
 These in a body plac'd; on either hand
 Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
 Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;
 And less and less the middle space appears.
 Thick smoke obscures the field: and scarce are
 seen

The neighing couriers, and the shouting men.
 In distance of their darts they stop their course;
 Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
 The face of heaven their flying javelins hide:
 And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
 Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
 By mettled couriers borne in full career,
 Meet first oppos'd: and, with a mighty thock,
 Their horses heads against each other knock.
 Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast;
 As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:
 He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last.
 The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright;
 And sling their shields behind, to save their backs
 in flight.

Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
 Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
 And urge their flight; Asylas leads the chase;
 Till seiz'd with shame they wheel about, and face:
 Receive their foes, and raise a threatening cry.
 The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.

So swelling surges, with a thundering roar,
 Driven on each other's backs, insult the shore;
 Bound o'er the rocks, encroach upon the land;
 And far upon the beach eject the sand.

Then backward, with a swing, they take their
 way; [ther-sea:

Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mo-
 With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore;
 And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd
 before.

Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,
 Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
 Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
 Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man:
 Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strow'd
 With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
 Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
 Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
 Orsilochns, who durst not press too near
 Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear;
 And stuck the steel beneath his horse's ear.
 The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
 Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,
 His hopeless lord cast backward on the ground.
 Catillus pierc'd Iolas first: then drew
 His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw:
 The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.
 His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
 But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
 Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
 A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart:
 Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;
 Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The sands with streaming blood are sanguine
 dy'd;

And death with honour fought on either side.

Resistless, through the war, Camilla rode;
 In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
 One side was bare for her exerted breast:
 One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
 Now from afar her fatal javelins play;
 Now with her axe's edge she hews her way;
 Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
 And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,
 From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
 Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
 Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
 Italians all: in peace, their queen's delight:
 In war, the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
 When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
 Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
 When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.
 Such to the field Penthesilea led,
 From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled:
 With such, return'd triumphant from the war;
 Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
 They clash with manly force their moony shields:
 With female-shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
 On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
 Thy spear, of mountain-ash, Eumenius first,
 With fury driven, from side to side transpierc'd;
 A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
 Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
 Lyris and Pegasus at once she slew;
 The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew,
 Of his faint steed: the latter, as he stretch'd
 His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd,
 By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
 Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.

Amastrus next is added to the slain:
 The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
 Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
 And Chromys, at full speed her fury shun.
 Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
 Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
 Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,
 Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed:
 Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown;
 O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
 His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
 A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his
 head.
 He clench'd within his hand an iron prong:
 And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the
 throng.
 Him soon she singled from the flying train,
 And flew with ease: then thus insults the slain.
 Vain hunter, didst thou think through woods to
 chase
 The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?
 Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory;
 A woman-warrior was too strong for thee.
 Yet if the ghosts demand the conqueror's name,
 Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame.
 Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
 The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew.
 But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
 Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
 And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
 Orsilochus, and she, their couriers ply,
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.
 But in a narrower ring she makes the race:
 And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
 Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
 She swings her axe, and rises at the blow:
 Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
 The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:
 He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
 Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
 Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
 To see his fall, nor farther dares advance:
 But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
 He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.
 Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
 (At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)
 Cries out aloud, What courage have you shown,
 Who trust your courier's strength, and not your
 Forego the 'vantage of your horse, alight, [own?
 And then on equal terms begin the fight:
 It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
 When, foot to foot, you combat with a man.
 He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
 Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain:
 And leaves her horse at large among her train.
 With her drawn sword defies him to the field:
 And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield:
 The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
 Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,
 Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
 The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
 Vain fool, and coward, said the lofty maid,
 Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
 On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
 Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
 Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
 With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.

At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
 That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:
 Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
 And laid the boaster groveling on the plain.
 Not with more ease the falcon from above
 Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove:
 Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound;
 The feathers foul with blood came tumbling to
 the ground.

Nor mighty Jove, from his superior height,
 With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight.
 He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain;
 And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
 Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
 And these encourages, and those he chides:
 Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
 Renews their ardour, and restores the fight.
 What panic fear has seiz'd your souls? O shame,
 O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!
 Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
 Drives, breaks, and scatters, your ignoble band!
 Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield:
 What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
 Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
 Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite:
 When to fat offerings the glad augur calls,
 And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.
 These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:
 Swift in debauch; but slow to manly fight.
 Thus having said; he spurs amid the foes,
 Not managing the life he meant to lose.
 The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,
 In his strong gripe: and clasp'd around the waste:
 'Twas Vennulus; whom from his horse he tore,
 And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
 Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes,
 And view th' unusual sight with vast surprise.
 The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
 Press'd in his arms the ponderous prey sustains:
 Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around
 His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
 Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
 He writhes his body to prolong the strife:
 And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
 His utmost vigour, and the point averts.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
 And bears a speckled serpent through the sky;
 Fastening his crooked talons on the prey,
 The prisoner hisses through the liquid way:
 Resists the royal hawk, and though oppress'd,
 She fights in volumes, and erects her crest;
 Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
 And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat-
 ening tail.

Against the victor all defence is weak;
 Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
 He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;
 Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
 Strong Tarchon snatch'd, and bore away his prize:
 The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now
 press

The Latins, and presume the like success.

Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
 To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:
 This way and that his winding course he bends,
 And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.

When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she keeps her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threatens, and trembles, trying every way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.

Chloëus, the priest of Cybelè, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er,
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.

With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;
Gnosian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds,
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.

Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up
before.

Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize:

Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold:

Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.

This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:

Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,

And threw, but first to heaven address'd his vows.

O patron of Soractes' high abodes,

Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods;

Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous
pine

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked souls,

Through flames unsing'd we march, and tread the
kindled coals:

Give me, propitious power, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day:

Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;

But with my future actions trust my fame.

Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,

And from the field return inglorious home.

Apollo heard, and, granting half his prayer,

Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.

He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,

By southern tempests, to the seas is borne.

Now, when the javelin whiz'd along the skies,

Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,

Directed by the sound of either host,

Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,

Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent

On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:

Till in her lap the winged weapon stood

Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.

Her sad attendants hasten to sustain

Their dying lady drooping on the plain.

Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,

With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;

Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,

Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.

As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,

At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side:

Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies

And clasps his quivering tail between his thighs;

So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends;

But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.

She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But, wedg'd within her breast, the weapon stands;
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains

A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.

Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:

Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.

Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,

And bid him timely to my charge succeed:

Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:

Farewell; and in this kiss my parting breath re-

She said; and sliding sunk upon the plain; [ceiv-

Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;

Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees

Her mind the passage from her body frees.

She drops her sword, she nods her plumed crest;

Her drooping head declining on her breast:

In the last sigh her struggling soul expires;

And, murmuring with disdain, to Stygian sounds

retires.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:

Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.

The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,

Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

By Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar

Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:

Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,

Weltering in blood, she sees Camilla slain;

And round her corpse of friends and foes a fight-

ing train.

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew

A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:

Too dear a fine, ah! much-lamented maid,

For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid:

Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,

Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.

Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave

Her votary's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.

Branded the wretch, and be his name abhor'd;

But after-ages shall thy praise record.

Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain;

Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain.

High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,

Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;

Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,

A king that once in Latium bore the sway.

The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,

To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.

Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,

Sworn with success, and loudly thus she cry'd:

Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;

Turn, like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.

Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;

And say I sent thee to the shades below;

An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow.

She said: and from her quiver chose with speed

The winged shaft, destin'd for the deed:

Then, to the stubborn yew her strength apply'd;

Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.

The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she

Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. [drew;

At once the twanging bow and sounding dart

The traitor heard, and felt the point within his

heart.

Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conquering damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driven by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.

These drop the shield, and those the lance forego;
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heaven with female shrieks, and wring their
All pressing on, pursuers and pursued, [hands.
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched fire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close:
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
'Tis terror all within; and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.

The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
Arm'd on the towers, the common dangers share:

So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they
throw,

With imitated darts, to gaul the foe;
Their lives, for godlike freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid:
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd,
The foes entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, came rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the
town.

Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,)
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain:
Scarce was he gone, when to the straights, now
freed

From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Through the black forest, and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.
From the rough mountains to the plain descend.
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend: Æneas sees,
Through smoking fields, his hastening enemies.
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night, with sable wings, involves the sky.

B O O K XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd;
Himself become the mark of public spight,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.

As when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed javelin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire,
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,
At length approach'd the king, and thus began;

No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand. }
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.
Renew the truce, the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians, unconcern'd, shall see the fight;
This arm, unaided, shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.
To whom the king sedately thus reply'd:
Brave youth, the more your valour has been
try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities, which your arms have made your own;

My town and treasures are at your command;
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavina sees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear:
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.

The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.

Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood.
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:

Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties and of honour broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what success 'tis needless to declare;
I and my subjects feel; and you have had your
share.

Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians glance the neighbouring
shore:

Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should not I procure it whilst you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
And should you fall in fight, (which heaven de-
fend)

How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end,
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,
Pity your parent's age, and ease his care.

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:
The proffer'd medicine, but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, disdainful the relief,
With intermitting sobs, thus vents his grief:
Thy care, O best of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.

Permit me not to languish out my days;
But make the best exchange of life for praise.
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies:
His goddess mother is not near, to shroud
The flying coward with an empty cloud.

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:

O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:

Refuse me not this one, this only prayer,
To wave the combat, and pursue the war.
Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
Think it includes in thine Amata's life.

I cannot live a slave; or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.

VOL. XII.

At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian ivory shows,
Which, with the bordering paint of purple
glows;

Or lilies damask by the neighbouring rose.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:
O, mother, do not, by your tears, prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if heaven my death decrees.

Then, turning to the herald, thus pursues;
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight;
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toss'd their heads on high
And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
The fires of these Orithia sent from far,
To grace Pylumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their
flight.

Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes di-
vide; [their pride.]
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain brads.
Then to his head his glittering helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful faulchion by his side.
In his Ætnean forge, the god of fire
That faulchion labour'd for the hero's fire:
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.
Then cry'd, O ponderous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain,
Fail not, this day, thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the crest:
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fra-
grant oil.

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring horns against a tree;
And meditates his absent enemy:

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He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the lingering wars.
To cheer his chiefs, and tender son, relates
What heaven had promis'd, and expounds the
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease [fates.
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn, ensuing from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day:
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they measure out the space;
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass;
Where, with religious rites their common gods
they place.

In purest white the priests their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire:
And o'er their linen hoods, and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.

In order issuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight: [fight.
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for

Between the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glittering with gold, and vests in purple dy'd.
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Messapus born of seed divine.
The sign is given, and round the list'd space
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand;
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
Now, studious of the fight, a numerous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls, and houses tops are lin'd.

Meantime the queen of heaven beheld the
fight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height:
(Since call'd Albano, by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name.)
She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan powers,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine towers.
Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake;
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd,
Compress'd by force, but by the grateful god,
Now made the Naïs of the neighbouring flood.

O nymph, the pride of living lakes, said she,
O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record
The wanton sallies of my wandering lord:
Of every Latian fair, whom Jove mist, led,
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;
But gave a part of heaven, and an unenvy'd place.
Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief,
While fortune favour'd, nor heaven's king deny'd,
To lend my succour to the Latian side,

I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state;
But now he struggles with unequal fate;
And goes with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in
To meet inevitable death in fight: [might.
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the
fight

Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply;
It well becomes a sister's care to try.

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus. Thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate.
New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may pro-
duce?

'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
Or if it were, discharge the crime on me.
She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook:
Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:
And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend priest appears;
And offerings to the flaming altars bears;
A porker, and a lamb, that never suffer'd shears. }
Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And shows the beasts design'd for sacrifice,
With salt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Between their horns the purple wine he sheds,
With the same generous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd:

All-seeing sun, and thou Ausonian soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
Thou king of heaven, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by prayer)
Thou god of war, whose unresisted sway
The labours and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans shall increase Evander's town;
Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:
All claims, all questions of debate shall cease;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juster arms prevail in fight
As sure they shall, if I divine aright,
My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I ask but altars for my weary gods.
The care of those religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I resign;
His be the sovereign sway. Nor will I share
His power in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town shall frame,
And bless the rising towers, with fair Lavinia's
name.

Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar stands,
By the same heaven, said he, and earth, and main,
And all the powers, that all the three contain;
By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with
So let Latona's double offspring hear, [his nod;
And double-fronted Janus what I swear:
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
And all those powers attest, and all their names:
Whatever chance befall on either side,
No term of time this union shall divide:
No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind:
Not though the circling seas should break their

bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
Not though the lamps of heaven their spheres
forlake,

Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal sceptre (for he bore
A sceptre in his hand) shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear).

When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beasts are slain before the fire:
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;
Then, gathering sound, they murmur more aloud.
Now side to side, they measure with their eyes
The champion's bulk, their sinews, and their size:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public fight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves; and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And, while he mutters undistinguish'd prayers,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude;
When their short sighs and thickening sobs she
heard,

And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Dissembling her immortal form, she took,
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he, his greater son,
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And, humouring their first motions thus began:

For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heaven, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count them as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife,
Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life:

Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile, and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land:
Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.

With words like these, she carry'd her design;
A rising murmur runs along the line,
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latins, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage:
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes.
Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons trufs'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew;
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thickening in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
The cuff, they scratch, they cross their airy course;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force:
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the ponderous
prey;

And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd;
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey:
Advance, my friends, and charge; I lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the prey;
Your timely succour to your country bring;
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king.

He said: and pressing onward, thro' the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood:
Gylippus' sons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
A passage through the jointed arms is found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the
ground.

Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their javelins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latin troops embrace;
And meet their ardour in the middle space.

The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
 With equal courage obviate their design.
 Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
 Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
 With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
 The sacrifice half broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
 Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
 And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
 Brands from the fire are missive weapons made;
 With chargers, bows, and all the priestly
 trade.

Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
 And bears his unregarded gods away.
 These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;
 The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to
 the war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
 Spurr'd his hot courser through the fighting press,
 At king Aulestes; by his purple known
 A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;
 And with a shock encountering, bore him down.
 Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
 The ruins of an altar were behind:
 There pitching on his shoulders, and his head,
 Amid the scattering fires he lay supinely spread.
 The beamy spear descending from above,
 His cuirass pierc'd, and through his body drove.
 Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries;
 The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.
 Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
 Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.

Priest Choroebus arm'd his better hand,
 From his own altar, with a blazing brand:
 And, as Euboeus with a thundering pace,
 Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
 His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,
 The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
 Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
 With his left hand; his other cast him down.
 The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
 And plung'd his holy poinard in his breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued
 The shepherd Albus through the flying crowd,
 Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
 Full on the front of his unwary foe.
 The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
 And cleaves the chin with one continued
 wound: [arms around.]
 Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his
 An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
 And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
 But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands,
 Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
 In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
 What sudden rage, what new desire of blood
 Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease
 From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
 By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
 The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
 Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
 This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
 Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
 To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe.

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
 A winged arrow struck the pious prince,
 But whether from some human hand it came,
 Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:

No human hand, or hostile god was found,
 To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
 His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train:
 Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,
 At once his arms and couriers he requires.
 Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
 And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
 He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes.
 He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
 These his lance reaches, over those he rolls
 His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:
 In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
 The dead men's weapons at their living friends:

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
 The god of battles, in his angry mood,
 Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
 Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:
 Before the wind his fiery couriers fly,
 Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
 Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,
 Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car;
 Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
 Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
 His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
 He lashes on; and urges o'er the dead.
 Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they
 bound,

The gore, and gathering dust, are dash'd around.
 Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
 He kill'd at hand, but Stelenus afar:
 From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,
 Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew:
 Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
 Or mount the courser that out-strips the wind.

Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
 New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd
 This son of Dolon bore his grandfire's name;
 But emulated more his father's fame.
 His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
 The Grecian camp and order to descry:
 Hard enterprise, and well he might require
 Achilles' car, and horses for his hire;
 But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince
 In death bestow'd a juster recompence,

Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar
 And launch'd his javelin from his lofty car:
 Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,
 And, pressing with his foot, his prostrate foe,
 Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
 And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
 Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,
 And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
 Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
 Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy
 the land.

Then Daris, Butis, Sybaris, he slew,
 Whom o'er his neck the floundering courser threw.
 As when loud Boreas, with his blustering train,
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
 Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
 And rolls the billows on th' Ægean shore:
 So where resistless Turnus takes his course,
 The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force:
 His crest of horses hair is blown behind,
 By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

This haughty Phegeus, saw with high disdain,
And as the chariot roll'd along the plain, [rein.
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold;
The coursers frighted, and their course controll'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms; but pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin: he turn'd, and held
Against his threatening foe his ample shield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor-king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield.
The wounded prince is forc'd to have the field:
Strong Mnestheus and Achates often try'd,
And young Ascanius weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent: scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iapis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged fire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the power of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phæbeian bays.

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning
crowd.

The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound,
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heavenly art. }
All softening simples, known of sovereign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near,
And first their friends, and then their foes ap- }
pear;

Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear. }
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
And undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky;
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those
who die.

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple
crown'd;

Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosial dews,
And odorous panacee: unseen she stands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'al herbs prepar'd to bathe
the wound.

The leech unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part, }
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
Arms, arms, he cries, the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor arts effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our general to the battle sends;
Some god preserves his life for greater ends.
The hero arms in haste: his hands unfold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This gripes the lance; and with such vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
Then, with a close embrace, he strain'd his son;
And, kissing through his helmet, thus begun:
My son, from my example learn the war, }
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth,
Assert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.

He said; and, striding, issued on the plain;
Anteus, and Mnestheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturnia saw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain,
As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart, foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
With such impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.
And now both armies shock, in open field;
Osyris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand:
The fatal augur falls, by whose command

The truce was broken, and whose lance, embrued
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
And o'er the field the frighted Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few:
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien;
And like Metiscus in his seat is seen.

As the black swallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches flies:
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;
Nowhere, now there, her conquering brother shows:
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail;
The great Messapus thundering through the field,
In his left hand two pointed javelins held:
Encountering on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmost vigour threw.
Æneas saw it come, and stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threatening blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight;
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field:
Invokes the powers of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress:
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, What numbers can display,
The various labours of that fatal day?
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd?
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field?
Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert thy sight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite!

Æneas first Rutulian Sucre found,
Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground.
Betwixt his ribs the javelin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew:
First from his horse fierce Amicus he threw;
Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw:
Whom without respite at one charge he slew:

Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd
And sad Onythes, added to the rest;
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew, nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menætes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,
On different sides, and both by winds are blown,
The laurels crackle in the sputtering fire;
The frighted sylvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry:
They roll to sea, with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor less destruction make,
With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike,
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latin kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwielding stone:
Betwixt the wheels he feel; the wheels that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His starting steeds, to shun the glittering sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their
lord.

Fierce Hillus threaten'd high; and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear:
So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Cisseus, could'st thou 'scape from Turnus
hand,

In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Ænean sword:
Which to his naked heart pursued the course:
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.

Iolus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan towers,
Were doom'd to kill, while heaven prolong'd his
date:

But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate?
In high Lyrnessus, and, in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latian squadrons, and to battle leads.

They strike, they push, they throng the scanty
space;

Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town.
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain,
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war:
Occasion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.

Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height:
The crowding troops about their general stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.

Then thus the lofty prince: Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare;
The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the sky,
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain;
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjurd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires,
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires.

He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear;
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heaven his pious hands,
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamours in the town arise;
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit
their friends.

The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er tide prevails, is borne along.

Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Disus'd to flight; and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes, in vain they try; [sky.
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown;
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.

Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,
She tears with both her hands her purple vest;
Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.

Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known;
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of
despair.

The spreading rumour fills the public place;
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind, [sign'd:
And soon reduc'd to change, what he so well de-
To break the solemn league so long desir'd, [quir'd
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy re-

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying couriers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.
Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind;
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound. [drown'd;
Alas, said he, what mean these dismal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town arise?
Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins:
She, who the drivers office now sustains,
Replies: Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
Here fight; and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall:
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall.
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honour equal, equal in success.

To this, the prince: O sister, (for I knew
The peace infring'd, proceeded first from you,)
I knew you when you mingled first in fight,
And now in vain you would deceive my sight:
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heaven, involv'd in air?
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For what to power can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force!
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death:
Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place;
To shun the shameful fight of my disgrace.
On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;
His vest and armour are the victor's prize.
Then shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to complete my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
How Drances will insult and point them to the
fight!

Is death so hard to bear? ye gods below,
(Since those above so small compassion show,)
Receive a soul unsully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.

He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed,
Came sages, urging on his foamy steed;
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And seeking Turnus sent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms invest, with flames invades the town:
The brands are tofs'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:
All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice.
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son. [plac'd,
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On every side surrounded by the foe;
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to
mow.

You, far aloof from your unshaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.
Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow, mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay labouring in his thought:
And love, by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look;
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tower with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
And bridges laid above to join the space:
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
Sister, the fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fix'd: nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die.
He said, and, leaping down, without delay,
Through crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding, he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.
As when a fragment from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep;
Down sink at once the shepherds and their sheep;
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground,
Stunn'd with the shock, they fall, and stunn'd
from earth rebound:

So, Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Shouldering and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts, and spears and darts, promiscuous
flew; }
And sanguine streams the slippery ground em- } [brue.

First stretching out his arm in sign of peace,
He cries aloud to make the combat cease;
Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from war th' Ausonian state;
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work desist:
And, bearing backward, form a specious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champions
name,

Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Appennine, when white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

The nations, over-aw'd, surcease the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their sight:
Ev'n death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their battering rams below.
In silent order either army stands;
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their
hands.

Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wondering sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
They launch their spears, then hand to hand they
meet;

The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from
high,

And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
With horns adverse they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through
the wood:

Such was the combat in the list'd ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this side life, and lucky chance ascends;
Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side:
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 'tis but death, or flight: disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies,

Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he
join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could
find.

'Twas not the fated sword his father bore:
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held;
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field;
And now forthright, and now in orbits, wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the list surround;
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy
ground.

Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace,
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase:
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,
Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found; [pears;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound ap-
Still opening, following still, where'er he steers:
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear,
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws
with air. [cries;

The rocks, the lakes, the meadows, ring with
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the
skies. [blames

Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying,
His tardy troops: and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply,
With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course
With vigour, though diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already, round the list'd place
One chief had fled, and t' other given the chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife.

Within the space an olive-tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood, [god.
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian
Here hung the vests, and tables were engrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground enclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance:
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to
free

Th' encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree:
That whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft with human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus
pray'd:

O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;
Propitious hear my pious prayer! He said,
Nor with successless vows invok'd the aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and
strain'd,

But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
Juturna took her time: and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again:
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince, his Daunian sword.
The queen of love, who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;
T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the touch root the lingering weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance;
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance:
And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
What new arrest, O queen of heaven, is sent
To stop the fates now labouring in th' event,
What further hopes are left thee to pursue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'st it too)
Free-doom'd to these celestial seats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingerest in this lonely shade!

Is it becoming of the due respect,
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his con-
queror?

For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay, more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload;
Who should relieve the goddess but the god?
Now, all things to their utmost issue tend;
Push'd by the fates to their appointed end:
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted power:
Toss'd on the seas thou could'st thy foes distress,
And driven ashore, with hostile arms oppress:
Deform the royal house; and from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
Now cease at my command. The thunderer
said:

And with dejected eyes this answer Juno made.
Because your dread decree too well I knew;
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I with-
drew

Else should you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan;
But girt with vengeful flames, in open sight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life;
At least to try: but by the Stygian lake,
(The most religious oath the gods can take)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.

And now resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nations be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name:
Speak the same language which they spoke before;
Wear the same habits which their grandfathers wore:
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy with that detested town,
Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes):
Can Saturn's issue, and heaven's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their
tongue.

The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd,
I will, myself, their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners sub-
side.

All shall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow;
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay.
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the clouds retires.

The peace thus made, the thunderer next pre-
pares

To force the watery goddesses from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to night:
These their brown mother, brooding on her
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air; [care,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with his-
sing hair.

In heaven the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath; and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill:
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms, or towns, deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One sister-plague of these from heaven he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The pest comes whistling down: by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon yew; when, traversing the skies,
And drench'd in poisonous juice, the sure de-
struction flies.

With such a sudden and unseen a flight,
Shot through the clouds the daughter of the night.
Soon as the field enclos'd she had in view,
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew:
Contracted to the boding bird she turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings.

Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chilness crept along his blood,
Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror stood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry,
And stridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flow-
ing hair.

Ah me, she cries, in this unequal strife,
What can thy sister more to save thy life!
Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender soul, ye baleful bird of night!
The lashing of your wings I know too well:
The sounding flight, and funeral screams of hell!
These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompence of ravish'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghost below!
The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!
She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head:
Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in war:
Wish for the wings of wind to mount the sky?
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie.
The champion shook his head, and made this
short reply:

No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hostile heaven I dread; and partial Jove.
He said no more: but, with a sigh, repress'd
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw; the common bound
Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground:
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
He heav'd it at a lift: and, pois'd on high,
Ran staggering on, against his enemy.
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
His way; or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load:
And shivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms; and falling short,
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the fight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night:
We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:

In vain we heave for breath ; in vain we cry :
The nerves unbrac'd their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the faltering accents die :
So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour
void.

A thousand various thoughts his soul con-
found :
He star'd about ; nor aid nor issue found :
His own men stop the pass, and his own walls
surround.

Once more he pauses ; and looks out again :
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
Trembling, he views the thundering chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance :
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark : and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from battering engines break the walls :
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on ; and bore the death along.
Nought could his seven-fold shield the prince
avail,

Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail ;
It pierc'd through all ; and, with a grisly wound,
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky :
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms dis-
play'd ;

And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd :
I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live :
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.

Yet think ; oh think, if mercy may be shown,
(Thou hadst a father once, and hadst a son) :
Pity my fire, now sinking to the grave ;
And for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save !
Or, if they vow'd revenge, pursue my death ;
Give to my friends my body void of breath !
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life ;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife ;
Against a yielded man 'tis mean ignoble strife.

In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand ;
And, just appear'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt.
When, casting down a casual glance, he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side ;
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries [eyes] ;
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his
Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend ?
To his sad soul a grateful offering go ;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft ; and at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword,
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the
wound.

P O S T S C R I P T.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years: struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write ; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties ; and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country ;

whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care ; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for fixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts ; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me : but, since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give phy-

fic to the great, when he is uncalled? to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

"Cynthia aurem vellet, & admonuit."

It is enough for me, if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the mean time, I am obliged, in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken, in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion? amongst whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeserved. The present Earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that if the last Æneid shine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumbull, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and, for his sake particularly, I have made it mine. For who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour? I could not but invoke the assistance of a muse, for this last office.

"Extremum hunc Arethusa:—

"Negat quis carmina Gallo?"

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq. the worthy son of the late Archbishop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin; amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited, by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. Nor wonder therefore if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The seventh Æneid was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in English with as much lustre as I could: though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticise my master.

By a letter from William Walsh, of Abberly, Esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critic of our nation) I have been informed that his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the Pastorals, Georgics, and six first Æneids, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert; has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit; and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls "The Power of Love," has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford, has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's "Praise of a Country Life" is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a version. That I have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power*.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

PITT'S VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE ÆNEID

OF

VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

BY

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

THE FRIEND

VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

CHRISTOPHER BISHOP

PITT'S VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one ship, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the seas. Æneas with his own, and six more ships, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy; which is the subject of the two following books.

Arms and the Man I sing, the first who bore
His course to Latium from the Trojan shore;
By fate expell'd, on land and ocean tost,
Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coast:
Doom'd by the gods a length of wars to wage,
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;
Ere the brave hero rais'd, in these abodes,
His destin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.
Hence the fam'd Latian line, and senates come,
And the proud triumphs, and the tow'rs of Rome.

Say, muse, what causes could so far incense
Celestial pow'rs, and what the dire offence
That mov'd heav'n's awful empress to impose
On such a pious prince, a weight of woes,
Expos'd to dangers, and with toils oppress?
Can rage so fierce inflame an heavenly breast?

Against th' Italian coast, of ancient fame
A city rose, and Carthage was the name;
A Tyrian colony; from Tiber far;
Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war.
Which Juno far above all realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honour'd with her love.
Here stood her chariot, here her armour lay,
Here she design'd, would destiny give way,
Ev'n then the seat of universal sway. }
But of a race she heard, that should destroy
The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,
Who proud in arms, triumphant by their swords,
Should rise in time, the worlds victorious lords;
By fate design'd her Carthage to subdue,
And on her ruin'd empire raise a new.
This fear'd the goddess; and in mind she bore
The late long war her fury rais'd before
For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath re-
But every cause hung heavy on her mind; [sign'd,
Her form disdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll
Deep in her breast, and kindle all her soul;
Th' immortal honours of the ravish'd boy,
And last, the whole detested race of Troy.

With all these motives fir'd, from Latium far
She drove the relics of the Grecian war:
Fate urg'd their course; and long they wander'd
The spacious ocean tost from shore to shore. [o'er
So vast the work to build the mighty frame,
And raise the glories of the Roman name!

Scarce from Sicilian shores the shouting train,
Spread their broad sails, and plough'd the foamy
main;

When haughty Juno, thus her rage express;
Th' eternal wound still rankling in her breast.

Then must I stop? are all my labours vain?
And must this Trojan prince in Latium reign?
Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ships,
And whelm the scatter'd Argives in the deeps?
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd through the clouds the fiery bolts of
Jove;

Dash'd wide his fleet, and, as her tempest flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmost depths to view.
Then, while transfix'd the blasted wretch expires,
Flames from his breast, and fires succeeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a sudden shock,
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
But I, who moves supreme in heaven's abodes,
Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods,
With this one nation must a war maintain
For years on years; and wage that war in vain!
And now what suppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?

Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, now she
flies

To dark Æolia, from the distant skies,
Impregnated with storms; whose tyrant binds
The blust'ring tempests, and reluctant winds.
Their rage imperial Æolus restrains
With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains.

The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,
Roar round the cave, and struggle for a vent.
From his high throne, their fury to assuage,
He shakes his sceptre, and controls their rage;
Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n
Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of heaven.
But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
In gloomy caves th' aerial captives pent;
O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he spread,
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head;
And gave a king, commission'd to restrain
And curb the tempest, or to loose the rein.

Whom thus the queen address'd: Since mighty
Jove,

The king of men, and fire of gods above,
Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raise
Storms at thy sovereign will, or smooth the seas:
A race, I long have labour'd to destroy,
Waft to Hesperia the remains of Troy.
Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuscan floods,
Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquish'd
gods.

Wing all thy furious winds; o'erwhelm the train,
Disperse, or plunge their vessels in the main.
Twice sev'n bright nymphs, of beauteous shape
are mine;

For thy reward the fairest I'll resign,
The charming Deiopeia shall be thine;
She, on thy bed, long blessings shall confer,
And make thee father of a race like her.

'Tis yours, great queen, replies the pow'r, to lay
The task, and mine to listen and obey.

By you, I sit a guest with gods above,
And share the graces and the smiles of Jove:
By you, these realms, this sceptre I maintain,
And wear these honours of the stormy reign.

So spoke th' obsequious god; and, while he
spoke,

Whirl'd his vast spear, and pierc'd the hollow rock.
The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous through the vent;
Earth, in their course, with giddy whirls they
sweep,

Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep:
East, west, and south, all black with tempests,
roar,

And roll vast billows to the trembling shore.
The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn; while sudden clouds arise,
And ravish from their sight the splendours of
the skies.

Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires;
The heavens flash thick with momentary fires;
Loud thunders shake the poles; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in every face.

In horror fix'd, the Trojan hero stands,
He groans, and spreads to heaven his lifted hands.
Thrice happy those! whose fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.
Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die, so bravely, in their parents' sight!
Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand,
That bravest hero of the Grecian band,
Pour'd out this soul, with martial glory fir'd,
And in that field triumphantly expir'd,
Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' spear,
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war;

Where Simois' streams, encumber'd with the slain,
Roll'd shields, and helms, and heroes to the main.

Thus while he mourns, the northern blast pre-
vails,

Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying sails;
The prow turns round; the galley leaves her side
Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;
While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,
And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head,
These ride on waves sublime; those see the ground
Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound.
Three shatter'd gallies the strong southern blast
On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, cast:
Th' Italians call them altars, as they stood
Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.
Three more, fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw
From the main sea, and (terrible to view)
He dash'd, and left the vessels, on the land,
Intrench'd with mountains of surrounding sand.
Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
From prow to stern the shatter'd galley flew
Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew:
Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ship,
Stunn'd by the stroke, shot headlong down the
deep:

The vessel, by the surge tost round and round,
Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd.
Some from the dark abyss emerge again;
Arms, planks, and treasures, float along the main.
And now thy ship, Ilioneus, gives way,
Nor thine, Achates, can resist the sea;
Nor old Alethes his strong galley saves;
Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:
The storm dissolves their well-compacted sides,
Which drink at many a leak the hostile tides.

Meantime th' imperial monarch of the main
Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign,
And saw the furious tempest wide around
Work up the waters, from the vast profound.
Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the god
Lifts his high head above the stormy flood,
Majestic and serene: he rolls his eyes,
And scatter'd wide the Trojan navy spies,
Oppress'd by waves below, by thunders from
the skies.

Full well he knew his sister's endless hate,
Her wiles and arts to sink the Trojan state.
To Eurus, and the western blast, he cry'd,
Does your high birth inspire this boundless pride,
Audacious winds! without a pow'r from me,
To raise, at will, such mountains on the sea?
Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main?
Whom I—but first I'll calm the waves again.
But if you tempt my rage a second time,
Know, that some heavier vengeance waits the
crime.

Hence; fly with speed; from me, your tyrant tell,
That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.
Bid him his rocks, your darksome dungeons keep,
Nor dare usurp the trident of the deep.
There, in that gloomy court, display his pow'r,
And hear his tempests round their caverns roar.

He spoke, and speaking chas'd the clouds
away,

Hush'd the loud billows, and restor'd the day.
Cymothoe guards the vessels in the shock,
And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.

With his huge trident, the majestic god
 Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood;
 Then mounted on his radiant car he rides,
 And wheels along the level of the tides.
 As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
 And the wild rabble storms and thirsts for blood:
 Of stones and brands, a mingled tempest flies,
 With all the sudden arms that rage supplies:
 If some grave fire appears, amid the strife,
 In morals strict, and innocence of life,
 All stand attentive; while the sage controls
 Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.
 So did the roaring deeps their rage compose,
 When the great father of the floods arose.
 Rapt by his steeds he flies in open day,
 Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.

The Trojans, weary'd with the storm, explore
 The nearest land, and reach the Libyan shore.
 Far in a deep recess, her jutting sides
 An isle projects, to break the rolling tides,
 And forms a port, where, curling from the sea,
 The waves steal back, and wind into a bay.
 On either side, sublime in air, arise } [skies;
 Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the }
 Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies:
 Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,
 Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.
 Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands,
 The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands;
 Where polish'd seats appear of living stone,
 And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.
 No cable here, nor circling anchor binds
 The floating vessel harass'd with the winds.
 The Dardan hero brings to this retreat
 Sev'n shatter'd ships, the relics of his fleet.
 With fierce desire to gain the friendly strand,
 The Trojans leap in rapture to the land,
 And, drench'd in brine, lie stretch'd along the }
 sand }

Achates strikes the flint, and from the stroke
 The lurking seeds of fire in sparkles broke;
 The catching flame on leaves and stubble preys,
 Then gathers strength, and mounts into a blaze.
 Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine,
 And grind their corn, infected with the brine.

Æneas mounts a rock, and thence surveys
 The wide and wat'ry prospect of the seas;
 Now hopes the shatter'd Phrygian ships to find,
 Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind;
 And now, Caius' glitt'ring arms to spy,
 Wide o'er the vast horizon darts his eye.
 The chief could view no vessel on the main;
 But three tall stags stalk'd proudly o'er the
 plain;

Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd;
 Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley
 graz'd.

The prince, who spy'd 'em on the shore below,
 Stopp'd short—then snatch'd the feather'd shafts
 and bow,

Which good Achates bore: his arrows fled;
 And first he laid the lordly leaders dead;
 Next all th' ignoble vulgar he pursu'd,
 And with his shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the wood;
 Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, stretch'd beneath his
 feet,

Lay sev'n huge stags, the number of his fleet.

VOL. XII.

Back to the port the victor bends his way,
 And with his friends divides the copious prey.
 The generous wine to crown the genial feast,
 Which kind Acestes gave his parting guest,
 Next to his sad associates he imparts;
 And with these words revives their drooping hearts.
 Friends! we have known more toils, than now
 we know,

By long experience exercis'd in woe;
 And soon to these disasters shall be giv'n
 A certain period by relenting heav'n.
 Think, how you saw the dire Cyclopean shore,
 Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monsters, roar.
 Dismiss your fears; on these misfortunes past
 Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last.
 Through such varieties of woes, we tend
 To promis'd Latium, where our toils shall end:
 Where the kind fates shall peaceful seats ordain,
 And Troy, in all her glories, rise again.
 With manly patience bear your present state,
 And with firm courage wait a better fate.

So spoke the chief, and hid his inward smart;
 Hope smooch'd his looks, but anguish rack'd his
 heart.

The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,
 To dress the banquet, and to share the prey.
 Some from the body strip the smoking hide,
 Some cut in morsels, and the parts divide;
 These bid, with busy care, the flames aspire;
 Those roast the limbs, yet quiv'ring o'er the fire.
 Thus, while their strength and spirits they restore,
 The brazen cauldrons smoke along the shore.
 Stretch'd on the grass, their bodies they recline,
 Enjoy the rich repast, and quaff the gen'rous wine.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they pass'd away
 In long and melancholy talk the day;
 Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,
 Whether to deem their friends distress'd, or dead.
 Apart the pious chief, who suffer'd most,
 Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus lost;
 For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,
 And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.

Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove surveys
 The nations, shores, and navigable seas;
 There, as he sate, enthron'd above the skies,
 Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.
 When lo! the mournful queen of love appears;
 Her starry eyes were dimm'd with streaming tears;
 Who to the fire her humble suit address'd,
 The schemes of fate revolving in his breast.

Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal sway,
 Aw'd by thy thunders, men and gods obey;
 What have my poor exhausted Trojans done?
 Or what, alas! my dear unhappy son?
 Still, for the sake of Italy, deny'd
 All other regions, all the world beside?
 Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine
 Of Roman chiefs should spring from Teucer's line;
 The world in future ages to command,
 And in the empire grasp the sea and land.
 Oh! sov'reign father, say! what cause could move
 The fix'd unalterable word of Jove?
 Which sooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her
 doom;

And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.
 But see! their fortune still pursues her blow;
 When wilt thou fix a period to their woe?

L I

In safety, bold Antenor broke his way
Through hosts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay,
Where, through nine ample mouths, Timavus
pours,

Wide as a sea, and deluges the shores;
The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars,
Yet with his colonies, secure he came,
Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name.
Then fix'd his Trojan arms; his labours cease;
And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.
But we, your progeny, ordain'd to rise,
And share the eternal honours of the skies,
To glut the rage of one, our vessels lost,
Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coast.
Are these the palms that virtue must obtain,
And is our empire thus restor'd again?

The fire of men and gods, superior, smil'd
On the sad queen, and gently kiss'd his child.
Then, with those looks that clear the clouded skies,
And calm the raging tempest, he replies:
Daughter, dismiss your fears; by doom divine
Fix'd are the fates of your immortal line.
Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls shall see,
And here we ratify our first decree.
Your son, the brave Æneas, soon shall rise,
Himself a god; and mount the starry skies.
To sooth your care, these secrets I relate
From the dark volumes of eternal fate:
The chief fair Italy shall reach, and there
With mighty nations wage a dreadful war.
New cities raise, the savage nations awe,
And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.
The fierce Rutulians vanquish'd by his sword,
Three years shall Latium own him sovereign lord.
Your dear Ascanius then, the royal boy,
(Now call'd Iulus, since the fall of Troy)
While thirty rolling years their orbs complete,
Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's seat
Transfer the kingdom? and, of mighty length
Raise tow'ring Alba, glorying in her strength.
There, shall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,
And fill the throne three hundred winters more.
Ilia, the royal priestess, next shall bear
Two lovely infants to the god of war,
Nurs'd by a tawny wolf, her eldest son,
Imperial Romulus, shall mount the throne;
From his own name, the people Romans call,
And from his father Mars, his rising wall.
No limits have I fix'd, of time, or place,
To the vast empire of the godlike race.
Ev'n haughty Juno shall the nation love,
Who now alarms earth, seas, and heav'n above;
And join her friendly counsels to my own,
With endless fame the sons of Rome to crown,
The world's majestic lords, the nation of the
gown.

This word be fate—an hour shall wing its way,
When Troy in dust shall proud Mycenæ lay.
In Greece, Asaracus, his sons shall reign,
And vanquish'd Argos wear the victor's chain.
Then Cæsar, call'd by great Iulus' name,
(Whose empire ocean bounds, the stars his fame)
Sprung from the noble Trojan line, shall rise
Charg'd with his Eastern spoils, and mount the
skies.

Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these abodes;
Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.

From that blest hour all violence shall cease,
The age grow mild; and soften into peace.
With righteous Rhemus shall Quirinus reign,
Old faith, and Vesta, shall return again;
With many a solid hinge, and brazen bar,
Shall Janus close the horrid gates of war.
Within the fane dire Fury shall be bound,
With a huge heap of shatter'd arms around;
Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load
The fiend shall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.
The thund'rer said, and down th' aerial way
Sent with his high commands the son of May;
That Carthage may throw wide her friendly
tow'rs,

And grant her guests the freedom of her shores;
Lest Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,
Should shut her ports, and drive them to the sea.
Swift on the steerage of his wings he flies,
And shoots the vast expansion of the skies.
Arriv'd, th' Almighty's orders he performs,
Charm'd by the god, no more the nation storms
With jealous rage; in chief the queen inclin'd
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.

All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay,
But rose impatient at the dawn of day,
To view the coast, the country to explore,
And learn if men, or beasts possess'd the shore,
(For wide around the gloomy waste extends)
And bear the tidings to his anxious friends.
Beneath a shelving rock his fleet dispos'd,
With waving woods and awful shades enclos'd,
Two glitt'ring spears he shook with martial pride,
And forth he march'd; Achates at his side.
As through the wilds the chief his course pursu'd,
He meets his goddess-mother in the wood;
In show, an huntress she appear'd, array'd
In arms and habit like a Spartan maid;
Or swift Harpalyce of Thrace, whose speed
Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid
steed.

Bare was her knee; and with an easy pride
Her polish'd bow hung graceful at her side.
Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew;
Loose to the winds her wanton tresses flew.
Ho! gentle youths, she cry'd, have you beheld
One of my sisters wand'ring o'er the field,
Girt with a speckled lynx's vary'd hide,
A painted quiver rattling at her side?
Or have you seen her with an eager pace
Urg'd with full cries the foaming boar in chase?
None of your charming sisterhood (he said)
Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous maid.
Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddess, say?
A goddess, sure, or sister of the day,
You draw your birth from some immortal line,
Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine,
Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown?
Alike the natives and the lands unknown;
By the wild waves, and swelling surges tost,
We wander strangers on a foreign coast.
Then will we still invoke your sacred name,
And with fat victims shall your altars flame.

No goddess' awful name, she said, I bear;
For know, the Tyrian maids, by custom, here,
The purple buskin, and a quiver wear.
Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aspire;
The Punic realms; a colony from Tyre.

See! wide around, waste Libya's bounds appear,
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war,
From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main,
From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign:
The tale is intricate, perplex'd and long;
Hear, then, in short, the story of her wrong.
Sichæus was her lord, beyond the rest
Of the Phœnician race, with riches blest;
Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led
Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.

Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne
Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.

Ev'n at the sacred altar in a strife
By stealth the tyrant shed his brother's life;
Blind with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,
Stern, and regardless of his sister's love.

Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,
And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime.

But her unbury'd lord, before her sight,
Rose in a frightful vision of the night:

Around her bed he stalks; grim! ghastly! pale!
And, staring wide, unfolds the horrid tale

Of the dire altars, dash'd with blood around;

Then bares his breast, and points to every wound;
Warns her to fly the land without delay;

And to support her through the tedious way,
Shows where, in massy piles, his bury'd treasure
lay.

Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends,
Obeys the summons, and convenes her friends:

They meet, they join, and in her cause engage,
All, who detest, or dread the tyrant's rage.

Some ships, already rigg'd they seiz'd, and stow'd
Their sides with gold; then launch'd into the flood.

They sail; the bold exploit a woman guides;

Pygmalion's wealth is wasted o'er the tides.

They came, where now you see new Carthage rise,
And yon proud citadel invade the skies.

The wand'ring exiles bought a space of ground
Which one bull-hide enclos'd and compass'd round;

Hence Byrsa nam'd: but now, ye strangers, say,
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your
way?

Deep, from his soul, he draws a length of sighs,
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies.

Should I, O goddess, from their source relate,

Or you attend, the annals of our fate;

The golden sun would sink, and ev'ning close,

Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.

By Grecian foes expell'd from Troy we came,

From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)

Through various seas; when lo! a tempest roars,

And raging drives us on the Libyan shores.

The good Æneas am I call'd; my fame,

And brave exploits, have reach'd the starry frame:

From Grecian flames I bear my rescu'd gods,

Safe in my vessels, o'er the stormy floods.

In search of ancient Italy I rove,

And draw my lineage from Almighty Jove.

A goddess-mother and the fates, my guides,

With twenty ships I plough'd the Phrygian tides,

Scarce sev'n of all my fleet are left behind,

Rent by the waves, and shatter'd by the wind.

Myself, from Europe and from Asia cast,

A helpless stranger rove the Libyan waste.

No more could Venus hear her son bewail

His various woes, but interrupts his tale.

Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in those abodes,
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;

Hence then, with haste, to yon proud palace bend

Your course, and on the gracious queen attend.

Your friends are safe, the winds are chang'd again,

Or all my skill in augury is vain!

See those twelve swans, a flock triumphant, fly,

Whom lately shooting from th' ethereal sky,

Th' imperial bird of Jove dispers'd around,

Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the ground.

As these returning clap their sounding wings,

Ride round the skies, and sport in airy rings;

So have your friends and ships possess'd the strand,

Or with full-bellying sails approach the land.

Haste to the palace then, without delay,

And, as this path directs, pursue your way.

She said, and turning round, her neck she show'd,

That with celestial charms divinely glow'd.

Her waving locks immortal odours shed,

And breath'd ambrosial scents around her head.

Her sweeping robe trail'd pompous as she trod,

And her majestic port confess'd the god.

Soon as he knows her through the coy disguise,

He thus pursues his mother as she flies.

Must never, never more our hands be join'd?

Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind?

Why must those borrow'd shapes delude your son?

And why, ah! why those accents not your own?

He said; then sought the town; but Venus

shrouds

And wraps their persons in a veil of clouds;

That none may interpose to cause delay,

Nor fondly curious ask them of their way.

Through air sublime the queen of love retreats

To Paphos' stately tow'rs, and blissful seats;

Where to her name an hundred altars rise,

And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the skies.

Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,

Whence all the rising town in prospect lay,

And tow'rs and temples; for the mountain's brow

Hung bending o'er, and shaded all below.

Where late the cottage stood, with glad surprise

The prince beholds the stately palace rise;

On the pav'd streets, and gates, looks wond'ring

down,

And all the crowd and tumult of the town.

The Tyrians ply their work; with many a groan

These roll, or heave some huge unwieldy stone;

Those bid the lofty citadel ascend;

Some in vast length th' embattled walls extend;

Others for future dwellings choose the ground,

Mark out the spot, and draw the furrow round.

Some, useful laws propose, and some the choice

Of sacred senates, and elect by voice.

These sink a spacious mole beneath the sea,

Those a huge theatre's foundation lay;

Hew massy columns from the mountains side,

Of future scenes an ornamental pride.

Thus to their toils, in early summer, run

The clust'ring bees, and labour in the sun;

Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,

Or work the liquid sweets, and thicken to
mass.

The busy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,

And hoards, in curious cells, the golden store;

A chosen troop before the gate attends,

To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;

Warm at the fragrant work, in hands they drive
The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.
The prince surveys the lofty tow'rs, and cries,
Blest, blest are you, whose walls already rise:
Then, strange to tell, he mingled with the crowds,
And pass'd, unseen, involv'd in mantling clouds.

Amid the town, a stately grove display'd
A cooling shelter, and delightful shade.
Here, tost by winds and waves, the Tyrians found
A courser's head within the sacred ground;
An omen sent by Juno, to declare
A fruitful soil, and race renown'd in war.
A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd
To heaven's dread empress, that with riches blaz'd;
Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the costly shrine,
By her own presence hallow'd and divine.
Brass were the steps, the beams with brass were
strong,

The lofty doors on brazen hinges rung.
Here, a strange scene before his eyes appears,
To raise his courage, and dispel his fears;
Here first, he hopes his fortunes to redress:
And finds a glimmering prospect of success.
While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,
O'er the proud shrine and pompous temple gaz'd;
While he the town admires, and wond'ring stands
At the rich labours of the artists' hands;
Amid the story'd walls, he saw appear,
In speaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;
The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around,
And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.
There Priam stood, and Agamemnon here,
And Pelus' wrathful son, to both severe.
Struck with the view, oh friend! the hero cries,
(Tears, as he spoke, came starting from his eyes)
Lo! the wide world our miseries employ;
What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?
See! where the venerable Priam stands!
See virtue honour'd on the Libyan sands!
For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow;
And Tyrian breasts are touch'd with human woe.
Now banish fear, for since the Trojan name
Is known, we find our safety in our fame.

Thus while his soul the moving picture fed,
A show'r of tears the groaning hero shed.
For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd;
And there the Trojans to their walls pursued
By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful spear,
Whirl'd on his kindling chariot through the war.
Not far from thence, proud Rhæsus' tents he knows
By their white veils, that match'd the winter
snows,

Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd train,
And, while he slept, by fierce Tydides slain;
Who drove his coursers from the scene of blood,
Ere the fierce steeds had tasted Trojan food,
Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.

There Troilus lies disarm'd (unhappy boy!)
From stern Achilles, round the fields of Troy:
Unequal he! to such an arm in war!
Supine, and trailing from his empty car,
Still, though in death, he grasps the flowing reins:
His startled coursers whirl him o'er the plains:
The spear inverted streaks the dust around;
His snowy neck and tresses sweep the ground.
Mean time a pensive supplicating train
Of Trojan matrons, to Minerva's fane

In sad procession with a robe repair,
Beat their white breasts, and rend their golden hair.
Unmov'd with pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,
And fix'd her eyes, relentless on the ground.
Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,
Thrice dragg'd brave Hector round the walls of
Troy:

Then to the mournful fire, the victor sold
The breathless body of his son for gold.
His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he shed,
To see the spoils and chariot of the dead,
And Priam both his trembling hands extend,
And, gash'd with wounds, his dear disfigur'd friend.
Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hostile train,
Himself he view'd, conspicuous in the plain;
And swarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,
His eastern hosts, and arms that flame with gold.
All furious led Penthesilea there,
With moony shields, her Amazons to war;
Around her breast her golden belt she threw;
Then through the thick embattled squadrons flew;
Amidst the thousands stood the dire alarms,
And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.

Thus, while the Trojan hero stood amaz'd,
And, fix'd in wonder, on the picture gaz'd,
With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,
Ascends the dome, majestically slow.
As on Eurota's banks, or Cynthus' heads,
A thousand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,
While round their quiver'd queen the quires ad-
vance,

She tow'rs majestic, as she leads the dance;
She moves in pomp superior to the rest,
And secret transports touch Latona's breast.
So pass'd the graceful queen amidst her train,
To speed her labours and her future reign.
Then with her guards surrounded, in the gate,
Beneath the spacious dome, sublime she sat.
She shares their labours, or by lots she draws;
And to the crowd administers the laws.
When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus spies,
Antheus, and great Sergestus, with surprise,
Approach the throne, attended by a throng
Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along;
Whom the wild whistling winds and tempests
bore,

And widely scatter'd on a distant shore.
Lost in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he stands,
And with Achates longs to join their hands:
But doubtful of th' event, he first attends,
Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends;
Anxious, and eager till he knew their fate,
And where their vessels lay, and what their fate.
With cries, the royal favour to implore,
They came, a train selected, from the shore:
Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
And, with their common suit, address the throne.

Oh! queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty tow'rs
And this proud town to raise on Libyan shores,
With high commands, a savage race to awe,
And to the barbarous natives give the law,
We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race,
Tost round the seas, implore your royal grace;
Oh! check your subjects, and their rage reclaim,
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
Oh! save a pious race; regard our cry;
And view our anguish with a melting eye.

We come not, mighty queen, an hostile band,
With sword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
To bear your spoils triumphant to the shore;
No—to such thoughts the vanquish'd durst not
soar.

Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race,
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
But since Italia, from the leader's name;
To that blest shore we steer'd our destin'd way,
When sudden, dire Orion rous'd the sea;
All charg'd with tempests rose the baleful star,
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;
With sweeping whirlwinds cast our vessels wide,
Dash'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:
The few sad relics of our navy bore
Their course to this inhospitable shore.
What are the customs of this barbarous place?
What more than savage this inhuman race?
In arms they rise, and drive us from the strand,
From the last verge, and limits of the land.
Know, if divine and human laws you slight,
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;
Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard his
right.

Æneas was our king, of high renown;
Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own.
If still he lives, and breathes this vital air,
Nor we, his friends and subjects, shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
Your kind compassion in the cause of Troy.
Besides, on high the Trojan ensigns soar,
And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's shore;
Where great Acestes, of the Dardan strain,
Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.
Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars
To sell, and bring our vessels on your shores;
That, if our prince and friends return again,
With joy, from Latium, we may plough the main.
But if those hopes are vanish'd quite away,
If lost, and swallow'd in the Libyan sea,
You lie, great guardian of the Trojan state,
And young Iulus shares his father's fate;
Oh! let us sink Sicilia's shores again,
And fly from hence to good Acestes' reign.
He spoke; a loud assent ran murmuring thro'
the train.

Thus then, in short, the gracious queen replies,
While on the ground she fixt her modest eyes:
Trojans, be bold; against my will, my fate,
A throne unsettled, and an infant state,
Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,
And guard with these severities my shores.
Lives there a stranger to the Trojan name,
Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame?
We know the war that set the world on fire;
Nor are so void of sense the sons of Tyre:
For here his beams indulgent Phœbus sheds,
And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.
Seek you, my friends, the blest Saturnian plains,
Or fair Trinacra, where Acestes reigns?
With aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my stores,
Safe will I send you from the Libyan shores.
Or would you stay to raise this growing town?
Fix here your seat; and Carthage is your own.
Haste, draw your ships to shore; to me the same,
Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.

And oh! that great Æneas had been tost,
By the same storm, on the same friendly coast!
But I will send, my borders to explore,
And trace the windings of the mazy shore.
Perchance, already thrown on these abodes,
He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods,
Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero stood;
And long'd to break, transported, from the cloud.
Oh! goddess-born! cry'd brave Achates, say,
What are your thoughts, and why this long delay?
All safe you see; your friends and fleet restor'd;
One (whom we saw) the whirling gulf devour'd.
Lo! with the rest your mother's words agree,
All but Orontes 'scap'd the raging sea.

Swift as he spoke, the vapours break away,
Dissolve in ether, and refine to day.
Radiant in open view, Æneas stood,
In form and looks, majestic as a god.
Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.
The queen of love the glance divine supplies,
And breathes immortal spirit in his eyes.
Like Parian marble beauteous to behold,
Or silver's milder gleam in burnish'd gold,
Or polish'd iv'ry, shone the godlike man:
All stood surpris'd; and thus the prince began.

Æneas, whom you seek, you here survey;
Escap'd the tempest of the Libyan sea,
O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone
The woes, and cause, of wretched Troy your own;
And shelter in your walls, with pious care,
Her sons, the relics of the Grecian war;
Who all the forms of misery have bore,
Storms on the sea, and dangers on the shore;
Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd
Wide o'er the globe, and scatter'd round the
world,

But the good gods, with blessings, shall repay
Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they;
(If pious acts, if justice they regard);
And your clear conscience stands its own reward.
How blest this age that hath such virtue seen?
How blest the parents of so great a queen?
While to the sea the rivers roll, and shades
With awful pomp surround the mountain heads;
While ether shines, with golden planets grac'd,
So long your honour, name, and praise shall last:
Whatever realm my fortune has assign'd,
Still will I bear your image in my mind.

This said, the pious chief of Troy extends
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends:
His left Sergestus grasp'd with vast delight,
To great Ilieneus he gave the right.
Cloanthus, Gyas, and the Dardan train,
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.

Charm'd with his presence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his fortune much, his person more.
What fate, O goddess-born, she said, has tost
So brave a hero on this barbarous coast?
Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove
Sprung from Anchises and the queen of love
By Simois' streams? and now I call to mind,
When Teucer left his native shores behind;
The banish'd prince to Sidon came, to gain
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;
Then the rich Cyprian isle, my warlike sire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with sword and fire.

From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,
The fall of Ilium, and your glorious name:
He on your valour, though a foe, with joy
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from
Come to my palace then, my royal guest, [Troy.
And, with your friends, indulge the genial feast.
My wand'rings and my fate resembling yours,
At length I settled on these Libyan shores;
And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,
I view, with pity, woes so like my own.

She spoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,
Ordains a feast, and offerings to the gods.
Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes she sends,
And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends:
A hundred bristly boars, and monstrous swine;
With Bacchus' gifts, a store of generous wine.
The inner rooms in regal pomp display'd,
The splendid feasts in ample halls are made;
Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,
That glow resplendent with the purple dye.
The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould;
And their forefathers' deeds, in times of old,
Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the rising
gold.

No more the prince his eager love suppress,
All the fond parent struggled in his breast.
He sends Achates to inform his son,
And guide the young Ascanius to the town;
(On his Ascanius turn his fear and joy,
The father's cares are center'd in the boy;)
To bring rich presents to the queen of Tyre,
And relics, rescued from the Trojan fire.
A mantle wrought with saffron foilage round;
And a stiff robe with golden figures crown'd;
Fair Helen's dress, when, fir'd with lawless joy,
She left her native walls to ruin Troy,
(Her mother's present in the bridal hour;)
With gold a shining sceptre studded o'er,
That wont Ilione's fair hand to grace,
The eldest nymph of Priam's beauteous race;
Her necklace, strung with pearls: her crown that
glows

Instarr'd with gems and gold in double rows.
To bring the splendid gifts without delay,
Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way,

But beauteous Venus in her breast design'd
New wiles, and plann'd new counsels in her mind,
That winged Cupid to the court should come
Like sweet Ascanius, in Ascanius' room;
With the rich gifts the Tyrian queen inspire,
And kindle in her veins the raging fire.
Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place,
Her just suspicions of the treach'rous race,
Break, each revolving night, her golden rest:
And thus the suppliant queen the god address'd.

Oh son! my strength! supreme in heaven above!
Whose arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove:
To thee I fly, thy succour to implore,
Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore.
To tell how Juno's restless rage has tost
Your brother round the seas, and ev'ry coast,
Is but to mention what too well you know,
Who sigh'd my sighs, and wept a mother's woe.
Him, in her own town, the Tyrian queen detains,
With soft seducements, from the Luvian plains.
But much I fear that hospitable place,
Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race:

And lest this fair occasion she improve,
Know, I design to fire the queen with love;
A love, beyond the cure of pow'r's divine;
A love as strong, and violent as mine.
But how the proud Phœnician to surprise
With such a passion, hear what I advise.
The royal youth, Ascanius, from the port,
Hastes, by his father's summons, to the court;
With costly presents charg'd, he takes his way,
Sav'd from the Trojan flames, and stormy sea;
But to prevent suspicion, will I steep
His temples in the dews of balmy sleep,
Then to Cythera's sacred seats remove,
Or softly lay him in th' Idalian grove.
This one revolving night, thyself a boy,
Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;
And when the queen, transported with thy charms,
Amidst the feast, shall strain thee in her arms,
The gentle poison by degrees inspire
Through all her breast; then fan the rising fire,
And kindle all her soul. The mother said,
With joy the god her soft commands obey'd.
Aside his quiver, and his wings he flung,
And, like the boy Iulus, tript along.

Mean time the goddess on Ascanius throws
A balmy slumber and a sweet repose;
Lull'd in her lap to rest, the queen of love
Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.
There on a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,
And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade.

Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,
Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.
He came, and found on costly carpets spread
The queen majestic, midst her golden bed.
The great Æneas and the Trojans lie
On pompous couches stain'd with Tyrian dye:
Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,
And limpid water from the crystal spring.
They wash; the menial train the tables spread;
And heap in glitt'ring canisters the bread.
To dress the feast, full fifty handmaids join,
And burn rich incense to the pow'r's divine;
A hundred boys and virgins stood around,
The banquet marshall'd, and the goblet crown'd.
To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come
Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.
The guests the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,
His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;
The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold:
But chief the queen, the boy and presents move,
The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.

Insatiate in her joy, she sat amaz'd,
Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as she gaz'd.
First, his dissembled father he carest,
Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breast;
Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew;
She look'd, and sent her soul at ev'ry view:
Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms;
Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms,
How great a god she fondled in her arms.
But he, now mindful of his mother, stole
By slow degrees Sichæus from her soul;
Her soul, rekindling, in her husband's stead,
Admits the prince; the living for the dead.

Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raise their souls
With sparkling wine, they crown the massy bowls,

Through the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,
The palace rings, the vaulted dome resounds.
The blazing torches, and the lamps display,
From golden roofs, an artificial day.
Now Dido crowns the bowl of state with wine,
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.
Her hands aloft the shining goblet hold, [gold.
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with sculptur'd
When silence was proclaim'd, the royal fair
Thus to the gods address her fervent pray'r.

Almighty Jove! who plead'st the stranger's
cause;

Great guardian god of hospitable laws!
Oh! grant this day to circle still with joy,
Through late posterity, to Tyre and Troy.
Be thou, O Bacchus! god of mirth, a guest;
And thou, O Juno! grace the genial feast.
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,
And show your guests benevolence and love.
She said, and on the board, in open view,
The first libation to the gods she threw:
Then sip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand:
He rose, obedient to the queen's command;
At once the thirsty Trojan swill'd the whole,
Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.
Then through the peers, with sparkling nectar
crown'd
The goblet circles, and the health goes round.

With curling tresses grac'd, and rich attire,
Iopas stands, and sweeps the golden lyre;
The truths, which ancient Atlas taught, he sings,
And nature's secrets, on the sounding strings.
Why Cynthia changes; why the sun retires,
Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;
From what originals, and causes, came
Mankind and beasts, the rain, and rising flame;
Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy star;
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car;
Why suns in summer the slow night detain,
And rush so swift in winter to the main.
With shouts the Tyrians praise the song divine,
And in the loud applause the Trojans join.
The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,
Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;
This moment longs of Hector to inquire,
The next of Priam, his unhappy fire;
What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious son;
How high, above his hosts, Achilles shone;
How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car;
How his fierce couriers swept the ranks of war.
Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate
The Grecian wiles, she said, and Ilion's fate;
How far your course around the globe extends,
And what the woes and fortunes of your friends:
For, since you wander'd ev'ry shore and sea,
Have sev'n revolving summers roll'd away.

B O O K II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixt resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this he carries his father off on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

ALL gaz'd in silence, with an eager look,
Then from the golden couch the hero spoke.
Ah mighty queen! you urge me to disclose,
And feel, once more, unutterable woes;
How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd,
And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground;
Those direful scenes I saw on Phrygia's shore,
Those wars in which so large a part I bore,
The fiercest Argive would with tears bewail,
And stern Ulysses tremble at the tale:
And lo! the night precipitates away;
The stars, grown dim before the dawning day,
Call to repose; but since you long to know,
And curious listen to the story'd woe;
Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell,
But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.

The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,
Repell'd by fate, and harass'd by the war);

By Pallas' aid, of season'd fir compose
A steed, that tow'ring like a mountain rose:
This they pretend their common vow, to gain
A safe return, and measure back the main:
Such the report; but guileful Argos hides
Her bravest heroes in the monster's sides;
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful
gloom,

And half an host lay ambush'd in the womb.
An isle, in ancient times renown'd by fame,
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name? [sway,
Once blest with wealth, while Priam held the
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay:
Thither their unsuspected course they bore,
And hid their hosts within the winding shore.
We deem'd them sail'd for Greece; transported
Troy

Forgot her woes, and gave a loose to joy;

Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train,

To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.
Here the Dolopian troops their station held;
There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field;
Here rang'd the thousand vessels stood, and there
In conflicts join'd the furious sons of war.
Some view the gift of Pallas with surprise,
The fatal monster, and its wondrous size.
And first Thymætes mov'd the crowd to lead
And lodge within the tower the lofty steed;
Or, with design, his country to destroy,
Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.
But hoary Capys, and the wise, require
To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,
Or whelm the mighty monster in the tides,
Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd sides,
Their own wild will the noisy crowds obey,
And vote, as partial fancy points the way;
Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,
From the high tower rush'd furious to the plain;
And sent his voice from far, with rage inspir'd—
What madness, Trojans, has your bosoms fir'd?
Think you the Greeks are sail'd before the
wind? hind?

Think you these presents safe, they leave be-
And is Ulysses banish'd from your mind?
Or this prodigious fabric must enclose,
Deep in its darksome womb, our ambush'd foes;
Or 'tis some engine, rais'd to batter down
The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town;
Ah! trust not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhor'd;
Her gifts are more destructive than her sword.

Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he
Against the sides the furious javelin flew [threw;
Thro' the wide womb a spacious passage found,
And shook with long vibrations in the wound.
The monster groans, and shakes the distant shore;
And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thun-
ders roar.

Then had not partial fate conspir'd to blind,
With more than madness, ev'ry Trojan mind,
The crowd the treach'rous ambush had explor'd,
And not a Greek had 'scap'd the vengeful sword;
Old Priam still his empire would enjoy,
And still thy tow'rs had stood, majestic Troy!

Meantime, before the king, the Dardan swains,
With shouts triumphant, brought a youth in
chains,

A willing captive to the Trojan hands,
To open Ilion to the Grecian bands;
Bold and determin'd either fate to try;
Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,
To see the captive, and insult his woe.
Now hear the falsehoods of the Grecian train;
All, all in one; a nation in a man.
For while confounded and disarm'd he stands,
And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,
Alas! what hospitable land, (he cry'd)
Or oh! what seas a wand'ring wretch will hide?
Not only banish'd from the Grecian state;
But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.

His melting tears, and moving sighs control
Our rising rage, and soften ev'ry soul.
We bid him tell his race, and long to know
The fate and tidings of a captive foe.

At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,
And laid his well-dissembled fears aside.

All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confess,
And first I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;
Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and disdains a lie.
You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,
Through many a distant realm renown'd by fame;
Condemn'd, though guiltless, when he mov'd for
peace,

Condemn'd for treason by the voice of Greece.
Though false the charge, the glorious hero bled,
But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.
Me, yet a youth, my father sent to share
With him, my kinsman, in the toils of war.
Long as that hero stood secure from fate,
Long as his counsels prop'd the Grecian state,
Ev'n I could boast an honourable name,
And claim some title to a share of fame;
But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell)
By dire Ulysses' arts and envy fell;
Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,
I drag'd my days in darkness and despair,
And, if kind heav'n shou'd give me back once
more

Safe and triumphant to my native shore,
For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,
Mad as I was, and spoke my rage aloud.
This mov'd Ulysses' hate, and hence arose
My past misfortunes, and my present woes.
Eager he sought the means, and watch'd the time
To charge me too with some pretended crime.
For conscious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,
And with dark hints amus'd the list'ning crowd.
At length with Calchas he concert's the scheme—
But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?
Or why detain you with a tale of woe?
Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe,
Strike, strike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,
And dire Ulysses thank the sword of Troy.

Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know
With fond desire the causes of his woe;
Who thus, still trembling as he stood, and pale,
Pursu'd the moving melancholy tale.
Oft' had our hosts determin'd to employ
Their sails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,
Urg'd to a shameful flight, from deep despair,
And the long labours of a ten years war.
And oh! that they had sail'd!—as oft' the force
Of southern winds, and tempests stopp'd their course.
But since this steed was rais'd; strait, bellowing
loud,

Deep thunders roar'd, and burst from every cloud.
We sent Eurypilus to Phœbus' shrine,
Who brought this sentence from the voice divine;
When first ye sail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain;
And ere you measure back the foamy flood,
Know, you must buy a safe return with blood.
These awful words to ev'ry Greek impart
Surprise and dread, and chill the bravest heart;
To the dire stroke each thought himself decreed,
Himself the victim that for Greece should bleed.
Ulysses then, importunate and loud,
Produc'd sage Calchas to the trembling crowd,
Bade him the secret will of heav'n relate—
And now my friends could prophesy my fate;

And base Ulysses' wicked arts, they said,
 Were levell'd all at my devoted head.
 Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,
 Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd.
 So long besieg'd by Ithacus he stood,
 And seem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;
 At length he spoke, and, as the scheme was laid,
 Doom'd to the slaughter my predestin'd head,
 All prais'd the sentence, and were pleas'd to see
 The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.
 And now the dire tremendous day was come,
 When all prepar'd to solemnize my doom;
 The salted barley on my front was spread,
 The sacred fillets bound my destin'd head:
 I fled th' appointed slaughter, I confess,
 And, till our troops should hoist their sails for
 Swift to a slimy lake I took my flight, [Greece,
 Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.
 And now these eyes shall view my native shore,
 My dear, dear children, and my fire no more;
 Whom haply Greece to slaughter has decreed,
 And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.
 But thee, O gracious monarch, I implore
 By ev'ry god, by ev'ry sacred power,
 Who conscious of the facts my lips relate,
 With truth inspire me to declare my fate;
 By all the solemn sanctions that can bind
 In holy ties the faith of human kind;
 Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltless foe,
 O'erwhelm'd and sunk with such a weight of woe!

His life we gave him, and dispell'd his fears,
 Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears;
 And, melting first, the good old king commands
 To free the captive, and to loose his hands.
 Then with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
 Mild and benevolent the monarch spoke.

Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts
 But live a subject and a son of Troy; [employ,
 With truth and strict sincerity proceed,
 Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous steed;
 Who was its author, what his aim, declare;
 Some solemn vow? or engine of the war?

Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears
 His hands unshackled to the golden stars;
 You, ye eternal splendors! he exclaims,
 And you divine inviolable flames,
 Ye fatal swords and altars, which I fled,
 Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head;
 All, all, attest! that justly I release
 My sworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,
 Renounce my country, hate her sons, and lay
 Their inmost counsels open to the day.
 And thou, O Troy, by Sinon snatch'd from fate,
 Spare, spare the wretch, who saves the Phrygian
 Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone, [state.
 Since first the labours of the war begun.
 But from that execrable point of time,
 When Ithacus, the first in ev'ry crime,
 With Tydeus' impious son, the guards had slain,
 And brought her image from the Phrygian fane,
 Disdain'd her sacred wreaths with murderous
 hands,

Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd bands;
 Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,
 And their full tide of conquest sunk again;
 Their strength decay'd, and many a dreadful sign
 To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.

Scarce to the camp the sacred image came,
 When from her eyes she flash'd a living flame;
 A briny sweat bedew'd her limbs around,
 And thrice she sprung indignant from the ground;
 Thrice was she seen with martial rage to wield
 Her pond'rous spear, and shake her blazing shield.
 With that, sage Calchas mov'd the trembling train
 To fly, and measure back the deeps again;
 That 'twas not giv'n our armies to destroy
 The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
 Till they should bring from Greece those favour-
 ing gods, [floods;

Who smil'd indulgent, when they plough'd the
 With more auspicious signs repass the main,
 And with new omens take the field again.
 Now to their native country they repair,
 With gather'd forces to renew the war;
 The scheme of Calchas! but their vanish'd host
 Will soon return to waste the Phrygian coast.
 All Greece, atoning dire Ulysses' deed,
 To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous steed;
 But Calchas order'd this enormous size,
 This monstrous bulk, that heaves into the skies,
 Lest Troy should lead it through her opening gate,
 And by this new palladium guard her state.
 For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd
 This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,
 Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal shed
 With all your vengeance on its author's head!)
 In one prodigious ruin would destroy
 Thy empire, Priam, and the sons of Troy.
 But would you join within your walls to lead
 This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary steed;
 Then, with her hosts, all Asia shall repair,
 And pour on Pelop's walls a storm of war;
 Then Greece shall bleed, and perish in her turn;
 Her future sons; her nations yet unborn.

Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail;
 Too fondly we believ'd the study'd tale;
 And thus was Troy, who bravely could sustain
 Achilles' fury, when he swept the plain,
 A thousand vessels, and a ten years war,
 Won by a sigh, and vanquish'd by a tear.

Here a more dreadful object rose to sight,
 And shook our souls with horror and affright.
 Unblest Laocoon, whom the lots design
 Priest of the year, at Neptune's holy shrine,
 Slew on the sands, beside the rolling flood,
 A stately steer, in honour of the god.
 When, horrid to relate! two serpents glide
 And roll incumbent on the glassy tide,
 Advancing to the shore; their spires they raise,
 Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.
 Beneath their burnish'd breasts the waters glow,
 Their crimson crests inflame the deeps below;
 O'er the vast flood extended long and wide,
 Their curling backs lay floating on the tide;
 Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
 And now the dreadful monsters reach'd the shore;
 Their hissing tongues they darted, as they came,
 And their red eye-balls shot a sanguine flame,
 Pale at the sight, we fled in dire dismay;
 Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;
 And first in curling fiery volumes bound [round,
 His too young sons, and wrapt them round and
 Devour'd the children in the father's view;
 Then on the miserable father flew,

While to their aid he runs with fruitless haste ;
 And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd :
 Twice round his waist, and round his neck they
 Their winding heads, and hiss aloft in air, [rear
 His sacred wreaths the livid poisons stain, }
 And, while he labours at the knots in vain,
 Stung to the soul, he bellows with the pain.
 So, when the axe had glanc'd upon his skull,
 Breaks from the shrine, and roars the wounded
 But each huge serpent now retires again, [bull.
 And flies for shelter to Minerva's fane ;
 Her buckler's orb the goddess wide display'd,
 And screen'd her monsters in the dreadful shade.

Then, a new fear the trembling crowd possess,
 A holy horror pants in every breast ;
 All judge Laocoon justly doom'd to bleed,
 Whose guilty spear profan'd the sacred steed.
 We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,
 And supplicate, with vows, th'offended pow'r ;
 All to the fatal labour bend their care,
 Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare ;
 Some round the lofty neck the cables tie,
 Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply ;
 The tow'ring monster, big with Ilion's doom,
 Mounts o'er the wall ; an army in the womb ;
 Around the moving pile the children join
 In shouts of transport, and in songs divine ;
 They run, they pull the stretching cords with joy,
 And lend their little hands to ruin Troy !
 In one loud peal th' enormous horse rolls down,
 And thundering gains the center of the town.
 Oh Troy, renown'd in war ! oh bright abodes !
 Oh glorious Troy ! the labour of the gods !
 Thrice stop'd unmov'd the monster in the gate,
 And clashing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate ;
 But we, by madness blinded and o'ercome,
 Lodge the dire monster in the sacred dome.

Cassandra too, inspir'd, our fate declares
 (So Phoebus doom'd) to unregarding ears ; [waste
 We, thoughtless wretches ! deck the shrines, and
 In sports the day, which heav'n decreed our last.

Now had the sun roll'd down the beamy light,
 And from the caves of ocean rush'd the night ;
 With one black veil her spreading shades suppress
 The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.
 The Trojans round their walls in silence lay,
 And lost in sleep the labours of the day.
 When lo ! their course the Grecian navy bore,
 New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-
 known shore,

By silent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd ;
 And the proud admiral a flame display'd.
 Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
 Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes ;
 His peopled caves pour forth in open air
 The heroes, and the whole imprison'd war.
 Led by the guided cord, alight with joy
 Th' impatient princes, in the midst of Troy ;
 Machaon first, then great Achilles' heir,
 Ulysses, Thoas, Acamas, appear ;
 A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus succeed ;
 Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudulent steed.
 Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep
 In fumes of wine, and all dissolv'd in sleep ;
 They slay the guards, they burst the gates, and
 join
 Their fellows, conscious to the bold design,

'Twas now the time when first kind heav'n be-
 On wretched man the blessings of repose ; [stows
 When, in my slumbers, Hector seem'd to rise
 A mournful vision ! to my closing eyes.

Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car
 And fiery couriers whirl'd him through the war ;
 Drawn thro' his swelling feet the thongs I view'd,
 His beauteous body black with dust and blood.
 Ye gods ! how chang'd from Hector ! who with
 Return'd in proud Achilles' spoils to Troy ; [joy
 Flung at the ships, like heav'n's almighty fire,
 Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire.
 Now gash'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,
 His beard and locks stood stiffen'd with his gore.
 With tears and mournful accents I began,
 And thus bespoke the visionary man !

Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy,
 What cause so long detains thee from thy Troy ?
 Say, from what realms, so long desir'd in vain,
 Her Hector comes, to bless her eyes again ?
 After such numbers slain, such labours past,
 Thus is our prince ! ah ! thus return'd at last ?
 Why stream these wounds ? or who could thus
 disgrace

The manly charms of that majestic face ?

Nought to these questions vain the shade replies,
 But from his bosom draws a length of sighs ;
 Fly, fly, oh ! fly the gathering flames ; the walls
 Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls ;
 Enough to Priam and to Troy before
 Was paid ; then strive with destiny no more ;
 Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,
 This hand, and this alone, had sav'd the state.
 Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods ;
 With these pursue thy fortunes o'er the floods
 To that proud city, thou shalt raise at last,
 Return'd from wand'ring wide the wat'ry waste.
 This said, he brought from Vesta's hallow'd quire
 The sacred wreaths, and everlasting fire.

Meantime tumultuous round the walls arise
 Shrieks, clamours, shouts, and mingle in the skies.
 And (though remote my father's palace stood,
 With shades surrounded, and a gloomy wood)
 Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms ;
 The voice of woe ; the dreadful din of arms.
 Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
 I mount the dome, and listen to the sound.
 Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conspire,
 Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire ;
 Or some big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
 Bursts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,
 O'erwhelms the fields, lays waste the golden grain,
 And headlong sweeps the forests to the main ;
 Stan'd at the din, the swain with list'ning ears
 From some steep rock the sounding ruin hears.

Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,
 The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view ;
 The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire,
 And wrap thy dome, Deiphobus, in fire ;
 Thine, sage Ucalegon, next strow'd the ground,
 And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd ruin round,
 Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays :
 The surges redden with the distant blaze.
 Then shouts and trumpets swell the dire alarms ;
 And, though 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms :
 Eager to raise a band of friends, and pour
 In one firm body, to defend the tow'r ;

Rage and revenge my kindling bosom fire,
Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.
But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' priest appears,
Just scap'd the foe, distracted with his fears,
The sage his vanquish'd gods and relics bore,
And with his trembling grandson sought the shore.

Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion stands?
Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?
He thus with groans;—Our last sad hour is come,
Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.

Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er,
Her glory vanish'd! and her name no more!
For partial Jove transfers her past renown
To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town;
And the huge monster from his op'ning side
Pours forth her warriors in an endless tide;
With joy proud Sinon sees the flames aspire,
Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire;
Here thousands pouring through the gates appear.
Far more than proud Mycenæ sent to war.
Some seize the passes; groves of spears arise,
That thirst for blood, and flash against the skies.
The guards but just maintain a feeble fight
With their fierce foes, amidst the gloomy night.

While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inspires,
I flew to arms; and rush'd amidst the fires,
Where the loud furies call, where shouts and cries
Ring round the walls, and thunder in the skies.
Now faithful Ripheus on my side appears,
With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years;
And valiant Hypazis and Dymas, known
By the pale splendors of the glimm'ring moon;
With thee Chorcæbus, Mygdon's generous boy,
Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy;
Fir'd with the fair Cassandra's blooming charms,
To aid her fire with unavailing arms;
Ah! brave unhappy youth! he would not hear
His bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the war!

These when I saw, with fierce collected might,
Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight;
With warmth I thus address'd the gen'rous train:
Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in
If by your dauntless souls impell'd, you dare [vain!
With me to try th' extremities of war;
You see our hopeless state; how every god,
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode;
You aid a town already sunk in fire;
Fly, fly to arms, and gloriously expire;
Let all rush on, and, vanquish'd as we are,
Catch one last beam of safety from despair.
Thus while my words inflame the list'ning crew,
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew
As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,
Rush from their dens; and, prowling wide for prey,
Howl to the tempest, while the savage brood,
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirst for blood;
So through the town, determin'd to expire,
Thro' the thick storm of darts, and smoke and fire,
Wrapt and surrounded with the shades of night,
We rush'd to certain death, and mingled in the
fight. [close?

What tongue the dreadful slaughter could dis-
Or oh! what tears could answer half our woes?
The glorious empress of the nations round,
Majestic Troy, lay levell'd with the ground;
Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,
Her streets, her domes, the temples of her gods,

Nor Ilion bled alone: her turn succeeds;
And then she conquers, and proud Argos bleeds;
Death in a thousand forms destructive frown'd,
And woe, despair, and horror rag'd around.

And first Androgeos, whom a train attends,
With style familiar hail'd us as his friends;
Haste, brave associates, haste; what dull delay
Detains you here, while others seize the prey?
In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waste,
And you come lagging from your ships the last.

Thus he; but soon from our reply he knows
His fatal error, compass'd round with foes;
Restrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,
Stops short;—and startles at the dreadful sight.
So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake
Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,
Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,
Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.
Fierce we rush in, the heedless foes surround,
And lay the wretches breathless on the ground:
New to the place, with sudden terror wild;
And thus at first our flattering fortune smil'd.
Then, by his courage and success inspir'd,
His warlike train the brave Chorcæbus fir'd;
Lo! friends, the road of safety you survey;
Come, follow fortune, where she points the way;
Let each in Argive arms his limbs disguise,
And wield the bucklers, that the foe supplies;
For if success an enemy attends,
Who asks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends?
This said, Androgeos' crested helm he wore;
Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore
With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;
The starry sword hung glittering at his side.
Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest,
Their manly limbs in hostile armour dress'd.
With gods averse, we follow to the fight,
And, undistinguish'd in the shades of night,
Mix with the foes, employ the murdering steel,
And plunge whole squadrons to the depths of hell,
Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
Fly to the shore, and shelter in the fleet:
Some climb the monstrous horse, a frightened train,
And there lie trembling in the sides again.
But, heav'n against us, all attempts must fail,
All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;
For lo! Cassandra lo! the royal fair
From Pallas' shrine with loose dishevell'd hair
Dragg'd by the shouting victors;—to the skies
She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes;
Her eyes—she could no more—the Grecian bands
Had rudely manacled her tender hands;
Chorcæbus could not bear that scene of woes,
But, fir'd with fury, flew amidst the foes;
As swift we follow to redeem the fair,
Rush to his aid, and thicken to the war.
Here from the temple on our troop descends
A storm of javelins from our Trojan friends,
Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us
foes;
And hence a dreadful scene of slaughter rose.
Then all the Greeks our slender band invade,
And pour enrag'd to seize the rescu'd maid;
Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,
And both the king of Atreus royal name.
So when the winds in airy conflict rise,
Here south and west charge dreadful in the skies;

There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,
 Mounts the swift courfers of the purple morn;
 Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods;
 With his huge trident Neptune strikes the floods:
 Foams, storms, and tempesting the deeps around,
 Bares the broad bosom of the dark profound.
 Those too, we chas'd by night, a scatter'd train,
 Now boldly rally, and appear again.
 To them our Argive helms and arms are known,
 Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.
 We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' steel
 First at Minerva's shrine Chorcebus fell.
 Next Ripheus bled, the justest far of all
 The sons of Troy; yet heav'n permits his fall.
 The like sad fate brave Hypanis attends,
 And hapless Dymas, slaughter'd by their friends.
 Nor thee, sage Pantheus! Phœbus' wreaths could
 Nor all thy shining virtues from the grave. [save,
 Ye dear, dear ruins! and thou, Troy! declare
 If once I tremble or declin'd the war:
 Midst flames and foes a glorious death I fought,
 And well deserv'd the death for which I fought.
 Thence we retreat, our brave associates gone,
 Pelias and Iphitus were left alone;
 This slow with age and bending to the ground,
 And that more tardy from Ulyssus' wound.
 Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring
 The shouts, and call us to defend the king;
 There we beheld the rage of fight, and there
 The throne of death, and centre of the war;
 As Troy, all Troy beside has slept in peace,
 Nor stain'd by slaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.
 Shield lock'd in shield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,
 To burst the gates, and storm the regal tow'rs;
 Fly up the steep ascent where danger calls,
 And fix their scaling engines in the walls.
 High in the left they grasp'd the fencible shield,
 Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held;
 Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw,
 A pile of ruins! on the Greeks below;
 Catch for defence the weapons of despair,
 In these the dire extremes of death and war.
 Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,
 By Troy's first monarchs crusted round with gold.
 Here thronging troops with glitt'ring faulchions
 stand,
 To guard the portals, and the door command.
 Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go
 To aid the vanquish'd, and repel the foe.
 A secret portico contriv'd behind,
 Great Hector's mansion to the palace join'd,
 By which his hapless princess oft would bring
 Her royal infant to the good old king.
 This way the topmost battlements I gain,
 Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in
 vain.
 Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears
 Her stately head unrivall'd to the stars;
 From hence we wont all Ilion to survey,
 The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling sea.
 With steel the yielding timbers we assail'd.
 Where loose the huge disjointed fracture fail'd;
 Then, tugg'd convulsive from the shatter'd walls,
 We push the pile: the pond'rous ruin falls
 Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring sound,
 Down headlong on the foes, and smokes along the
 ground.

But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops supply;
 And in a storm the beams and rocky fragments fly.

Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms
 Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.
 So from his den, the winter slept away,
 Shoots forth the burnish'd snake in open day;
 Who, fed with ev'ry poison of the plain,
 Sheds his old spoils, and shines in youth again;
 Proud of his golden scales rolls tow'ring on,
 And darts his forky sting, and glitters on the sun.

To him the mighty Periphas succeeds,
 And the bold * chief who drove his father's steeds;
 With these the Scyrian bands advance, and aim
 Full at the battlements the missile flame.
 Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful sway
 Ply'd the huge axe, and hew'd the beams away;
 The solid timbers from the portal tore,
 And rent from every hinge the brazen door.
 At last the chief a mighty op'ning made, [play'd:
 And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length dis-
 The sacred rooms of Troy's first monarchs lie,
 With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;
 In arms the centries to the breach repair,
 And stand embody'd, to repel the war.

Now far within, the regal rooms disclose,
 Loud and more loud, a direful scene of woes;
 The roof resounds with female shrieks and cries,
 And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies.
 The trembling matrons fly from place to place,
 And kiss the pillars with a last embrace;
 Bold Pyrrhus storms with all his father's fire;
 The barrier's burst; the vanquish'd guards retire;
 The shatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply;
 The bolts leap back; the sounding hinges fly;
 The war breaks in; loud shouts the hostile train;
 The gates are storm'd; the foremost soldiers slain:
 Thro' the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,
 And swarm triumphant round the regal dome.
 Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
 And bursts resistless o'er the levell'd mounds;
 Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
 Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.

These eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,
 And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood;
 Sad they beheld, amid the mournful scene,
 The hundred daughters with the mother queen,
 And Priam's self polluting with his gore
 Those flames, he hallow'd at the shrines before.
 The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine!
 (Such were his hopes of a long regal line)
 Rich in Barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,
 Sunk with their proud support of pillars round;
 And, where the flames retire, the foes possess
 the ground.

And now, great queen, you haply long to know
 The fate of Priam in this general woe.
 When with sad eyes the venerable fire
 Beheld his Ilion sunk in hostile fire;
 His palace storm'd, the lofty gates laid low,
 His rich pavillions crowded with the foe;
 In arms, long since disus'd, the hoary sage,
 Load each stiff languid limb, that shook with age;
 Girds on an unperforming sword in vain,
 And runs on death amidst the hostile train.
 Within the courts, beneath the naked sky,
 An altar rose; an aged laurel by;

* Automedon.

That o'er the hearth and household-gods display'd
 A solemn gloom, a deep majestic shade :
 Hither, like doves, who close-embod' d fly
 From some dark tempest black'ning in the sky,
 The queen for refuge with her daughters ran,
 Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.
 But when in cumbrous arms the king she spy'd,
 Alas ! my poor unhappy lord ? she cry'd,
 What more than madness, 'midst these dire alarms,
 Mov'd thee to load thy helpless age with arms ?
 No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands ;
 But asks far other strength, far other hands.
 No ! could my own dear Hector arm again,
 My own dear Hector now would arm in vain,
 Come to these altars ; here we all shall have
 One common refuge, or one common grave.
 This said, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,
 And on the sacred seat the monarch plac'd.

When lo ! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Through darts and foes, from slaught'ring Pyrrhus
 Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd dome, [runs,
 Darts through the courts, and shoots from room to
 room ;
 Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe,
 Just grasp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow ;
 Soon as within his parents fight he past,
 Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his last :
 He fell ; a purple stream the pavement dy'd,
 The soul comes gushing in the crimson tide.
 The king, that scene impatient to survey,
 Though death surrounds him, gives his fury way ;
 And oh ! may every violated god,
 Barbarian ! thank thee for this deed of blood ;
 (If gods there are, such actions to regard),
 Oh ! may they give thy guilt the full reward ;
 Guilt, that a father's sacred eyes defil'd
 With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child !
 Unlike thy fire, Achilles the divine !
 (But sure Achilles was no fire of thine !)
 Foe as I was, the hero deign'd to hear
 The guest's, the suppliant's, king's, and father's
 To funeral rites restor'd my Hector slain, [pray'r ;
 And safe dismiss'd me to my realm again.
 This said, his trembling arm essay'd to throw
 The dull dead javelin, that scarce reach'd the foe ;
 The weapon languishingly lagg'd along,
 And, guiltless on the buckler faintly rung.
 Thou then be first, replies the chief, to go
 With these sad tidings to his ghost below ;
 Begone—acquaint him with my crimes in Troy,
 And tell my sire of his degenerate boy.
 Die then he said, and dragg'd the monarch on,
 Through the warm blood that issu'd from his son,
 Stagg'ring and sliding in the slipp'ry gore,
 And to the shrine the royal victim bore ;
 Lock'd in the left he grasps the silver hairs,
 High in the right the flaming blade he rears,
 Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,
 He plung'd the ruthless fau'chion in his side.
 Such was the fate unhappy Priam found,
 Who saw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground ;
 He, who, round Asia sent his high commands,
 And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands,
 Now lies a headless carcase on the shore,
 The man, the monarch, and the name no more !
 Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
 Struck with that scene of unexampled woe ;

Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire :
 His old compeer, my venerable sire,
 My palace, son, and consort left behind,
 All, all, at once came rushing on my mind.
 I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there ;
 My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,
 Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty spires,
 Tir'd with their toils ; or plung'd amidst the fires,
 Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I survey
 Where trembling Helen close and silent lay
 In Vesta's porch ; and by the dismal glare
 Of rolling flames discern the fatal fair ;
 The common plague ! by Troy and Greece ab-
 hor'd !

She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan sword,
 Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord.
 Fast by the shrine I spy'd the lurking dame,
 And all my soul was kindled into flame :
 My ruin'd country to revenge, I stood
 In wrath resolv'd to shed her impious blood.
 Shall she, this guilty fair, return in peace,
 A queen, triumphant, thro' the realms of Greece,
 And see, attended by her Phrygian train,
 Her home, her parents, spouse, and sons again ?
 For her curst cause shall raging flames destroy
 The stately structures of imperial Troy ?
 So many slaughters drench the Dardan shore ?
 And Priam's self lie welt'ring in his gore ?
 No !—she shall die—for though the victor gain
 No fame, no triumph for a woman slain :
 Yet if by just revenge the traitress bleed,
 The world consenting will applaud the deed :
 To my own vengeance I devote her head,
 And the great spirits of our heroes dead.

Thus while I rav'd, I saw my mother rise,
 Confess'd a goddess, to my wond'ring eyes,
 In pomp unusual, and divinely bright ;
 Her beamy glories pierc'd the shades of night ;
 Such she appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes
 She shines in all her glories to the gods.
 Just rais'd to strike, my hand she gently took,
 Then from her rosy lips the goddess spoke.

What wrath so fierce to vengeance drives thee
 Are we no objects of thy care, my son ? [on ?
 Think of Anchises, and his helpless age,
 Thy hoary sire expos'd to hostile rage ;
 Think if thy dear Creusa yet survive,
 Think if thy child, the young Iulus live ;
 Whom, ever hov'ring round, the Greeks enclose,
 From every side endanger'd by the foes ;
 And, but my care withstood, the ruthless sword
 Long since had slaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.
 Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,
 Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame ;
 The gods, my son, th' immortal gods destroy
 This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.
 Hence then retire, retire without delay,
 Attend thy mother, and her words obey ;
 Look up, for lo ! I clear thy clouded eye
 From the thick midst of dim mortality ;
 Where yon' rude piles of shatter'd ramparts rise,
 Stone rent from stone, in dreadful ruin lies,
 And black with rolling smoke the dusty whirl-
 wind flies :

There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks
 down,
 There, from her basis heaves the trembling town ;

Heav'n's awful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,
 Here storms tremendous at the Scæan gate:
 Radiant in arms the furious goddess stands,
 And from the navy calls her Argive bands.
 On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold,
 With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.
 Great Jove himself the sons of Greece inspires,
 Each arm he strengthens, and each soul he fires.
 Against the Trojans, from the bright abodes,
 See! where the thund'rer calls th' embattled
 gods. [treat,

Strive then no more with heav'n;—but oh! re-
 Ourself will guide thee to thy father's seat;
 Ourself will cover and befriend thy flight.
 She said, and sunk within the shades of night;
 And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd,
 And lower'd, majestically stern, around.
 Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and
 spires; [fires.

Then Troy, though rais'd by Neptune, sunk in
 So when an aged ash, whose honours rise
 From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies,
 With many an axe by shouting swains is ply'd,
 Fierce they repeat the strokes from every side;
 The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
 Bows the high head, and nods to every wound:
 At last quite vanquish'd with a dreadful peal,
 In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale,
 Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
 And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasured
 ruin lies.

Now, by the goddess led, I bend my way,
 Though javelins hiss, and flames around me play;
 With sloping spires the flames obliquely fly,
 The glancing darts turn innocently by.
 Soon as, these various dangers past, I come
 Within my rev'rend father's ancient dome,
 Whom first I sought, to bear his helpless age
 Safe o'er the mountains, far from hostile rage;
 An exil'd life disdaining to enjoy,
 He stands determin'd to expire with Troy:
 Fly you, who health, and youth, and strength
 maintain,

You, whose warm blood beats high in every vein;
 For me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
 Heav'n had preserv'd for me the Dardan state;
 Too much of life already have I known,
 To see my country's fall prevent my own;
 Think then, this aged corse with Ilion fell,
 And take, oh! take your solemn last farewell:
 For death—these hands that office yet can do:
 If not—I'll beg it from the pitying foe.
 At least the foldier for my spoils will come:
 Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.
 Grown to my friends an useless heavy load,
 Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,
 Since, in his wrath, high heaven's almighty fire
 Blasted these limbs with his avenging fire.

Thus he; and obstinately bent appears;
 The mournful family stand round in tears.
 Myself, my shrieking wife, my weeping son,
 Friends, servants, all, entreat him to be gone, }
 Nor to the general ruin add his own;
 Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,
 Nor urge a fate, that flew too swift before.
 Unmov'd, he still determines to maintain
 His cruel purpose, and we plead in vain.

Once more I hurry to the dire alarms,
 To end a miserable life in arms;
 For oh! what measures could I now pursue,
 When death, and only death, was left in view:
 To flee the foe, and leave your age alone,
 Could such a fire propose to such a son?
 If 'tis by your's and heav'n's high will decreed,
 That you, and all, with hapless Troy, must bleed:
 If not her least remains you mean to save;
 Behold! the door lies open to the grave.
 Pyrrhus will soon be here, all cover'd o'er
 And red from venerable Priam's gore;
 Who stabb'd the son before the father's view,
 Then at the shrine the royal father slew.
 Why, heavenly mother! did thy guardian care
 Snatch me from fires, and shield me in the war?
 Within these walls to see the Grecians roam,
 And purple slaughter stride around the dome;
 To see my murder'd consort, son, and fire,
 Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire!
 Arms! arms! my friends, with speed my arms
 supply,

'Tis our last hour, and summons us to die;
 My arms!—in vain you hold me,—let me go—
 Give, give me back this moment to the foe.
 'Tis well—we will not tamely perish all,
 But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall.

Now rushing forth, in radiant arms, I wield
 The sword once more, and gripe the pond'rous
 shield.

When, at the door, my weeping spouse I meet,
 The fair Creüsa, who embrac'd my feet,
 And clinging round them, with distraction wild,
 Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child:
 And oh! she cries, if bent on death thou run,
 Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and son;
 Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,
 Defend these walls, and try thy valour here;
 Ah! who shall guard thy fire, when thou art
 slain,

Thy child, or me, thy consort once in vain?
 Thus while she raves, the vaulted dome replies
 To her loud shrieks, and agonizing cries.

When lo! a wond'rous prodigy appears,
 For while each parent kiss'd the boy with tears,
 Sudden a circling flame was seen to spread
 With beams refulgent round Iulus' head;
 Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
 And harmless fires around his temples blaze.
 Trembling and pale we quench with busy care
 The sacred fires, and shake his flaming hair.
 But old Anchises lifts his joyful eyes,
 His hands and voice, in transport, to the skies.

Almighty Jove! in glory thron'd on high,
 This once regards us with a gracious eye;
 If e'er our vows deserv'd thy aid divine,
 Vouchsafe thy succour, and confirm thy sign.
 Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the pole,
 Full on the left, the happy thunders roll;
 A star shot sweeping through the shades of night,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of light,
 That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
 To point our way, descends in Ida's grove;
 Then left a long continued stream in view,
 The track still glittering where the glory flew.
 The flame past gleaming with a bluish glare,
 And smokes of sulphur fill the tainted air.

At this convinc'd, arose my reverend fire,
 Address'd the gods, and hail'd the sacred fire.
 Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,
 But instant follow where you lead the way.
 Ye gods, by these your omens, you ordain
 That from the womb of fate shall rise again,
 To light and life, a glorious second Troy;
 Then save this house, and this auspicious boy;
 Convinc'd by omens so divinely bright,
 I go, my son, companion of thy flight.
 Thus he---and nearer now in curling spires
 Thro' the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires.
 Haste then, my fire, I cry'd, my neck ascend,
 With joy beneath your sacred load I bend;
 Together will we share, where-e'er I go,
 One common welfare, or one common woe.
 Ourself with care will young Iulus lead;
 At safer distance you my spouse succeed;
 Heed too these orders, ye attendant train;
 Without the wall stands Ceres' vacant fane,
 Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypress near,
 Preserv'd for ages with religious fear;
 Thither, from different roads assembling, come,
 And meet embody'd at the sacred dome:
 Thou, thou, my fire, our gods and relics bear;
 These hands, yet horrid with the stains of war,
 Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day,
 When the pure stream shall wash the guilt away.

Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take
 My fire, a pleasing burthen on my back;
 Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,
 With steps unequal trip'd Iulus by;
 Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way;
 Through every lonely dark recess we stray:
 And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
 Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
 Now take alarm, while horrors reign around,
 At every breeze, and start at every sound.
 With fancy'd fears my busy thoughts were wild
 For my dear father, and endanger'd child.

Now, to the city gates approaching near,
 I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear.
 Alarm'd my fire look'd forward through the shade,
 And, fly my son, they come, they come, he said;
 Lo! from their shields I see the splendors stream;
 And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam,
 And here, some envious god, in this dismay,
 This sudden terror, snatch'd my sense away.
 For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
 Studious to wander from the beaten road;
 I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell
 From that sad moment, if by fate she fell;
 Or sunk fatigu'd; or straggled from the train;
 But ah! she never blest these eyes again!
 Nor, till to Ceres' ancient wall we came,
 Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.
 There all the train assembled, all but she,
 Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me.
 What men, what gods did my wild fury spare?
 At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.
 In Troy's last ruins did I ever know
 A scene so cruel! such transcendent woe!
 Our gods, my son, and father to the train
 I next commend, and hide them in the plain;
 Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again.
 Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
 And tempt the dangers that I 'scap'd before.

Now to the gate I run with furious haste,
 Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past;
 Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
 And tread my former footsteps o'er again.
 Surrounding horrors all my soul affright;
 And more, the dreadful silence of the night.
 Next to my house I flew without delay,
 If there, if haply there she bent her way.
 In vain---the conquering foes were enter'd there;
 High o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air;
 Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies,
 Swells in the wind, and thunders o the skies.
 Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
 And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.
 Ulysses now and Phoenix I survey,
 Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey:
 In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
 Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold;
 A pile of tables on the pavement nod,
 Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods.
 A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound,
 Stood with their captive children trembling round.
 Yet more---I boldly raise my voice on high,
 And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry;
 Call on her name a thousand times in vain,
 But still repeat the darling name again.
 Thus while I rave and roll my searching eyes,
 Solemn and slow I saw her shade arise,
 The form enlarg'd majestic mov'd along;
 Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue:
 Thus as I stood amaz'd, the heav'nly fair
 With these mild accents sooth'd my fierce despair.

Why with excess of sorrow raves in vain
 My dearest lord, at what the gods ordain?
 Oh could I share thy toils!--but fate denies;
 And Jove, dread Jove, the sovereign of the skies.
 In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to sweep
 Seas after seas, and plough the wat'ry deep.
 Hesperia shall be thine, where Tyber glides
 Through fruitful realms, and rolls in easy tides.
 There shall thy fates a happier lot provide,
 A glorious empire, and a royal bride.
 Then let your sorrows for Creüsa cease;
 For know, I never shall be led to Greece;
 Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's shame,
 A slave to some imperious Argive dame.
 No!--born a princess, sprung from heav'n above,
 Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,
 Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in these abodes,
 To serve the glorious mother of the gods.
 Farewell; and to our son thy care approve,
 Our son, the pledge of our commutual love.

Thus she; and as I wept, and wish'd to say
 Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in air away.
 Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw;
 Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew
 Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
 Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.
 Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
 From ruin'd Ilion I return again;
 To whom, with wonder and surprise, I find
 A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;
 A host of willing exiles round me stand,
 Matrons, and men, a miserable band;
 Eager the wretches pour from ev'ry side,
 To share my fortunes on the foamy tide;

Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
To lead and fix them on some foreign shore:
And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
Flames the bright star, that leads the golden day.

No hopes of aid in view, and ev'ry gate
Possess'd by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,
And bear the venerable load away.

B O O K III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Aeneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet in which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace: from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

WHEN heav'n destroy'd, by too severe a fate,
The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian state,
When Troy, though Neptune rais'd her bulwarks
round,
The pride of Asia, smok'd upon the ground;
We sought in vacant regions new abodes,
Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.
Secret, a sudden navy we provide,
Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Idæ.
Doubtful, where heav'n would fix our wand'ring
train,

Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plough the main.
Scarce had the summer shot a genial ray;
My fire commands the canvas to display,
And steer wherever fate should point the way. }
With tears I leave the port, my native shore,
And those dear fields, where Ilion rose before.
An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods,
My son, my friends, and all my vanquish'd gods.

The warlike Thracians till a boundless plain,
Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' ancient reign;
Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cause;
The same their gods and hospitable laws;
Thither, with fates averse, my course I bore,
And rais'd a town amid the winding shore.
Then from my name the rising city call,
And stretch along the strand th' embattled wall.
Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,
I offer'd victims by the rolling floods;
But slew a stately bull to mighty Jove,
Who reigns the sovereign of the pow'rs above.

Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh,
And with thick branches stood a myrtle by.
With verdant boughs to shade my altars round,
I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.
When lo! a horrid prodigy I see;
For scarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree,
When, from the fibres, drops of crimson gore
Ran trickling down, and stain'd the fable shore.
Amaz'd, I shook with horror and affright,
My blood all curdled at the dreadful sight;
Curious the latent causes to explore,
With trembling hands a second plant I tore;
That second wounded plant distill'd around
Red drops of blood, and sprinkled all the ground.

Rack'd with a thousand fears, devout I bow'd
To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god.
These omens to avert by pow'r divine,
And kindly grant a more auspicious sign:
But when once more we tug'd with toiling hands,
And eager bent my knees against the sands;
Live I to speak it?—from the tomb I hear
A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear,
How can thy pious hands, *Aeneas*, rend
The bury'd body of thy hapless friend?
This stream that trickles from the wounded tree
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee.
Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty shore,
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.
This grove of lances, from my body slain,
Now blooms with vegetable life again.

Then, as amaz'd in deep suspense I hung,
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my
tongue.

Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs
With a close siege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,
No more confiding in the strength of Troy,
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapless boy,
With mighty treasures, to support him there,
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.
This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes cease,
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;
Broke through all sacred laws, and uncontroll'd
Destroy'd his royal charge, to seize the gold.
Curs'd gold!—how high will daring mortals rise
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?
Soon as my soul recover'd from her fears,
Before my father and the gather'd peers,
I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;
All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;
To leave th' unhospitable realm behind,
And spread our op'ning canvas to the wind.
But first we paid the rites to Polydore,
And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the shore.
Next, to his ghost, adorn'd with cypress boughs
And fable wreaths, two solemn altars rose;
With lamentable cries and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order mov'd around.
Warm milk and sacred blood in bowls we brought,
To lure the spirit with the mingled draught;

Compos'd the soul; and, with a dismal knell,
Took thrice the melancholy last farewell.

Soon as our fleet could trust the smiling sea,
And the soft breeze had smoothen'd the wat'ry way;
Call'd by the whisp'ring gales, we rig the ships,
Crowd round the shores, and launch into the deeps.
Swift from the port our eager course we ply,
And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly.

By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,
Lies a fair isle amid th' Ægean flood;
Which Phœbus fix'd; for once she wander'd round
The shores, and floated on the vast profound.
But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
Safe in her open ports the sacred isle
Receiv'd us, harass'd with the naval toil.
Our rev'rence due to Phœbus' town we pay,
And holy Anius meets us on the way;
Anius, whose brows the wreaths and laurels grace,
Priest of the god, and sovereign of the place.
Well-pleas'd to see our train the shore ascend,
He flew to meet my fire, his ancient friend:
In hospitable guise our hands he prest,
Then to the palace led each honour'd guest.
To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,
And suppliant to the god prefer my pray'r:
To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,
Grant, O Thymbræan god, a settled home;
Oh! grant thy suppliants, their long labours past,
A race to flourish, and a town to last;
Preserve this little second Troy in peace,
Snatch'd from Achilles and the sword of Greece;
Vouchsafe, great father, some auspicious sign;
And oh! inform us with thy light divine,
Where lies our way? and what auspicious guide,
To foreign realms shall lead us o'er the tide?

Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took;
The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains shook.
Burst with a dreadful roar, the veils display
The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.
Humbled we fell; then, prostrate on the ground,
We hear these accents in an awful sound:
Ye valiant sons of Troy, the land that bore
Your mighty ancestors to light before,
Once more their great descendants shall embrace;
Go—seek the ancient mother of your race.
There the wide world, Æneas' house shall sway,
And down from son to son th' imperial power convey.

Thus Phœbus spoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd
The thronging crowds; and eager all inquir'd,
What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,
Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring
Then in his mind my fire revolving o'er [train?
The long, long records of the times before;
Learn, ye assembled peers, he cries, from me,
The happy realm the laws of fate decree;
Fair Crete sublimely tow'rs amid the floods,
Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods.
There ancient Ida stands, and thence we trace
The first memorials of the Trojan race;
A hundred cities the blest isle contains,
And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.
Hence our fam'd ancestor old Teucer bore
His course, and gain'd the fair Rhetæan shore,
There the great chief the seat of empire chose,
Before proud Troy's majestic structures rose;

VOL. XII.

Till then, if rightly I record the tale,
Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale.
From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,
Hence her loud cymbals and her sacred woods:
Hence, at her rites religious silence reigns,
And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.
Then fly we speedy where the gods command,
Appease the winds, and seek the Cretan land:
Nor distant is the shore; if Jove but smile,
Three days shall waft us to the blissful isle.

This said; he slays the victims due, and loads
In haste the smoking altars of the gods.
A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was slain
To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main:
A milk white ewe to ev'ry western breeze,
A black, to ev'ry storm that sweeps the seas.
Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat,
Expell'd and banish'd from the throne of Crete;
Free from the foe the vacant region lay:
We leave the Delian shore, and plough the wat'ry
way.

By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,
Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply;
By green Donyssa next and Paros steer,
Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.
Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,
Whose clust'ring islands stud the silver tides.
Loud shout the sailors, and to Crete we fly;
To Crete our country, was the general cry.
Swift shoots the fleet before the driving blast,
And on the Cretan shore descends at last.

With eager speed I frame a town, and call
From ancient Pergamus the rising wall.
Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command
To raise strong tow'rs, and settle in the land.
Soon as our lusty youth the fleet could moor,
And draw the vessels on the sandy shore,
Some join the nuptial bands: with busy toil
Their fellows plough the new-discover'd soil.
To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,
Allot the dwellings, and assign the shares.
When lo! from standing air and poison'd skies,
A sudden plague with dire contagion flies.
On corn and trees the dreadful pest began;
And last the fierce infection seiz'd on man.
They breathe their souls in air; or drag with pain
Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain;
Their wonted food the blasted fields deny,
And the red dog-star fires the sultry sky,
My fire advis'd, to measure back the main,
Consult, and beg the Delian god again
To end our woes, his succour to display,
And to our wand'rings point the certain way.

'Twas night; soft slumbers had the world possest,
When, as I lay compos'd in pleasing rest, [rest,
Those gods I bore from flaming Troy, arise
In awful figures to my wond'ring eyes:
Close at my couch they stood, divinely bright,
And shone distinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,
Then, to dispel the cares that rack'd my breast,
These words the visionary pow'rs address:

Those truths the god in Delos would repeat,
By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete;
By us, companions of thy arms and thee,
From flaming Ilion o'er the swelling sea,
Led by our care, shall thy descendants rise,
The world's majestic monarchs, to the skies.

M m

Then build thy city for imperial sway,
 And boldly take the long laborious way.
 Forsake this region; for the Delian pow'r
 Assign'd not for thy seat the Gnosian shore.
 Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
 'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race;
 For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame;
 But since, Italia, from the leader's name.
 These are the native realms the Fates assign;
 Hence rose the fathers of the Trojan line;
 The great Iäsus, sprung from heaven above,
 And ancient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove.
 Rise then, in haste these joyful tidings bear,
 These truths unquestion'd to thy father's ear.
 Begone—the fair Ausonian realms explore,
 For Jove himself denies the Cretan shore.

Struck with the voice divine, and awful sight,
 No common dream, or vision of the night;
 I saw the wreaths, their features; and a stream
 Of trickling sweat ran down from every limb.

I started from my bed, and rais'd on high
 My hands and voice in rapture to the sky.
 Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)
 The scene divine before my fire I laid.

He owns his error of each ancient place,
 Our two great founders, and the double race.

My son, he cry'd, whom adverse fates employ,
 Oh! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy!
 Now I reflect, Cassandra's word divine
 Assign'd these regions to the Dardan line.
 But who surmis'd, the sons of Troy should come
 To fair Hesperia from their distant home?
 Or who gave credit to Cassandra's strain,
 Doom'd by the Fates to prophesy in vain?
 Pursue we now a surer, safer road,
 By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god.
 Glad we comply, and leave a few behind;
 Then spread our sails to catch the driving wind;
 Forsake this realm; the sparkling waves divide,
 And the swift vessels shoot along the tide.

Now vanish'd from our eyes the lessening
 ground;
 And all the wide horizon stretching round,
 Above was sky, beneath was sea profound:
 When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,
 Charg'd with big storms, frown'd dreadful o'er
 the flood,

And darken'd all the main; the whirlwinds roar,
 And roll the waves in mountains to the shore.
 Snatch'd by the furious gust, the vessels keep
 Their road no more, but scatter o'er the deep:
 The thunders roll, the forky light'nings fly;
 And in a burst of rain descends the sky.

Far from our course was dash'd the navy wide,
 And dark we wander o'er the tossing tide.
 Not skilful Palinure in such a sea,
 So black with storms, distinguish'd night from
 day;

Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way.
 Three nights, without one guiding star in view,
 Three days, without the sun, the navy flew;
 The fourth, by dawn, the swelling shores we
 spy.

See the thin smokes, that melt into the sky,
 And bluish hills just opening on the eye.
 We furl the sails, with bending oars divide
 The flashing waves, and sweep the foamy tide.

Safe from the storm the Strophades I gain,
 Encircled by the vast Ionian main,
 Where dwelt Celæno with her Harpy train;
 Since Boreas' sons had chas'd the direful guests
 From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feasts.
 But fiends to scourge mankind, so fierce, so fell,
 Heav'n never summon'd from the depths of hell;
 Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs
 obscene,

Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;
 A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws;
 Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.

The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld
 Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field,
 And feeding flocks of goats, without a swain,
 That range at large, and bound along the plain;
 We seize, we slay, and to the copious feast
 Call every god, and Jove himself a guest.

Then on the winding shore the tables plac'd,
 And fate indulging in the rich repast;
 When from the mountains, terrible to view,
 On sounding wings the monster Harpies flew.
 They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,
 Or snatch the smoking viands from the board.

A stench offensive follows where they fly,
 And loud they scream, and raise a dreadful cry.

Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,
 And the close shelter of a shady grove;
 Once more prepare the feast, the tables raise;
 Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.

Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,
 But from a different quarter of the sky;
 With loathsome claws they snatch the food away,
 Scream o'er our heads, and poison all the prey.

Enrag'd; I bid my train their arms prepare,
 And with the direful monsters wage the war.
 Close in the grass, observant of the word, [sword.
 They hide the shining shield, and gleaming
 Then, as the Harpies from the hills once more
 Pour'd shrieking down, and crowded round the
 On his high stand Misenus sounds from far [shore.
 The brazen trump, the signal of the war.

With unaccustom'd fight we flew, to slay
 The forms obscene, dread monsters of the sea.
 But proof to steel their hides and plumes remain;
 We strike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,
 Who from the fragments wing th' aerial way,
 And leave, involv'd in stench, the mangled prey;

All but Celæno;—from a pointed rock
 Where perch'd she fate, the boding Fury spoke:
 Then was it not enough, ye sons of Troy,
 Our flocks to slaughter, and our herds destroy?
 But war, shall impious war your wrongs maintain,
 And drive the Harpies from their native reign?
 Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,
 Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;
 Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,
 And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.

To promis'd Italy your course you ply,
 And safe to Italy at length shall fly;
 But never, never raise your city there,
 'Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,
 Imperious hunger urge you to devour
 Those very boards on which you fed before.
 She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.
 With hearts dejected my companions stood,
 And sudden horrors froze their curdling blood.

Down drop the shield and spear; from fight we
cease,

And humbly sue by suppliant vows for peace;
And whether goddesses, or fiends from hell,
Prostrate before the monstrous forms we fell.
But old Anchises, by the beating floods,
Invok'd with sacrifice th' immortal gods; [vine,
And rais'd his hands and voice:---ye pow'rs di-
Avert these woes, and spare a righteous line.

Then he commands to cut the cords away;
With southern gales we plough the foamy sea.
And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,
With flying sails we stem the murmuring tides.
Now, high in view, amid the circling floods
We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.
Dulichian coasts, and Samian hills we spy,
And proud Neritos tow'ring in the sky.

Rough Ithaca we shun, a rocky shore,
And curse the land that dire Ulysses bore.
Then dim Leucate swell'd to fight, who shrouds
His tall ærial brow in ambient clouds;
Last opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,
The dread of sailors on the wint'ry main.

To this small town, fatigu'd with toil, we haste;
The circling anchors from the prows are cast.
Safe to the land beyond our hopes restor'd,
We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.
All bright in suppling oil, my friends employ
Their limbs in wrestling, and revive with joy
On Actian shores the solemn games of Troy. }
Pleas'd we reflect that we had pass'd in peace
Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.

Meantime the sun his annual race performs,
And blust'ring Boreas fills the sea with storms;
I hung the brazen buckler on the door,
Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;
And thus inscrib'd---these arms with blood dis-
tain'd,

From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd;
Then, rous'd at my command, the sailors sweep
And dash with bending oars the sparkling deep.
Soon had we lost Phæacia's sinking tow'rs,
And skim'd along Epirus' flying shores.

On the Caonian port at length we fall;
Thence we ascend to high Buthrotos' wall.

Astonish'd here a strange report we found,
That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.
The captive prince, (victorious Pyrrhus dead)

At once succeeded to his throne and bed;

And fair Andromache to Troy restor'd,

Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord.

With eager joy I left the fleet, and went [event.

To hail my royal friends, and learn the strange

Before the walls, within a gloomy wood,

Where a new Simois roll'd his silver flood;

By chance, Andromache that moment paid

The mournful offerings to her Hector's shade.

A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compose

Of living turf; and two fair altars rose.

Sad scene! that still provok'd the tears she shed;

And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.

When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,

She saw my Trojan arms and ensigns fly;

So strange a sight astonish'd to survey,

The princess trembles, falls, and faints away.

Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forsook,

And, scarce recover'd, thus at length she spoke;

Ha!--is it true?---in person? and alive?

Still, dost thou still, oh! goddess-born, survive?

Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,

Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?

Then, the big sorrow streaming from her eyes,

She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.

Few words to sooth her raging grief I say, [way:

And scarce those few, for sobs, could find their

Ah! trust your eyes, no phantoms here impose;

I live indeed, but drag a life of woes,

Say then, oh say, has fortune yet been just

To worth like yours, since Hector sunk in dust?

Or oh! is that great hero's consort led

(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed?

To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,

While on the ground she fixt her streaming eyes:

Thrice blest Polyxena! condemn'd to fall

By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall;

Stabb'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,

To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.

Nor lots disgrac'd her with a chain, like me,

A wretched captive, dragg'd from sea to sea!

Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave

A son to Pyrrhus, more than half a slave,

From me, to fair Hermoine he fled

Of Leda's race, and sought a Spartan bed;

My slighted charms to Helenus resign'd,

And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.

But fierce Orestes, by the furies tost

And mad with vengeance for the bride he lost,

Swift on the monarch from his ambush flew,

And at Apollo's hallow'd altar flew.

On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant slain)

A portion of the realm, a large domain:

From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,

And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.

But oh! what winds, what fates, what gracious
pow'rs,

Led you, unknowing, to these friendly shores?

Does yet Ascanius live, the hope of Troy?

Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy?

Or glory's charms his little soul inflame,

To match my Hector's or his father's fame?

So spoke the queen with mingled sobs and cries,

And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.

When lo! in royal pomp the king descends

With a long train, and owns his ancient friends.

Then to the town his welcome guests he led;

Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he said.

Here in a foreign region I behold

A little Troy, an image of the old;

Here creeps along a poor penurious stream,

That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name:

A second Scæan gate I clasp with joy,

In dear remembrance of the first in Troy.

With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,

Indulge the banquet in the regal hall,

Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold;

And the vast feast was serv'd in massy gold, [gales

Two days were past, and now the southern

Call us aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

A thousand doubts distract my anxious breast,

And thus the royal prophet I address'd:

Oh sacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,

To speak events, and search the will of heav'n,

The secret mind of Phoebus to declare

From laurels, tripods, and from every star:

M m ij

To know the voice of every fowl that flies,
The signs of every wing that beats the skies;
Instruct me, sacred seer; since every god,
With each blest omen, bids me plough the flood,
To reach fair Italy, and measure o'er
A length of ocean to the destin'd shore:
The happy queen, and she alone, relates
A scene of sad unutterable fates,
A dreadful famine sent from heaven on high,
With all the gather'd vengeance of the sky:
Tell me, what dangers I must first oppose,
And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes,

Now, the due victims slain, the king implores
The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs;
Unbind the fillets from his sacred head,
Then, by the hand, in solemn state he led
His trembling guest to Phœbus' fair abode;
Struck with an awful reverence of the god.
At length, with all the sacred fury fir'd,
Thus spoke the prophet, as the god inspir'd:

Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides,
With prosperous omens waft you o'er the tides,
Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,
The firm decree of him who reigns above;
Hear me, of many things, explain a few,
Your future course with safety to pursue;
And, all these foreign floods and countries past,
To reach the wish'd Ausonian port at last.
The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,
And heav'n's dread queen forbids me to reveal.
First then, that Italy, that promis'd land,
Though thy fond hopes already grasp the strand,
(Though now she seems so near) a mighty tide,
And long, long regions from your reach divide.
Sicilian seas must bend your plunging oars;
Your fleet must coast the fair Ausonian shores,
And reach the dreadful isle, the dire abode
Where Circe reigns; and stem the Stygian flood,
Before your fated city shall ascend.
Hear then, and these auspicious signs attend:
When, lost in contemplation deep, you find
A large white mother of the bristly kind,
With her white brood of thirty young, who drain
Her swelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:
There, there, thy town shall rise, my godlike
friend,

And all thy labours find their destin'd end.
Fear then Cæno's direful threats no more,
That your fierce hunger shall your boards devour.
Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,
And fate the mystic riddle shall display.
But these next borders of th' Italian shores,
On whose rough rocky sides our ocean roars,
Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train
Possess those realms that stretch along the main.
Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful seat;
There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete,
Has fixt his armies on Salentine ground,
And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.
Here Philoctetes, from Thessalian shores,
Rears strong Petilia, fenc'd with walls and tow'rs.
Soon as transported o'er the rolling floods,
You pay due vows in honour of the gods;
When on the shore the smoking altars rise,
A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;
Left hostile faces should appear in sight,
To blast and discompose the hallow'd rite.

Observe this form before the sacred shrine,
Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.

When near Sicilian coasts thy bellying sails
At length convey thee with the driving gales;
Pelorus' straits just opening by degrees;
Turn from the right; avoid the shores and seas.
Far to the left thy course in safety keep,
And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.
That realm of old, a ruin huge! was rent
In length of ages from the continent;
With force convulsive burst the isle away;
Through the dread op'ning broke the thund'ring
At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore, [sea:
And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore;
And still the neighbouring coasts and towns di-
vides

With scanty channels, and contracted tides.
Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,
Charybdis on the left the flood devours:
Thrice swallow'd in her womb, subsides the sea,
Deep, deep as hell; and thrice she spouts away
From her black bellowing gulf's, disgorg'd on
high,

Waves after waves, that dash the distant sky.
Lodg'd in a darksome cavern's dreadful shade,
High o'er the surges Scylla rears her head:
Grac'd with a virgin's breast, and female looks,
She draws the vessels on the pointed rocks.
Below, she lengthens in a monstrous whale,
With dogs surrounded, and a dolphin's tail.
But oh! 'tis far, far safer with delay
Still round and round to plough the watery way,
And coast Pachynus, than with curious eyes
To see th' enormous den where Scylla lies;
The dire tremendous fury to explore,
Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her wat'ry mon-
sters roar.

Besides, if Helenus the truth inspires,
If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires;
One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' strain,
Though oft repeated, I must urge again.
To Juno first with gifts and vows repair,
And vanquish heaven's imperial queen with pray'r,
So shall your fleets in safety waft you o'er,
From fair Trinacria to th' Hesperian shore;
There when arriv'd you visit Cuma's tow'rs,
Where dark with shady woods Avernus roars,
You see the Sibyl in her rocky cave,
And hear the furious maid divinely rave.
The dark decrees of fate the virgin sings,
And writes on leaves, names, characters, and
The mystic numbers, in the cavern laid, [things,
Are rang'd in order by the sacred maid;
There they repose in ranks along the floor;
At length a casual wind unfolds the door;
The casual wind disorders the decrees,
And the loose fates are scatter'd by the breeze,
She scorns to range them, and again unite
The fleeting scrolls, or stop their airy flight.
Then back retreat the disappointed train,
And curse the Sibyl they consult in vain.
But thou more wise, thy purpos'd course delay,
Tho' thy rash friends should summon thee away;
And wait with patience, tho' the flattering gales
Sing in thy shrouds, and fill thy opening sails.
With suppliant pray'rs entreat her to relate,
In vocal accents all thy various fate.

Her voice the Italian nations shall declare,
And the whole progress of thy future war,
Thy numerous toils the prophets shall show,
And how to shun, or suffer every woe.
With reverence due, her potent aid implore,
So shalt thou safely reach the distant shore :
Thus far I tell thee, but must tell no more.
Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,
And raise the Trojan glory to the stars.

When thus my fates the royal seer foretold,
He sent rich gifts of elephant and gold ;
Within my navy's sides large treasures stow'd
And brazen cauldrons that resplendent glow'd.
To me the monarch gave a shining mail,
With many a golden clasp, and golden scale ;
With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore
A waving plume ; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.
My father too with costly gifts he loads,
And sailors he supplies to stem the floods,
And generous steeds, and arms to all my train,
With skilful guides to lead us o'er the main.

And now my fire gave orders to unbind
The gather'd sails, and catch the rising wind ;
Whom thus, at parting the prophetic sage
Address'd with all the reverence due to age.
O favour'd of the skies ! whom Venus led
To the high honours of her genial bed,
Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,
And twice preserv'd thee from the flames of Troy :
Lo ! to your eyes Ausonian coasts appear ;
Go--to that realm your happy voyage steer.
But far beyond those regions you survey,
Your coasting fleet must cut the lengthen'd way.
Still, still at distance lies the fated place,
Assign'd by Phœbus to the Trojan race.
Go then, he said, with full success go on,
Oh blest ! thrice blest in such a matchless son.
Why longer should my words your course detain,
When the soft gales invite you to the main ?

Nor less the queen, her love and grief to tell,
With costly presents takes her sad farewell.
She gave my son a robe ; the robe of old
Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold :
With precious vests she loads the darling boy,
And a resplendent mantle wrought in Troy.
Accept, dear youth, she said, these robes I wove
In happier days, memorial of my love.
This trifling token of thy friend receive,
The last, last present Hector's wife can give.
Ah ! now, methinks, and only now, I see
My dear Astyanax revive in thee !
Such were his motions ! such a sprightly grace
Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face !
And had it pleas'd, alas ! the pow'rs divine,
His blooming years had been the same as thine.

Thus the then mournful last farewell I took,
And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair bespoke :
Live you long happy in a settled state ;
'Tis ours to wander still from fate to fate.
Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of ease,
Not doom'd to plough th' immeasurable seas ;
Nor seek for Latium, that deludes the view,
A coast that flies as fast as we pursue.
Here you a new Scamander can enjoy ;
Here your own hands erect a second Troy :
With happier omens may she rise in peace,
And less obnoxious than the first to Greece.

If e'er the long-expected shore I gain,
Where Tyber's streams enrich the flow'ry plain ;
Or if I live to raise our fated town ;
Our Latian Troy and yours shall join in one ;
In one shall centre both the kindred states,
The same their founder, and the same their fates !
And may their son to future times convey
The sacred friendship which we sign to-day.

We take to Italy the shortest road,
By steep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.
Now the descending sun roll'd down the light,
The hills lie cover'd in the shades of night ;
When some by lot attend, and ply the oars,
Some, worn with toil, lie stretch'd along the shores :
There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep
Rock'd to repose, they sunk in pleasing sleep.
Scarce half the hours of silent night were fled,
When careful Palinure forsakes his bed ;
And every breath explores that stirs the seas,
And watchful listens to the passing breeze ;
Observes the course of ev'ry orb on high,
That moves in silent pomp along the sky.
Arcturus dreadful with the stormy star,
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car,
In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,
And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.
When all serene he saw th' ethereal plain,
He gave the signal to the slumbering train.
We rouse ; our opening canvases we display,
And wing with spreading sails the wat'ry way.

Now every star before Aurora flies,
Whose glowing blushes streak the purple skies :
When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood.
Lo ! Italy appears, Achates cries,
And Italy with shouts, the crowd replies.
My fire, transported, crowns a bowl with wine,
Stands on the deck, and calls the powers divine :
Ye gods ! who rule the tempests, earth, and seas,
Besfriend our course, and breathe a prosperous
breeze,

Up sprung th' expected breeze ; the port we spy,
Near, and more near : and Pallas' fane on high,
With the steep hill, rose dancing to the eye.
Our sails are furl'd ; and from the seas profound,
We turn the prows to land, while ocean foams a-
round.

Where from the raging east the surges flow,
The land indented bends an ample bow.
The port conceal'd within the winding shore,
Dash'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar.
Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide, [tide-
With outstretch'd arms embrace the murmuring
Within the mighty wall the waters lie,
And from the coast the temple seems to fly.

Here first, a dubious omen I beheld ;
Four milk-white couriers graz'd the verdant field.
War, cry'd my fire, these hostile realms prepare ;
Train'd to the fight, these steeds denounce the war.
But since sometimes they bear the guiding rein,
Yok'd to the car ; the hopes of peace remain.
Then, as her temple rais'd our shouts, we paid
Our first devotions to the martial maid.
Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,
We veil'd our heads at Juno's sacred shrine ;
And sought heaven's awful queen with rites
divine.

This done;—once more with shifting sails we fly,
 And cautious pass the hostile regions by.
 Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,
 Renown'd, 'tis said, from Hercules of old.
 Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple rose on high,
 And proud Caulonian tow'rs salute the sky.
 Then, near the rocky Scylacæan bay
 For wrecks defam'd, we plough the wat'ry way.
 Now we behold, emerging to our eyes
 From distant floods, Sicilian Ætna rise;
 And hear a thund'ring din and dreadful roar
 Of billows breaking on the rocky shore.
 The smoking waves boil high, on every side,
 And scoop the sands, and blacken all the tide.
 Charybdis' gulf, my father cries, behold!
 The direful rocks the royal seer foretold;
 Ply, ply your oars, and stretch to every stroke:
 Swift as the word, their ready oars they took;
 First skilful Palinure; then all the train
 Steer to the left, and plough the liquid plain.

Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we rise,
 Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the skies.
 Then, as the roaring surge retreating fell,
 We shoot down headlong to the depths of hell.
 Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears;
 Thrice mount the foamy tides, and dash the stars.

The wind now sinking with the lamp of day,
 Spent with her toils, and dubious of the way;
 We reach the dire Cyclopean shore, that forms
 An ample port, impervious to the storms.
 But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
 Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,
 Involv'd in smoky whirlwinds to the sky;
 With loud dislosion, to the starry frame:
 Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame:
 Now from her bellowing caverns burst away
 Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.
 Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,
 And deep as hell her burning centre glows.
 On vast Encelades this pond'rous load
 Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;
 Who pants beneath the mountains, and expires,
 Through openings huge, the fierce tempestuous
 fires;

Oft as he shifts his side, the caverns roar;
 With smoke and flame the skies are cover'd o'er,
 And all Trinacria shakes from shore to shore.
 That night we heard the loud tremendous sound,
 The monstrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;
 While in the shelt'ring wood we sought repose,
 Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult rose.
 For not one star displays his golden light;
 The skies lie cover'd in the shades of night;
 The silver moon her glimmering splendor shrouds
 In gathering vapors, and a night of clouds.

Now fled the dewy shades of night away,
 Before the blushes of the dawning day;
 When, from the wood, shot sudden forth in view
 A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.
 The human form in meagre hunger lost;
 The suppliant stranger, more than half a ghost,
 Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the
 coast.

We turn'd to view the fight;—his vest was torn,
 And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.
 His beard hangs long, and dust the wretch distains,
 And scarce the shadow of a man remains.

In all besides, a Grecian he appears,
 And late a soldier in the Trojan wars.
 Soon as our Dardan dress and arms he view'd,
 In fear suspended for a space he stood;
 Stood, stop'd, and paus'd; then, springing forth,
 he flies

All headlong to the shore with pray'rs and cries:
 Oh! by this vital air, the stars on high,
 By every pitying pow'r who treads the sky!
 Ye Trojans, take me hence; I ask no more;
 But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore.
 I own myself a Grecian, and confess
 I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.
 If that offence must doom me to the grave,
 Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.
 I die contented, if that grace I gain;
 I die with pleasure, if I die by man. [around

Then kneel'd the wretch, and suppliant clung
 My knees with tears, and grovell'd on the ground.
 Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate
 His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate:
 Then by the hand my good old father took
 The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke:

Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,
 I left my native Ithaca for Troy,
 My sire, poor Admastus, sent from far
 His son, his Achaemenides, to war;
 Oh! had we both our humble state maintain'd,
 And safe in peace and poverty remain'd!
 For me my friends forgetful left behind,
 In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd.
 Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome
 Lies wide and waste, a solitary gloom!
 With mangled limbs was all the pavement spread;
 High as the stars he heaves his horrid head.
 The tow'ring giant stalks with matchless might;
 A savage fiend! tremendous to the sight.
 (Far, far from earth, ye heavenly pow'rs, repell
 A fiend so direful to the depths of hell!)
 For slaughter'd mortals are the monster's food,
 The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood.
 These eyes beheld him, when his ample hand
 Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.
 Stretch'd o'er the cavern, with a dreadful stroke,
 He snatch'd, he dash'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.
 In one black torrent swam the smoking floor;
 Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore;
 The limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey!
 Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.

But mindful of himself, that fatal hour,
 Not unreveng'd their death Ulysses bore.
 For while the nodding savage sleeps supine,
 Gorg'd with his horrid feast, and drown'd in wine;
 And, stretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load
 Of human offals mixt with human blood:
 Trembling, by lot we took our posts around,
 Th' enormous giant slumb'ring on the ground.
 Then (ev'ry god invok'd, who rules the sky)
 Plunge the sharp weapon in his monstrous eye;
 His eye, that midst his frowning forehead shone,
 Like some broad buckler, or the blazing sun.
 Thus we reveng'd our dear companions lost:
 But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coast.
 For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more
 Range on these hills, and dwell along the shore,
 As huge as Polypheme, the giant swain,
 Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train.

Now thrice the moon, fair empress of the night,
Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,
Since in these woods I pass'd the hours away,
In dens of beasts, and savages of prey,
Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round,
Heard their loud footsteps thund'ring on the
ground, [at the sound.]
With each big bellowing voice, and trembled
Here every stony fruit I pluck for food,
Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood.
While round I gaze, your fleet I first explore,
The first that touch'd on this detested shore;
To 'scape these savages, I flew with joy
To meet your navy, though it sail'd from Troy.
If I but shun the cruel hands of these;
Do you destroy me by what death you please.

Scarce had he said; when lo! th' enormous
Huge Polyphemus, 'midst his fleecy train, [swain,
A bulk prodigious! from the mountains brow
Descends terrific to the shore below:

A monster grim, tremendous, vast, and high;
His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!
His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and strong,
To guide his footsteps as he tow'd along.
His flock attends, the only joy he knows;
His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.
Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood,
With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood
From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,
And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain.
Then stalks enormous through the midmost tides;
And scarce the topmost surges reach his sides.

Aboard, the well-deserving Greek we took,
And, pale with fear, the dreadful coast forsook;
Cut every cord with eager speed away,
Bend to the stroke, and sweep the foamy sea.
The giant heard; and, turning to the sound,
At first pursu'd us through the vast profound;
Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain;
Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main.
With that, the furious monster roar'd so aloud,
That Ocean shook in ev'ry distant flood;
Trembled all Italy from shore to shore;
And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.

Rous'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopean train
Rush'd from their woods and mountains to the
main;

Around the port the ghastly brethren stand,
A dire assembly! covering all the strand.
In each grim forehead blaz'd the single eye;
In vain enrag'd the monstrous race we spy,
A host of giants tow'ring in the sky.
So on some mountain tow'rs the lofty grove
Of beauteous Dian, or imperial Jove;
Th' aerial pines in pointed spires from far,
Or spreading oaks, majestic nod in air.

Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales
And speeding winds direct the flutt'ring sails.
But Helenus forbids to plough the waves
Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves.
As death stands dreadful 'midst the dangerous road,
With backward course we plough the foamy flood;
When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze
Swells every sail, and wafts us o'er the seas;
First, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,
Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew:
Then, shooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,
And lowly Tapsus cut the wat'ry way.
These coasts by Achaemendes were shown,
Who follow'd, late, Læertes' wand'ring son:
Familiar with the track he pass'd before,
He names the lands, and points out ev'ry shore.

An isle, once call'd Ortagia, fronts the sides
Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
Hither, 'tis said, Alphæus, from his source
In Elis' realms, directs his watery course:
Beneath the main he takes his secret way,
And mounts with Arethusa's streams to day:
Now a Sicilian flood his course he keeps,
And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.
Admonish'd, I adore the guardian gods,
Then pass the bounds of rich Helorus' floods,
Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,
Whose rocks projecting stretch into the tide.
The Camarinian marsh I now survey,
By fate forbidden to be drain'd away.
Then the Gelaan fields with Gela came
In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name,
With her huge wall proud Agragas succeeds;
A realm, of old renown'd for generous steeds.
From thee, Selinus, swift before the wind
We flew, and left thy sinking palms behind;
By Lilybaeum's sides our course pursu'd,
Whose rocks insidious hide beneath the flood:
And reach (those dangerous shelves and shallows
past)

The fatal port of Drepanum at last.
Wretch as I was, on this detested coast,
The chief support of all my woes, I lost;
My dear, dear father—sav'd, but sav'd in vain
From all the tempests of the raging main.
Nor did the royal sage this blow foretell;
Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell,
Among her frightful prodigies, foreshow.
This last sad stroke, this unexpected woe.
Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,
And hence heav'n led me to your friendly shore.

Thus, while the room was hush'd, the prince re-
lates

The wondrous series of his various fates;
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes:
Then ceas'd; and sought the blessings of repose.

M m iij

B O O K IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT love inflam'd the queen; the raging pain
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,
And much the glories of his godlike line;
Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest,
Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.

The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day;
When to her sister thus the royal dame
Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame.

Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my
Who is this hero, this our godlike guest? [rest?
Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms:
How great a prince! and how renown'd in arms!
Sure he descends from some celestial kind;
For fear attends the low degenerate mind.
But oh! what wars, what battles he relates!
How long he struggled with his adverse fates!
Did not my soul her purpose still retain,
Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again,
Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword
Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord;
Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
And the bare mention of the bridal bed---
Forgive my frailty---but I seem inclin'd
To yield to this one weakness of my mind.
For oh! my sister, unreserv'd and free
I trust the secret of my soul to thee;
Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,
Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane,
And stain'd the gods; my firm resolves, I own,
This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.
I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,
Too like the tokens of my former flame.
But oh! may earth her dreadful gulf display,
And gaping snatch me from the golden day;
May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,
Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,
Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,
The deep, deep shades of everlasting night;
Ere, sacred honour! I betray thy cause
In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.
No!--my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,
Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.
My love he had, and ever let him have,
Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.
Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd:
The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.

Sister, the fair replies, whom far above
The light of heav'n, or life itself I love;
Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,
And waste your youth in solitude away?
And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts em-
The prattling infant, or the bridal joy? [ploy?
Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade,
Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead?
What though before, no lover won your grace,
Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?
With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,
And many a king whom warlike Afric bore.
But will you fly the hero you approve?
And steel your heart against a prince you love?
Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
Your infant empire, and your walls surround?
Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air,
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war;
There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,
And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;
Here parch'd with thirst a smoking region lies,
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise.
Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire?
The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre?
Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
The fleets of Ilium to the Libyan shore.
From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes
Shall see a potent town and empire rise.
What scenes of glory Carthage must enjoy,
When our confederate arms unite with Troy?
Go then, propitiate heav'n; due off'rings pay;
Careless, invite your godlike guest to stay,
And study still new causes of delay. }
Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,
Orion rages on the wint'ry main;
That still unrigg'd his shatter'd vessels lie,
Nor can his fleet endure so rough a sky.

These words soon scatter'd the remains of
shame;
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the rising flame.
With speed they seek the temples, and implore
With rich oblations each celestial pow'r:
Selected sheep with holy rites they slay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.
The queen before the snowy heifer stands,
mid the shrines, a goblet in her hands;

Between the horns she sheds the sacred wine,
And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;
Moves round the fane in solemn pomp, and loads,
Day after day, the altars of the gods.
Then hovering o'er, the fair consults in vain
The panting entrails of the victims slain:
But ah! no sacred rites her pain remove; [love?
Priests, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to
With passion fir'd, her reason quite o'erthrown,
The hapless queen runs raving through the town.
Soft flames consume her vitals, and the dart,
Deep, deep within, lies festering in her heart,
So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow
The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;
Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
Shoots o'er the Cretan laws with many a bound,
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound!

Now the fond princess leads her hero on,
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town;
Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize;
Now as she tries to tell her raging flame,
Stops short,—and falters, check'd by conscious
shame:

Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest,
To share the banquet and renew the feast:
She fondly begs him to repeat once more
The Trojan story that she heard before;
Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue.
But when the setting stars to rest invite,
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light;
When all the guests retire to soft repose;
Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,
Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears,
In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears
His charming voice still sounding in her ears.
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
The young Ascanius on her lap she took,
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd;
In vain!—the father charms her in the child.
No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air:
The youth, undisciplin'd no more prepare
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war;
The works and battlements neglected lie,
And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
That fir'd her soul; and honour pleads in vain.
This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,
In guileful terms address'd the queen of love:
A high exploit indeed! a glorious name,
Unfading trophies and eternal fame.
You, and your son have worthily pursu'd!
Two gods a single woman have subdu'd!
To me your groundless jealousies are known,
And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.
But why, why, goddess, to what aim or end,
In lasting quarrels should we still contend?
Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,
And by the nuptial band confirm the peace.
To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire
Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.
Let us with equal sway protect the place,
The common guardians of the mingled race.
Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord,
And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord.

To whom the queen; (who mark'd with
piercing eyes

The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,
To Libyan shores from Latium to convey
The destin'd seat of universal sway);
Who this alliance madly would deny?
Or war with thee, dread empreis of the sky?
And oh! that fortune in the work would join,
With full success to favour the design!
But much I doubt, O goddess, if the Fates,
Or Jove permit us to unite the states.
You, as his consort, your request may move,
And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove,
Go then—your scheme before the father lay;
Go;—and I follow, where you lead the way.

Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,
To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies,
Then heed my counsel—when the dawning light
Drives from the opening world the shades of night;
The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,
Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game;
There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,
Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving
The skies shall burst upon the sportive train: [net;
In storms of hail, and deluges of rain,
The gather'd tempest o'er their heads shall roll,
And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.
On ev'ry side shall fly the scattering crowds,
Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
To the same cave for shelter shall repair
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
Ourself in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.
The goddess gave consent, the compact bound,
But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found.

Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,
When, pouring thro' the gates, the train appear
Massilian hunters with the steelly spear, [war,
Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the sylvan }
The queen engag'd in dress,—with reverence
The Tyrian peers before the regal gate. [wait
Her steed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the
At length she comes, magnificently dress'd [ground.
(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian vest:
Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
A golden quiver rattles at her side;
A golden clasp her purple garments binds,
And robes, that flew redundant in the winds.
Next with the youthful Trojans to the sport
The fair Ascanius issues from the court.
But far the fairest, and supremely tall,
Tow'rs great Æneas, and outshines them all.
As when from Lycia bound in wintry frost,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,
The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;
The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,
And painted Scythians round his altars dance;
Fair wreaths of vivid bay, his head infold,
His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;
The god majestic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,
His golden quiver rattling as he goes:
So mov'd Æneas; such his charming grace;
So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his god-
like face,

Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
 And storm'd the covert of the savage game;
 The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
 From rock to rock, and sought the fields below.
 Here the fleet stags chas'd down the tow'ring steep,
 In clouds of dust through the long valley sweep:
 While there, exulting, to his utmost speed
 The young Ascanius spurs his fiery steed,
 Outstrips by turns the flying social train,
 And scorns the meaner triumphs of the plain:
 The hopes of glory all his soul inflame;
 Eager he longs to run at nobler game,
 And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
 Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar.

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the sky,
 And hail and rain, in mingled tempest, fly;
 While floods on floods, in swelling turbid tides,
 Roll roaring down the mountain's channell'd sides.
 The young Ascanius, and the hunting train,
 To close retreats fled diverse o'er the plain.
 To the same gloomy cave with speed repair
 The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
 Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs;
 With quivering flames the glimmering grotto
 shines:

With light'nings all the conscious skies are spread:
 The nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's
 From that sad day, unhappy Dido! rose [head.
 Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.
 Nor fame nor censure now the queen can move,
 No more the labours to conceal her love.
 Her passion stands avow'd; and wedlock's name
 Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.

Now fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
 Through Libyan cities took her rapid way.
 Fame, the swift plague that every moment grows,
 And gains new strength and vigour as she goes.
 First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,
 And stalks on earth and tow'rs above the skies;
 Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth
 Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth;
 A monster huge and dreadful to the eye,
 With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.
 Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
 A thousand piercing eyes and lit'ning ears:
 And with a thousand mouths and babbling
 tongues appears.

Thund'ring by night, thro' heaven and earth she
 No golden slumber seal her watchful eyes; [flies;
 On tow'rs of battlement she sits by day,
 And shakes whole towns with terror and dismay;
 Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
 Reports a truth, or publishes a lie.
 Now both she mingled with malignant joy,
 And told the nations, that a prince from Troy
 Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led
 The godlike stranger to her bridal bed;
 That both, indulging to their soft desires,
 And deaf to censure, melt in amorous fires;
 From every thought the cares of state remove,
 And the long winter pass'd away in love.

This tale the fury glories to display,
 Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;
 With jealous rage the furious prince inspires,
 And all his soul with indignation fires.
 This monarch sprung from Ammon's warm embrace
 With a fair nymph of Garamantic race,

The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;
 An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
 Through all his realms, in honour of his fire;
 And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire;
 With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
 And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.
 Amid the statues of the gods he stands,
 And spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
 Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair,
 Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r.

Almighty Jove! to whom our Moorish line
 In large libations pour the generous wine,
 And feast on painted beds; say, father, say,
 If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey.
 Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
 When through the skies the pealing thunders
 Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall, [roar
 And rattle through the dark aerial hall?
 A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown,
 Rais'd on a purchas'd spot a slender town;
 On terms ourself prescrib'd, was glad to gain
 A barren tract that runs along the main;
 The proffer'd nuptials of thy son abhorr'd;
 But to her throne receives a Dardan lord.
 And lo! this second Paris come again,
 With his unmanly, soft, luxurious train,
 In scented tresses and a mitre gay,
 To bear my bride, his ravish'd prize, away;
 While still in vain we bid thy altars flame,
 And pay our vows to nothing but a name.

Him, as he grasp'd his altars, and prefer'd
 His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;
 Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,
 Where, careless of their fame, the lovers lie.
 The god, that scene offended to survey,
 Charg'd with his high command the son of May:

Fly, fly, my son, our orders to perform;
 Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid storm;
 Fly---to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear
 Our awful mandate through the fields of air,
 Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian state,
 Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.
 Not such a prince, the beauteous queen of love
 (When twice she sav'd him) promis'd him to Jove;
 A prince she promis'd who by deeds divine
 Should prove he sprung from Teucer's martial line;
 Whose sword imperial Italy should awe,
 A warlike realm! and give the world the law.
 If no such glories can his mind inflame,
 If he neglects his own immortal fame;
 What has his heir the young Ascanius done?
 Why should he grudge an empire to his son?
 What scheme, what prospect can the chief pro-
 So long to loiter with a race of foes? [pose,
 The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
 And quite neglect the destin'd Latian shore?
 Haste---bid him fail---be this our will; and bear
 With speed this mandate through the fields of air

Swift at the word, the duteous son of May
 Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;
 First round his feet the golden wings he bound,
 That speed his progress o'er the seas profound,
 Or earth's unmeasur'd regions, as he flies,
 Wrapp'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the skies.
 Then grasp'd the wand; the wand that calls the
 ghosts
 From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coasts,

Invites or chafes sleep with wond'rous pow'r,
And opes those eyes that death had seal'd before.
Thus arm'd, on wings of winds sublimely rode
Through heaps of opening clouds the flying god.
From far huge Atlas' rocky sides he spies,
Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies:
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he shrouds
His shady forehead in surrounding clouds;
With ice his horrid beard is crusted o'er;
From his bleak brows the gushing torrents pour;
Out-spread, his mighty shoulders heave below
The hoary piles of everlasting snow.

Here on pois'd pinions stoop'd the panting god;
Then, from the steep, shot headlong to the flood,
As the swift sea-mew, for the fishy prey,
In low excursions skims along the sea,
By rocks and shores, and wings th' aerial way;
So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies
Between th' extended earth and starry skies;
Thus through the parting air his course he bore,
And, gliding, skimm'd along the Libyan shore.
Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,
He finds the prince forgetful of his fame:
The rising domes employ his idle hours,
Th' unfinish'd palaces and Tyrian tow'rs.
A sword all starr'd with gems, and spangled o'er
With yellow jaspers, at his side he wore;
A robe refulgent from his shoulders flow'd
That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimson glow'd;
The work of Dido; whose unrivall'd art
With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.

To whom the god:---These hours canst thou
employ

To raise proud Carthage, heedless prince of Troy?
Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
And form a state, forgetful of thy own?
The lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,
With this command dispatch'd me from above;
What are thy hopes from this thy long delay?
Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away?
If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,
Or the fair prospect of immortal praise;
Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy;
The last, the best surviving hope of Troy;
To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,
The long, long glories of imperial Rome.
He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there;
And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.

The prince astonish'd stood, with horror stung;
Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue:
Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,
He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.
But ah! with what address shall he begin,
How speak his purpose to the raving queen?
A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,
That turns each way, and strains on every side:
A thousand projects labouring in his breast,
On this at last he fixes as the best:
Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus he commands
To rig the fleet, to summon all the bands
In secret silence to the shore, and hide
The sudden cause, that bids them tempt the tide.
Then while fair Dido, sick with fond desire,
Thinks such a boundless love can ne'er expire,
Himself the proper measures will prepare
To move the queen, and seize with watchful
The softest moments to address the fair. [care]

With speed impatient fly the chiefs away,
And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey.

But soon the fraud unhappy Dido spies;
(For what can 'scape a lover's piercing eyes,
Who e'en in safety fears with wild affright?)
She first discern'd the meditated flight;
And fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys,
The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the seas,
Mad with despair, and all her soul on flame,
Around the city raves the royal dame:
So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,
Stung by the god, to proud Cithæron flies,
And shakes her ivy spear, and raves around,
While the huge mountain echoes to the sound.
At length, by potent love and grief oppress'd,
The queen, her recreant lover first address'd:
And could'st thou hope, dissembler, from my sight,
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight?
In such base silence from my realms to sail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,
Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?

For death, death only can relieve my pain:
And are thy vessels launch'd, while winter sweeps
With the rough northern blast the roaring deeps?
Barbarian! say, if Troy herself had stood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,
Would'st thou thy sails in stormy seas employ,
And brave the surge to gain thy native Troy?
Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave;
(For these still mine, and only these remain;
The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain!)
By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,
By those first pleasures of the bridal bed;
If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
You sigh'd, and prais'd these now-neglected
charms:

If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r com-
Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye [ply,
A falling race, and lay thy purpose by.
For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire;
For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre;
For thee I lost my honour and my fame,
That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.
Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore,
My barbarous guest!--but ah!--my spouse no
more!

What--shall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours
From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs?
Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led
A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
Ah!--had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
Some little offspring of our loves to light;
If in my regal hall I could survey
Some princely boy, some young Æneas play;
Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone!
I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.

She said; the prince stood still in grief profound,
And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground;
By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies;
At length the hero thus in brief replies.

Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;
And never, never pay the mighty debt;
But, long as life informs this fleeting frame,
My soul shall honour fair Eliza's name.
Then hear my plea:---By stealth I ne'er design'd
To leave your hospitable realm behind;

Forbear the thought;—much less in Libyan lands,
 A casual guest, to own the bridal bands.
 Had fate allow'd me to consult my ease,
 To live and settle on what terms I please;
 Still had I stay'd in Asia, to enjoy
 The dear, dear relics of my native Troy:
 Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again,
 A second Ilium for my vanquish'd train.
 But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
 Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;
 Thither, inspir'd by oracles, I move,
 There lies my country, and there lies my love.
 If you your rising Carthage thus admire
 In these strange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
 Why should not Teucer's race be free to gain
 The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?
 Oft as the stars display their fiery light,
 And earth lies cover'd in the shades of night,
 My father's angry spirit blames my stay,
 Stalks round my bed, and summons me away.
 Long has Ascanius call'd me hence in vain,
 By me defrauded of his destin'd reign.
 And now, ev'n now, the messenger of Jove
 (Both gods can witness) shot from heav'n above:
 Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands he
 The glorious form appear'd in open view: [flew,
 I saw him pass these lofty walls, and hear
 His awful voice still murmuring in my ear.
 Then cease, my beauteous princess, to complain;
 Nor let us both be compos'd in vain:
 From these dear arms to Latium forc'd away;
 'Tis fate that calls, and fate I must obey.

Thus while he spoke, with high disdain and pride
 She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every side,
 That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,
 And, all inflam'd with fury, she began:

Perfidious monster! boast thy birth no more;
 No hero got thee, and no goddess bore.
 No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks }
 By tigers nurs'd, and savages of prey; [to day,
 But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they. }
 For why, ah! why the traitor should I spare?
 What baser wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
 Did he once deign to turn his scornful eyes? }
 Did he once groan at all my piercing sighs? }
 Dropp'd he one tear in pity to my cries? }
 Calm he look'd on, and saw my passion burst.
 Which, which of all his insults was the worst?
 And yet great Jove and Juno from the sky
 Behold his treason with a careless eye;
 Guilt, guilt prevails; and justice is no more.
 The needy wretch just cast upon my shore,
 Fool as I was! with open arms I led
 At once a partner to my throne and bed;
 From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,
 His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again.
 But ah I rave;—my soul the Furies fire;
 Now great Apollo warns him to retire;
 With all his oracles forbids to stay;
 And now through air with haste the son of May
 Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes;
 A care well worthy to disturb the gods!
 Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;
 Go, seek new kingdoms through the wat'ry way:
 But there may every god, thy crime provokes,
 Reward thy guilt, and dash thee on the rocks;
 Then shalt thou call, amid the howling main,
 On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain;

For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the sky,
 Flash in thy face, or glare tremendous by.
 When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall
 free,

My ghost in every place shall wait on thee:
 My vengeful spirit shall thy torments know,
 And smile with transport in the realms below.

With that, abrupt she took her sudden flight;
 Sick of the day, she loathes the golden light;
 And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to say
 Ten thousand things, disdainfully away;
 Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
 The fainting princess to the regal bed.

But though the pious hero tries with care,
 And melting words, to sooth her fierce despair,
 Stung with the pains and agonies of love,
 Still he regards the high commands of Jove;
 Repairs the fleet; and soon the busy train
 Roll down the lofty vessels to the main.
 New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood;
 Whole trees they bring, unfashion'd from the wood,
 And leafy saplings to supply their oars,
 Pour from the town, and darken all the shores.
 So when the pismires, an industrious train,
 Embod'd, rob some golden heap of grain,
 Studios, ere stormy winter frowns, to lay
 Safe in their darksome cells the treasure'd prey;
 In one long track the dusky legions lead
 Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead:
 Here, bending with the load, a panting throng
 With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain
 along:

Some lash the stragglers to the task assign'd,
 Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind:
 They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
 Glow at the work, and darken all the way.

At that sad prospect, that tormenting scene,
 What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy
 queen!

How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
 Thy eyes survey'd the tumult on the shore;
 When on the floods thou heardest the shouting train
 Plough with resounding oars the wat'ry plain?
 To what submissions, of what low degree,
 Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee?
 Once more she flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
 Th' obdurate prince; and anger melts to love;
 Tries all her suppliant female arts again
 Before her death;—but tries 'em all in vain:

Sister, behold, from every side they pour
 With eager speed, and gather to the shore.
 Hark!—how with shouts they catch the springing
 gales, [sails.

And crown their ships, and spread their flying
 Ah! had I once foreseen the fatal blow,
 Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
 Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
 For thy despairing, dying sister's sake.
 For ah! the dear perfidious wretch, I see,
 Lays open all his secret soul to thee.
 In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
 You know the nearest passage to his heart.
 Go then, dear sister, as a suppliant go,
 Tell, in the humblest terms, my haughty foe,
 I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,
 With vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy;
 Nor sent one vessel to the Phrygian coast,
 Nor rak'd abroad his father's sacred dust.

From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
 Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?
 Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?
 I beg but this one grace before I die,
 To wait for calmer seas and softer gales
 To smoothe the floods, and fill his opening sails.
 Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
 The name of wedlock he disclaims no more:
 No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
 From beauteous Latium, and his destin'd reign.
 For some small interval of time I move,
 Some short, short season to subdue my love;
 Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,
 I grow at last familiar with my fate:
 This favour if he grant, my death shall please
 His cruel soul, and set us both at ease.

Thus pray'd the queen; the sister bears in
 vain

The moving message, and returns again.
 He stands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
 For Jove and Fate had stopp'd the hero's ears.

As o'er th' aerial Alps sublimely spread,
 Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
 This way and that the furious tempests blow,
 To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
 Th' imperial plant, though nodding at the sound,
 Though all his scatter'd honours strow the ground,
 Safe in his strength, and seated on the rock,
 In naked majesty defies the shock:
 High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,
 So deep the root in hell's foundation lies.
 Thus is the prince besieg'd by constant pray'rs:
 But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
 Still firm the dictates of his soul remain,
 And tears are shed, and vows prefer'd in vain.

Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows;
 Now bent on fate, and harass'd with her woes,
 She loathes the day, she sickens at the sky,
 And longs, in bitterness of soul, to die.
 To urge the scheme of death already laid,
 Full many a direful omen she survey'd:
 While to the gods she pour'd the wine, she view'd
 The pure libation turn'd to fable blood.
 This horrid omen to herself reveal'd,
 Ev'n from her sister's ears she kept conceal'd;
 Yet more—a temple, where she paid her vows,
 Rose in the palace to her former spouse;
 A marble structure; this she dress'd around
 With snowy wool; with sacred chaplets crown'd.
 From hence, when gloomy night succeeds the day,
 Her husband seems to summon her away.
 Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,
 In one sad length of melancholy strains;
 Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
 By prescient sages, and the seers of old;
 Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme,
 Haunts her distracted soul ev'ry dream;
 In slumber now she seems to travel on,
 Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;
 And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
 And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain.
 So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
 He saw the Furies from the deeps arise;
 And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
 And two bright suns with rival glories blaze.
 Wounds the mad Orestes o'er the stage,
 With looks distracted, from his mother's rage;

Arm'd with her scourge of snakes she drives him on,
 And, wrapt in flames, pursues her murdering son;
 He flies, but flies in vain;—the Furies wait,
 And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate.

At length distracted, and by love o'ercome,
 Resolv'd on death, she meditates her doom;
 Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
 And takes due measures for the purpos'd blow.
 Then her sad sister she with smiles address'd,
 Hope in her looks, but anguish at her breast:

Anna, partake my joy, for lo! I find
 The sole expedient that can cure my mind,
 Relieve my soul for ever from her pain,
 Or bring my lover to my arms again.
 Near Ocean's utmost bound, a region lies,
 Where mighty Atlas props the starry skies;
 There lives a priestess of Massylian strain,
 The guardian of the rich Hesperian fane;
 Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed
 With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowsy seed,
 That round the tree his shining volumes roll'd
 To guard the sacred balls of blooming gold.
 By magic charms the matron can remove,
 Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love;
 Roll back the stars; stop rivers as they flow;
 And call grim spectres from the realms of woe.
 Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
 Beneath her footsteps groans the trembling ball:
 But witness thou, and all ye gods on high,
 With what regret to magic rites I fly.
 Go then, erect with speed and secret care,
 Within the court, a pile in open air.
 Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and spread
 Above the heap our fatal bridal bed.
 The sacred dame commands me to destroy
 All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.

Thus with dissembling arts the princess spoke;
 A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her look.
 Nor could her wretched sister once divine
 These rites could cover such a dire design,
 Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
 Should more afflict her than her murder'd spouse;
 But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
 Within the court, beneath the naked sky [round;
 With wreaths the queen adorn'd the structure
 And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:
 Next big with death, the sword and robe she
 spread,

And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.

Amidst her altars, with dishevell'd hairs,
 Her horrid rites the priestess now prepares.
 Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,
 On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;
 On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,
 (The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods.
 The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,
 With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood,
 And blackenvenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down
 With brazen sickles, by the glimmering moon.
 Then crops the potent knots of love with care,
 That from the young estrange the parent mare.
 Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,
 All bent on death, before her altar stands
 The royal victim, the devoted fair;
 Her robes were gathered, and one foot was bare.
 She calls on every star in solemn state,
 Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:

She calls to witness every god above,
 To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.
 'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day,
 In soft repose the whole creation lay.
 The murmurs of the groves and surges die,
 The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky;
 Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
 The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains;
 The furious savages that haunt the woods,
 The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;
 All, all, beneath the general darkness, share
 In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;
 All but the hapless queen;—for love denies
 Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.
 Her passions grow still fiercer, and by turns
 With love she maddens, and with wrath she burns,
 The struggling tides in different motions roll,
 And thus she vents the tempest of her soul:
 What shall I do?—shall I in vain implore
 The royal lovers I disdain'd before?
 Or, slighted in my turn with haughty pride,
 Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
 Shall I the Trojans base commands obey,
 Their slave, their suppliant, through the watry
 way?

Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid
 By Troy already stand so well repaid!
 And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go;
 The haughty sailors would but mock my woe.
 Hast thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
 The perjur'd sons of proud Laomedon?
 What!—shall I follow through the roaring main,
 Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
 Or drive 'em thro' the deeps with sword and fire,
 With all my armies, all the sons of Tyre?
 But can I draw to sea those Tyrian bands
 I drew reluctant from their native lands?
 Die then as thou deserv'st; in death repose;
 The sword, the friendly sword, shall end thy woes.
 You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,
 Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd;
 Your prompt obedience, and officious care
 Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in def-
 Oh! had I learn'd like savages to rove, [pair
 And never known the woes of bridal love!
 I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,
 And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!

Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppress'd,
 The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breast.
 Meantime with all things ready for his flight,
 In thoughtless sleep the hero past the night.
 To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
 His youthful figure, looks and voice the same,
 And thus alarms the slumb'ring prince once more;
 What—can'st thou sleep in this important hour?
 Nor all thy dangers can'st thou yet survey?
 Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the sea?
 Mad as thou art!—determin'd on her doom,
 She forms designs of mischiefs yet to come.
 Then fly her fury while thou yet can'st fly,
 Before Aurora gilds the purple sky:
 Fly,—or the floods shall soon be cover'd o'er
 With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the shore,
 And direful brands with long-projected rays,
 Shall set the land and ocean in a blaze.
 Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;
 Rise, prince; a woman is a changeful thing,

This said, at once he took his rapid flight,
 Dissolv'd in air, and mingled with the night.

The hero starts from sleep in wild surprise,
 Struck with the glorious vision from the skies,
 And rouses all the train: awake, unbind,
 And stretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind;
 Seize, seize your oars; the god descends again,
 To bid me fly, and launch into the main.
 Whoe'er thou art, thou blest celestial guide,
 Thy course we follow through the foamy tide;
 With joy thy sacred orders we obey;
 And may thy friendly stars direct the way.
 Sudden, he drew his sword as thus he said,
 And cut the haulsers with the flaming blade;
 With the same ardor fir'd, the shouting train
 Fly, seize their oars, and rush into the main.
 At once the floods with ships were cover'd o'er,
 And not one Trojan left upon the shore;
 All stretching to the stroke, with vigour sweep
 The whitening surge, and plough the smoking
 deep.

Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread
 Her orient beam, and left her golden bed.
 Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
 The navy move along the wat'ry field,
 In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
 And saw th' abandon'd port, and empty shore;
 Thrice her fierce hands in madness of despair
 Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.

Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods! (she said)
 And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed?
 And shall not Carthage pour in arms away?
 Run there, and launch my navies on the sea.
 Fly, fly with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre;
 Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
 What have I said?—ah! impotent and vain!
 I rave, I rave—what madness turns my brain?
 Now can you, Dido, at so late a time,
 Reflect with horror on your former crime?
 Well had this rage been shown, when first you led
 The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
 This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
 His gods and relics from the Phrygian shore!
 And safe convey'd his venerable fire
 On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire!
 Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
 Base wretch! to every monster of the sea?
 Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy,
 And to his table serve the murder'd boy?
 For bent on death, and valiant from despair,
 Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
 No—but my flames had reddend all the seas;
 Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze;
 Destroy'd the race, the father and the son,
 And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
 Thou glorious sun! whose piercing eyes survey
 These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,
 And thou, O Juno! bend thy awful head,
 Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
 Hear thou, Dire Hecate! from hell profound,
 Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,
 Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
 To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate!
 If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,
 If such be Jove's unalterable doom:
 Still let him wander toss'd from place to place,
 Far from his country, and his son's embrace,

By barbarous nations harass'd with alarms;
 And take the field with unsuccessful arms;
 For foreign aid to distant regions fly,
 See all his friends a common carnage lie;
 And when he gains, his ruin to complete,
 A peace more shameful than his past defeat;
 Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
 But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,
 And lie unburied on the naked plain!
 This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
 With her last blood, and her last gasping breath!
 Oh!--in the silent grave when Dido lies,
 Rise in thy rage, thou great avenger, rise!
 Against curs'd Troy, go mighty son of Tyre,
 Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire!
 And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,
 In future times, pursue the Dardan state.
 No peace, no commerce with the race be made:
 Pay this last duty to your princess' shade;
 Fight, when your pow'rs supplies so just a rage;
 Fight now, fight still, in every distant age;
 By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,
 And wage, from son to son, eternal war!

This said, she bends her various thoughts to
 close

Her hated life, and finish all her woes.
 Then to her husband's nurse she gave command,
 (Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
 Go, Barce, go, and bid my sister bring
 The fable victims for the Stygian king,
 But first be sprinkled from the limpid spring.
 Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,
 Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.
 Fain would I kindle now the sacred pyre,
 And see the Trojan image sink in fire,
 Thus I complete the rites to Stygian Jove,
 And then farewell—a long farewell to love!
 She said; the matron, studious to obey,
 With duteous speed runs trembling all the way.
 Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,
 And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes;
 Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd doom,
 And every dreadful thought of death to come:
 Yet many a crimson flush, with various grace,
 Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.
 Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword,
 The fatal present of the Dardan lord;
 For no such end bestow'd;—the conscious bed,
 And robes she view'd; and tears in silence shed;
 Stood still, and paus'd a moment,—then she cast
 Her body on the couch, and spoke her last:

Ye dear, dear relics of the man I lov'd!
 While fate consented, and the gods approv'd,
 Relieve my woes, this rage of love control,
 Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.
 My fatal course is finish'd, and I go
 A ghost majestic to the realms below.
 Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town
 Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own;
 Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,
 And on the wretch reveng'd my murder'd lord.
 Happy! thrice happy! if the Dardan band
 Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.
 Then pressing with her lips the Trojan bed,
 Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (she said)
 Yet die I will,—and thus, and thus, I go—
 Thus,—fly with pleasure to the shades below.

This blaze my yon' proud Trojan from the sea,
 This death, an omen of his own, survey.

Meantime, the sad attendants, as she spoke,
 Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.
 At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er,
 And the bright faulchion smok'd with streaming
 Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round; [gore.
 The length'ning cries from street to street retound;
 To female shrieks the regal dome replies,
 And the shrill echoes ring amidst the skies;
 As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
 Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire:
 And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
 With all the glorious temples of the gods.

Her breathless sister runs with eager pace,
 And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.
 Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
 And on her dying dear Eliza's cries,
 Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
 You took, your easy sister to betray?
 Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
 The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
 Where shall my plaints begin?—ah! wretch un-
 Now left abandon'd to my woes alone! [done,
 Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
 And share thy sweet society in death?
 Me, me you should have call'd, your fate to share
 From the same weapon, and the same despair.
 And did these hands the lofty pile compose?
 Did I invoke our gods with solemn vows?
 Only—ah cruel! to be sent away
 From the sad scene of death I now survey?
 You by this fatal stroke, and I, and all,
 Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall.
 Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
 Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.
 Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest
 Her dying sister to her heaving breast;
 With cries succeeding cries her robes unbound,
 To stanch the blood that issu'd from the wound.
 Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,
 She strives to raise her heavy lids in vain,
 And in a moment sinks, and swoons again.
 Prop'd on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,
 And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;
 Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,
 And saw the sun, but sicken'd at the sight.

Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
 Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky;
 And bade fair Iris, from the starry pole,
 Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul:
 For as she dy'd by love before the time,
 Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime,
 Not yet had Proserpine, with early care,
 Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair;
 The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,
 To free the spirit, and relieve her woe.
 Swift from the glancing sun the goddess drew
 A thousand mingling colours, as she flew:
 Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;
 And lo! this consecrated lock I bear
 To Stygian Jove: and now, as heav'n ordains,
 Release thy soul from these corporeal chains.
 The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,
 And clip'd the sacred honours of her head;
 The vital spirit flies, no more confin'd,
 Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

B O O K V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas setting sail from *Afric*, is driven by a storm on the coast of *Sicily*, where he is hospitably received by his friend *Acestes*, king of part of the island, and born of *Trojan* parentage. He celebrates the memory of his father with divine honours, institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, *Juno* sends *Iris* to persuade the *Trojan* women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not *Jupiter* by a sudden shower extinguished it. Upon this, *Æneas*, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city, for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage; and sails for *Italy*. *Venus* procures of *Neptune* a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot *Palinurus*, who was unfortunately lost.

Now with a prosp'rous breeze, *Æneas* held
His destin'd course, and plough'd the wat'ry field;
Unhappy *Dido's* funeral flames surveys,
That gild the spires, and round the bulwarks blaze;
But soon the hidden cause the prince divin'd
From the known transports of a female mind;
With such a whirl their fiery passions move,
In the mad rage of disappointed love!

Now o'er the deep the rapid galleys fly,
And the vast round was only wave and sky.
A cloud all charg'd with livid darkness spreads,
Black'ning the floods, and gathering o'er their
Aloud the careful *Palinurus* cries; [heads.
Lo! what a dreadful storm involves the skies!
Oh! *Neptune*, mighty father of the main!
What tempests threaten from thy wat'ry reign?
Then he commands to furl the sails, and sweep
With every bending oar the foamy deep.
Himself, to break the blast, his sails inclin'd,
And fled obliquely with the driving wind.
Oh! mighty prince, the trembling master cry'd,
Scarce could I hope, in such a tossing tide,
To reach *Hesperia* and surmount the flood,
Though *Jove* had past the promise of a God.
See! from the west what thwarting winds arise!
How in one cloud are gathered half the skies!
In vain our course we labour to maintain,
And, struggling, work against the storm in vain.
Let us, since fortune mocks our toil, obey,
And speed our voyage, where she points the way.
For not far distant lies the realm, that bore
Your brother *Eryx*, the *Sicilian* shore,
If right I judge, whose eyes with constant care
Have watch'd the heav'ns retracing every star.

I see, reply'd the prince, thy fruitless pain,
That long has struggled with the winds in vain,
Then change thy course, the whirling gusts obey,
And steer with open sails a different way.
Oh! to what dearer land can I retreat?
There I may rig again my shatter'd fleet:
That land my father's sacred dust contains,
And there my *Trojan* friend, *Acestes* reigns.
This said, they steer their course; the western
gales

With friendly breezes stretch their bellying sails;
Smooth o'er the tides the flying navy past, [last.
And reach'd with joy the well-known shore at

The king with wonder from a mountain's brow
Beheld the fleet approach the coast below;
Then, with a javelin in his hand, descends,
Clad in a lion's spoils, to meet his friends,
This monarch sprung from great *Crinifus's* flood;
His *Trojan* mother mingling with the god.
With due regard he hails the kindred train,
Arriv'd from *Carthage* at his realms again;
With feasts their fainting spirits he restor'd;
And rural viands crown'd the generous board.

Now the diminish'd stars had fled away
Before the glories of the dawning day.
His friends *Æneas* summon'd from the coast;
Then from a rising point bespoke the host:
Ye far-fam'd sons of *Troy*, a race divine,
Whose fathers sprung from *Jove's* immortal line,
Now the first circle of the year runs round,
Since we dispos'd my fire in foreign ground,
Rais'd verdant altars to the mighty shade,
And paid all funeral honours to the dead:
And now the fatal day is just return'd,
By me (so Heav'n ordains) with rites adorn'd, }
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
Though banish'd to the burning *Libyan* sand,
Though led a captive to the *Argive* land,
Though lost and shipwreck'd on the *Grecian* sea,
Still would I solemnize this sacred day.
Sure all the friendly pow'rs our course inspire,
To the dear relics of my reverend fire.
Haste then, the new-adopted god adore,
And from his grace a prosp'rous gale implore;
Implore a city, where we still may pay,
In his own fane, the honours of the day.
On every ship two oxen are bestow'd
By great *Acestes* of our *Dardan* blood;
Call to the feast your native *Phrygian* pow'rs,
With those the hospitable king adores.
Soon as the ninth fair morning's opening light
Shall glad the world, and chase the shades of night,
Then to my *Trojans* I propose, to grace
These sacred rites, the rapid naval race;
Then all, who glory in their matchless force,
Or vaunt their fiery swiftness in the course,
Or dart the spear, or bend the twanging bow,
Or to the dreadful gauntlet dare the foe,
Attend; and each by merit bear away
The noble palms, and glories of the day.

Now grace your heads with verdant wreaths, he
said;

Then with his mother's myrtle binds his head.
Like him, Acestes, and the royal boy,
Adorn their brows, with all the youth of Troy.

Now to the tomb surrounded with a throng,
A mighty train, the hero past along.
Two bowls of milk, and sacred blood he pours;
Two of pure wine; and scatters purple flow'rs.
Then thus—Hail sacred fire, all hail again,
Once more restor'd, but ah! restor'd in vain!
'Twas more than envious fate would give, to see
The destin'd realms of Italy with thee;
Or mighty Tiber's rolling streams explore
The sacred flood, that bathes th' Ausonian shore.
Scarce had he said, when, beauteous to behold!
From the deep tomb, with many a shining fold,
An azure serpent rose, in scales that flam'd
with gold:

Like heaven's bright bow his varying beauties
shone,

That draws a thousand colours from the sun:
Pleas'd round the altars and the tomb to wind,
His glittering length of volumes trails behind.
The chief in deep amaze suspended hung,
While through the bowls the serpent glides along;
Tastes all the food; then softly slides away,
Seeks the dark tomb, and quits the sacred prey;
Astonish'd at the sight, the hero paid
New rites, new honours to his father's shade,
Doubts if the demon of his fire rever'd,
Or the kind genius of the place appear'd.
Five sable steers he slew with rites divine,
As many snowy sheep, and bristly swine;
And pouring wine, invok'd his father's shade
Sent from the darksome regions of the dead.
Then all the train, who gather'd round the grave,
Each for his rank, proportion'd treasures gave.
The altars blaze; the victims round expire;
Some hang the massy cauldrons o'er the fire:
Some o'er the grass the glowing embers spread;
Some broil the entrails on the burning bed.

Now bright the ninth expected morning shone;
Now rose the fiery couriers of the sun;
When endless crowds the vast assembly crown'd
From all the wide dispeopled country round.
Some rous'd by great Acestes' mighty name,
Some to behold the Trojan strangers came,
Some to contend, and try the noble game.

In view, amid the spacious circle, lay
The costly gifts, the prizes of the day.
Arms on the ground, and sacred tripods glow,
With wreaths and palms to bind the victor's brow.
Silver and purple vests in heaps are roll'd,
Rich robes, and talents of the purest gold;
And from a mount the sprightly trump proclaims
To all the gather'd crowd the glorious games.

Four well-match'd gallies first, by oars impell'd
Drawn from the navy, took the wat'ry field.
In the swift Dolphin mighty Mnestheus came,
Mnestheus, the founder of the Memmian name.
Next Gyas in the vast Chimæra sweeps
(Huge as a town) the hoarse resounding deeps:
Three rows of oars employ the panting train,
To push th' enormous burthen o'er the main.
Sergestus in the Centaur took his place,
The glorious father of the Sergian race.

VOL. XII.

In the blue Scylla great Cloanthus rode,
The noble source of our Cluentian blood;
Far in the main a rock advances o'er
The level tides, and fronts the foamy shore,
That hid beneath the rolling ocean lies,
When the black storms involve the starry skies,
But in a calm its lofty head displays
To rest the birds who wing the spacious seas.
Here the great hero fix'd an oaken bough,
A mark, that nodded o'er the craggy brow;
To teach the train to steer the backward way,
And fetch a shorter circle round the sea:
Then, rank'd by lot, conspicuous o'er the flood,
The chiefs array'd in gold and purple glow'd.
The youths green poplars round their temples
twine,
And bright with oil their naked bodies shine,
Eager, they grasp their oars, and list'ning wait
the sign.

Thick in their hearts alternate motions play,
Now prest with beating fears they sink away,
Now throb with rising hopes to win the glo-
rious day.

Soon as the trump the first shrill signal blew.

All in a moment from the barrier flew:

Turn'd by their labouring oars the surges rise,
And with their shouts the sailors rend the skies,
The foamy tides with equal furrows sweep:
And, opening to the keel, divides the hoary deep.
Not half so swift the fiery couriers pour,
And, as they start, the distant plain devour;
Nor half so fierce the drivers, pois'd in air,
Urge the fleet steeds to whirl the flying car,
Throw up the reins, and, bending o'er the yoke,
Shout, lash, and send their souls at every stroke.
The crowds in parties join; and, to the cries
And eager shouts, the hollow wood replies;
While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,
And the long echo rolls around the winding shore.
With peals of loud applause from every side
First Gyas flew, and shot along the tide.
Cloanthus follows, but his pond'rous ship,
Though better mann'd, moves heavier on the
deep.

Behind, the Dolphin and the Centaur lay,
At equal distance, on the wat'ry way:

Now darts the rapid Dolphin o'er the main,
Now the vast Centaur wins the day again:
Then, side by side, and front by front, they join,
And plough in frothy tracks the ruffled brine.
And now proud Gyas reach'd th' appointed place,
Awhile the victor of the wat'ry race;
Then to Menætes call'd, and gave command,
To leave the right, and steer against the land;
Let others plough the deep;—in vain he spoke;
The cautious pilot dreads the lurking rock,
And turns his prow, and steers a different road,
And leaves the shallows for the open flood.
Once more in vain the raging Gyas cry'd,
And lo! that moment, brave Cloanthus spy'd
Close at his back, who plough'd the nearer tide.
The dangerous way the daring hero took
Between bold Gyas and the sounding rock.
Sudden beyond the chief he shoots away,
Clear of the goal, and gains the roamy sea.
Then Gyas wept; and grief and rage inflame
The youth, forgetful of his friends and fame,

N a

From the high stern, with anger and disdain,
 He hurl'd the hoary master in the main;
 Then madly took himself the sole command,
 And fir'd his train, and bore upon the land.
 Hoary with age, and struggling long in vain,
 With cumb'rous vests, Menætes mounts again;
 Trembling he climb'd a lofty rock; and dry'd
 His limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the tide.
 Loud laugh'd the crowds to see him shoot away,
 Drink and disgorge by turns the briny sea.
 At distance Mnestheus and Sergestus lie;
 Both hope to pass the fiery Gyas by.
 The 'vantage first the bold Sergestus took,
 With rapid speed advancing to the rock;
 But not a length before: the Dolphin rides
 With rival speed, and bears upon her sides.
 Brave Mnestheus now inflames his naval crew,
 As o'er the deck from man to man he flew,
 My brave associates, in whose aid I trust,
 You, whom I chose, when Ilium sunk in dust,
 Now show the strength and spirit once you
 show'd,
 When raging storms, and Syrtes you withstood,
 Plough'd Malea's tide, and stemm'd th' Ionian
 flood:
 Now, now, my friends, your utmost pow'r display,
 Rise to your oars, and sweep the wat'ry way:
 Nor strive we now the victory to gain,
 Tho' yet!—but ah! let those the palm obtain,
 Those, whom thy favours crown, great mo-
 narch of the main!
 But to return the lags of all the day!
 Oh! wipe, my friends, that shameful stain away!
 Fir'd at the word, each other they provoke;
 Springs the swift ship at every vigorous stroke.
 With painful sweat their heaving bodies stream;
 Thick pant their hearts, and trembles every limb.
 All bending to their oars the labour ply;
 The sea rolls backward, and the surges fly.
 Now, with the wish'd success they toil to gain,
 Indulgent fortune crowns the lab'ring train;
 For while the fierce Sergestus nearer drew,
 And in a scanty space too rashly flew,
 (His road still narrower) with a mighty shock
 He rush'd against the sharp projected rock.
 Then flew the shatter'd oars, and flying rung,
 And on the rugged sides the vessel hung.
 To gain their floating oars, with mingled cries,
 All arm'd with iron poles, the sailors rise.
 Fir'd with success, along the open seas,
 Proud Mnestheus shoots, invoking every breeze,
 As in her nest, within some cavern hung,
 The dove sits trembling o'er her callow young,
 Till rous'd at last by some impetuous shock,
 She starts surpris'd, and beats around the rock;
 Then to the open field for refuge flies,
 And the free bird expatiates in the skies;
 Her pinions pois'd, through liquid air she springs,
 And smoothly glides, nor moves her levell'd wings:
 So joyful Mnestheus darts without control
 O'er the wide ocean, and approach'd the goal;
 So the swift Dolphin flies in open view,
 And gain'd new strength, new swiftness as she flew.
 First by Sergestus' ship he shoots along,
 That in the shelves and dang'rous shallows hung;
 With cries the chief his rival's aid implores,
 And strives in vain to row with shatter'd oars.

Next fiery Gyas he with shouts pursu'd,
 Who in the huge Chimæra stemm'd the flood;
 She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd guide;
 And sees her rival fly triumphant o'er the tide.
 Now, near the port, with all his pow'r he strains
 To pass Cloanthus, who the last remains.
 The doubling shouts inspire him as he flies
 And the long peal runs rattling round the skies:
 These, flush'd with pride, would cast their lives
 away,

Ere they resign the glories of the day:
 Those, by success, in strength and spirit rise,
 And their fierce hopes already win the prize.
 Thus haply both with level beaks had ply'd
 The surge, and rode the victors of the tide;
 But brave Cloanthus o'er the rolling floods
 Stretch'd wide his hands, and thus invok'd the
 gods:

Ye pow'rs! on whose wild empire I display
 My flying sails, and plough the wat'ry way;
 Oh, hear your suppliant, and my vow succeed;
 Then on these shores a milk-white bull shall bleed;
 And purple wine your silver waves shall stain,
 And sacred victims glut the greedy main.
 Thus he—and every Nereid heard the vow,
 With mighty Phorcus from the deeps below.
 And great Portunus, with his ample hand,
 Push'd on the rapid galley to the land.
 Swift as the hissing javelin cuts the skies,
 Swift as a whirlwind, to the port she flies.

And now the herald's voice proclaims aloud
 Cloanthus victor, to the shouting crowd.
 The mighty prince himself, with verdant boughs
 Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows.
 Three steers, and one large talent are bestow'd
 On every rival crew, that plough'd the flood.
 But to the glorious leaders, bold and brave,
 The generous chief distinguish'd honours gave.
 A robe the victor shar'd, where purple plays,
 Mixt with rich gold, in every shining maze.
 There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,
 O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart;
 The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold!
 Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold:
 From tow'ring Ida shoots the bird of Jove,
 And bears him struggling through the clouds
 above;

With out-stretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry,
 And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky.
 On Mnestheus next, the chief who bore away
 The second glorious honours of the day,
 A shining mail the generous prince bestows,
 That, rich with clasps of gold, refulgent glows,
 Who stript Demoleus of the costly load
 In Trojan fields, by Simois' mighty flood:
 Two labouring servants, with united toil
 And strength conjoin'd, scarce heav'd th' enor-
 mous spoil:

Yet in these arms of old, with matchless might,
 The swift Demoleus chas'd his foes in fight.
 This mail, Æneas gave the chief to bear,
 A sure defence and ornament in war.
 The next rich presents mighty Gyas grace,
 Two ponderous cauldrons of refulgent brass;
 Two silver goblets, wrought with art divine,
 That rough, and bright with sculptur'd figures
 shine.

Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,
And purple fillets glitter on their head.
When, from the rock scarce disengaged with pain,
Sergestus brings his shatter'd ship again.
One side all maim'd, she slowly moves along,
Spoil'd of her oars amid the hooting throng;
As when a ling'ring fate the serpent feels,
Obliquely crush'd beneath the brazen wheels,
Or, bruise'd and mangled by the cruel swain
With some huge stone, writhes with the shoot-
ing pain,

And rolls and twists her scaly folds in vain.
Above, all fierce her glittering volumes rise,
Flames in her crest, and lightning in her eyes;
But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound,
Her train unfolded drags along the ground.
So maim'd and slow the shatter'd galley past,
But aided by her sails she reach'd the port at last.
Pleas'd with the vessel and the crew restor'd,
The generous prince rewards their hapless lord.
The promis'd present to the chief he gave;
Phloe, the beauteous female Cretan slave,
In works of art superior to the rest,
And proud of two fair infants at the breast.

This contest o'er; with thousands in his train,
Mov'd the great hero to a spacious plain.
High hills the verdant theatre surround;
And waving woods the mighty circuit crown'd.
Hither, with all the crowds the prince withdrew,
And took his sylvan throne in open view.
Here costly gifts the chiefs propos'd, to grace
The sprightly youths that urge the rapid race.
Now throng the Trojan and Sicilian band;
And first Euryalus and Nisus stand;
That, for his youthful charms admir'd by Troy;
This, for chaste friendship to the beauteous boy.
Next to the contest, warm with hopes of fame,
Of Priam's royal race, Dioreas came,
Salius and Patron then in order past;
Epirus one, and one Arcadia grac'd.
Brave Helymus and Panopes succeed;
Two valiant youths in fair Trinacria bred;
Who with Acestes drove the savage race
From wood to wood, long practis'd to the chase.
And mighty numbers more, unknown to fame,
Advance in crowds to share the glorious game.
High in the midst Æneas rear'd his head,
And oh! attend, ye generous youths (he said;)
Of all who try the fortune of the day,
Not one shall go without a gift away.
With two bright Cretan lances, each shall share
An ax with silver gray'd, to shine in war.
Distinguish'd gifts and olive wreaths shall grace
The three triumphant victors of the race.
On the first youth a courser I bestow,
Whose trappings rich with gold and purple glow:
The next a quiver charg'd with shafts shall claim,
Such as adorns an Amazonian dame;
Clasp'd by a gem, resplendent to behold,
Shines the bright trophy with a belt of gold.
On the proud youth this gift shall be conferr'd:
And this fair Argive helm shall grace the third.

This said, they took their place; the trumpet
blew;
And all impetuous from the barrier flew:
Fierce as a tempest, o'er the plain they past
From the first space, and gain upon the last.

First Nisus sprung, and left the crowd behind,
Swift as the lightning, or the wings of wind.
Next, but the next with many a length between,
Young Salius skimm'd along the level green.
Euryalus, the third, scarce touch'd the plain;
Behind, bold Helymus his rival ran;
But, hovering o'er him, runs Dioreas nigh;
Now side by side, and foot by foot they fly.
The youth had conquer'd in a longer way,
Or undecided left the honours of the day.
And now they just approach'd with rapid pace,
Tir'd with the toil, the limit of the race,
When Nisus fell amid the slippery plain,
Drench with the copious blood of victims slain.
His feet no more the shouting victor held;
Aloft they fly, and quiver on the field.
Headlong he fell, with mud all cover'd o'er,
And every limb was stain'd with sacred gore.
Yet, as he weltered on the ground, he strove
To show Euryalus his ardent love.

For now, ev'n now, the youth his body threw
Before his rival Salius, as he flew:

He fell, and on the ground extended lay;
Thus favour'd by his friend, sprung swift away
The young Euryalus, and won the day.

At once beyond the goal the victor flies;
Shouts of applause tumultuous rend the skies.
Next Helymus, and next Dioreas came
With eager ardour, now the third in fame.
Now Salius fills the ring with clam'rous cries,
By turns to every hoary judge applies,
Storms at the fraud, and claims the rightful
prize.

But favour, winning tears, and youthful grace,
Plead for the boy, the victor of the race.
Dioreas too, before the partial crowd,
Defends the young Euryalus aloud;
Who now must urge his claim, should Salius gain
The first proud honours, to the third in vain.

Thus then the prince—in order shall we pay
To each brave youth the prizes of the day:
Since these are shar'd, permit me to extend
One proof of pity to a hapless friend:
This said, on Salius generous be bestow'd
A lion's yellow spoils (a costly load!)
With martial pride his shoulders to infold;
Rough was the dreadful mane, the paws were
sheath'd in gold.

When Nisus thus,—If such high presents grace
Salius who fell, first vanquish'd in the race,
What gift shall I receive, who bore away,
And still had held the honours of the day,
Had not that fortune, which my foe o'erthrew,
Be fall'n unhappy Nisus, as he flew?
Then show'd his robes and face with blood defil'd;
Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd a mighty buckler to be brought,
With art divine by Didymaon wrought;
Great Neptune's gates the prize adorn'd in Troy,
Now the bright present loads the favour'd boy.

These gifts bestow'd; the hero cries aloud,
Stand forth, ye valiant champions, from the
crowd;

Who vaunt your courage and unrivall'd might,
And with the gauntlet dare provoke the fight.
Then he propos'd, in gold and garments gay,
A bull, to grace the victor of the day.

Next, to relieve the loser's shame and pain,
 Cast a rich sword and helmet on the plain.
 Strait with a shout, supremely tall and strong,
 Bold Dares rear'd his bulk above the throng;
 The youth, the only youth, who dar'd withstand
 The fierce tempestuous sway of Paris' hand,
 Who on huge Butes prov'd his matchless might
 At Hector's tomb, victorious in the fight;
 (Butes, of Amycus' Bebrycian strain),
 And stretch'd th' enormous giant on the plain.
 Thus, glorying in his strength, in open view
 His arms around, the tow'ring Dares threw,
 Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny shoulders bare,
 And dealt his whistling blows in empty air.
 His match was fought; through all a terror ran;
 All gaz'd and trembled at the mighty man.
 Despair, he thought, had seiz'd the circling bands;
 And now before the prince the champion stands;
 Fierce by the horns the beauteous bull he took,
 And in proud triumph to the hero spoke:
 Since none, oh! chief, accepts the proffer'd fray,
 Why for his coward foe must Dares stay?
 Permit me, prince, to lead my rightful prize
 away.

The Trojans clamour with applauding cries,
 And for the youth demand the promis'd prize.
 Then to Entellus old Acestes said,
 Who sat beside him on the flow'ry bed;
 Entellus!—once the bravest on the plain,
 But ah! the bravest, and the best in vain!
 With such tame patience cast my friend survey
 This prize, without a contest, borne away?
 Where, where is now great Eryx' vaunted name;
 The god, who taught our thund'ring arms the
 game, [former fame!]
 The spoils that grace thy roof, and all thy
 I am not dead, replies the chief, to praise,
 Nor yield to fear, but sink by length of days.
 My nerves unstrung, my strength no more remains,
 And age creeps shiv'ring through my icy veins.
 Had I that vigour still, my youth could boast,
 Or yon' vain champion vaunts to all the host,
 Soon should this arm that insolence chastise,
 For fame alone, without the proffer'd prize.
 Ev'n now I scorn the combat to decline;
 The prize I heed not; let the fame be mine!

This said; amid the ring, in open view,
 Two mighty gauntlets on the ground he threw:
 These grac'd great Eryx in the fight of old,
 And brac'd his arms with many a dreadful fold:
 Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge dis-
 Pond'rous with iron and a weight of lead. [pread,
 The host stood all astonish'd at the sight,
 But Dares most, who now refus'd the fight:
 The hero turns the folds, in wonder stands,
 And pois'd th' enormous gauntlets in his hands.
 How had you wonder'd, the bold champion said,
 Had you the huge Herculean arms survey'd?
 Had you those pond'rous gloves of death beheld,
 And the stern combat, on this fatal field?
 These, prince, of old your brother Eryx wore,
 Lo! you behold 'em still distain'd with gore.
 With these Alcides' force he long sustain'd,
 And these I brandish'd, while my strength re-
 main'd,

Ere the cold hand of envious age had shed
 These marks of winter on my hoary head,

Yet, if your champion trembles at the sight;
 Nor dares to meet these gauntlets in the fight;
 If so Æneas and the king incline;
 Lo! to his fears these weapons I resign:
 With equal arms the combat we will try;
 And thou, lay thou, thy Trojan gauntlets by.

This said, the hero strait his robe unbound,
 And cast the double garment on the ground;
 Bares his huge brawny limbs, and on the sands,
 Dreadful to view, the hoary champion stands.
 Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound
 Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms a-
 round:

Their arms, that moment, each impetuous foe
 Rear'd high in air, and rose to every blow;
 And, while their raging hands the fight provoke,
 Withdraw their heads from each tempestuous
 stroke.

This on his youth and active speed relies,
 That on his bulk and tall gigantic size:
 But each vast limb moves stiff and slow with age;
 And thick short pantings shake the lab'ring sage.
 Each, but in vain, a thousand strokes bestows;
 Their sides and breasts re-echo to the blows.
 With swift repeated wounds their hands fly round
 Their heads and cheeks; their crackling jaws re-
 sound;

Unmov'd Entellus, with a steadfast look
 And watchful eye, avoids the furious stroke.
 The youth invests his foe with all his pow'r,
 As some brave leader a beleaguer'd tow'r,
 When on the bulwarks in his rage he falls,
 And plants his engines round th' embattled walls;
 On every side with fruitless skill and pain,
 Eager he tries a pass or post to gain,
 And storms the rocky battlements in vain.
 And now his aim the bold Entellus took,
 With his huge hand, high brandish'd for the
 stroke;

The youth observ'd the long-descending blow,
 And leaps aside, and disappoints the foe:
 The stroke was spent in air; with dreadful sound
 Prone fell the champion thund'ring to the ground.
 A pine thus tumbles to the vales below,
 From Ida's top, or Erymanthus' brow.
 At once the Trojans and Sicilians rise,
 And with divided clamours rend the skies.
 And first Acestes, touch'd with pity, ran
 To raise his friend and old compeer again.
 Swift from the fall, and with redoubled might
 Sprung the fierce hero, and renew'd the fight;
 Improv'd in spirit, to the combat came,
 While conscious valour sets his soul on flame,
 Stung with disgrace, and more enrag'd with
 flame.

Now headlong o'er the field he drove the foe,
 And rose in strength and wrath at every blow.
 Now a thick storm of strokes around him flies,
 Thick as the hail comes rattling from the skies;
 With both his thund'ring hands the blows he ply'd,
 And turn'd his giddy foe on every side,
 Then flew the good Æneas, to assuage
 The hero's wrath, and check the mighty rage:
 From death he snatch'd the champion, and began
 To sooth the sorrows of the vanquish'd man:

What madness, hapless Dares, has possess'd
 Thy thoughtless mind, and fir'd thy daring breast?

Thy rival see, sustain'd by pow'r divine,
By other strength, and mightier force than thine!
Cease then, and give the vain contention o'er;
Cease, and oppose the hand of heav'n no more!

The youth now drags his trembling legs along;
His loose head tott'ring o'er his shoulders hung,
Giddy with pain; he now ejects the blood,
His loosen'd teeth come mingled in the flood:
While in their arms his sad associates bore
The batter'd champion groaning to the shore,
The dear-bought sword and helmet brought
away,

And left the palm and bull the victor's prey.

Now great Entellus, glorying in the prize,
And flush'd with conquest, thus, exulting cries;
Behold, ye Trojans, and thou, chief divine,
What vigour, in the bloom of youth, was mine;
From what a thund'ring arm and fatal blow,
Your timely mercy has preserv'd my foe.
With that the chief, collected in his might,
Confronts the victim, the reward of fight;
Then rais'd his hand aloft, and from above,
With dreadful sway, the pond'rous gauntlet drove
Through the broad forehead of the stately bull,
And dash'd within the brain the batter'd skull.
The bull, convulsive with the deadly wound,
Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the
ground.

Then, thus the hoary chief performs his vow, }
Eryx, on thee this victim I bestow;
A nobler victim than my Trojan foe! }
To younger champions now the game I yield;
Here hang my conquering arms; and here re-
nounce the field.

Next the great prince propos'd the prize to
those, [bows.

Who wing'd the shafts, and bent the twanging
Amid the spacious plain the hero plac'd
Sublime in air Sergestus' lofty mast;
Around the tapering top a dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly;
Hither to try their skill the warriors haste;
And in a brazen helm the lots are cast.
First, with applause, Hippocoon's lot was thrown,
The mighty Hyrtacus' illustrious son.
Mnestheus the next, whom verdant olives grace,
The second victor in the naval race.
Then the third chance to great Eurytion came,
Thy brother, Pandarus, renown'd by fame,
Whose hand by Pallas prompted, drew the bow,
To break the truce against the Grecian foe.
Last in the helm remain'd Acestes' name;
Old as he was, he try'd the youthful game.
Then every chief, with all his strength and art,
Bent the tough bow, and chose the feather'd dart.
Through yielding air first vanish'd with a spring
Hippocoon's arrow from the sounding string:
Full in the mast, impell'd with vigour stood
The forceful shaft, and quiver'd in the wood.
The dove affrighted, stretch'd her flutt'ring wing;
And with applause the vales and mountains ring.
Then Mnestheus drew the bow, and aim'd on high
The pointed dart, and levell'd with his eye;
Nor through the mark the luckless arrow drove,
But cut the string that ty'd the trembling dove.
Swift through the clouds the bird unshackled flies,
And spreads her wings at freedom in the skies.

Already had Eurytion bent his bow,
And to his brother god address'd his vow:
The tow'ring bird amid the clouds he flew,
And the swift shaft transfix'd her as she flew,
High in the skies she feels the deadly wound,
And, with the dart, comes dying to the ground.
And now, all hopes expir'd, the conquest gain'd,
The venerable prince alone remain'd.
Yet he discharg'd the flying shaft, to show
His skill, his vigour, and resounding bow.
When sudden they beheld, with wond'ring eyes,
A dire portentous omen in the skies.
Too late the seers the frightful sign explain,
Too late they clear the dread event in vain!
For, flying through the clouds in open view,
The glowing arrow kindled as it flew;
Then drew a golden trail of flames behind,
That mark'd its course, and vanish'd in the wind:
So shine the falling stars with dreadful hair,
And glance, and shoot along the fields of air.
Amaz'd the Trojans and Sicilians stood;
And breath'd their ardent prayers to every god.
The Dardan prince the doubtful sign mistook,
Embrac'd the monarch, and with transport spoke:
Father! accept the prize; the will divine
Of mighty Jove, by this auspicious sign,
Declares the first distinguish'd honours thine. }
Accept this goblet, which my fire of old
Receiv'd from Cisseus, rough with sculptur'd gold;
Take it, my royal friend, and let it prove
A long-priz'd gift of dear respect and love.
Then he bestow'd the laurel, and aloud
Proclaim'd him victor to the shouting crowd.
Nor did the generous chief the prize deny,
Whose arrow pierc'd the bird amid the sky;
Next, he who cut the cord, with gifts was grac'd;
And he, whose arrow struck the tree, the last.
Now call'd the prince, before the games were
done,

The hoary guardian of his royal son,
And gently whispers in his faithful ear,
To bid Ascanius in his arms appear,
And with his youthful band and courser come,
To pay due honours at his grandfire's tomb.
Next he commands the huge assembled train
To quit the ground, and leave an open plain.
Strait on their bridled steeds, with grace divine,
The beauteous youths before their fathers shine,
The blooming Trojans and Sicilians throng,
And gaze with wonder as they march along.
Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore;
Two glitt'ring lances tipt with steel they bore:
These a light quiver stor'd with shafts sustain,
And from their neck depends a golden chain.
On bounding steeds advance three graceful bands,
And each a little blooming chief commands.
Beneath each chief twelve sprightly striplings
came,

In shining arms, in looks and age the same.
Grac'd with his grandfire's name, Polites' son,
Young Priam, leads the first gay squadron on;
A youth, whose progeny must Latium grace:
He press'd a dappled steed of Thracian race:
Before, white spots on either foot appear,
And on his forehead blaz'd a silver star.
Atys the next advanc'd, with looks divine,
Atys the source of the great Attian line:

Iulus' friendship grac'd the lovely boy :
 And last Iulus came, the pride of Troy,
 In charms superior to the blooming train;
 And spurr'd his Tyrian courser to the plain;
 Which Dido gave the princely youth, to prove
 A lasting pledge, memorial of her love.
 Th' inferior boys on beauteous courfers ride,
 From great Acestes' royal stalls supply'd. [fear,
 Now flush'd with hopes, now pale with anxious
 Before the shouting crowds, the youths appear;
 The shouting crowds admire their charms, and
 Their parents lines in every lovely face, [trace
 Now round the ring, before their fathers, ride
 The boys, in all their military pride.
 Till Periphantes' sounding lash from far
 Gave the loud signal of the mimic war;
 Strait, in three bands distinct, they break away,
 Divide in order, and their ranks display :
 Swift at the summons they return, and throw
 At once their hostile lances at the foe :
 Then take a new excursion on the plain ;
 Round within round, in endless course maintain ;
 And now advance, and now retreat again ;
 With well-dissembled rage their rivals dare,
 And please the crowd with images of war.
 Alternate now they turn their backs in flight,
 Now dart their lances, and renew the fight :
 Then in a moment from the combat cease,
 Rejoin their scatter'd bands, and move in peace.
 So winds delusive, in a thousand ways
 Perplext and intricate, the Cretan maze ;
 Round within round, the blind meanders run,
 Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.
 The skilful youths, in sport, alternate ply
 Their shifting course ; by turns they fight and fly :
 As dolphins gambol on the wat'ry way, [play.
 And, bounding o'er the tides, in wanton circles
 This sport Ascanius, when in mighty length
 He rais'd proud Alba glorying in her strength,
 Taught the first fathers of the Latian name,
 As now he solemniz'd the noble game.
 From their successive Alban offspring come
 These ancient plays, to grace imperial Rome ;
 Who owns her Trojan band, and game of Troy
 Deriv'd through ages from the princely boy.

Thus were the solemn funeral honours paid
 To great Anchises' venerable shade.
 But soon the prince his changing fortune found,
 And in her turn the fickle goddess frown'd.
 For, while the gather'd crowds the games repeat,
 Heav'n's mighty empress, to the Trojan fleet,
 (Her ancient rage still glowing in her soul)
 Dispatch'd fair Iris from the starry pole.
 Big with revengeful schemes, herself supplies
 The rapid storm that bears her down the skies.
 Unseen, the maid a thousand colours drew,
 As down her bow, with winged speed, she flew :
 And saw around the tomb th' assembly meet,
 The vacant harbour, and neglected fleet.

Meantime, retir'd within the lonely shore,
 Anchises' fate the Trojan dames deplore ;
 Cast a long look o'er all the flood, and weep
 To see the wide-extended wat'ry deep :
 Yet, must we yet, alas ! new labours try,
 More seas, more oceans ? was the general cry.
 Oh ! grant a town at last, ye gracious gods !
 To wretches harass'd with the winds and floods.

'Twas then, their raging sorrow to improve,
 Amid the train shot Iris from above.
 Aside her heav'nly charms the goddess threw,
 And like old Beroë stood in open view ;
 (Doryclus' hoary spouse, a noble dame,
 Fam'd for her offspring, and illustrious name) ;
 And thus the goddess fans the rising flame :
 Ah ! wretched race, whom heav'n forbade to fall
 By Grecian swords, beneath our native wall !
 Tost round the seas, o'er every region cast,
 Oh ! to what fate are we reserv'd at last !
 Now, since imperial Troy in ashes lay,
 Have sev'n successive summers roll'd away,
 Still to new lands o'er floods and rocks we fly,
 And sail, by every star, in every sky.
 So long we chase, o'er all the boundless main,
 The flying coasts of Italy in vain.
 Here o'er our kindred Eryx' fruitful plains,
 The hospitable king, Acestes reigns :
 What, what forbids our wand'ring Trojan bands,
 To raise a city in these friendly lands ?
 Ye gods preserv'd from hostile flames in vain !
 Shall our dear Ilion never rise again ?
 A second Simois shall we view no more,
 Or a new Xanthus, on a foreign shore ?
 Rise then, rise all ; assist, ye mournful dames,
 To set this execrable fleet in flames.
 For late, Cassandra seem'd to load my hands,
 In visions of the night, with blazing brands :
 Seek Troy no more, she said : this destin'd place
 Is the fixt mansion of the Dardan race.
 Fly, fly we then, the omen to complete ;
 The glad occasion calls to fire the fleet ;
 Lo ! where to Neptune four proud altars rise !
 Lo ! his own fires the ready god supplies !
 She said ;—then seiz'd a blazing brand, and
 Threw ;

Th' increasing flames amid the navy flew.
 At the bold deed, with deep surprise amaz'd,
 The dames all wond'ring, on the goddess gaz'd.
 At last, the nurse of Priam's offspring broke
 The general silence, and the train bespoke :
 This was no Beroë, whom we saw appear,
 But some bright goddess from th' ethereal sphere.
 Mark her majestic port ! her voice divine !
 O'er all her form what starry splendors shine !
 She darts a glance immortal from her eyes,
 Breathes, looks and moves, a sister of the skies !
 Beroë I left in anguish, who repin'd,
 Shut from the rites, and to her couch confin'd.

The matrons, now by doubts and fears impell'd,
 First with malignant eyes the fleet beheld ;
 In choice suspended for a space they stand,
 Between the promis'd and the present land :
 When, smooth on levell'd wings, the goddess flies,
 And cuts a mighty bow along the skies.
 Struck at the wond'rous sight, the shrieking
 dames

From the bright altars snatch the sacred flames ;
 Bring leaves and wither'd branches in their hands
 To feed the fires ; and hurl the blazing brands.
 Fierce through the ships, the decks, the crackling
 In all his rage devouring Vulcan roars. [roars,
 And now Eumelus to the host conveys
 The dreadful tidings of the rising blaze :
 The crowds grow pale ; they look behind and spy
 A cloud of cinders dark'ning all the sky.

And first Ascanius, as he led the band,
Pour'd o'er the plain, impetuous, to the strand;
Nor can his panting guardians check the speed
Of the young hero, and his fiery steed:
Oh! what curst rage is this, ye wretched dames?
To what dire purpose fly these fatal flames?
Behold, your own Ascanius---you destroy
No Argive navy, but the hopes of Troy.

With that, he threw his helmet on the shore,
In which he led his youthful bands before.
Next came Æneas, and the Trojan host.
Th' affrighted dames dispersing o'er the coast,
To woods and hollow caverns take their flight,
Repent their crime, and hate the golden light:
With alter'd minds their kindred they confest,
And the fierce goddess fled from every breast.

Not so the furious flames; they spread the more;
And, high in air, with rage redoubled roar.
Close in the cordage works the fullen fire,
And through the ribs the heavy smokes expire.
Within the keel the subtle vapours lie;
Thence the contagious flames thro' all the vessel
The lab'ring heroes toil with fruitless pain, [fly.
And gushing floods on floods are pour'd in vain.
The prince then tore his robes in deep despair,
Rais'd high his hands; and thus address'd his pray'r;
Great Jove! if one of all the Trojan state
Lives yet exempt from thy immortal hate;
Oh! if thy sacred eyes with wonted grace
Behold the miserable mortal race;
Suppress these fires; forbid them to destroy;
And snatch from death the poor remains of Troy!
Or if my crimes, almighty fire! demand
The last, last vengeance of thy dreadful hand,
On me, on me alone that vengeance shed,
And with thy levell'd thunders strike me dead!
Scarce had he said, when o'er the navy pours
A sudden gloomy cloud in rattling show'rs;
Black with the southern winds the tempest flies,
And in a moment burst from all the skies
In sluicy sheets and deluges of rain; [the plain.
And the loud thunders shook the mountain and
Fierce o'er the ships the waters took their way;
And, quench'd in floods, the hissing timbers lay.
Four gallies lost; at length the flames retire,
And all the remnant fleet escap'd the raging fire.

Meantime the hero by the loss oppress'd,
With various cares, that rack'd his lab'ring breast,
If still to seek the Latian realm debates,
Or here to fix, forgetful of the fates.
Then Nautes, fam'd for wisdom and for age,
(For Pallas taught the venerable sage,
What great events the fates and gods ordain);
Bespoke the chief, and thus reliev'd his pain.
'Tis best, illustrious hero, to obey,
And still pursue where fortune leads the way;
By patience to retrieve our hapless state,
And rise superior to the strokes of fate.
Let great Acestes in your councils join,
Your royal friend, of Troy's immortal line.
Your vessels lost; those numbers who remain,
A timorous, weak, unnecessary train,
The hoary sires and dames, unfit to bear
The perils of the sea, or toils of war,
Select; and trust to his paternal care.
The weary wretches here their walls may frame,
And call their city by the monarch's name.

The prince approv'd th' advice his friend address'd;
But still a thousand cares distract his lab'ring breast.

Now o'er the solemn skies devoid of light,
High in her sable chariot rode the night;
When to the godlike hero, from the pole
Descends, and speaks his mighty father's soul:

My son! in all the fates of Troy approv'd,
Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my life I lov'd;
Lo! I am sent by heav'n's almighty fire,
Who from thy navy bade the flames retire.

The prudent counsel of thy friend obey,
Take, with the bravest youths, the dangerous way:
With these fair Latium shalt thou reach, and there
Wage with a rugged race a dreadful war.

Yet first, my son, to Pluto's regions go,
And meet thy father in the realms below;
For know my spirit was not doom'd to dwell
In the dark horrors and the depths of hell,
But, with the pious blest assembly reigns,
In all the pleasures of th' Elysian plains.
But thou the blood of sable victims shed;
Then shall the Sybil guide thee to the dead.

There shalt thou know what town the fates assign,
With the long glories of thy future line.
And now, farewell;---the night slides swift away
I feel from far the morning's painful ray;
And shrink and sicken at the beams of day.
He said, and lo! that moment from his eyes,
Like a thin smoke, dissolv'd into the skies.

Vanish'd so soon! where, whither art thou
Why, why retires my father from his son? [gone?
What! not one last embrace? the prince ex-
claims:

Then to new life he wakes the slumb'ring flames;
And hoary Vesta, and the Trojan powers,
With sacred gifts and suppliant vows adores.
Strait the whole scene before his friends he lays,
But chief the vision to the king displays;
Unfolds the message sent from Heav'n above,
His father's counsel, and the will of Jove.

His friends approve the hero's new designs,
And in the task the good Acestes joins.
To the new town the matrons they assign'd,
And leave the willing vulgar crowds behind;
Souls, that no hopes of future praise inflame,
Cold and insensible to glorious fame.

With speed the half-burn'd vessels they repair,
Provide new cordage, decks, and oars with care;
A slender band, but eager all for war.

The prince then drew a city on the plain;
Next he assign'd the dwellings to the train.

Now a new Ilion in Trinacria rose,
And a new Simois and Scamander flows.

Well-pleas'd Aceste took the sovereign sway;
Th' adopt'd subjects their new prince obey.

The king conven'd the peers around, and fate
To frame new laws, and regulate the state.

To Venus' name they bid a temple rise
From Eryx' top, high tow'ring to the skies:
And next a priest and ample grove were made,
For ever sacred to Anchises' shade.

Now nine whole days in solemn feasts had past;
When gentle breezes smooch'd the floods at last:

The southern winds invite their sails and oars;
Then cries and shrieks resound along the shores.

In long, long tenderneis they spend the day,
In close embraces waite the night away.

Now all the wretches, e'en the female train
 Who fear'd so late the dangers of the main,
 And shrunk, the rolling ocean to survey,
 All wish to take the long laborious way.
 The melting hero soothes the wild despair, [care.
 And weeps, and gives them to the monarch's
 Three heifers next to Eryx' name he pays,
 A lamb to every storm the hero slays,
 Unmoors his fleet, and every sail displays.
 Crown'd with a graceful olive wreath he stands
 High on the prow; a charger in his hands:
 Hurls the fat entrails o'er the foamy brine,
 And stains the silver waves with sable wine.
 Fresh rise the prosp'rous gales; the sailors sweep,
 And dash with equal strokes the roaring deep.

Meantime the queen of love with cares oppress'd,
 The mighty father of the floods address'd:
 Imperious Juno's unrelenting hate
 To the poor relics of the Trojan state,
 (Which no decrees of Jove or fate restrain,
 Nor length of years, nor vows preferr'd in vain)
 Compels a sister goddess to repair,
 To thee, great Neptune, with a suppliant's prayer.
 For rage like her's, 'twas little to destroy,
 Fair Asia's pride, th' imperial town of Troy!
 'Twas not enough her wand'ring natives know
 All forms and all varieties of woe!
 But oh! her groundless vengeance would efface,
 Ev'n the last relics of the perish'd race!
 Thou, thou canst witness, ocean's mighty god!
 With what dire storms she lash'd the Libyan flood;
 When, arm'd with all th' Æolian winds in vain,
 Earth, air, and heav'n, she mingled with the
 main,

And rais'd such tumults in thy wat'ry reign.
 Yet, still more shameful!---now her arts inspire
 The Trojan dames to wrap the ships in fire;
 And urge my son, to leave his social band
 (His fleet half-ruin'd) in a foreign land.
 But oh! I beg for those, who yet remain,
 A peaceful voyage to the Latian plain;
 A suppliant goddess begs for nothing more
 Than those same realms the fates assign'd before!
 'Tis yours, reply'd the monarch of the main,
 Yours to command in this our wat'ry reign;
 Since from the sacred ocean first you came,
 Since your deserts your confidence may claim;
 Oft for your son I bade the whirlwinds cease;
 I hush'd the roarings of the floods to peace;
 And Simois can attest and Xanthus' stream,
 By land my guardian care was still the same.
 When first Achilles, furious to destroy,
 Drove to their walls the trembling sons of Troy;
 Beneath his vengeful spear when thousands bled,
 When the chok'd rivers groan'd with loads of dead;
 When Xanthus' flood incumber'd with the slain,
 Scarce roll'd his struggling billows to the main;
 Your son oppos'd him, with unequal might
 And far inferior gods, in single fight:
 Instant I snatch'd him from the dreadful fray,
 And in a cloud convey'd the chief away.
 Ev'n then I sav'd the warrior, when with joy
 I wish'd and wrought the fall of perjurd Troy:
 And still will save him---he shall plough the sea,
 And to Avernus' port direct his way.
 On the wild floods shall only one be lost,
 One single wretch atone for all the host!

Thus when the god had sooth'd her anxious
 mind,

His finny courfers to the car he join'd;
 Next to their fiery mouths the bits apply'd,
 And, while the wheels along the level glide,
 He throws up all the reins, and skims the float-
 ing tide.

The flood subsides and spreads a glassy plain,
 And the loud chariot thunders o'er the main;
 The clouds before the mighty monarch fly
 In heaps, and scatter through the boundless sky:
 A thousand forms attend the glorious god,
 Enormous whales, and monsters of the flood:
 Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides;
 Here the swift Tritons shoot along the tides;
 There rode Palæmon o'er the wat'ry plain,
 With aged Phorcus, and his azure train;
 And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the
 main.

Æneas view'd the scene; and hence arose
 A beam of joy to dissipate his woes.
 Instant he gives command to stretch the sails,
 To rear the mast and catch the springing gales.
 Strait the glad train the spacious sheet unbind,
 And stretch the canvass to the driving wind.
 Old Palinurus first the navy guides;
 The rest obedient follow through the tides.
 Now half the night thro' heav'n had roll'd away,
 The sailors stretch'd along their benches lay,
 When through the parting vapour swiftly flies
 The god of slumbers from th' ethereal skies.
 To thee, poor Palinure, he came and shed
 A fatal sleep on thy devoted head!
 High on the stern his silent stand he took
 In Phorbas' shape; and thus the phantom spoke:
 Behold, the fleet, my friend, securely sails,
 Steer'd by the floods and wafted by the gales!
 Now steal a moment's rest; myself will guide
 A while the vessel o'er the floating tide.
 To whom the careful Palinure replies,
 While scarce he rais'd his heavy closing eyes:
 Me would'st thou urge in sleep to sink away,
 And fondly credit such a flattering sea?
 Too well, my friend, I know the treacherous main!
 Too well to tempt the monsters smiles again!
 Too oft deceiv'd by such a calm before,
 I trust my master to the winds no more.
 This said, he grasp'd the helm, and fix'd his eyes
 On every guiding star that gilds the skies.
 Then o'er his temples shook the wrathful god
 A branch, deep-drench'd in Lethe's silent flood.
 The potent charm in dews of slumber steep,
 And soon weigh down his swimming eyes to sleep.
 Scarce yet his languid limbs had sunk away,
 When o'er the wretch the god incumbent lay,
 And, with a shatter'd fragment of the ship,
 Bore down the helm and pilot to the deep;
 Headlong he tumbles in the flashing main,
 And calls for succour to his friends in vain,
 Swift from the stern the airy phantom flies,
 And with spread pinions mounts the golden skies;
 Yet smooth along the flood the navy rode,
 Safe in the promise of the wat'ry god,
 Now they approach'd the firen's dangerous coast,
 Once rough, and infamous for vessels lost:
 Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore;
 And, dash'd from rock to rock the billows roar,

The watchful prince th' endanger'd galley found,
Without a pilot strike on shoaly ground;
Himself then took the task, by night to guide
The wand'ring vessel o'er the rolling tide:

O dear lamented friend! (the hero cries,)
For faith repos'd on flattering seas and skies,
Cast on a foreign shore thy naked body lies!

B O O K VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell, describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

Thus while he wept; with flying sails and oars
The navy reach'd the fair Cumæan shores.
The circling anchors here the fleet detain,
All rang'd beside the margin of the main.
With eager transport fir'd, the Trojan band
Leap from the ships to gain th' Hesperian land.
Some strike from flints the sparkling seeds of flame,
Some storm the coverts of the savage game;
To feed the fires, unroot the standing woods,
And show with joy the new-discover'd floods.
To Phœbus' fane the hero past along,
And those dark caverns where the Sibyl sung.
There, as the god enlarg'd her soul, she fate,
And open'd all the deep decrees of fate.
The train with reverence enter, and behold
Chaste Trivia's grove, and temple roof'd with gold;
A structure rais'd by Dædalus, ('tis said)
When from the Cretan king's revenge he fled,
On wings to northern climes he dar'd to soar,
Through airy ways unknown to man before;
Full many a length of sky and ocean past,
On Cuma's sacred tow'rs he stoop'd at last.
Then hung to Phœbus in the strange abode,
The wings that steer'd him through the liquid }
road, } [god.
And rais'd the pompous pile in honour of the
The matchless artist, on the lofty gate,
Engrav'd Androgeos' memorable fate:
And here by lot sad Athens early paid
Sev'n hapless youths, to sooth his angry shade.
Here stood the fatal urn; and there with pride
Fair Crete rose tow'ring on the silver tide.
There too the father of the herds was seen,
Who quench'd the passion of the lustful queen;
Their birth, a man below, a beast above,
The mingled offspring of prepost'rous love!
There stood the winding pile, whose mazes run
Round within round, and end where they begun.
But when the pitying Dædalus survey'd
The hopeless passion of the * royal maid,
He led her Theseus through the puzzling ways,
Safe with a clue, and open'd every maze.
Thou too, poor Icarus! hadst borne a part,
Had grief not check'd thy parent in his art!
He thrice essay'd the mournful task in vain;
Thrice shook his hand, and drop'd the task again.
Thus had they gaz'd o'er all the costly frame,
When lo! Achates from the temple came;

* Ariadne:

With him Deiphobe of Phœbus' fane
The sacred priestess—who at once began:—
Hence—gaze no more; sev'n chosen sheep with
speed,
Sev'n steers, unconscious of the yoke, must bleed.
She spoke; the crowds obey; and to the fane
Sublime, she calls the wand'ring Trojan train.
Scoop'd through the rock, in mighty deep display'd,
Lies like the dark cavern of the Sibyl maid;
Through all the hundred portals rush abroad
Her sacred voice, and answers of the god.
Scarce at the cell arriv'd—invoke the skies,
I feel the god, the rushing god! she cries.
While yet she spoke, enlarg'd her features grew,
Her colour chang'd, her locks dishevel'd flew,
The heav'nly tumult reigns in ev'ry part,
Pants in her breast, and swells her rising heart:
Still spreading to the sight, the priestess glow'd,
And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent god.
Then to her inmost soul by Phœbus fir'd,
In more than human sounds she spoke inspir'd:
Still, dost thou still delay? thy voice employ
In ardent vows, illustrious prince of Troy!
Thy pray'rs, thy urgent pray'rs must wide display
These awful portals to the light of day.
She said; the Trojans shook with holy fear,
And thus the suppliant prince preferr'd his pray'r
Hear, Phœbus, gracious God! whose aid divine:
So oft has sav'd the wretched Trojan line,
And wing'd the shaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,
The shaft that laid the great Achilles low.
Led by thy guardian care, secure I past [waste;
Through many a realm, and rang'd the wat'ry
Trod the wild regions where the Syrtes lie,
And lands that stretch beneath a different sky.
At length the coast of Italy we gain,
The flying coast, so long pursu'd in vain.
Till now, to every realm our course we bent,
And Ilion's fate pursu'd us where we went.
Now all ye pow'rs, confederate to destroy
The glorious empire and the tow'rs of Troy,
'Tis time to bid your wrathful vengeance cease,
To bid her poor remains repose in peace.
And thou, great Sibyl! to whose piercing eye
Disclos'd the scenes of future ages lie;
Since all my cares and labours but explore
An empire promis'd by the fates before,
Give me to fix in Latium's fair abodes
The sons of Troy, and rest her wand'ring gods:

Then shall my hands a glorious temple frame
To mighty Dian, and her brother's name;
And solemn days to Phœbus I'll decree,
And in my realms shall temples rise to thee;
There all thy mystic numbers will I place,
With all the fortunes of the Trojan race.
By chosen sages guarded, there shall lie
The records, sacred from the vulgar eye.
Nor be my fates to flitting leaves consign'd,
To fly the common sport of every wind!
But thou, even thou, great prophets! relate
In vocal accents all my future fate.

Now raves the Sibyl in her cave, oppress'd
By Phœbus raging in her heaving breast;
She struggles to discharge the mighty load,
Maddens and bounds, impatient of the god:
Her foamy mouth attentive to control,
He forms her organs and commands her soul.
Then (all the hundred doors display'd to view)
Through every vent the sacred accents flew:

By sea, O prince! are all thy perils o'er,
But far, far greater wait thee on the shore.
Dismiss thy doubts; to Latium's destin'd plain
Troy's sons shall come, but wish to fly again.
Wars, horrid wars I see on Tyber's shore;
And all his waves run thick with human gore!
Scamander shalt thou find, and Simois there,
And Greece shall arm a second host for war.
A new Achilles rises to the fight;
Him too a pregnant goddess brings to light:
And heav'n's great queen, with unrelenting hate,
Still, as of old, pursues the Dardan state.
Once more the woes of Troy derive their cause
From a new breach of hospitable laws;
And she must bleed again as late she bled,
For a rap'd princess and a foreign bed.
How shalt thou rove, new succours to implore,
From every court along the Latian shore!
But thou, more bold, the more thy fates oppose,
Advance, great prince, superior to thy woes:
Thy first fair hopes of safety and success,
Beyond thy fondest wish, shall rise from Greece.

Thus spoke the Sibyl from her dark abode
The dread mysterious answers of the god;
The wond'rous truths involv'd in riddles, gave,
And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy cave.
Apollo shook his rod; possess her whole,
Pour'd in his fires, and rein'd her raging soul.
At length the fierce ethereal transport cease,
And all the heavenly fury sunk in peace.

When thus the chief---O sacred dame! I know
Too well already my predestin'd woe;
But grant my pray'r!--Since here, as Fame re-
lates

Lies the dread road to Pluto's gloomy gates:
Where baleful Acheron spreads, far and wide,
His livid, melancholy, murmuring tide;
Unfold these portals, and thy suppliant lead
Down to the dark dominions of the dead:
Give me to view my father's reverend face,
And rush with transport to his dear embrace!
Him through embattled armies I convey'd,
While javelins hiss'd, and flames around me play'd.
He shar'd my toils, determin'd to defy
The storms of every sea and every sky;
In hardships, cares and dangers to engage;
Nor spar'd his stooping venerable age.

Yet more---he bade me to thy cell repair,
And seek thy potent aid with suppliant pray'r:
Oh! hear our joint request, our just desire;
And guide the son, in pity to the fire.
Yours is the pow'r, for Hecatê bestow'd
On you the rule of this infernal wood.

If Orpheus by his lyre's enchanting strain
Could call his consort from the shades again;
If Pollux dy'd alternate, to convey
His ransom'd brother to the realms of day,
And trod so oft the same infernal way!

Why should I Theseus, why Alcides name,
Each hero sprung but from a mortal dame?
To hell those chiefs descended from above:
I claim a juster right; for I can prove
My birth from Venus; my descent from Jove.

Then to the Trojan hero, as he pray'd
And grasp'd the altars, spoke the sacred maid:

O glorious prince! of brave Anchises' line,
Great, godlike hero, sprung from seed divine!
Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade;
And hell's black gates for ever stand display'd:
But 'tis a long unconquerable pain,
To climb to these ethereal realms again.
The choice selected few, whom fav'ring Jove,
Or their own virtue rais'd to heav'n above,
From these dark realms emerg'd again to day;
The mighty sons of gods! and only they!
The frightful entrance lies perplex'd with woods,
Enclos'd with sad Cocytus' sullen floods.

But since you long to pass the realms beneath,
The dreadful realms of darkness and of death,
Twice the dire Stygian stream to measure o'er,
And twice the black Tartarean gulf explore:
First, take my counsel, then securely go,
A mighty tree, that bears a golden bough,
Grows in a vale, surrounded with a grove,
And sacred to the queen of Stygian Jove.
Her nether world no mortals can behold,
Till from the bole they strip the blooming gold.
The mighty queen requires this gift alone,
And claims the shining wonder for her own.
One pluck'd away, a second branch you see
Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree.
Go then; with care erect thy searching eyes,
And in proud triumph seize the glorious prize.
Thy purpos'd journey if the Fates allow,
Free to thy touch shall bend the costly bough:
If not; the tree will mortal strength disdain;
And steel shall hew the glitt'ring branch in vain.
Besides, while here my counsel you implore,
Your breathless friend, unburied on the shore,
(Ah! hapless warrior! in thy absence lost)
The camp unhallows, and pollutes the host.
First let his cold remains in earth be laid,
And decent in the grave dispose the dead.
The due lustration next perform, and bring
The fable victims for the Stygian king.
Then to the realms of hell shalt thou repair,
Untrod by those who breathe the vital air.

She ceas'd; the mournful prince returns with
sighs:

On earth the drooping hero fix'd his eyes.
Deep in his melancholy thoughts he weigh'd
The dire event, and all the Sibyl said;
While at his side the good Achaes shares
The warrior's anguish, and divides his cares,

Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapless friend
 Dead and expos'd, her dubious words intend,
 But when arriv'd, amid the crowded strand
 They saw Misenus stretch'd along the sand;
 The great Misenus, of celestial kind
 Sprung from the mighty monarch of the wind;
 Whose trump, with noble clangors, fir'd from far
 Th' embattled hosts, and blew the flames of war.
 By Hector's side with unresisted might
 His javelin rag'd; his trumpet rous'd the fight.
 But when that hero on the Phrygian plain
 By stern Pelides' thund'ring arm was slain,
 He follow'd next Æneas' conqu'ring sword,
 As brave a warrior as his former lord.
 But while the daring mortal o'er the flood
 Rais'd his high notes, and challeng'd every god,
 With envy Triton heard the noble strain,
 And whelm'd the bold musician in the main.
 Around the body stood the mournful host,
 By his great master wept, and suffer'd most.
 The sorrowing troops the Sibyl's words obey,
 And to the lofty forest bend their way,
 To bid the proud funereal pyre arise,
 And build the solemn structure to the skies.
 Then fled the savage from his dark abode;
 The well-ply'd axes echo through the wood.
 The piercing wedges cleave the crackling oak;
 Loud groan the trees and sink at every stroke.
 The tall ash tumbles from the mountain's crown;
 Th' aerial elms come crashing headlong down.
 First of the train, the prince, with thund'ring
 sound,
 Whirl'd his huge axe, and spread the ruin round.
 Then as the mighty forest he survey'd,
 O'erwhelm'd with care the thoughtful hero
 pray'd:
 Oh! in this ample grove could I behold
 The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!
 Since truth inspir'd each word the Sibyl said;
 Too truly she pronounc'd Misenus dead!
 While yet he spoke, two doves before him flew:
 His mother's birds the chief with transport
 knew;
 Then, as they settled on the verdant plain,
 The joyful hero pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
 Be you my guides through airy tracks above,
 And lead my footsteps to the fatal grove;
 Point out the road (if any can be found),
 Where the rich bough o'erspreads the sacred
 ground,
 With chequer'd darkness pierc'd by golden rays,
 And darts at once a shadow and a blaze:
 Thou too, O goddess mother! lead me on,
 Unfold these wonders, and relieve thy son.
 This said, he stopp'd; but still his eager sight
 Watch'd every motion, and observ'd their flight.
 By turns they feed, by turns they gently fly;
 Th' advancing chief still follows with his eye.
 Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the skies,
 Blue clouds of poison from Avernus rise,
 Swift from the deathful blast at once they spring,
 Cut the light air, and shoot upon the wing;
 Then on the wond'rous tree the doves alight,
 Where shines the fatal bough divinely bright,
 That, gilding all the leaves with glancing beams,
 Strikes through the sullen shade with golden
 gleams:

As when bleak winter binds the frozen skies,
 Push'd from the oak her foreign honours rise;
 The lofty trunk th' adopted branches crown,
 Grac'd with a yellow offspring not her own:
 So with bright beams, all beauteous to behold,
 Glow'd on the dusky tree the blooming gold;
 The blooming gold, by every breath inclin'd,
 Flam'd as it wav'd, and twinkled in the wind.
 The chief with transport stripp'd the branching
 And the rich trophy to the Sibyl bore. [ore,
 Next on the strand, with tears the Trojans paid
 The last sad honours to Misenus' shade:
 With cloven oaks and unctuous pines, they rear
 A stately solemn pile aloft in air.
 With fable wreaths they deck the sides around,
 The spreading front with baleful cypress bound,
 And with his arms the tow'ring structure
 crown'd.
 Some the huge cauldron fill; the foaming stream
 From the deep womb mounts bubbling o'er the
 brim.
 With groans the train anoint and bathe the
 dead,
 O'er the cold limbs his purple garment spread,
 And place him decent on the funeral bed;
 While these support the bier, and in their hands,
 With looks averted, hold the flaming brands:
 The rite of old!—rich incense loads the pyre,
 And oils and slaughter'd victims feed the fire.
 Soon as the pile, subsiding, flames no more,
 With wine the smoking heap they sprinkled o'er;
 Then Choringæus took the charge, to place
 The bones selected in a brazen vase:
 A verdant branch of olive in his hands,
 He mov'd around, and purify'd the bands;
 Slow as he pass'd, the lustral waters shed,
 Then clos'd the rites, and thrice invok'd the dead.
 This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,
 The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb;
 The tow'ring top his well-known ensigns bore,
 His arms, his once loud trump, and tapering oar:
 Beneath the mountain rose the mighty frame,
 That bears from age to age Misenus' name.
 These rites discharg'd: the Sibyl to obey,
 Swift from the tomb the hero bends his way.
 Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,
 All rough with rocks, and horrible to sight;
 Its dreadful mouth is fenc'd with sable floods,
 And the brown horrors of surrounding woods.
 From its black jaws such baleful vapours rise,
 Blot the bright day, and blast the golden skies,
 That not a bird can stretch her pinions there
 Through the thick poisons and incumber'd air,
 But struck by death her flagging pinions cease;
 And hence Aörnus was it call'd by Greece.
 Hither the priestess four black heifers led,
 Between their horns the hallow'd wine she shed;
 From their high front the topmost hairs she drew,
 And in the flames the first oblations threw.
 Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd
 In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.
 The victims next th' attendants kill'd, and stood
 With ample chargers, to receive the blood.
 To earth and night a lamb of sable hue,
 With solemn rites, the pious hero slew.
 Next by the knife a barren heifer fell
 To great Persephone the queen of hell,

Then to her lord; infernal Jove, he paid
A large oblation in the gloomy shade;
And oils amid the burning entrails pour'd,
While slaughter'd bulls the sacred flames de-
vour'd.

When lo! by dawning day, with dreadful sound,
Beneath their footsteps groans the heaving
ground;

The groves all wave; the forests tremble round.

Pale Hecate forsook the nether sky,

And howling dogs proclaim'd the goddess nigh.

Fly, ye profane! far, far away, remove

(Exclaims the Sybil) from the sacred grove:

And thou, Æneas, draw thy shining steel,

And boldly take the dreadful road to hell.

To the great task thy strength and courage call,

With all thy pow'rs; this instant claim them all.

This said; she plunges down the deep descent;

The prince as boldly follow'd where she went.

Ye subterraneous gods! whose awful sway

The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;

O Chaos hoar! and Phlegethon profound!

Whose solemn empire stretches wide around;

Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs, to tell

Of scenes, and wonders in the depths of hell;

Give me your mighty secrets to display

From those black realms of darkness to the day.

Now through the dismal gloom they pass, and
tread

Grim Pluto's courts, the regions of the dead;

As puzzled travellers bewilder'd move,

(The moon scarce glimmering through the dusky
grove)

When Jove from mortal eyes has snatch'd the light,
And wrapt the world in undistinguish'd night.

At hell's dread mouth a thousand monsters wait;

Grief sweeps, and vengeance bellows in the gate:

Base want, low fear, and famine's lawless rage,

And pale disease, and slow repining age,

Fierce formidable fiends! the portal keep;

With pain, toil, death, and death's half-brother
sleep.

There, joys, embitter'd with remorse appear;

Daughters of guilt! here storms destructive war.

Mad discord there her snaky tresses tore:

Here, stretch'd on iron beds, the furies roar.

Full in the midst a spreading elm display'd

His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade,

Each trembling leaf with some light vision teems,

And heavens impregnated with airy dreams.

With double forms each Scylla took her place

In hell's dark entrance, with the Centaur's race;

And, close by Lerna's hissing monster, stands

Briareus dreadful with an hundred hands.

There stern Geryon rag'd; and, all around,

Fierce Harpies scream'd, and direful Gorgons
frown'd:

Here from Chimæra's jaws long flames expire;

And the huge fiend was wrap'd in smoke and fire.

Scar'd at the sight, his sword the hero drew

At the grim monsters, as they rose to view.

His guide then warn'd him not to wage the war

With thin light forms, and images of air;

Else had he rush'd amid th' impassive train,

And madly struck at empty shades in vain.

From hence a dark uncomfortable road

Leads to dread Acheron's Tartarean flood,

Whose furious whirlpools boil on every side,

And in Cocytus pour the roaring tide

All stain'd with ooze, and black with rising sands,

Lord of the flood, imperious Charon stands;

But rough, begrimm'd, and dreadful he appear'd;

Rude and neglected hung his length of beard;

All patch'd and knotted flutters his attire;

His wrathful eyeballs glare with sanguine fire.

Though old, still unimpair'd by years he stood,

And hoary vigour blest the surly god.

Himself still ply'd the oars, the canvas spread,

And in his sable bark convey'd the dead.

Hither, a mighty crowd, a mingled host,

Confus'd, came pouring round the Stygian coast.

Men, matrons, boys and virgins, in the throng,

With mighty kings, and heroes march'd along;

And blooming youths before their mournful fires

Stretch'd out untimely on their funeral pyres;

Thick as the leaves come fluttering from above,

When cooler autumn strips the blasted grove:

Thick, as the feather'd flocks, in close array,

O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,

When from the rage of winter they repair

To warmer suns, and more indulgent air.

All stretch'd their suppliant hands, and all implore

The first kind passage to the farther shore.

Now these, now those, he singles from the host,

And some he drives all trembling from the coast.

The prince astonish'd at the tumult, cry'd,

Why crowd such mighty numbers to the tide?

Why are those favour'd ghosts transported o'er?

And these sad shades chas'd backward from the
shore?

The full of days, the Sybil thus replies;

Great prince, the true descendant of the skies!

You see Cocytus' stream; the Stygian floods,

Whose awful sanction binds th' attesting gods.

Those, who neglected on the strand remain,

Are all a wretched, poor, unbury'd train,

Charon is he, who o'er the flood presides;

And those interr'd, who cross the Stygian tides.

No mortals pass the hoarse-resounding wave,

But those who slumber in the peaceful grave.

Thus, till a hundred years have roll'd away,

Around these shores the plaintive spectres stray.

That mighty term expir'd, their wanderings past,

They reach the long expected shore at last.

Struck with their fate, his steps the hero stay'd,

And with soft pity all the crowd survey'd.

When lo! Leucaspis in the throng he spy'd;

And great Orontes, once the Lycian guide;

Sullen and sad; for fate's relentless doom

Deny'd the chiefs the honours of a tomb;

Whose galley, whirl'd by tempests round and
round,

Sunk, by a mighty surge devour'd and drown'd.

Now drew his pilot Palinurus nigh,

Who watching every star that gilds the sky,

While from the Libyan shores his course he keeps,

From the tall stern plung'd headlong down the
deeps.

Pensive his slow approach the spectre made,

When, as the prince had scarce his form survey'd

Through the thick gloom, he first address'd the
shade:

What godhead whelm'd my friend, our faithful
Beneath the roarings of the dreadful tide? [guide,

Tell me—for oh! I never would complain,
Till now, of Phœbus, nor believ'd in vain.
Once he foretold—(but ah! those hopes are lost)
That Palinure should reach th' Ausonian coast,
Safe from the giddy storm and rolling flood;
Is this, is this the promise of a god?

Nor Phœbus, he replies, foretold in vain,
Nor has a god o'erwhelm'd me in the main.
No—as I steer'd along the foamy sea,
Headlong I fell, and tore the helm away.
But by those fierce tumultuous floods I swear,
For my own life I never felt a fear,
For your's alone I trembled, lest the ship,
Left all at large and bounding o'er the deep,
Robb'd of her helm and long-experienc'd guide,
Should sink, o'erwhelm'd in such a furious tide.
For three long stormy nights sublime I rode,
Heav'd by the southern tempests o'er the flood;
At early dawn my eyes could just explore,
From a tall tow'ring surge, th' Italian shore.
Thus tir'd, the land I gain by slow degrees,
And 'scap'd at length the dangers of the seas;
But hopes of prey the savage natives led,
And, while I grasp'd the shaggy mountain's head,
(My cumb'rous vests yet heavy from the main,)
By barbarous hands thy helpless friend was slain.
And now by floating surges am I tost,
With every wind, and dash'd upon the coast.
But by the light of yon ethereal air,
By thy dead father, and surviving heir,
O prince! thy pity to a wretch extend;
And from these dismal realms enlarge thy friend.
Or to the Veline port direct thy way,
And in the ground my breathless body lay:
Or, if thy goddess-mother can disclose
Some means to fix a period to my woes,
(For sure uncall'd, unguided by the gods,
You durst not pass these dreadful Stygian floods)
Lend to a pining wretch thy friendly hand,
And waft him with thee to the farther strand!
Thus, in this dismal state of death at least
My wand'ring soul may lie compos'd in rest.

And how, reply'd the dame, could rise in man
A wish so impious, or a thought so vain!
Uncall'd, unbury'd, wouldst thou venture o'er,
And view th' infernal fiends who guard the shore?

Hope not to turn the course of fate by pray'r,
Or bend the gods inflexibly severe:
But bear thy doom content; while I disclose
A beam of comfort to relieve thy woes;
For know, the nations bord'ring on the floods,
Alarm'd by direful omens of the gods,
In full atonement of thy death shall rear
A mighty tomb, and annual offerings bear.
The place, from age to age renown'd by fame,
Still shall be known by Palinurus' name.
These words reliev'd his sorrows, and display'd
A dawn of joy to please the pensive shade.

Now they proceed; but soon the pilot spy'd
The strangers from the wood approach the tide.
Then to the godlike chief, in wrath he said,
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, in arms array'd,
Stand off; approach not; but at distance say,
Why to these waters dar'st thou bend thy way?
These are the realms of sleep, the dreadful coasts
Of sable night, and airy gliding ghosts.

No living mortals o'er the stream I lead;
Our bark is only sacred to the dead.
Know, I repent I led Pirithoüs o'er,
With mighty Theseus, to the farther shore;
The great Alcides past the Stygian floods;
Though these were heroes, and the sons of gods.
From Pluto's throne, this dragg'd in chains away
Hell's triple porter, trembling, to the day.
Those from his lofty dome aspir'd to lead
The beauteous partner of his royal bed.
To whom the sacred dame—how vain thy fear!
These arms intend no violence of war.
May the huge dog through all the Stygian coasts,
Roar from his den, and scare the flying ghosts;
Untouch'd and chaste, Persephoné may dwell,
And with grim Pluto share the throne of hell:
The Trojan prince, Æneas far around
For valour, arms, and piety renown'd,
Through these infernal realms decrees to go,
And meet his father in the shades below.
To bend thy mind, if such high virtue fail,
At least this glorious present must prevail;
(Then show'd the bough, that lay beneath her
vest.)

At once his rising wrath was hush'd to rest;
At once stood reconcil'd the ruthless god,
And bow'd with reverence to the golden rod;
Bow'd, and refus'd his office now no more;
But turns the sable vessel to the shore;
Drives from the deck the flitting airy train;
Then in the bark receiv'd the mighty man.
The feeble vessel groans beneath the load,
And drinks at many a leak th' infernal flood.
The dame and prince at last are wafted o'er
Safe to the slimy strand and oozy shore.
Arriv'd, they first grim Cerberus survey;
Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monster lay,
His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell,
And long, loud bellows, shook the realms of
hell:

Now o'er his neck the starting serpents rose,
When to the fiend the dame a morsel throws.
Honey, and drugs, and poppy juices steep
The temper'd mass with all the pow'rs of sleep.
With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies
The growling savage, and devours the prize;
Then, by the charm subdu'd, he sunk away;
And stretch'd all o'er the cave, the slumb'ring
monster lay.

The fiend thus lull'd, the hero took the road,
And left behind th' irremeable flood,
Now, as they enter'd doleful screams they hear;
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear.
Just new to life, by too severe a doom,
Snatch'd from the cradle to the silent tomb!
Next, mighty numbers crowd the verge of hell,
Who, by a partial charge and sentence fell.
Here, by a juster lot, their seats they took;
The fatal urn imperious Minos shook,
Convenes a council, bids the spectres plead,
Rehears the wretches, and absolves the dead.
Then crowds succeed, who, prodigal of breath,
Themselves anticipate the doom of death;
Tho' free from guilt they cast their lives away,
And sad and sullen hate the golden day.
Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear
Pain, toil and woe, to breathe the vital air!

In vain!—by fate forever are they bound
With dire Avernus, and the lake profound
And Styx with nine wide channels roars around,

Next open wide the melancholy plains,
Where lovers pine in everlasting pains;
Those soft consuming flames they felt alive,
Pursue the wretches, and in death survive. [play,
Here, where the myrtle groves their shades dis-
In cover'd walks they pass their hours away,
Evadne, Phædra, Procris he survey'd,
Pasiphaë next, and Laodamia's shade.
Stabb'd by her son, false Eriphylé there
Points to her wound, and lays her bosom bare:
Cæus, who try'd both sexes, trod the plain,
Now to a woman chang'd by fate again.
With these, fair Dido rang'd the silent wood,
New from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
The chief, advancing through the shady scene,
Scarce thro' the gloom discern'd the sullen queen:
So the pale moon scarce glimmers to the eye,
When first she rises in a clouded sky.

He wept, and thus address'd her in the grove,
With all the melting tenderness of love:

Then was it true, that by revengeful steel,
Stung with despair, unhappy Dido fell?
And I, was I the cause of that despair?
Yet oh! I vow by every golden star;
By all the pow'rs the ethereal regions know,
By all the pow'rs that rule the world below,
I left your realm reluctant; o'er the floods
Call'd by the fates, and summon'd by the gods;
Th' immortal gods;—by whose commands I come
From yon bright realms to this eternal gloom:
Condemn'd the wasteful deep of night to tread,
And pass these doleful regions of the dead.
Ah! could I think, when urg'd by heav'n to go,
My flight would plunge you in the depth of woe!
Stay, Dido, stay, and see from whom you fly?
'Tis from your fond repentant lover's eye.

Turn then one moment, and my vows believe,
The last, last moment fate will ever give!

Nought to these tender words the fair replies,
But fixt on earth her unrelenting eyes,
The chief still weeping: with a sullen mien,
In steadfast silence, frown'd th' obdurate queen.
Fixt as a rock amidst the roaring main,
She hears him sigh, implore, and plead in vain.
Then, where the woods their thickest shades dis-
From his detested sight she shoots away; [play,
There from her dear Sichæus in the grove, [love.
Found all her cares repaid, and love return'd for
Touch'd with her woes, the prince with stream-
ing eyes

And floods of tears, pursues her as she flies.

Hence he proceeds; and last the fields appear,
Where stalk'd the proud heroic sons of war,
Tydeus and pale Adrastus rose to fight,
With * Atalanta's son renown'd in fight.
Here, a long crowd of chiefs the prince beheld,
Who fell lamented in the glorious field,
His Trojan friends;—with sighs he view'd the
Three valiant sons of sage Antenor slain: [train;
Here brave Therfilocus and Glaucus stood,
Medon and Polycetes bath'd in blood.
Idæus there still glories in alarms,
Vaults on his car, and wields his shining arms.

* Parthenopæus.

Eager to view the chief, on either hand,
Rank behind rank, the eager warriors stand:
All in their turn retard the prince, to know
What urg'd his journey to the shades below.
Not so the kings of Greece---appall'd, dismay'd,
The hostile chiefs the godlike man survey'd }
In arms that glitter'd through the dusky shade.
Some turn'd and fled, astonish'd at the view,
As when before him to their fleets they flew,
Some rais'd a cry; the fluttering accents hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the trembling tongue.
Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found;
The mangled youth was one continued wound.
For now his face, his beauteous face appears
Gash'd, and dishonour'd with a thousand scars.
His hands, ears, nostrils, hideous to survey!
The stern insulting foes had lopp'd away;
Trembling he stood, industrious to conceal
The bloody traces of the ruthless steel.
Soon as the prince discern'd him, he began,
And thus deplor'd the miserable man:
O brave Deiphobus! O chief divine!
Sprung from majestic Teucer's martial line:
What fierce barbarian hands could thus disgrace
Thy manly figure, and thy beauteous face?
In that last night, when Ilion sunk in flame,
I heard, brave warrior! from the voice of fame,
You fell on heaps of foes, with slaughter tir'd,
And on the glorious purple pile expir'd.
With care I rais'd on our Rhodæan coast
A vacant tomb, and hail'd thy mighty ghost:
Thy name and arms adorn the place around;
And, had thy mangled bleeding corse been found, }
Thy relics had repos'd in Trojan ground.

My friend (replies the chief) has duly paid
All funeral honours to my pensive shade;
But these dire woes from fatal Helen came;
These are the triumphs of the Spartan dame!
For well, too well you know, in what delight
We fondly spent our last destructive night:
When the vast monster big with Ilion's doom,
Tower'd through the town, an army in its womb;
In solemn show she bade the dames advance,
And in dissembled orgies led the dance;
A flaming torch she brandish'd in her hand;
Then from the tow'r invites the Grecian band;
While, worn with labours I repos'd my head
(Ah wretch ill-fated!) on our bridal bed.
My heavy lids the dews of slumber steep,
Lull'd in a soft, profound, and death-like sleep.
Then from beneath my head, as tir'd I lay,
My loyal bride conveys my sword away,
Removes my arms, unfolds the door, and calls
Her Spartan lord within my palace walls;
Betrays her last, to please her former spouse,
And cancel all the guilt of broken vows!
Fierce they broke in, by dire Ulysses led,
And basely slew me in the bridal bed.
Hear my just pray'rs, ye gods!—to Greece re-
pay

A fate like mine; give all your vengeance way!
But thee, O prince, what wond'rous fortune led
Alive, to these dominions of the dead?
Say, did the will and counsel of the gods,
Or the rude tempests and tumultuous floods,
Compel thy course from yon ethereal light,
To these dark realms of everlasting night?

Meantime the swift-wing'd courfers of the sun
Through heav'n full half their fiery race had run;
And all th' appointed hours in talk had past,
But thus the priestess warn'd the chief at last:
Lo! night advances, prince!—we waste away
In idle sorrows the remains of day.

See—in two ample roads, the way divides;
The right, direct, our destin'd journey guides,
By Pluto's palace, to th' Elysian plains;
The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains,
Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains.
Dismiss thy wrath, replies the pensive shade,
But one word more—I then rejoin the dead:
Go—mighty prince, the promis'd throne ascend;
Go—but with better fortune than thy friend!
With these last accents, to the warrior host
Retires the trembling, melancholy ghost.

Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,
Where lofty walls with triple ramparts rise.
There rolls swift Phlegethon, with thund'ring
sound,

His broken rocks, and whirls his surges round.
On mighty columns rais'd sublime are hung
The massy gates, impenetrably strong.
In vain would men, in vain would gods essay,
To hew the beams of adamant away.
Here rose an iron tow'r: before the gate,
By night and day, a wakeful fury sate,
The pale Tisiphone; a robe she wore,
With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.
Here the loud scourge and louder voice of pain,
The crashing fetter, and the rattling chain,
Strike the great hero with the frightful sound,
The hoarse, rough, mingled din, that thunders
round:

Oh! whence that peal of groans? what pains are
those?

What crimes could merit such stupendous woes?

Thus she—Brave guardian of the Trojan state,
None that are pure must pass that dreadful gate.
When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,
I learnt the secrets of those dire abodes,
With all the tortures of the vengeful gods.
Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful reign,
Hears and condemns the trembling impious train.
Those hidden crimes the wretch till death suppress,
With mingled joy and horror in his breast,
The stern dread judge commands him to display;
And lays the guilty secrets bare to day.
Her lash Tisiphone that moment shakes;
The ghost she scourges with a thousand snakes;
Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,
Calls her dire sisters from the gulfs of hell.
Now the loud portals from their hinges flew,
And all the dreadful scene appears in view.
Behold without what direful monster waits
(Tremendous form!) to guard the gloomy gates!
Within, her bulk more dreadful hydra spreads,
And hissing rears her fifty tow'ring heads.
Full twice as deep, the dungeon of the fiends,
The huge, Tartarean, gloomy gulf descends
Below these regions, as these regions lie
From the bright realms of yon' ethereal sky.
Here roar the Titan race, th' enormous birth;
The ancient offspring of the teeming earth.
Pierc'd by the burning bolts, of old they fell,
And still roll bellowing in the depths of hell.

Here lie th' Alein twins, in length display'd;
Stretch'd as they lie, the giants I survey'd,
Who warr'd to drive the thunderer from above;
And storm'd the skies, and shook the throne of
Jove.

The proud Salmoneus, wrapt in chains below,
Raves in eternal agonies of woe;
Who mock'd with empty sounds and mimic rays,
Heav'n's awful thunder and the lightning's blaze;
Th' audacious wretch through Elis tower'd in air,
Whirl'd by four courfers in his rattling car;
A blazing torch he shook; o'er crowds he rode;
And madly claim'd the glories of a god.
O'er hollow vaults he lash'd the steeds along,
And, as they flew, the brazen arches rung.
Vain fool! to mock the bolts of heav'n above,
And those inimitable flames of Jove!
But from the clouds, th' avenging father aims
Far other bolts and undissembled flames:
Dash'd from his car, the mimic thunderer fell,
And in a fiery whirlwind plung'd to hell.

There too th' enormous Tityus I beheld,
Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er th' infer-
nal field;

He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,
While with fierce screams a vulture tore away
His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking
prey;

Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in
vain,
For still the fruitful fibres spring again,
Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain,
She dwells for ever in his roomy breast,
Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest;
But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immor-
tal feast.

Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
Ixion's torments, or Pirithous fate?
On high a tottering rocky fragment spreads,
Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.
Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes
In regal pomp successive banquets rise,
While lucid columns, glorious to behold,
Support th' imperial canopies of gold.
The queen of Furies, a tremendous guest,
Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,
Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,
Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears.
They that on earth had base pursuits in view,
Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,
And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their
store,

But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor:
Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled;
Or perish'd in the foul adulterous bed;
Or broke the ties of faith with dark deceit;
Imprison'd deep, their destin'd torments wait.
But what their torments, seek not thou to know,
Or the dire sentence of their endless woe.
Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,
Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;
There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire.
There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe,
And roars incessant through the shades below;
Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,
These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.

This wretch his country to a tyrant fold,
 And barter'd glorious liberty for gold,
 Laws for a bribe he past, but past in vain,
 For the same laws a bribe repeal'd again.
 This wretch by hot preposterous lust was led,
 To climb and violate his daughter's bed.
 To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd;
 All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd!
 Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 A voice of brass, and adamantine lungs,
 Not half the mighty scene could I disclose,
 Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes!

Thus spoke the priestess of the god of day;
 And, haste, she cry'd; to hell's great empress pay }
 The destin'd present, and pursue thy way.
 For lo! the high Cyclopean walls are near,
 And in full view the massy gates appear.
 On these the gods enjoin thee to bestow
 The sacred offering of the golden bough.
 This said, they journey'd through the solemn gloom,
 And reach'd at length the proud imperial dome:
 With eager speed his course the hero bore, }
 With living streams his body sprinkled o'er,
 And fixt the glittering present on the door.

These rites complete, they reach the flowery plains,

The verdant groves where endless pleasure reigns.
 Here glowing Æther shoots a purple ray,
 And o'er the region pours a double day.
 From sky to sky th' unweary'd splendor runs,
 And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.
 Some wrestle on the sands; and some, in play
 And games heroic, pass the hours away.
 Those raise the song divine, and these advance
 In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance.
 There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
 In seven divisions strikes the sounding lyre;
 Across the chords the quivering quill he flings,
 Or with his flying fingers sweeps the strings.
 Here Teucer's ancient race the prince surveys,
 The race of heroes born in happier days:
 Ilus, Assaracus in arms rever'd,
 And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd:
 Before him stalk'd the tall majestic train,
 And pitch'd their idle lances on the plain.
 Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;
 The steeds unharnes'd graz'd the flowery field.
 Those pleasing cares the heroes felt, alive,
 For chariots, steeds, and arms, in death survive.
 Some on the verdant plains were stretch'd along;
 Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung:
 Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,
 And joyful feasted in the fragrant shade.
 Here, glittering through the trees, his eyes sur-
 vey

The streams of Po descending from the day.
 Here a blest train advance along the meads,
 And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads:
 Patriots who perish'd for their country's right,
 Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight:
 There, holy priests, and sacred poets stood,
 Who sung with all the raptures of a god:
 Worthies, who life by useful arts refin'd,
 With those, who leave a deathless name behind, }
 Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind!
 This shining band the priestess thus address'd,
 But chief Mæneus, tow'ring o'er the rest;

So high the poet's lofty stature spreads
 Above the train, and overtops their heads!
 Say, happy souls! and thou, blest poet, say,
 Where dwells Anchises, and direct our way?
 For him we took the dire infernal road,
 And stem'd huge Acheron's tremendous flood.
 To whom the bard---Unsettled we remove,
 As pleasure calls from verdant grove to grove;
 Stretch'd on the flowery meads, at ease we lie,
 And hear the silver rills run bubbling by.
 Come then, ascend this point, and hence survey
 By yon descent an open easy way.
 He spoke, then stalk'd before; and from the brow
 Points out the fair enamell'd fields below.
 They leave the proud aerial height again,
 And pleas'd bend downward to the blissful plain.

Anchises there, the hero's fire divine,
 Deep in the vale had rang'd his glorious line;
 Rank behind rank, his joyful eyes survey
 The chiefs in bright succession rise to day.
 He counts th' illustrious race with studious cares,
 Their deeds, their fates, their victories and wars.
 Soon as his lov'd Æneas he beheld,
 His dear, dear son, advancing o'er the field;
 Eager he stretch'd his longing arms, and shed
 A stream of tears, and thus with transport said:
 Then has thy long-try'd pious love surpass'd
 The dreadful road, to meet thy fire at last?
 Oh! is it given to see, nor see alone,
 But hear, and answer to my godlike son?
 This I presag'd, indeed, as late I ran
 O'er times and seasons; or presag'd in vain.
 From what strange lands, what stormy seas and
 skies

Returns my son, to bless my longing eyes?
 How did my anxious mind your danger move.
 Then, when in Carthage you indulg'd your love!
 Your shade, the prince replies, your angry shade,
 In many a frightful vision I survey'd:
 By your behest I came to these abodes;
 My fleet lies anchor'd in the Tuscan floods:
 Give me, O father! give thy hand, nor shun
 The dear embraces of a dutious son.
 While yet he spoke, the tender sorrows rise,
 And the big drops run trickling from his eyes.
 Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw;
 Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew,
 Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
 Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.
 Meantime the hero saw, with wondering eyes,
 Deep in a vale a waving forest rise:
 Through those sequester'd scenes slow Lethe glides,
 And in low murmurs lulls her slumbering tides;
 Unnumber'd ghosts around the waters throng,
 And o'er the brink the airy nations hung.
 So to the meads in glowing summer pour
 The clustering bees, and rise ev'ry flow'r:
 O'er the sweet lilies hang the busy swarms;
 The fields remurmur to the deep alarms.
 Struck with the sight, the prince astonish'd stood;
 Oh! say, why throng such numbers to the flood?
 Or what the nature of the wondrous tide,
 And who the crowds?---To whom the fire reply'd:
 To all those souls who round the river wait,
 New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.
 To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,
 And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.

How have I wish'd before thee to display
 These my descendants, ere they rise to day!
 Thus shalt thou Latium find with double joy,
 Since fate has fixt th' eternal throne of Troy.—
 O father! say, can heavenly souls repair
 Once more to earth, and breathe the vital air?
 What!—can they covet their corporeal chain?
 Gods!—can the wretches long for life again!—
 Attend, he cry'd, while I unfold the whole,
 And clear these wonders that amaze thy soul.
 Then the great fire the scheme before him lays,
 And thus each awful secret he displays:

Know first, a spirit, with an active flame,
 Fills, feeds and animates this mighty frame;
 Runs through the wat'ry worlds, the fields of
 air, [there
 The pond'rous earth, the depths of heav'n; and
 Glows in the sun and moon, and burns in every
 star.

Thus, mingling with the mass, the general soul
 Lives in the parts, and agitates the whole.
 From that celestial energy began
 The low-brow'd brute; th' imperial race of man;
 The painted birds who wing th' aerial plain,
 And all the mighty monsters of the main.
 Their souls at first from high Olympus came;
 And, if not blunted by the mortal frame,
 Th' ethereal fires would ever burn the same! }
 But while on earth; by earth-born passions tost,
 The heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost;
 Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,
 From those dark dungeons to their native sky.
 Ev'n when those bodies are to death resign'd,
 Some old inherent spots are left behind;
 A sully'ing tincture of corporeal stains
 Deep in the substance of the soul remains.
 Thus are her splendors dimm'd, and crust'd o'er
 With those dark vices, that she knew before.
 For this the souls a various penance pay,
 To purge the taint of former crimes away:
 Some in the sweeping breezes are refin'd,
 And hung on high to whiten in the wind;
 Some cleanse their stains beneath the gushing
 streams,
 And some rise glorious from the searching flames.
 Thus all must suffer; and, those sufferings past,
 The clouded minds are purify'd at last.
 But when the circling seasons as they roll,
 Have cleans'd the dross long-gather'd round the
 soul;

When the celestial fire divinely bright,
 Breaks forth victorious in her native light;
 Then we, the chosen few, Elysium gain,
 And here expatiate on the blissful plain.
 Both those thin airy throngs thy eyes behold,
 When o'er their heads a thousand years have roll'd,
 In mighty crowds to yon Lethæan flood
 Swarm at the potent summons of the god;
 There deep the draught of dark oblivion drain; }
 Then they desire new bodies to obtain,
 And visit heav'n's ethereal realms again.
 This said, the fire conducts their steps along
 Through the loud tumult of th' aerial throng;
 Then climb'd a point, and every face descri'd,
 As the huge train prest forward to the tide:

Now hear, while I display our race divine,
 And the long glories of our Dardan line,

The noble Roman heroes, who shall rise
 From Trojan blood, successive, to the skies.
 This mighty scene of wonders I relate,
 And open all thy glorious future fate.
 First then behold yon blooming youth appear,
 That hero leaning on his shining spear!
 This thy last son, thy hoary age shall grace,
 Thy first brave offspring of the Latian race;
 From fair Lavinia in the groves he springs,
 A king, and father of a race of kings;
 Sylvius his name; proud Alba shall he sway
 And to his sons th' imperial pow'r convey.
 See! where the youth, already wing'd to rise,
 Stands on the verge of life, and claims the skies.
 Procas the next behold, a chief divine,
 Procas the glory of the Trojan line;
 Capys and Numitor there pant for fame;
 There a new * Sylvius bears thy mighty name;
 Like thee, just, great and good, for valour known,
 The chief shall mount th' imperial Alban throne.
 What strength each youth displays? but who are
 those

With Civic crowns around their manly brows?
 By those shall Gabii and Nomentum rise,
 And proud Collatian tow'rs invade the skies.
 Then Faunus' town with turrets shall be crown'd,
 And fair Fidena stretch her ramparts round.
 Then Bola too shall rise, of mighty fame;
 Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name!
 Bright Ila, sprung from Trojan blood, shall bear
 Yon glorious hero to the god of war:
 Behold great Romulus, her victor son;
 Whose sword restores his grandfire to the throne.
 Lo! from his helmet what a glory plays!
 And Jove's own splendors round his temples blaze.
 From this brave prince, majestic Rome shall rise;
 The boundless earth, her empire shall comprise; }
 Her fame and valour tow'r above the skies!
 Seven ample hills th' imperial city grace,
 Who nobly glories in her martial race;
 Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high;
 Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,
 When through the Phrygian towns, sublime in air,
 She rides triumphant in her golden car,
 Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs;
 And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,
 A shining train, who fill the blest abode,
 A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god!
 Turn, turn thine eyes! see here thy race divine,
 Behold thy own imperial Roman line:
 Cæsar, with all the Julian name survey;
 See where the glorious ranks ascend to day!—
 This—this is he!—the chief so long foretold }
 To bless the land where Saturn rul'd of old,
 And give the Lernean realms a second age of
 gold!

The promis'd prince, Augustus the divine,
 Of Cæsar's race, and Jove's immortal line!
 This mighty chief his empire shall extend
 O'er Indian realms, to earth's remotest end.
 The hero's rapid victories out-run [the sun!
 The year's whole course, the stars, and journeys of
 Where, high in air, huge Atlas' shoulders rise,
 Support th' ethereal lights, and prop the rolling skies!
 He comes!—he comes!—proclaim'd by every god!
 Nile hears the shout, and shakes in every flood.

* Sylvius Æneas.

O o

Proud Asia flies before his dire alarms,
 And distant nations tremble at his arms.
 So many realms not great Alcides past,
 Not, when the brazen-footed hind he chas'd,
 O'er Erymanthus' steeps the boar pursu'd;
 Or drew the huge Lernean monster's blood.
 Nor Bacchus such a length of regions knew,
 When on his car the god in triumph flew,
 And shook the reins, and urg'd the fiery wheels,
 Whirl'd by swift tygers down the Indian hills.---
 And doubt we yet, by virtuous deeds to rise,
 When fame, when empire is the certain prize?
 Rise, rise, my son; thy Latian foes o'ercome!
 Rise, the great founder of majestic Rome!

But who that chief, who crown'd with olive
 stands,
 And holds the sacred relics in his hands?
 I know the pious Roman king from far,
 The silver beard, and venerable hair;
 Call'd from his little barren field away,
 To pomp of empire and the regal sway.
 Tullus the next succeeds, whose loud alarms
 Shall rouse the slumb'ring sons of Rome to arms.
 Inspir'd by him, the soft-unwarlike train
 Repeat their former triumphs o'er again.
 Lo Ancas there!--the giddy crowd he draws,
 And swells too much with popular applause.
 Now would'st thou Tarquin's haughty race be-
 hold,

Or fierce avenging Brutus, brave and bold?
 See the stern chief stalk awful o'er the plain,
 The glorious chief, who breaks the tyrant's chain:
 He to his axe shall proud rebellion doom,
 The first great consul of his rescu'd Rome!
 His sons (who arm, the Tarquins to maintain,
 And fix oppression in the throne again)
 He nobly yields to justice, in the cause
 Of sacred freedom and insulted laws.
 Though harsh th' unhappy father may appear,
 The judge compels the fire to be severe;
 And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move,
 To sink the private in the public love.

Like him, Torquatus, for stern justice known,
 Dooms to the axe his brave victorious son.
 Behold the Drusi prodigal of blood!
 The Decii dying for their country's good!
 Behold Camillus there; that chief shall come
 With four proud triumphs to imperial Rome.
 Lo! in bright arms two spirits rise to fight!
 How strict their friendship in the realms of night!
 How fierce their discord when they spring to
 light!

How furious in the field will both appear!
 With what dire slaughter! what a waste of war!
 Impetuous to the fight the father pours
 From the steep Alps, and tall Ligurian tow'rs.
 The son, with servile monarchs in his train,
 Leads the whole eastern world, and spreads the
 plain.

Oh! check your wrath, my sons; the nations spare;
 And save your country from the woes of war;
 Nor in her sacred breast, with rage abhorr'd,
 So fiercely plunge her own victorious sword!
 And thou, be thou the first; thy arms resign,
 Thou, my great son of Jove's celestial line!--
 You chief shall vanquish all the Grecian pow'rs,
 And lay in dust the proud Corinthian tow'rs,

Drive to the capitol his gilded car,
 And grace the triumph with the spoils of war.
 That chief shall stretch fair Argos on the plain,
 And the proud seat of Agamemnon's reign,
 O'ercome th' Æacian king, of race divine,
 Sprung from the great Achilles' glorious line;
 Avenge Minerva's violated fane,
 And the great spirits of thy fathers slain.
 What tongue, just Cato, can thy praise forbear!
 Or each brave Scipio's noble deeds declare,
 Afric's dread foes; two thunderbolts of war!
 Who can the bold Fabricius' worth repeat,
 In pride of poverty, divinely great;
 Call'd by his bleeding country's voice to come
 From the rude plough, and rule imperial Rome!
 Tir'd as I am the glorious roll to trace,
 Where am I snatch'd by the long Fabian race!
 See where the patriot shines, whose prudent care
 Preserves his country by protracted war!--
 The subject nations, with a happier grace,
 From the rude stone mull the mimic face,
 Or with new life inform the breathing brass:
 Shine at the bar, describe the stars on high,
 The motions, laws, and regions of the sky:
 Be this your nobler praise in times to come,
 These your imperial arts, ye sons of Rome!
 O'er distant realms to stretch your awful sway,
 To bid those nations tremble and obey;
 To crush the proud, the suppliant foe to rear,
 To give mankind a peace, or shake the world with
 war.

He said---awhile their ravish'd eyes admire
 The wond'rous scenes:---when thus proceeds the
 fire:

See! where Marcellus tow'rs above the train,
 And bears the regal trophies from the plain.
 Endanger'd Rome shall bless his guardian care,
 And stand unshaken in a storm of war.
 Carthage and Gaul the hero's might shall prove,
 The third who hangs th' imperial spoils to Jove.
 With him the Trojan prince a youth beheld
 In shining arms advancing o'er the field;
 A beauteous form; but clouds his front surround,
 And his dim eyes were fixt upon the ground.
 Say, who that youth (he cries) o'ercast with grief;
 The youth who follows that victorious chief?
 His son? or one of his illustrious line?
 What numbers shout around the form divine?
 His port how noble! how august his fame!
 How like the former! and how near the same!
 But gloomy shades his pensive brows o'erspread,
 And a dark cloud involves his beauteous head.
 Seek not, my son, replies the fire, to know
 (And, as he spoke, the gushing sorrows flow)
 What woes the gods to thy descendants doom,
 What endless grief to every son of Rome!
 This youth on earth the fates but just display,
 And soon, too soon, they snatch the gift away!
 Had Rome for ever held the glorious prize,
 Her bliss had rais'd the envy of the skies!
 Oh! from the martial field what cries shall come!
 What groans shall echo through the streets of
 Rome!

How shall old Tyber, from his oozy bed,
 In that sad moment rear his reverend head,
 The length'ning pomp and funeral to survey, [way!
 When by the mighty tomb he takes his mournful

A youth of nobler hopes shall never rise,
 Nor glad like him the Latian fathers eyes:
 And Rome, proud Rome shall boast, she never bore,
 From age to age, so brave a son before!
 Honour and fame, alas! and ancient truth,
 Revive and die with that illustrious youth!
 In vain embattled troops his arms oppose:
 In every field he tames his country's foes,
 Whether on foot he marches in his might,
 Or spurs his fiery courser to the fight.
 Poor pitied youth! the glory of the state!
 Oh! could'st thou shun the dreadful stroke of fate,
 Rome should in thee behold, with ravish'd eyes,
 Her pride, her darling, her Marcellus rise!
 Bring fragrant flow'rs, the whitest lilies bring,
 With all the purple beauties of the spring;
 These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow—
 On the dear youth, to please his shade below—
 Thus, while the wond'rous scenes employ their
 fight,
 They rove with pleasure in the fields of light.

When the great fire had taught his son the
 whole,
 And with the Roman glories fir'd his soul;
 Next to the list'ning hero he declares
 His toils in Latium, and successive wars;
 Gives him their nations and their towns to know,
 And how to shun, or suffer every woe.
 Two gates the silent courts of sleep adorn,
 That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn.
 Through this, true visions take their airy way,
 Through that, false phantoms mount the realms of
 day.
 Then to the ivory gate he led them on,
 And there dismiss'd the Sibyl and his son.
 Now the great chief, returning to the main,
 Reviews his fleet, and glads his friends again.
 Then, steering by the strand, he ploughs the sea,
 And to Cajeta's port directs his way:
 There all the fleet the crooked anchors moor;
 And the tall ships stood rang'd along the shore.

B O O K VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, who is in love with her, being favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made; and engages in his quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many others of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly recited.

You too, Cajeta, whose indulgent cares
 Nurs'd the great chief, and form'd his tender
 Expiring here (an ever honour'd name!) [years,
 Adorn Hesperia with immortal fame:
 Thy name survives to please thy pensive ghost;
 Thy sacred relics grace the Latian coast.

Soon as her funeral rites the prince had paid,
 And rais'd a tomb in honour of the dead;
 (The sea subsiding, and the tempests o'er)
 He spreads the flying sails, and leaves the shore.
 When, at the close of night, soft breezes rise,
 The moon in milder glory mounts the skies:
 Safe in her friendly light the navy glides;
 The silver splendors trembling o'er the tides.
 Now by rich Circe's coast they bend their way,
 (Circe, fair daughter of the god of day;)
 A dangerous shore: the echoing forests rung,
 While at the loom the beauteous goddess sang:
 Bright cedar brands supply her father's rays,
 Perfume the dome, and round the palace blaze.
 Here wolves with howlings scare the naval train,
 And lions roar reluctant to the chain.
 Here growling bears and swine their ears affright,
 And break the solemn silence of the night.
 These once were men; but Circe's charms confine,
 In brutal shapes, the human forms divine.
 But Neptune, to secure the pious host
 From these dire monsters, this enchanted coast,
 A friendly breeze to every sail supplies;
 And o'er the deeps the rapid navy flies.

Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,
 And ocean reddens with the rising morn;
 The winds lie hush'd; the swelling surge subsides;
 And with their bending oars they labour through
 the tides.

From hence the hero view'd a range of woods;
 Through the dark scene roll Tyber's glittering
 floods;
 With circling whirlpools urge their winding way,
 And lead their yellow waters to the sea.
 The painted birds, that haunt the golden tide,
 And flutter round the banks on every side,
 Along the groves in pleasing triumph play,
 And with soft music hail the dawning day,
 Smooth o'er the shaded floods, at his command,
 The painted gallies glide, and reach the land.

Now goddess! aid thy poet, while he sings
 The state of Latium, and her ancient kings;
 Her dark confusions from their birth explores,
 When first the Trojans reach'd th' Hesperian
 Thou, thou, great Erato! my soul inspire, [shores
 To sing each furious fight with equal fire.
 A mightier work, a nobler scene appears;
 A long, long series of destructive wars!
 Kings against kings engag'd in dire alarms!
 And all Hesperia rous'd to all the rage of arms!
 Latinus o'er the realm the sway maintain'd;
 And long in peace the hoary prince had reign'd;
 From Faunus and a fair Laurentian dame,
 A lovely nymph, the mighty monarch came.

From Picus, Faunus drew his birth divine;
From Saturn he, great author of the line. [son.
Fate from this king had snatch'd each blooming
And one bright daughter heir'd the imperial
throne.

Fir'd by her matchless charms, the youths repair
From all the realms around, to court the fair;
Bold Turnus too the royal maid address'd,
Whose birth and beauty far surpass the rest.
The Latian queen, to gain so brave a son,
Had made the blooming hero's cause her own,
Vain was her aim, for every power divine
Withstood the match, with many a dreadful sign.

Amid the court a laurel rose in air,
Preserv'd for ages with religious care;
This venerable plant Latinus found,
When first his town with rising tow'rs he crown'd;
(Which thence deriv'd her name, as records say;)
Then made it sacred to the god of day.
It chanc'd, a cloud of bees in gathering swarms
Swept through the skies, with murmuring hoarse
alarms;

Pour'd in, and (settling on the topmost bough)
Stretch'd down, dependent deep in air below:
In one black lengthening chain together clung,
Feet clasp'd in feet, the clustering nations hung.
On this exclaims an augur---I explore
A foreign confort from a distant shore;
From yon same point a stranger host shall come;
And here their prince shall reign in this imperial
dome.

Yet more; while chaste Lavinia, at the shrine,
Burns od'rous incense to the powers divine;
As by her father stood the royal fair,
The fires flew round, and caught her waving hair:
O'er all her rich embroider'd garments roll'd
The wanton flame, and crept through every fold;
Then, crackling, through her crown victorious
The gems run melting in the golden blaze: [plays;
Around the fair the dancing glories stray'd,
And lambent fires involv'd the lovely maid;
Then from her beauteous head enlarging grew,
Wide and more wide, and round the palace flew.
From this strange sign, portentous to behold,
Th' astonish'd seer surprising truths foretold,
That bright with fame should shine the glorious
fair,

But through the nations spread the flames of war.

Meantime the king, astonish'd at the sign,
Hastés to consult his prescient † fire divine.
In dark Albunea's shades, supreme of woods!
Where from her fountains boil sulphureous floods;
Thick from her streams the clouds of poison rise,
And, charg'd with heavy vapours, load the skies.
Here, in distress, th' Italian nations come, [doom.
Anxious, to clear their doubts, and learn their
First, on the fleeces of the slaughter'd sheep,
By night the sacred priest dissolves in sleep:
When, in a train, before his slumbering eye,
Thin, airy forms, and wond'rous visions fly.
He calls the pow'rs, who guard th' infernal floods;
And talks, inspir'd, familiar with the gods.
To this dread oracle the prince withdrew,
And first a hundred sheep the monarch slew;
Then on their fleeces lay; and from the wood
He heard distinct these accents of the god:

† Faunus:

Seek not a native prince, my son, nor wed
Thy royal daughter to a Latian bed.
A foreign chief appears, of mighty fame,
Whose race to heav'n shall raise our glorious
name;

O'er either ocean shall their empire run,
Beyond the radiant journeys of the sun.
In every clime their standards are unfurl'd!
And, prostrate at their feet, shall lie the trembling
world!

These answers of the god, reveal'd by night,
The king divulg'd, and fame display'd to light;
Spread the glad tidings all the nations o'er;
When now the Trojan navy reach'd the shore.

The hero with his son and chiefs had laid
Their limbs at ease beneath a cooling shade;
Then, dictated by Jove, the banquet spread
On cakes of flour along the verdant mead;
The slender cakes the busy Trojans load
With fruits austere, and wildings of the wood:
These scanty viands soon consum'd, the crew,
Compell'd by hunger, on their tables flew;
Full eager they devour'd, by want distress'd,
The frail supporters of the failing feast.

When with a laugh, Ascanius---we devour
The plates and boards on which we fed before.
Th' auspicious words his fire in rapture took,
And weigh'd what once the oracle had spoke:

Hail happy realm, which fate so long has ow'd!
All hail, he cry'd, each guardian Trojan god!
My fire, when fair Elysium blest my eyes,
Did thus disclose the secrets of the skies:

"When, prest by raging famine, you devour
Your boards, impatient, on a foreign shore;
There thy long labours shall with peace be
crown'd; [round."

"There build thy town, and raise the ramparts
This is the famine that the fates foreshow,
And this the place to terminate our woe.
Then bend we from the port, at dawn of day,
Our eager steps, and strike a different way,
To view the land, the cities to explore,
And know what nations hold the fated shore.
Now place again the goblets on the board;
Be great Anchises honour'd and ador'd,
And pour the wine to heav'n's almighty lord.

Then, while the verdant boughs his temples
The prince ador'd the Genius of the place; [grace,
The Nymphs, and unknown pow'rs that rule the
floods,

And sacred Earth, great source of all the gods;
And awful night; with her the stars that rise,
To gild her face, and beautify the skies;
And Jove, the guardian god of Troy, implores,
And the great mother of th' ethereal pow'rs;
His mighty parents last, with honours crown'd
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound!

The hero's vows th' almighty heard from high,
And thrice he thunder'd from an azure sky;
And shook, majestic as the thunders roll'd,
A fiery cloud, that blaz'd with beams of gold.

Now thro' the Trojan host the news had flown,
The day was come to raise their promis'd town;
All, warm'd with transport at the happy sign,
Indulge the feast, and quaff the generous wine.

Soon as the morning shot a purple ray,
And tipp'd the mountains with the beams of day;

By different ways the busy train explore
The bounds, the cities, and the winding shore.
Here dwell the Latian line; there Tyber flows;
And here thy sacred stream, Numicus, rose.

Now sent the Trojan prince (a peace to gain)
A hundred youths selected from the train,
With presents for the king. Without delay,
All crown'd with olives took their speedy way.
Meantime the chief design'd th' allotted ground
For the new town, and drew the trench around:
High tow'rs and ramparts all the place enclose;
And, like a camp, the sudden city rose.

Now the commission'd youths proceed with
And spy the lofty Latian spires at last. [haste,
Before the gate, the blooming active train
Or break the fiery courser to the rein,
Or whirl the chariot o'er the dusty plain;
Or bend the bow, or tofs the whizzing spear,
Or urge the race, or wage the mimic war.
When lo! a messenger, dispatch'd with speed,
Spurs to the Latian court his panting steed,
And told the monarch what illustrious guests
Arriv'd from foreign lands in foreign vests.
The monarch summon'd all the train, and shone,
In state majestic on the regal throne.
High o'er the town, surrounded by a wood,
Old Picus' venerable palace stood,—
August and awful! proudly rose, around,
A hundred columns, and the structure crown'd.
Here kings receiv'd the types of royal pow'r,
The crown and sceptre, and the robes they wore.
This was their temple; this their court of state,
Here at the sacred feasts the fathers sat;
And in long orders, as their thrones they fill'd,
On offer'd rams their annual banquets held.
Before the gates a venerable band,
In cedar carv'd, the Latian monarchs stand.
Sabinus there, who prest the foaming wine,
Extend the hook that prun'd the generous vine;
The front old Italus and Saturn grace,
And hoary Janus with his double face;
And many an ancient monarch, proud to bear
In their dear country's cause the wounds of war.
Hung on the pillars, all around appears
A row of trophies, helmets, shields, and spears,
And solid bars, and axes keenly bright,
And naval beaks, and chariots seiz'd in fight.
With his divining wand in solemn state,
With robes succinct the royal Picus sat.
Fierce in his car of old he swept the field;
And still the hero grasps the shining shield.
Him beauteous Circe lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Th' enchantress dame, rejected with disdain,
Transform'd the hapless monarch, in despair,
Chang'd to a painted bird, and sent to flit in air.

Thus sat the sov'reign in the pompous fane,
And gave admission to the Dardan train.
Then to th' illustrious strangers, from the throne,
The prince with mild benevolence begun.
Say, noble Trojans, for we knew your name
An ancient race, before your navy came;
What cause your fleet to Latium could convey,
What call, through such a length of wat'ry way?
Or were your galleys wide in ocean lost?
Or driv'n by tempests on th' Hesperian coast?
Such dangers oft befall the train who ride
O'er the wild deeps, and stem the furious tide.

Vouchsafe to be our guests, and Latium grace;
For know, our generous hospitable race,
By Saturn form'd, from him their manners draw,
Just without ties, and good without a law.

From old Auruntian sages once our ears
Have heard a tale, tho' sunk in length of years;
These realms the birth of Dardanus could boast,
Who sail'd from hence, and reach'd your Phrygian
coast.

He left the Tuscan realms, and now on high
Dwells in the starry mansions of the sky:
Call'd from this nether world to heav'n's abodes,—
He reigns above, a god among the gods!

O prince divine! great Faunus' glorious son;
(Thus, to the king Ilioneus begun);
Nor stars mislead our fleets, nor tempests tost,
Nor wide we wander'd to the Latian coast,
But our determin'd course, spontaneous bore,
With one fixt purpose, to this friendly shore;
Driv'n from the noblest empire o'er the seas,
That the bright sun in all his race surveys.

We and our prince derive our birth divine
From Jove, the source of our ethereal line;
And at the godlike chief's command we come,
His suppliant envoys to this regal dome.

Those, who beyond the bounds of ocean hurl'd,
Possess that wild unhospitable world;

And those who glow beneath the burning zone,
Beneath the fiery chariot of the sun,

Have heard, and heard with rerror from afar,
What a dire deluge, what a storm of war,

With ruin charg'd, and furious to destroy, [Troy;
From Greece burst thund'ring o'er the realms of

When Europe shook proud Asia with alarms,
And fate set two contending worlds in arms.

Snatch'd from that storm, to roll around the floods,
We beg some place, to fix our wand'ring gods;

Some vacant region, you with ease can spare;
The common use of water, earth, and air.

Nor shall this new alliance bring disgrace,
But add new glories to th' Italian race:

Nor Latium shall repent the kind supply,
Nor shall the dear remembrance ever die.

Now by our potent glorious prince I swear,
As true in peace as dreadful in the war;

Though now as suppliants at thy throne we
stand,

With humble pray'rs and olives in our hand,
Yet many nations, prince, invite our train,

And our alliance court, but court in vain.
For know, the gods, the mighty gods command

The sons of Troy to seek the Latian land.
To Tyber's flood great Phœbus urg'd our way,

Where spring Numicus' sacred streams to day;
Here Dardanus was born, of heav'nly strain;

Hence first he came, and now returns again.
Yet more---these presents from the Trojan king,

These relics of his former state we bring,
Snatch'd from devouring flames---his fire, of old,

Pour'd due libations from this bowl of gold:
In these rich robes the royal Priam shone,

And gave the law, majestic, from the throne:
This crown, this sceptre, did the monarch wear;

These vests were labour'd by the Trojan fair.
He ceas'd---the sov'reign paus'd in thought pro-

found,
And fixt his eyes unmov'd upon the ground.

His daughter's fortunes all his mind employ,
 And future empire, not the gifts from Troy.
 Deep in his mind the prophecy he roll'd,
 And deem'd this chief, the son the gods foretold,
 The mighty hero long foredoom'd by fate
 To share the glories of the regal state;—
 From whom a race, victorious by their swords,
 Should rise in time, the world's majestic lords:
 Then joyful spoke: May heav'n our counsels bless,
 And its own omens, with the wish'd success!
 Well pleas'd, my friends, your presents I receive,
 And free admission in my kingdom give;
 Nor shall you want, while I the throne enjoy,
 A land as fruitful as the fields of Troy.
 But let your godlike prince, if he request
 Our royal friendship, be our honour'd guest;
 The peace he asks in person he may bring:
 Go then—report this message to your king—
 A beauteous daughter in her bloom is mine,
 Forbid to wed in our Ausonian line:
 This all our native oracles deny,
 And every dreadful omen of the sky;
 From foreign shores, a foreign son appears,
 Whose race shall lift our glory to the stars.
 Your prince, the destin'd chief the Fates require,
 Our thoughts divine, and we, my friends, desire.
 He said, and order'd steeds, to mount the band;
 In lofty stalls three hundred couriers stand,
 Their shining sides with crimson cover'd o'er;
 The sprightly steeds embroider'd trappings wore,
 With golden chains, refulgent to behold:
 Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold.
 But to their prince he sent a glorious car,
 With two distinguish'd couriers for the war;
 Fierce as they flew, their nostrils breath'd a fire;
 These Circe stole from her celestial fire,
 By mortal mares on earth, who, all unknown,
 Mixt with the flaming couriers of the sun.
 Pleas'd with the monarch's gift, their steeds they
 press,
 And to their anxious lord return with peace.
 But Jove's imperial queen, from Argos far,
 Rides on the whirlwinds through the fields of air.
 From proud Pachynus' point, her eyes explore
 The Trojan prince, and all his fleet on shore.
 The bulwarks rise, the troops possess the strand,
 Desert the ships, and pour upon the land;
 She stood in anguish fixt, and shook her head,
 Then, fir'd with rage, the wrathful goddess said:
 Curs'd race;—a race I labour to destroy!—
 But Juno sinks beneath the fates of Troy!
 Did not the captives break the victor's chain?
 Did not her slaughter'd sons revive again?
 Did they not force, when Troy in ashes lay,
 Through fires and armies their victorious way?
 What—heav'n's great empress flags, by toils op-
 Or sure, her glutt'd vengeance lies at rest! [prest!
 And yet I dar'd pursue the banish'd train
 Through the last bounds of Neptune's wat'ry
 reign, [high,
 With rocks, with gulfs, with thunders from on
 With all the storms of ocean and the sky.
 In vain with storms I rous'd the roaring main;
 Earth, skies, and oceans wag'd my war in vain,
 In vain dire Scylla thunder'd o'er the sea;
 Nor could the vast Charybdis bar the way.
 For lo! in Tyber's flood their navies ride,
 Mock my revenge, and triumph o'er the tide.

And yet the god of battles could efface
 For one neglect, the Lapithæan race,
 For one neglect, did Jove himself resign
 To Dian's wrath the Calydonian line.
 But I, the queen supreme of gods above,
 The mighty consort of imperial Jove,
 In vain for years one nation have pursu'd;
 Nay, by one single mortal am subdu'd!
 Yet, though my pow'rs are baffled, will I try
 Whatever pow'rs in nature's circle lie.
 What! though the partial heav'ns my aims repel,
 I'll raise new forces from the depths of hell!
 What!—if the Trojan must in Latium reign!
 What!—if the Fates a regal bride ordain!
 Yet, may I still the nuptial rite delay,
 And by a length of wars defer the day.
 Yet, shall the people bleed! the kings shall reign,
 The lonely monarchs of an empty plain!
 Yet shall the father and the son make good
 Their league of friendship, in their subjects
 In the mixt blood of nations shall be paid, [blood;
 At large, thy dreadful dow'r, imperial maid!
 Wed then—with every fatal omen wed:
 Bellona waits thee to the bridal bed.
 The queen of love, like Priam's royal dame,
 For Ilium has conceiv'd a second flame.
 A Paris, sprung from Venus, shall destroy
 Once more with fatal fires the tow'rs of Troy.
 This said, to earth th' impetuous goddess flies,
 Inflam'd with rage and vengeance, from the skies;
 Looks down, and, bending o'er the baleful cell,
 Calls dire Alecto from the realms of hell.
 Crimes, frauds and murders are the fiend's delight,
 The rage of death, and slaughters of the fight.
 So fierce her looks! such terrors from her eyes!
 Round her grim front such monstrous serpents rise!
 She scares ev'n Pluto, her immortal fire;
 Her sister Furies tremble and retire. [train,
 Then heav'n's great queen, against the Trojan
 Inflam'd her native rage, and thus began:
 Daughter of night! thy potent aid I claim
 To guard my honour, and support my fame.
 Oh! let not Troy her pow'rs to Latium bring,
 Nor with this match amuse her easy king.
 'Tis thine, the peace of brethren to confound,
 To arm their hands, and spread destruction round;
 Through kindling houses, towns and realms to bear
 The torch of discord, and the flames of war.
 To thee a thousand noxious arts are known,
 And every form of mischief is thy own.
 Rouse, rouse the fury in thy soul! excite
 The chiefs, and kindle all the rage of fight!
 Dissolve the peace; and fir'd by dire alarms,
 Bid the mad nations rush to blood and arms! [eyes,
 Scarce had she spoke, when sudden from her
 Smear'd with Gorgonean blood, the fury flies
 Sublime; and tow'ring o'er the palace soars;
 Then stands unseen before Amata's doors;
 While grief and wrath the raging queen employ,
 For Turnus, injur'd by the match with Troy.
 Here stopt the fiend; and, discord all her view,
 Snatch'd from her hissing locks, a snake she
 threw; [slew.
 And through her inmost soul the fiery serpent
 Unfelt, the monster glides through every vest,
 And breathes the secret poison in her breast.
 Now like a fillet, round her temples roll'd,
 Now round her bosom, like a chain of gold.

Now to her tresses he repairs, and there
 Thrills every ringlet of her golden hair.
 Thus while her kindling soul the pest inspires
 With the first sparkles of her fatal fires,
 Before the bosom of the royal dame
 Felt the full furies of th' infernal flame,
 She speaks her grief, in accents soft and mild,
 Implores the fire, and sorrows o'er her child:
 And must Lavinia then, our only joy,
 Wed with this wand'ring fugitive of Troy?
 And can a father issue the decree,
 So fatal to himself, to her and me?
 For sure the pirate soon will bear away
 With the first rising wind the lovely prey.
 Such, such a guest of old, the Phrygian boy
 Bore ravish'd Helen to the tow'rs of Troy. [now?
 Where, where is friendship, truth and honour
 A father's promise, and a monarch's vow!
 If thy great fire's commands have fixt thy mind,
 To choose some hero of a foreign kind:
 Then every kind, my lord, and every land
 Are foreign, that are free from our command:
 And if we trace brave Turnus' blood, he springs
 From a long line of ancient Argive kings.

Thus urg'd the mother, in a mournful strain,
 Her loud complaints, yet urg'd them all in vain.
 But now the spreading poison, fir'd her whole,
 Ev'n to the last recesses of her soul.
 In her wild thoughts a thousand horrors rise;
 And fierce, and madding round the streets she flies.
 So the gay striplings lash in eager sport
 A top, in giddy circles, round a court.

In rapid rings it whirls, and spins aloud,
 Admir'd with rapture by the blooming crowd;
 From every stroke, flies humming o'er the ground,
 And gains new spirit, as the blows go round.

Thus flew the giddy queen, with fury stung,
 Through the wide town, amid the wond'ring
 throng.

Yet more;---the destin'd nuptials to delay,
 Fierce to the darksome wood she bounds away;
 And, rising still in rage, with rites divine
 She feign'd new orgies to the god of wine.
 Thou, Bacchus, only thou, deserv'st the fair!
 For thee in ringlets grows her lovely hair!
 For thee she leads the dance, and wreaths her
 ivy spear.

Now spread around the wild infectious flames;
 With the same fury glow the Latian dames;
 Let loose their flying tresses in the wind,
 Rush to the woods, and leave the town behind;
 Toss high their ivy-spears; while clamours rise,
 And trembling shrieks, tumultuous rend the skies.
 The madding queen, with rage superior stung,
 Rear'd high a flaming pine, amid the throng,
 And for young Turnus rais'd the nuptial song.
 Then rolls her fiery eyes, and loud exclaims:
 Hear, all ye matrons! hear ye Latian dames!
 If yet a mother's woes your souls can move,
 If yet your injur'd princess shares your love;
 Like me, unbind your tresses; rove abroad;
 And hold these sacred orgies to the god.

Thus the fierce fiend Amata's breast invades,
 And drives her raving to the sylvan shades.
 When all the monarch's palace she survey'd,
 With all his counsels in confusion laid;
 As wide around the rising Fury grew,
 On dusky wings to Ardea swift she flew:

Ardea, by Danaë built in days of yore, [shore;
 When with her Argive train she sought the }
 But now her perish'd ruins are no more!
 Where o'er the rest brave Turnus' mansion rose,
 She found the hero sunk in soft repose;
 And first, her dread infernal form to hide,
 Laid the grim terrors of her front aside:
 With silver hairs her temples were o'erspread,
 And wreaths and verdant olives crown'd her head.
 Her wither'd face with wrinkles was emboss'd,
 And in the woman all the fiend was lost.

She now appear'd a venerable dame,
 And to the couch like Juno's priestess came:

Then are thy labours vain, (she thus began)
 And shall a Trojan seize thy rightful throne?
 The king denies the crown he long has ow'd,
 Denies the fair thy labours bought with blood.
 Go---save his kingdom; fight the Tuscan train!--
 Go, prince, and conquer, to be scorn'd again!
 Hear then by me the mandate from on high
 Sent by the mighty empress of the sky:

Fly, fly; the valiant youth for arms prepare;
 And through the opening gates let loose the war,
 Lo! where in Tyber ride the fleets of Troy;
 Go then, their chiefs and painted ships destroy;
 So Heav'n commands---and, if the Latian lord
 Detain the fair, regardless of his word,
 Let him in blood thy vengeful sword deplore,
 The sword that conquer'd in his cause before.

Thus the dissembled dame---with scornful pride,
 In haughty terms the martial youth reply'd:

The tidings you convey, I knew before;
 The Trojan fleet is landed on the shore.
 Hence---nor with idle tales my bosom move;
 I live secure in Juno's guardian love.

But, worn with years, you dote with vain alarms,
 And, when you nod, you dream of kings in arms.
 Go, mother, go---and make your gods your care,
 But leave to men the province of the war.

While yet he spoke, her looks the youth con-
 found,

And the black fiend in all her terrors frown'd.
 Aghast, he shook, and trembled with affright,
 While all her native horrors blast his sight.
 Such a tremendous front the Fury spread,
 So dreadful list the serpents round her head;
 So grim a figure now she seem'd to rise;

That hell, all hell was open'd in her eyes! [ply'd,

Then, ere the fault'ring trembling youth re-
 She roll'd their fiery orbs from side to side; [shook
 Snatch'd two black serpents from her locks, and
 The sounding scourge, and thund'ring thus she spoke:

Behold, behold the wretch, by vain alarms
 And age, reduc'd to dream of kings in arms!
 A fury from the depths of hell, I bear,
 In these dread hands, destruction, death and war!

With that a flaming torch the goddess threw;
 Deep through his breast the fiery weapon flew.
 Strait rous'd the startled warrior; and a stream
 Of sweat ran copious down from every limb.
 Through the wide dome he raves with mad
 He runs, he flies, he calls aloud to arms; [alarms,
 Fell wrath and vengeance in his eyes appear,
 The thirst of slaughter, and the rage of war.
 So when in parting spires the flame divides,
 And crackling climbs along the cauldron's sides,
 In the deep womb glow fierce the hissing streams,
 Boil, swell and foam, and bubble o'er the brims;

Till high in air the fuming liquids rise,
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.

He sends to great Latinus, to declare
The peace polluted, and denounce the war :
To arms he cries,—this moment will we go
To guard our country, and repel the foe.
Himself, he boasts, will all the war maintain,
And fight the Trojan and Ausonian train.
His troops take fire, and (heaven invoc'd in pray'r)
With eager rage they gather to the war :
Some by his beauty mov'd, his cause embrace,
Some by his valiant deeds, and regal race.

While thus his social train the prince inspires,
Swift to the Trojan host the fiend retires.
Big with new mischiefs to the place she came,
Where young Iulus hunts the savage game.
A stag he chas'd; the chase the Fury sees,
And bids the scent grow warm in every breeze ;
His opening hounds, exulting, shoot away,
And bear impatient on the panting prey :
From this light cause she rais'd the first alarms,
And fir'd the brutal swains to blood and arms.—
Snatch'd from the dam, by Tyrrheus' children
rear'd,

(Tyrrheus, chief master of the royal herd)
With care domestic had this stag been bred ;
Of beauteous shape ; and antlers grac'd his head.
The beast became their sister's darling care ;
His horns were dress'd with garlands by the fair.
Fed from the board, accusom'd to command,
The fawn familiar lick'd her stroking hand.
Full oft she bath'd him in the limpid tide,
And fondly curious comb'd his silken hide :
All day amid the forests would he roam,
But came each evening to his wonted home.
Aicanus' hounds had rous'd the trembling prey, }
As down the gentle flood he took his way, }
And on the cooling bank in length luxuriant lay. }
The youthful hero fir'd with love of fame,
Directs a feather'd arrow at the game ;
The feather'd arrow flew ; the Fury guides
The pointed weapon through the wanton's sides.
Pierc'd with the dart, the bleeding fawn in vain
Flies back for refuge to his home again ;
Complains with human tears, and human sighs,
And begs for aid with unavailing cries.
The beauteous Sylvia heard his moving strains,
Beat her white bosom, and alarm'd the swains.
Inspir'd with sudden rage they wing their way,
For in the wood the lurking Fury lay.
Some arm'd with knotted clubs, impetuous came,
And some with staves well-season'd in the flame.
With stones or brands the peasants throng from far,
And every sudden weapon, to the war.
Tyrrheus, who clove a tree with many a stroke,
Lest the huge wedge within the gaping oak ;
Then seiz'd the pond'rous axe with loud alarms,
And call'd the rustics all around to arms.
Meantime the Fury from her stand descends
The growing discord every moment rise ;
Ascends the roof, and, from the lofty height,
Calls in the boist'rous peasants to the fight :
With her full force her mighty horn she winds ;
Th' infernal strain alarms the gathering hinds.
The dreadful summons the deep forests took ;
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains
shook.

The lake of Trivia heard the note profound,
The Veline fountains trembled at the sound.
The thick sulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blast that blew the flames of war :
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers prest
With shrieks their starting infants to the breast.
Thus the mad rustics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid signal flew to arms.
Nor less, in succour of the princely boy,
Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy : [tain ;
Clubs, staves and brands, at first the fight main-
But now embody'd armies spread the plain,
And deadly swords and shining bucklers wield ;
And groves of spears gleam dreadful o'er the field.
On brazen arms the sun refulgent plays,
And to the skies the fiery helmets blaze.
So when the wind has stirr'd the gentle seas,
The waves just swell, and whiten by degrees ;
Till all the heaving wat'ry worlds arise,
In one vast burst of thunder to the skies.

First Almon, Tyrrheus' eldest hope, was slain,
Fierce as he fought, the foremost on the plain.
Beneath his throat the arrow found its way ;
And chok'd in blood, the beauteous warrior lay.
Now heaps on heaps fall thick on every side,
And in the cloud of fight Galesus dy'd ;
Good old Galesus ! while with earnest care,
He labour'd to prevent the rising war :
The sage for justice bore the foremost place,
Though far the wealthiest of the Latian race :
Five flocks, five bellowing droves, his pastures
held, [field.
And with a hundred teams he turn'd the spacious
Thus, while on either side, the martial train
With mutual slaughter bath'd the purple plain :
When the stern Fury, from her promise freed,
Beheld with joy the growing battle bleed ;
She leaves th' Hesperian shores, she mounts the
skies,

And in proud triumph thus to Juno cries :
Behold my promise, mighty queen ! made good ;
The Trojan sword has drawn the Latian blood.
War, boundless war, runs raging round the plain ;
Nor can yourself command the peace again ;
Speak but you will, I'll spread the dire alarm,
And bid the bord'ring towns and countries arm,
Both sides to aid, the nations shall repair ;
Wide round, the rising discord will I bear, }
And rouse in every breast the furies of the war. }

Enough, replies the queen, enough is done,
The war stands fixt ; the slaughters are begun.
They fly to war ; their arms with blood distain :
Death, rage, and terror, range the purple plain.
Such are the nuptial rites, that we prepare
For Latium's king, and Venus' worthy heir !
But go—this moment leave the realms above ;
Go—nor offend the sacred eyes of Jove.
To thy unhallow'd feet the fire denies
Th' ethereal walks, and freedom of the skies.
Retire to hell ! if aught remains undone,
Ourself shall finish what thy toils begun.

Swift as the goddess spoke, the Fury springs
With rapid speed, and spreads her dusky wings ;
Her serpents hissing all around, she flies
To hell's dark realms, impetuous, from the skies.
Amid fair Italy, renown'd by fame,
Lies a deep vale, Amsanctus is the name.

Her gloomy fides are shaded with a grove ;
 And a huge range of mountains tow'rs above ;
 Fierce through the dusky vale the torrents pour,
 And o'er the rattling stones the whirlpools roar.
 There the black jaws of hell are open'd wide ;
 There rolls dire Acheron his fiery tide ;
 There lies the dark infernal cave, and there
 Grim Pluto breathes the soft ethereal air.
 Down through this dreadful opening, from on
 high,

The fiend plung'd headlong, and reliev'd the sky.

Meantime the queen of heav'n exerts her care,
 With her last hand to crown the growing war.
 In one vast tide the loud tumultuous swains
 Pour to the city, and desert the plains.
 Young Almon's corse they bear in open fight,
 And old Galesus slaughter'd in the fight ;
 Implore the gods with vows, and beg in vain
 The hoary monarch to revenge the slain.
 While the fierce Daunian lords complaints con-
 spire,

To spread the gath'ring fears of sword and fire.
 Turnus, he cries, is banish'd with disgrace,
 And wrong'd in favour of a foreign race.
 The king prefers a Trojan for his son ;
 A Trojan prince already fills the throne !
 Those too, whose mothers by the queen were led,
 When, fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods she fled,
 (Such was her interest in the realm) declare
 For open arms, and breathe revenge and war.
 War is the fatal universal cry.

Against all omens of the angry sky !—
 Furious they crowd their sovereign's regal door,
 And, madding, round the rich pavilions roar ;
 Besiege their king, as waves a rock, in vain,
 Some mighty rock, amidst the rolling main ;
 That hears unmov'd the sounding tempests blow,
 That sees the furious surges foam below ;
 And o'er the deeps, majestic to the fight,
 Stands fixt, and glories in its matchless height.
 Proud of its bulk ; while storms and working
 tides

Fly, dash and break against the tow'ring fides !
 When long the prince had labour'd to retain
 The rising madness of their souls in vain,
 And saw the crowd no counsel would obey,
 But rush'd to arms as Juno led the way ;
 The mournful fire obtests the gods and skies ;
 And lo ! we yield to fate, the monarch cries.
 The storm impetuous bears us down the flood—
 But heav'n ; heav'n claims your sacrilegious blood !
 Thou too, rash Turnus, shalt thy part sustain,
 And late, too late, implore the gods in vain !
 Safe to the port am I already come,
 And all your king can lose, is but a tomb !
 Then pensive he retir'd, and left to fate
 The reins of empire, and the cares of state.

A solemn custom in Hesperia reign'd,
 Which long the potent Alban lords maintain'd,
 And Rome still holds, when terrible in might,
 The world's great empress sends her sons to fight.
 Whether the chain for Dacia they prepare,
 Or wage th' Hyrcanian, or Arabian war,
 Or their victorious arms on India turn,
 And spread her eagles to the rising morn ;
 Or urge proud Parthia's long-expected doom,
 And bring in pomp our ravish'd ensigns home.—

Two massy solid gates have ever stood,
 For ages sacred to the * Thracian god.
 Old, double Janus guards the dreadful doors ;
 Grim war within, his mighty captive, roars.
 On many a pond'rous hinge the gates are hung ;
 With brazen bars impenetrably strong.
 Soon as the fathers of the state proclaim,
 The fight must vindicate the Roman fame ;
 Strait, at their high decree, the consul, drest
 In the rich sacred robe and Sabine vest,
 While the loud trumpets sound a martial strain,
 (In pomp attended by the valiant train,) [far
 Throws wide the gates ; and through the nations
 Lets loose the boundless furies of the war.
 So now the madding Latian crowds implore
 Their monarch, to unfold the sacred door.
 But from the fatal office he withdrew,
 Abhor'd the province, and retir'd from view.
 Then heav'n's dread empress, while the prince
 delay'd,

Shot down, and both the bursting gates display'd :
 The bolts fly back, with every brazen bar ;
 And, like a storm, broke forth th' imprison'd war.

Till now unmov'd by discord and alarms,
 Ausonia burns, and calls her sons to arms.
 Some to the furious fight on foot proceed
 Some vault impetuous on the bounding steed,
 Some whet the blunted pole-axe for the field,
 Brighten the spear and long-neglected shield ;
 With transport hear the trumpet's clangors rise,
 And view the banners streaming in the skies.
 Ardea, proud Tybur, Crustumium's pow'rs,
 Atina strong, and high Antemnæ's tow'rs,
 Five potent cities, all their sons employ,
 To forge new arms against the troops of Troy.
 For greaves the ductile silver they extend,
 And for the shield the pliant fallow bend :
 The guiltless arms the rural trade affords,
 Scythes, plough-shares, hooks, are streighten'd in-
 to swords.

And in the glowing forges they restore
 The blunted faulchions which their fathers wore.
 And now the sprightly trumpets sound from far ;
 The world flies round ; the signal of the war.
 Some snatch the polish'd helm with eager speed ;
 Some to the yoke compel the snorting steed.
 Brace on the golden cuirass, seize the shield ;
 And, with the glitt'ring sword, rush furious to
 the field.

Ye muses ! now unlock your sacred spring ;
 Inspire your bard, and teach him how to sing
 What mighty heroes led the martial train,
 And what embattled armies spread the plain :
 The Latian chiefs, ye goddesses ! declare,
 And the dire progress of the wasteful war ;
 You know, and can record the pow'rs who came,
 Which we learn only from the voice of fame.
 Mezentius first, who scorn'd th' immortal pow'rs,
 Conducts his armies from the Tuscan shores.
 Him follow'd Lausus, flush'd with youthful fire,
 A son, whose shining virtues might require
 A happier throne, and far a better fire !
 He tam'd the steed, and urg'd the generous chase,
 And none but Turnus match'd his blooming face ;
 He led from fair Agylla to the plain
 A thousand warriors, but he led in vain !

Great Aventinus, great Alcides' son,
Wore the proud trophy that his father won:
A hundred serpents round his buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiss'd from all her heads, in gold.
Fresh wreaths of palm his lofty chariot crown'd,
And fierce he lash'd his fiery couriers round.
When great Alcides from Geryon slain
Return'd triumphant to the Latian plain;
And the brave victor, safe in these abodes,
Cool'd his Hesperian herds in Tyber's floods;
He won in shades the beauteous Rhea's grace,
And this bold hero crown'd his strong embrace,
Born in mount Aventine's sequester'd wood;
The mortal mother mingling with the god.

His valiant troops long Sabine javelins bear,
And arm'd with steely piles, provoke the war.
He stalk'd before his host; and wide dispread,
A lion's teeth grin'd horrid o'er his head:
Then sought the palace in this strange attire,
And look'd as stern and dreadful as his fire.

From Tibur, Coras and Catillus came,
Tibur, the town that took their brother's name.
Brave youths! who led the martial Argive train,
And rush'd the foremost to th' embattled plain.
So two fierce centaurs of the cloud-born race,
Rush furious down the frozen hills of Thrace;
The groves give way, the crackling woods resound,
And trampled forests spread their ruins wide a-
round.

Next mighty Cæculus to battle flies,
Who bade the tow'rs of proud Præneste rise;
Found on the hearth, amid the glowing fire;
The nations deem'd great Mulciber his fire.
A host of warriors to the field he led,
The hardy swains that fair Præneste bred,
Or Gabii sent where Juno's temple rose;
The troops who dwell where chilling Anio flows.
With those who drink old Amasenus' stream,
Or from the walls of rich Anagnia came.
Not all with arms are furnish'd for the war,
Nor grasp the shield, nor whirl the rapid car;
But most from slings a storm of bullets throw,
And leaden deaths destroy the distant foe.
Some in their hands two pointed javelins bore,
And spoils of wolves for glitt'ring helmets wore;
The left foot bare, they boldly rush to fight,
But a tough hide, unseason'd, sheaths the right.

Next Neptune's son, the brave Messapus came,
Exempt from steel, and sacred from the flame.
To long neglected wars he fir'd his train,
And urg'd his troops to shine in arms again.
From the Flavinian and Fescennian coast
At his command advance th' embody'd host:
With the Faliscan band, who purest justice boast.
Those who on high Soracte's tow'rs reside,
Or dwell by Ciminus' expanded tide,
Or o'er the rough aspiring mountain rove,
Or haunt divine Feronia's shady grove:
All march, embattled in array, and sing
The martial glories of their godlike king.
So from the fishy floods, a snowy train
Of swans embody'd wing th' aerial plain;
Stretch their long necks o'er Asius' crystal spring,
And the responsive shores and echoing waters
ring.

Not one, who heard the loud confus'd alarms,
Had thought this noisy train a host in arms,

But some huge cloud of clamorous fowls, who soar
Among the cliffs, and scream around the shore.

Lo! next brave Clausus leads his troops along;
From the old Sabine race the warrior sprung:
With a vast host, a shot himself, he came,
The first great father of the Claudian name;
That spread through Latium, when, the line to
grace,

Rome shar'd her empire with the Sabine race.
The ancient Cures march at his commands,
And a large force from Amiternian lands,
With those who dwell where full Velinus runs,
Or where Nomentum boasts her martial sons,
Or old Eretum stretch'd her utmost bound,
And rich Mutusca smiles, with olives crown'd;
Or where steep Tetrica's rough rocks arise,
Or proud Severus tow'rs amid the skies.
Where, with fair Feruli Casperia stands,
And clear Himella floats the fruitful lands,
Where gentle Fabaris serenely glides,
Whose streams augment imperial Tyber's tides:
Where, near cold Nursia, beauteous Orta stood,
And mournful Allia rolls her fatal flood.
Thick shines with moving troops the blazing plain,
Thick, as the billows on the stormy main;
Thick as the ripen'd harvests are beheld,
That nod and wave along the golden field.
The bucklers ring, the clashing arms resound;
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.

Then Agamemnon's son, Helelus came,
By birth a foe to all the Trojan name;
He yok'd his fiery couriers to the car,
And with a thousand soldiers rush'd to war,
From where on mountains live th' Auruntian line,
Where massic hills produce the generous wine;
Warriors, who dwell along the roaring sea,
Or from the walls of Cales took their way:
With those who drink Vulturinus' shoaly flood,
The rough Saticulan and Oscan stood.
Short, pointed javelins, fasten'd by a string,
With fatal force the dext'rous artists fling:
Light shields of season'd hide aloft they bear,
And, arm'd with bending swords, provoke the war.
Nor thou, unsung, brave Oebalus! shalt pass,
The nymph Sebethis' son, of Telo's race.
While pleasing Caprea own'd his father's sway,
And the Teleboan realms his nod obey;
The son, far more ambitious, stretch'd his reign
O'er those rich towns, where Sarno bathes the
plain.

Now to the fight he leads his warlike pow'rs
From ancient Batulum, and Rufa's tow'rs,
From where, her blooming fruits Abella crown,
And old Celenna spreads her spacious down.
These, like the rough Teutonic warriors, threw
Huge spears with barbs, that wing'd with
slaughter flew. [wore,

Light casques of cork around their heads they
And brazen swords, and brazen bucklers bore.

Thee too, bold Ufens, to the dire alarms,
Cold Nursia sent a chief renown'd in arms.
Her fierce rough sons through forests bound away,
And o'er wild mountains chase the panting prey.
In arms the natives turn the frozen soil,
Make war a sport, and fly upon the spoil.

Umbro, the brave Marrubian priest, was there,
Sent by the Marrian monarch to the war.

The smiling olive with her verdant boughs
Shades his bright helmet, and adorns his brows.
His charms, in peace the furious serpent keep,
And lull the envenom'd viper's race to sleep;
His healing hand allay'd the raging pain;
And at his touch the poisons fled again.
But yet he fail'd to cure, with all his art,
The wound inflicted by the Trojan dart!
Nor all his charms, nor potent herbs that grow
On Marlian mountains could prevent the blow!
For thee, wide echoing sigh'd th' Angitian woods;
For thee, in murmurs wept thy native floods!

Next, brave Hyppolytus! thy beauteous heir,
The lovely Virbius mingled in the war.
In the dark woods by fair Egeria bred,
His troops the youth from old Aricia led:
Where, on the shore, Diana's altar stood,
(But now unstain'd with offer'd human blood;)
For when Hippolytus, as records tell,
By his fierce stepdame's arts and vengeance fell,
Chas'd by his father's curses to the shore,
The hapless youth the startled couriers tore;
By Æsculapius' skill and Dian's care
The chief reviv'd and breath'd ethereal air.
But Jove incens'd, a mortal to survey,
From the Tartarean shades restor'd to day,
Great Phœbus' son, the godlike artist, hurl'd,
Transfixt with thunder, to the nether world:
But Dian hid the youth in groves, and there
Consign'd her darling to Egeria's care.
There, in the forests, with the sacred dame
He past his days, and Virbius was his name.
For this, th' unhallow'd steed must still remove
From Dian's fane and consecrated grove:
Since the mad horses startled as they flew,
And on the ground their mangled master threw.
Yet his brave offspring drove the thund'ring car,
And lash'd his fiery couriers to the war.

Bold Turnus in the front, supremely tall,
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, outshines them all;
High on his helm a triple plume was rais'd,
And on his crest the dire chimæra blaz'd:
From her wide jaws the horrid fiend expires
A dreadful length of fires succeeding fires.

When the loud voice of slaughter rends the skies,
And the full horrors of the battle rise,
She glows, she lightens, as the warrior turns;
She flames with rage; and the whole monster
Chang'd to an heifer in the flowery field, [burns,
The beauteous Iō charg'd the shining shield.
Here stood her * guard; and there her † father
His swelling surges thro' the figur'd gold. [roll'd
A cloud of foot succeeds; a mighty train,
With spears and shields; and armies hide the plain.
The pow'rs from Argive and Auruntian lands
Mix'd with the ancient bold Sicanian bands.
With painted shields the brave Labici came
And Sacran forces to the field of fame;
With those who till Numicus' fair abodes,
Or dwell where Tyber views his rising woods:
Or where the rough Rutulians turn the ground,
And the steep hills of Circe stretch around:
Where fair Feronia boasts her stately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove:
Where stands the Pontine lake and o'er the plain,
Cold Ufens' stream steals gently to the main,
Last with her martial troops, all sheath'd in
brass,

Camilla came, a queen of Volscian race.
Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care,
But arms and couriers, and the toils of war.
She led the rapid race, and left behind,
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind:
Lightly she flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender grass, nor bends the golden
grain;

Or o'er the swelling surge suspended sweeps,
And smoothly skims, unbath'd, along the deeps.
From the dispeopled towns and fields repair
Men, matrons, maids and youths, to view the fair:
The crowds all gaze with transport, to survey
Loose in the winds, her purple garments play.
Her polish'd bow, her quiver's gaudy pride
With arrows stor'd, and glittering at her side;
Her shining javelin, wondering they behold,
And her fair tresses bound with clasps of gold.

† Argus

† Inachus, a river god.

B O O K VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes; Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

Now Turnus rous'd all Latium with alarms
To mount the fiery steeds and fly to arms;
Fixt on Laurentum's tow'rs, sublime in air,
His standard wav'd, the signal of the war:
And the loud trumpets, heard from far, excite
The generous youth, and call them to the fight.

Confederate pow'rs conspire, the war to wage;
And the mad nations breathe revenge and rage.
Their armies Ufens and Messapus guide,
With proud Mezentius who the gods defy'd.
From the suspended plough they drag the swains,
And for the war dispeopled all the plains.

To Arpi next sage Venulus they sped
 To beg the aid of royal Diomede;
 And charge the hoary envoy to inform
 The martial monarch of the rising storm;
 That Troy's proud navy rides in Tyber's floods;
 Æneas here has fixt his vanquish'd gods;
 And vaunts himself the prince ordain'd by fate
 To sway the sceptre of th' Hesperian state;
 The nations own his cause, his right proclaim,
 And Latium echoes with his growing fame;
 That best himself could judge, who knew the foe,
 From such a war what dread effects may flow;
 What is his mighty aim, his proud intent;
 And, should he conquer, what the dire event,
 Was left for him to weigh; whose state and throne,
 And fortunes, stood endanger'd like their own.

All this the Trojan chief beheld, oppress'd
 With cares that roll'd tumultuous in his breast.
 A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,
 That turns each way, and points to every side.
 So from a brazen vase the trembling stream
 Reflects the lunar, or the solar beam:
 Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes,
 From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
 Thence to the cieling shoot the glancing rays,
 And o'er the roof the quivering splendor plays.

'Twas night—and, weary with the the toils of
 In soft repose the whole creation lay; [day,
 And last the Trojan prince, oppress'd with care
 On the dire prospect of th' approaching war,
 Sunk, and in balmy slumbers clos'd his eyes;
 His couch the bank; his canopy the skies.
 When, flow-emerging through the poplar wood,
 Rose the majestic father of the flood,
 Tyber, the guardian god, in open view;
 A sea-green mantle round his shoulders flew;
 A wreath of reeds adorn'd his hoary head,
 And to relieve his sorrows, thus he said:

O long-expected on our blest abodes,
 Great chief, the true descendant of the gods!
 Whose conduct brings thy rescu'd Troy once more
 To rise immortal on our Latian shore;
 Proceed, and conquer, prince! nor yield to fear;
 Here lies thy fated home, thy Ilion here. [vain,
 Go!—meet the threat'ning war; thy cares are
 The gods relent, and heav'n grows mild again.
 Nor think, an airy vision of the night,
 A transient empty dream deludes thy sight.
 Soon thou shalt view, beneath an oak reclin'd,
 A large white mother of the bristly kind,
 With her white numerous brood of thirty young,
 Who drain her udders as she lies along.
 There, there, thy town, great hero, shall ascend,
 There all thy labours, all thy woes shall end.
 Heav'n, by this sign, ordains thy royal son,
 When thirty years in full succession run,
 Shall build a city of distinguish'd fame,
 Which from this omen shall derive her name.
 But to succeed, pursue what I advise;
 Go, make th' Arcadian tribes thy firm allies.
 The race, that own'd of old great Pallas' sway,
 Hither beneath Evander bent their way;
 Then rais'd their walls on the tall mountain's
 crown;

And Pallas' name adorn'd the rising town.
 But soon the Latian race in arms appear;
 And with the strangers wage a dreadful war.

Go, join their forces, and their aid implore,
 And fear the gath'ring hostile train no more.
 Rise, son of Venus, rise, employ thy oars;
 Our self will guide thee to the friendly shores.
 Soon as the day shall dawn, thy gifts prepare,
 And vanquish heav'n's revengeful queen with
 pray'r.

Crown'd with success, and all thy foes o'er-aw'd,
 Discharge to me the honours of a god,
 To me the fire of this immortal flood:
 For know, old Tyber stands before thine eyes,
 Ador'd on earth, and reverenc'd in the skies.
 I lead, in peaceful pomp, my humid train
 Along these banks, and bathe the fruitful plain:
 And on our sides a city shall be seen;
 Our glorious seat; the world's majestic queen!
 The god then plung'd beneath his oozy bed;
 And with the night the hero's slumber fled.
 He rose, and strait his joyful eyes survey
 The purple splendors of the dawning day;
 Then water in his palm devoutly took,
 Rais'd to the skies, and thus with transport spoke:
 Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs! from whose
 supplies

And watery stores the swelling rivers rise;
 And thou, old Tyber! my propitious guide,
 Receive Æneas on thy sacred tide;
 From every ill defend him, as he goes,
 And look with pity on his endless woes.
 Then from whatever source thy streams survey
 The golden light, and murmuring spring to day;
 O thou, the greatest of the wat'ry gods,
 Majestic prince of all th' Hesperian floods!
 Still to thy name due honours will I pay,
 And gifts unceasing on thy altars lay.
 But oh! be present with thy aid divine,
 Display, and then confirm the promis'd sign.

He said, then arm'd his Trojans, and supply'd
 Two barks with oars, to stem the yellow tide.
 When lo! the promis'd omen was display'd;
 The large white dam lay stretch'd along the
 shade,
 With all her snowy young, in open view;
 Whom, with her brood, the prince to Juno flew.
 Now while the ships with equal strokes they
 row'd,
 All night old Tyber calm'd his swelling flood.
 The slumbering streams no mingling murmurs
 make,

Smooth, as the glassy level of the lake.
 With joyful shouts the sable gallies glide,
 Easy and light, along the floating tide.
 Surpris'd, the forests and the floods beheld
 Bright arms and vessels on the wat'ry field.
 All night, all day, they ply their busy oars
 Along the mazes of the winding shores.
 And gently move beneath the waving scene
 Of groves, that paint the checquer'd floods with
 green. [high

Now had the sun's bright coursers whirl'd on
 His fiery chariot to the mid-day sky:
 When lo! the distant tow'rs the train descries;
 And walls and intermingled houses rise;
 Evander's homely state—where now appears
 Immortal Rome, advanc'd above the itars!
 Thither they turn the prow without delay,
 And to the city bend their eager way.

Before the town, within the gloomy woods,
To great Alcides and the favouring gods,
It chanc'd, that day, th' Arcadian monarch paid
A solemn offering in the secret shade.
Pallas his son, the rural senate round,
And the chief youths the flaming altars crown'd :
With fuming incense in their hands they stood,
And the red pavement blush'd with sacred blood.

Soon as they saw the ships in silence move,
And shine between the openings of the grove ;
A sudden dread strikes cold through every breast ;
They start, they rise, and leave th' unfinish'd feast.
But Pallas bids the guests the rite pursue,
Then snatch'd a javelin, and impetuous flew---
Resolve me, stranger, (from a point he calls)
Who, whence you are, and why approach our
walls ?

What urg'd your voyage to these shores, declare ?
Speak, speak your business---bring you peace
or war ?

High on the stern the Trojan hero stands,
And held a branch of olive in his hands.
Behold, he cries, the far-fam'd sons of Troy ;
These swords against the Latians we employ ;
The perjurd Latians ; whose unjust alarms
Force us to fly to great Evander's arms.
Go, tell your king, the Dardan chiefs appear,
And beg his potent succour in the war.

Whoe'er thou art, approach, he cries with joy,
(All fir'd to hear the glorious name of Troy ;)
To my great father be thy suit address'd,
And grace our mansions as a friend and guest.
With that he gave the Dardan prince his hand,
And led the godlike hero from the strand :
Then to the sacred grove, their way they took ;
And thus the Trojan to the monarch spoke :

Best of the Greeks ! to whom devoid of fear,
Constrain'd by fate, these types of peace I bear.
Though from Arcadia's hostile bounds you came
Allay'd to both the kings of Atreus' name,
Yet hither did thy fame my steps incline,
My own fixt choice, heav'n's oracles divine ;
And the mixt glories of our kindred line.

For know we both from mighty Atlas trace,
Who props th' ethereal spheres, our ancient race.
Our father Dardanus, a glorious name,
From his fam'd daughter, fair Electra, came.

His beauteous Maia, on Cyllene's height,
Disclos'd your sire, great Mercury, to light.

Thus from that common source divided run
Our sacred lines, as first they met in one.

Rais'd by these hopes all caution I disown,
And sent no envoys to address thy throne,
But came unguarded, fearless, and alone.

Our Daunian foes, with equal rage, destroy
Your suff'ring subjects and the sons of Troy ;

And hope, if they expel the Dardan train,
From sea to sea to propagate their reign.

Then in a league let either nation join,
For know, our Trojans are a martial line,

Valiant and bold, and season'd to alarms,
True to their leagues, and exercis'd in arms !

Thus he---the monarch roll'd his eager eyes
O'er his majestic form, and thus replies :

On all thy features how I dwell with joy :
Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious prince of
Troy !

How in thy face, my ancient friend I see !

Anchises looks, and lives, and speaks in thee !

Well I recall great Priam's stately port,

Whence once he fought his * royal sister's court

On Salamanian shores, with all his train ;

And took his way through our Arcadian plain.

Then but a youth, I gaz'd the strangers o'er,

And much admir'd the chiefs, their monarch more ;

But most Anchises ; for, supremely tall,

Thy graceful godlike fire outshin'd them all.

Eager I long'd in friendship's sacred bands

To hold the chief, and join our plighted hands,

Led him to Pheneus' ancient walls, carest

Th' illustrious prince, and claim'd him for my guest.

On me, at parting, generous he bestow'd

Two golden bridles, that refulgent glow'd,

(A glorious present by my son possess'd),

With a rich quiver and embroider'd vest.

The peace you ask, we give ; our friendship plight,

And, soon as morn reveals the purple light,

With our confederate troops, a martial train,

Safe I'll dismiss thee from these walls again.

Now, since as friends you honour our abode,

Assist, and pay due offerings to the god.

With us pursue the solemn annual feasts,

And from this hour commence our constant guests.

He said ; the bowls replac'd in open view,

The joyful train the holy rites renew ;

The hoary king dispos'd his guests around,

And plac'd the Trojans on the verdant ground.

But for their prince an ample couch was spread ;

A lion's spoils adorn'd the rural bed.

Now brought the chosen youths and priests a-
gain

The sacred banquet to the stranger train ;

Dispens'd from canisters the bread around,

And with the foaming wine the goblets crown'd :

The Dardan prince and every Trojan guest,

Reclin'd at ease, partake the solemn feast.

But when the rage of craving hunger fled,

Thus to the chief the hoary monarch said :

'Tis not for nought we pay these rites divine

To great Alcides' ever-honour'd shrine ;

Our worship springs from gratitude sincere,

Not heady zeal, nor superstitious fear ;

Nor are our tribes by blind devotion aw'd ;

But, sav'd by Hercules, adore the god.

For lo ! in air yon hanging rock behold !

Sea heaps on heaps, on ruins ruins roll'd !

See yon huge cavern, yawning wide around !

Where still the shatter'd mountain spreads the
ground.

That spacious hold, grim Cacus once possess'd,

Tremendous fiend ! half human, half a beast :

Deep, deep as hell, the dismal dungeon lay,

Dark and impervious to the beams of day.

With copious slaughter smok'd the purple floor ;

Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,

Dreadful to view ! and dropp'd with crimson
gore.

The fiend from Vulcan sprung ; and, like his fire,

The mighty monster breath'd a storm of fire,

So fierce he rag'd ; till time at length bestow'd

The presence, aid, and vengeance of a god.

For now Alcides left the realms of Spain,

Proud of the spoils of huge Geryon slain,

* Hecione.

To these fair shores the bellowing droves he led;
 Along the banks and flow'ry vales they fed.
 The fiend resolves to bear the prize away
 By fraud or force; and meditates the prey.
 Four beauteous heifers, four fair bulls he took,
 Enclos'd and lodg'd them in the gloomy rock;
 But by their tails the struggling prey he drew,
 And thought to puzzle the deluded view.
 The turning tracks, inverted, where they tread,
 Back from the monsters darksome cavern led.
 Meantime the mighty drove the hero leads
 To fresher pastures, and untrampled meads.
 The parting herds spread wide, and roar around;
 Fields, woods and hills, rebellow to the sound.
 When lo! a heifer heard her love complain,
 And roar'd responsive from the cave again;
 From vault to vault the sound in thunder flew,
 And the detected fraud appear'd in view.
 Alcides seiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire,
 Rage in his looks, and all his soul on fire:
 Fierce in his hands the pond'rous club he shook,
 And, mad for vengeance, mounts th' aerial rock.
 Then, first appall'd, the monster we descry,
 Death in his cheek, and horror in his eye.
 Swift as the wind, with terror wing'd, he fled,
 And in the gloomy cavern plung'd his head.
 The pond'rous rock, impenetrably strong,
 On solid hinges by his father hung,
 To guard the dreadful dungeon down he drew:
 The shatter'd chains and bursting barriers flew.
 Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,
 When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate.
 He gnash'd his teeth with rage, the passes try'd,
 And roll'd his eager eyes on every side;
 Now here, now there, a fiery glance he threw,
 And thrice, impetuous, round the mountain flew;
 Thrice strove to storm the massy gates in vain;
 And thrice, o'erspent, sat panting on the plain.

A pointed rock behind the cavern stood,
 That to the left frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
 Black, rough, and vast; a pile of wond'rous height;
 A solemn haunt for every bird of night.
 This, from the right, the god incumbent shook;
 Fierce from the solid base he heav'd the rock.
 Then push'd convulsive with a frightful peal,
 The smoking steep rolls thund'ring down the vale.

To the loud din, earth, air and heav'n reply;
 The banks start wide; and back the surges fly.
 Expos'd to sight the monster's dungeon lay,
 And the huge cave flew open to the day.
 So, if the bolts of Jove should burst the ground,
 And opening earth disclose the vast profound,
 The solemn secrets of the dark abodes,
 Hell's dreadful regions, dreadful ev'n to gods;
 Full on the black abyss the beams would play,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day:
 As pale (his dungeon storm'd) with wild affright,
 Glares the dire fiend, surpris'd in open light.
 He roars aloud, while thund'ring from above,
 Full on the foe the furious hero drove.
 With every vengeful instrument in view,
 Whole trunks of trees and broken rocks he threw.
 Now round the cavern, in despair of flight,
 Th' enormous monster breathes a sudden night;
 To blind or blast his mighty foe, expires
 Thick clouds of smoke, and all his father's fires.

With that the vengeful god in fury grew,
 And headlong through the burning tempest flew.
 Fierce on the fiend, through stifling fumes he came,
 Through streams of spoke and deluges of flame;
 There, while in vain he breath'd the fires around,
 His trembling prize the great Alcides found;
 Limb lock'd in limb, from earth his feet he rends,
 And on the ground his monstrous bulk extends;
 Strangled the struggling foe with matchless might,
 And from their caverns tore the balls of fight.
 Thus the huge fiend, exhausted, breathless, tir'd,
 Loud bellowing, in th' Herculean grasp expir'd.
 The god then burst the gates; and open lie
 The den's vast depths, all naked to the sky.
 Th' expanded caves dismiss th' imprison'd prey,
 From the black darksome dungeon to the day.
 Forth by the feet the crowds the monster drew;
 On his huge size they feast their eager view;
 His shaggy limbs, his dreadful eyes admire,
 And gaping throat, that breath'd infernal fire.

From that blest hour th' Arcadian tribes be-
 stow'd

These solemn honours on their guardian god.
 Potitius first, his gratitude to prove,
 Ador'd Alcides in the shady grove;
 And, with the old Pinarian sacred line,
 These altars rais'd, and paid the rites divine,
 Rites, which our sons forever shall maintain;
 And ever sacred shall the grove remain.
 Come then, with us to great Alcides pray,
 And crown your heads, and solemnize the day.
 Invoke our common god with hymns divine,
 And from the goblet pour the generous wine.
 He said, and with the poplar's sacred boughs,
 Like great Alcides, binds his hoary brows;
 Rais'd the crown goblet high, in open view:
 With him, the guests the holy rite pursue,
 And on the board the rich libation threw.

Now from before the rising shades of night,
 Roll'd down the steep of heav'n, the beamy light.
 Glad in the fleecy spoils of sheep, proceed
 The holy priests; Potitius at their head.
 With flaming brands and offerings, march the train,
 And bid the hallow'd altars blaze again;
 With care the copious viands they dispose;
 And for their guests a second banquet rose.
 The fires curl high; the Sali dance around
 To sacred strains, with shady poplars crown'd.
 The quires of old and young, in lofty lays,
 Resound great Hercules' immortal praise.
 How first, his infant hands the snakes o'erthrew,
 That Juno sent; and the dire monsters flew.
 What mighty cities next his arms destroy,
 Th' Oechalian walls, and stately tow'rs of Troy.
 The thousand labours of the hero's hands,
 Enjoin'd by proud Eurystheus' stern commands,
 And Jove's revengeful queen. Thy matchless
 might

O'ercame the cloud-born Centaurs in the fight;
 Hylæus, Pholus sunk beneath thy feet,
 And the grim bull, whose rage dispeopled Crete.
 Beneath thy arm the Nemean monster fell;
 Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell;
 Ev'n hell's grim porter shook with dire dismay,
 Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey.
 No shapes of danger could thy soul affright;
 Nor huge Typhæus, towering to the fight,

Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
With all her hundred heads, that hiss'd around.
Hail mighty chief, advanc'd to heaven's abodes!
Hail son of Jove; a god among the gods!
Be present to the vows thy suppliants pay,
And with a smile these grateful rites survey.
Thus they—but Cacus' cavern crowns the strain,
Where the grim monster breath'd his flames in vain.

To the glad song, the vales, the woods rebound,
The lofty hills reply, and echo to the sound.

The sacred rites complete, the numerous train
Back to the city bend their course again.
Trembling with age, slow moves the monarch on,
Between the hero and his blooming son.
They pass with pleasure the remains of day
In various converse, that beguiles the way.
Around th' illustrious stranger darts his sight,
And views each place with wonder and delight:
Curious each ancient monument surveys,
And asks of every work of ancient days,—
Half sunk in ruins, and by age o'ercome—
When thus, the founder of majestic Rome:

Know, mighty prince, these venerable woods,
Of old, were haunted by the silvan gods,
And savage tribes, a rugged race who took
Their birth primeval from the stubborn oak.
No laws, no manners form'd the barbarous race:
But wild, the natives rov'd from place to place;
Untaught and rough, improvident of gain,
They heap'd no wealth, nor turn'd the fruitful plain.
Their food, the savage fruits the forests yield,
Or haunted game, the fortune of the field,
Till Saturn fled before victorious Jove,
Driv'n down and banish'd from the realms above.
He by just laws embody'd all the train,
Who roam'd the hills, and drew them to the plain;
There fix'd; and Latium call'd the new abode,
Whose friendly shores conceal'd the latent god.
These realms in peace the monarch long controll'd,
And blest the nations with an age of gold.
A second age succeeds, but darker far,
Dimm'd by the lust of gain, and rage of war.
Then the Sicanians and Ausonians came,
And Saturn's realm alternate chang'd her name.
Successive tyrants rul'd the Latian plain;
Then stern, huge Tybris held his cruel reign.
The mighty flood that bathes the fruitful coast,
Receiv'd his name, and Albula was lost.
I came the last, through stormy oceans driv'n
From my own kingdom by the hand of heav'n.
My mother goddess and Apollo bore
My course at length to this auspicious shore.

This said, the prince the gate and altar shows,
That to his parent, great Carmenta, rose;
Whose voice foretold, the sons of Troy should
With everlasting fame the rising town. [crown
Here, Pan, beneath the rocks thy temple stood;
There, the renown'd asylum, in the wood.
Now points the monarch, where by vengeful steel,
His murder'd guest, poor, hapless Argus fell!
Next, to the capitol their course they hold,
Then roof'd with reeds, but blazing now with gold.
Ev'n then her awful sanctity appear'd;
The swains the local majesty rever'd.
All pale with sacred horror, they survey'd
The solemn mountain and the reverend shade.

Some god, the monarch said, some latent god
Dwells in that gloom, and haunts the frowning
wood.

Oft our Arcadians deem, their wondering eyes
Have seen great Jove, dread sovereign of the skies;
High o'er their heads, the god has ægis held,
And blacken'd heaven with clouds, and shook th'
immortal shield!

In ruins there, two mighty towns, behold,
Rais'd by our fires; huge monuments of old!
Janus' and Saturn's name they proudly bore,
Their two great founders!—but are now no more!

Thus they converse on works of ancient fame,
Till to the monarch's humble courts they came;
Their oxen stalk'd, where palaces are rais'd,
And bellowing herds in the proud Forum graz'd.
Lo! said the good old king, this poor abode
Receiv'd great Hercules, the victor god!
Thou too, as nobly, raise thy soul above
All pomps, and emulate the seed of Jove.

With that the hero's hands the monarch prest,
And to the mansion led his godlike guest.
There on a bear's rough spoils his limbs he laid,
And swelling foliage heap'd the homely bed.

Now awful night her solemn darkness brings,
And stretches o'er the world her dusky wings;
When Venus, (trembling at the dire alarms
Of hostile Latium, and her sons in arms),
In those still moments, thus to Vulcan said,
Reclin'd and leaning on the golden bed;
(Her thrilling words her melting consort move,
And every accent fans the flames of love);

When cruel Greece and unrelenting fate
Conspir'd to sink in dust the Trojan state,
As Ilion's doom was seal'd, I ne'er implor'd,
In those long wars, the labours of my lord;
Nor urg'd my dear, dear consort to impart,
For a lost empire, his immortal art;
Though Priam's royal offspring claim'd my care,
Though much I sorrow'd for my godlike heir.
Now as the chief, by Jove's supreme command,
Has reach'd at length the destin'd Latian land;
To thee, my guardian pow'r, for aid I run;
A goddess begs; a mother for her son.
Oh! guard the hero from these dire alarms,
Forge, for the chief, impenetrable arms.
See, what proud cities every hand employ,
To arm new hosts against the sons of Troy;
On me and all my people, from afar
See what assembled nations pour to war!
Yet not in vain her sorrows Thetis shed,
Nor the fair partner of Tithonus' bed,
When they implor'd my lord of old to grace
With arms immortal an inferior race.
Hear then, nor let thy queen in vain implore
The gift, those goddesses obtain'd before.

This said; her arms, that match the winter
snows,

Around her unresolving lord she throws;
When lo! more rapid than the lightning flies,
That gilds with momentary beams the skies,
The thrilling flames of love, without control,
Flew through the footy god, and fir'd his soul.
With conscious joy her conquest she descri'd;
When, by her charms subdu'd, her lord reply'd:

Why all these reasons urg'd, my mind to move;
When such your beauties, and so fierce my love!

Long since, at your request, my ready care,
In Troy's fam'd fields, had arm'd your son for war.
Nor did the high decrees of Jove and fate
Doom to so swift a fall the Dardan state;
But, ten years more, old Priam might enjoy
Th' imperial sceptre, and the throne of Troy.
Yet, if our queen is bent the war to wage,
Her sacred cause shall all our art engage.
The noblest arms our potent skill can frame,
With breathing bellows or the forming flame,
Or polish'd steel, refulgent to behold,
Or mingled metals, damask'd o'er with gold,
Shall grace the chief: thy anxious fears give o'er,
And doubt thy interest in my love no more.

He spoke; and, fir'd with transport by her charms,
Clasp'd the fair goddess in his eager arms;
Then pleas'd, and panting in her bosom lay,
Sunk in repose, and all dissolv'd away!
But rose refresh'd, impatient from the bed,
When half the silent hours of night were fled:
What time the poor laborious frugal dame,
Who plies the distaff, stirs the dying flame;
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their task with half the night;
Thus to her children she divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed:
So to his task, before the dawn, retires
From soft repose the father of the fires.
Amid th' Hesperian and Sicilian flood
All black with smoke, a rocky island stood,
The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the god.
Here the grim cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
The huge Æolian forge, that thunders round.
Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon o'er;
From side to side the fiery caverns roar. [blows;
Loud groans the mass beneath their ponderous
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows
To this dark region, from the bright abode,
With speed impetuous flew the fiery god.
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;
Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.
Huge strokes, rough Steropes and Brontes gave,
And strong Pyracmon shook the gloomy cave.
Before their sovereign came, the cyclops strove
With eager speed, to forge a bolt for Jove,
Such as by heaven's almighty lord are hurl'd,
All charg'd with vengeance, on a guilty world.
Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey!
Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
Three points of rain; three forks of hail conspire;
Three arm'd with wind; and three were barb'd
with fire.

The mass they temper'd thick with livid rays,
Fear, wrath, and terror, and the lightning's blaze.
With equal speed, a second train prepare
The rapid chariot for the god of war;
The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite
The madding nations to the rage of fight.
Some, in a fringe, the burnish'd serpents roll'd
Round the dread egis, bright with scales of gold;
The horrid egis, great Minerva's shield,
When, in her wrath, she takes the fatal field,
All charg'd with curling snakes the boss they rais'd,
And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd.
In agonizing pains the monster frown'd,
And roll'd in death, her fiery eyes around.

Throw, throw your tasks aside, the sovereign
Arms for a godlike hero must be made. [said;
Fly to the work before the dawn of day;
Your speed, your strength, and all your skill display!

Swift as the word, (his orders to pursue)
To the black labours of the forge they flew;
Vast heaps of steel in the deep furnace roll'd,
And bubbling streams of brags, and floods of melt-
ed gold.

The brethren first a glorious shield prepare,
Capacious of the whole Rutulian war.

Some, orb in orb, the blazing buckler frame;
Some with huge bellows rouse the roaring flame:
Some in the stream the hissing metals drown'd;
From vault to vault the thund'ring strokes re-
bound,

And the deep caves rebellow to the sound.
Exact in time each ponderous hammer plays;
In time their arms the giant brethren raise,
And turn the glowing mass a thousand ways.

These cares employ the father of the fires:
Meantime Evander from his couch retires,
Call'd by the purple beams of morn away,
And tuneful birds, that hail'd the dawning day,
First the warm tunic round his limbs he threw;
Next on his feet the shining sandals drew.
Around his shoulders flow'd the panther's hide,
And the bright sword hung glittering at his side.
Two mighty dogs, domestic at his board,
(A faithful guard) attend their aged lord.
The promis'd aid revolving in his breast,
The careful monarch sought his godlike guest,
Who with Achates rose at dawn of day,
And join'd the king and Pallas on the way.

Their friendly hands exchang'd, their seats they
Amid the hall; and first Evander spoke: [took

Great prince, the guardian of the Trojan state!
Who, safe in thee, defies the frowns of fate;
Small is our force, and slender our relief;
Far, far unworthy such a glorious chief.
For here, old Tyber bounds our lands; and there
The stern Rutulians gird our walls with war;
Yet to our court kind fortune led thy way;
And mighty aids the willing fates display;
By me whole nations, in thy cause ally'd,
Whole hosts in arms shall gather to thy side.
For near these walls, amid the Tuscan lands,
Seated on rocks, proud Agyllina stands.
Rais'd by the Lydian train, sublime in air,
A martial race, and terrible in war,
For ages flourish'd this distinguish'd town;
Vast was her wealth, and glorious her renown;
Till stern Mezentius made her sons obey
His lawless arms, and arbitrary sway.

What tongue can such barbarities record,
Or count the slaughters of his ruthless sword?
Give him, ye gods! if justice you regard,
Give him, and all his race the due reward!
'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltless bled;
Still worse; he bound the living to the dead.
These, limb to limb, and face to face he join'd,
(Oh! monstrous crime of unexampled kind!)
Till chok'd with stench the ling'ring wretches
And in the loath'd embraces dy'd away. [lay,
At length, their patience tir'd, his subjects rose,
Besiege the tyrant, and his walls enclose,

Subdue his guards, destroy his friends, and aim
Full at the regal towers the vengeful flame;
While for defence to Turnus he withdrew,
And, safe through all the cloud of slaughter, flew.
But arm'd by such revenge, the Tuscan band
To death the royal fugitive demand.
At once Etruria fires her martial train,
And all her sons embattled spread the plain,
By me dispos'd, shall march these mighty hosts
Beneath thy conduct, from their native coasts,
For now, ev'n now their fleets have reach'd the
land,

And the tall ships are rang'd along the strand;
They wait the signal, for the fight prepare;
But thus a sage retards the moving war:
"Ye chosen martial train, the glorious grace
And flower of all our old Mæonian race;
Though by just rage inspir'd, your hosts are led
To pour full vengeance on your tyrants' head,
No Latian chief these armies must command;
Choose some brave general from a foreign land."

With that, their forces stopp'd in these abodes,
Struck with this awful warning of the gods.
To me, their chief bold Tarchon sent, before,
The crown, and every type of regal pow'r;
Me they request to lead their armies on,
Accept the sway, and fill the vacant throne.
But for these silver hairs 'tis far too late
To mix in battles, or the cares of state;
Vain were the thoughts, so great a war to wage;
Too rough the task for unperforming age;
My son had led them, but his race withstood:
Born half a native by the mother's blood.
But thou, great prince, whose years and godlike
Stand well approv'd by every pow'r divine, [line
Go thou; the high imperial task sustain;
Go; to sure conquest lead the vengeful train:
And let my Pallas by thy side engage;
Pallas, the joy of my declining age,
Beneath so great a master's forming care,
Let the dear youth learn every work of war;
In every field thy matchless toils admire,
And emulate thy deeds, and catch the glorious
Beneath his standard rang'd, a chosen force [fire!
I send, two hundred brave Arcadian horse;
And, to support the gathering war, my son
Shall lead an equal squadron of his own. [found,

He said; the prince and friend, in cares pro-
Long fixt their eyes with anguish on the ground,
Sad, and dejected at the short supply;
Till Venus gave a signal from the sky;
Swift from the opening heavens, with awful sound,
A sudden splendor broke, and blaz'd around.
A rolling general din they heard from far;
And the loud Tyrrhene trumpets rend the air.
While thus, amaz'd, they gaze with wondering
eyes,

Peal after-peal runs rattling round the skies.
At last bright clashing arms the train behold,
That flush the skies, and fringe the clouds with
gold.

But soon Æneas knew the loud alarms,
The promis'd present of immortal arms.
To me alone, my royal friend, he cries,
This sign belongs, an omen from the skies.
My mother promis'd these portents in air,
On the first opening of the wasteful war;

VOL. XII.

To me she brings through yon ethereal road,
Those glorious arms, the labour of a god!
Oh! what a gathering storm of slaughter spreads
On yonder hosts, and blackens o'er their heads!
How shall thou, Turnus, my full rage deplore!
How shall thy waves, old Tyber, smoke with gore,
When all thy streams, encumber'd with the slain,
Roll shields, and helms, and heroes to the main!
Now let the perjur'd train their arms prepare;
Since 'tis their wish, I'll give a loose to war!

He said; and from the sylvan throne retires;
Then on Alcides' altar wakes the fires.
Glad he returns, the offering to renew,
And to the household gods the victims flew.
To the same rites return, with equal joy,
The hoary monarch and the youths of Troy.
Then to the ship he bends his course again,
There culls the flower of all the warrior train,
To wait him to the field; the rest he sends
With the glad tidings to his son and friends.
Smooth o'er the waves the painted vessels glide,
And with the stream move gently down the tide.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan train,
And speed their progress to the Tuscan plain.
But to their prince a courser was assign'd,
Of matchless spirit and superior kind.
The bounding steed a lion's spoils enfold,
With paws dependent, sheath'd in shining gold.

Strait through the city flies the loud report
Of troops advancing to the Tuscan court.
The shrieking matrons weary heav'n with
pray'r
Near and more near they view in wild despair,
The horrid image of gigantic war.
The good old monarch then embrac'd his son,
And with a flood of tender tears begun:

Oh! would almighty Jove once more renew
That vigorous strength of youth which once I
knew;

When, by this hand, beneath her rocky wall,
Prænestes saw her vanquish'd armies fall;
When, victor of the field, and crown'd with fame,
With piles of hostile shields, I fed the flame,
And sent great Herilus, of matchless might,
Their martial monarch, to the shades of night;
On whom, descended from celestial blood,
Three lives his goddesses † mother had bestow'd.
Wond'rous to tell! the warrior thrice was slain,
As oft reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.
Thrice, though renew'd for fight, the monarch
bled,

And thrice, of all his arms I stipp'd the dead.
Such were I now---not all these dire alarms,
Dangers, or deaths, should tear me from thy arms:
Nor had Mezentius thus his slaughters spread,
Thus heap'd with wrongs thy father's aged head;
Nor thus unpunish'd stretch'd his rage abhorrd
O'er towns, dispeopled by his wasteful sword.
But hear, ye gods! and heaven's great ruler, hear,
With due regard, a king's and father's pray'r!
My dear, dear Pallas, if the Fates ordain
Safe to return, and bless these eyes again:
With age, pain, sickness, this one blessing give;
On this condition I'll endure to live.
But oh! if fortune has decreed his doom,
Now, now, by death, prevent my woes to come;

† Feronia.

P p

Now, while my hopes and fears uncertain flow;
 Now, ere she lifts her hand to strike the blow;
 While in these feeble arms I strain the boy,
 My sole delight, my last surviving joy!
 Ere the sad news of his untimely doom [tomb!
 Must bow this hoary head with sorrow to the
 With these last words he swoon'd and sunk away;
 His servants to the couch their breathless lord con-
 vey. [ride,

Now through the opening gates the warriors
 Æneas first, Achates by his side.
 The Trojan chiefs succeed: amid the train
 Young Pallas towers, conspicuous o'er the plain.
 All bright his military purple flow'd;
 His polish'd arms with golden splendors glow'd.
 So, bath'd in ocean with a vivid ray
 Flames the refulgent star that leads the day:
 Wide through the sky, before the sacred light
 Break, and disperse the scattering shades of night.
 High on the battlements the mothers stand,
 And, from the towers, survey the martial band.
 Through the thick woods, embody'd in array,
 The glittering squadrons take the nearest way.
 Loud shouts arise; the thundering couriers bound
 Through clouds of dust, and paw the trembling
 A mighty grove, rever'd for ages stood [ground.
 Where Cære views with pride her rolling flood:
 Hills clad with fir, to guard the hallow'd bound,
 Rose in the majesty of darkness round.
 In times of old, the pious Argive train,
 The first possessors of the Latian plain,
 To the great † guardian of the fields, had made
 For ever sacred the devoted shade, [paid.
 And, on his solemn day, their annual offerings
 Not far from hence the Tuscan host dispread
 Their mighty camp, with Tarchon at their head.
 From the tall towering point in full survey,
 Stretch'd o'er the vale, th' embattled army lay.
 Hither Æneas, with his band, succeeds;
 The train refresh'd release the panting steeds.

Meantime his beauteous mother, from on high,
 Had brought the blazing present down the sky.
 By the cool stream the hero she survey'd
 Within the winding vale, and thus she said:
 Behold the promis'd arms; in every part
 By Vulcan labour'd with immortal art.
 Now dare thy foes, collected in thy might,
 Now call the haughty Turnus to the fight.
 Then the fair queen her joyful son embrac'd,
 And by an oak, the radiant burthen plac'd.
 The wondering chief with sudden rapture glow'd,
 Struck with the glorious labours of the god.
 Astonish'd at the blazing arms he stands,
 And, one by one, he pois'd 'em in his hands.
 The sword, with death all pointed, he admires,
 And the proud helm, that shoots a length of fires.
 The mighty corset cast a vivid ray;
 With scales of brass and sanguine colours gay;
 And, like a flaming cloud, refulgent shone,
 Pierc'd with the glancing glories of the sun.
 The polish'd graves his manly thighs infold,
 With mingled metals wrought and ductile gold.
 With joy the weighty spear the prince beheld;
 But most admir'd the huge mysterious shield;
 For there had Vulcan, skill'd in times to come,
 Display'd the triumphs of immortal Rome;

* Sylvanus,

There all the Julian line the god had wrought,
 And charg'd the gold with battles yet unsought.
 Here in a verdant cave's embow'ring shade,
 The fostering wolf and martial *twins were laid;
 Th' indulgent mother, half reclin'd along,
 While at her dugs the sportive infants hung,
 Look'd fondly back, and form'd 'em with her
 tongue.

Next Rome appear'd; here shriek the Sabine
 dames,

Surpris'd, and ravish'd at her solemn games.
 In arms the Cures with their king appear,
 And wage with infant Rome a sudden war.
 At length agreed, from fight the monarchs cease,
 And at the shrine of Jove, conclude the peace.
 Each king beside the bleeding victim stands,
 With lifted eyes, a goblet in his hands.
 Here the mad couriers flew the forest o'er,
 And, limb from limb, the perjurd Metius tore.
 As vengeful Tullus drags him through the wood,
 The sculptur'd trees are all bedropp'd with blood.

Here proud Porfenna, with his martial train,
 Bids Rome receive her banish'd king again.
 Her noble sons surrounded with alarms,
 Fly, in the cause of liberty, to arms.
 While glorious Cocles all his host withstood,
 And Clælia broke her chains, and swam the flood.
 With furious looks, tremendous to behold,
 The raging monarch frown'd, and storm'd in gold.

There, for the Capitol, brave Manlius strove,
 Fought like a god, and look'd a second Jove.
 There stood thy palace, Romulus, (decreed
 The feat of empire) roof'd with homely reed.
 Here fled the silver goose through courts of gold,
 And, cackling loud, th' approaching Gauls fore-
 told.

Through the thick forest move the hostile pow'rs,
 And, favour'd by the night, invade the tow'rs.
 Fair golden tresses grace the comely train,
 And every warrior wears a golden chain.
 Embroider'd vests their snowy limbs infold;
 And their rich robes are all adorn'd with gold.
 Two Alpine spears with martial pride they wield,
 And guard their bodies with an ample shield.
 The Salii next in solemn garbs advance;
 And naked here the mad Luperci dance,
 The pledge of future empire from the sky,
 The sacred targe strikes dazzling on the eye.
 In stately cars the pious matrons rode,
 Who sav'd their country, and appeas'd the god.

Far hence remov'd, appear the realms below,
 The horrid mansions of eternal woe; [chains
 Where howl'd the damn'd; where Catiline
 Roars from the dark abyss, in endless pains;
 Sees the grim furies all around him spread,
 And the black rock still trembling o'er his head.
 But in a separate space the just remain;
 And awful Cato rules the godlike train.

Full in the midst, majestically roll'd
 The solemn ocean wrought in figur'd gold:
 But hoary waves curl high on every side,
 And silver dolphins cut the fable tide.

Amid the flood, two navies rose to fight
 With beaks of brass; th' immortal Actian fight!
 All charg'd with war the boiling billows roll'd,
 And the vast ocean flam'd with arms of gold.

† Romulus and Remus,

Here leads divine Augustus, through the floods
The sons of Rome, her fathers and her gods:
From his high stern the martial scene surveys,
While streaming splendours round his temples
His sparkling eyes a keener glory shed, [blaze;
Than his great father's star, that glitters o'er his
head.

Next with kind gales, the care of every god,
Agrippa leads his squadron through the flood.
A naval crown adorns the warrior's brows,
And fierce he pours amid th' embattled foes.
There brings proud Antony his various bands,
From distant nations, and from barbarous lands.
Dispeopled Egypt fills the wat'ry plain,
And the whole Eastern world o'erspreads the main.
But O;—the curse of Rome, the shame of war,
His || Pharian consort follows in the rear!

Rush the fierce fleets to fight! beneath their oars
And clashing beaks, the foaming ocean roars!
All big with war the floating castles ride,
In bulk enormous, o'er the yielding tide;
The frothy surge like moving mountains sweep,
Or isles uprooted, rolling round the deep.
Spears, darts and flames fly furious o'er the main;
The fields of Neptune take a crimson stain.
The beauteous queen, amidst the dire alarms,
With her loud timbrels calls her hosts to arms,
Flies to the fight, nor sees the snakes, that wait
And hiss behind, dread ministers of fate!
Against great Neptune, in his strength array'd,
And beauteous Venus, and the blue-ey'd maid,
Engage the dog Anubis, on the floods,
And the lewd herd of Egypt's monster gods,
In polish'd steel, conspicuous from afar,
Amid the tumult storm the god of war.
Her robes all rent, with many an ample stride,
Grim discord stalk'd, triumphant o'er the tide.
Next, with her bloody scourge Bellona flies,
And leads, in fatal pomp, the furies of the skies.

Meantime, enthron'd on Actim's towering
The god of day surveys the raging fight, [height,
And bends his twanging bow. With sudden dread,
At the dire signal, all Arabia fled:

|| Cleopatra.

At once retire, in wild confusion hurl'd,
Egypt, and all th' assembled Eastern world.
Amid the slaughters of the fight was seen,
Pale with the fears of death, the Pharian queen;
Aghast, she calls the kind propitious gales
To speed her flight; and spreads her silken sails.
The god display'd her figure, full in view,
As o'er the floods with western winds she flew.
While sunk in grief, the mighty Nile bemoans
The shame and slaughter of his vanquish'd sons.
He saw the rout; his mantle he unroll'd,
Spread forth his robes, and open'd every fold,
Expanded wide his arms, with timely care,
And in his kind embrace receiv'd the flying war.

Now moves great Cæsar (all his foes o'ercome,)
With three proud triumphs thro' imperial Rome;
And pays immortal honours to the skies:
Behold at once three hundred temples rise!
The streets resound with shouts and solemn games;
And to the temples throng the Roman dames
With ardent pray'rs: high altars rise around;
And with the blood of victims smoke the ground.
He sits enthron'd in Phœbus' Parian fane;
In ranks before him pass the vanquish'd train,
While he accepts the gifts that crown his toils,
And hangs on high the consecrated spoils.
Before the victor move the mighty throngs,
With different habits and discordant tongues.
Here pass, distinguish'd by the god of fire,
The sons of Afric in their loose attire;
The Carians march; the bold Numidians ride;
The Gelons shine with quivers at their side.
Here crowd the Dæ; and the nations, there,
From earth's last ends assembled to the war.
Here with diminish'd pride Euphrates mourns;
There the maim'd Rhine bemoans his broken
And fierce Araxes, bridg'd of old in vain, [horns;
Now bends, submissive to the Roman chain.

Such was the glorious gift in every part
By Vulcan finish'd with immortal art:
(The forms unknown, that grac'd its ample field;)
The prince with joy surveys the stor'd shield;
Aloft he bears the triumphs yet to come,
The fortunes of his race, the fates of mighty Rome.

B O O K IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, attempts to fire his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas, which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and conclusion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus pushes the siege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he pursues. The gates are immediately closed upon him; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at last to leap, armed as he is, into the river, and swims to his camp.

Thus while the prince collects auxiliar hosts,
And leads new armies from the Tuscan coasts;
Dispatch'd by heav'n's great empress from the
The goddess of the bow to Turnus flies; [skies,

Where, cover'd with the shade, he made abode
In his old grandfire's consecrated wood;
There, as at ease reclin'd the godlike man,
Her rosy lips she open'd, and began:

P P ij

Turnus, this kind auspicious hour bestows
 What scarce a god could promise to thy vows:
 For lo! the Trojan chief has parted hence,
 And for new succours courts th' Arcadian prince.
 Thence to the Tuscan coasts his course he bends,
 And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.
 Now, while the Lydians in his cause unite,
 And the raw peasants gather to the fight:
 Call, call the fiery coursers, and the car;
 Fly---storm his camp---and give a loose to war.
 This said; with levell'd wings she mounts on high,
 And cuts a glorious rainbow in the sky.

He knew the fair; his lifted hands he spread,
 And with these words pursu'd her as she fled:
 Bright beauteous goddess of the various bow,
 What pow'r dispatch'd thee to the world below?
 What splendours open to my dazzled eyes!
 What floods of glory burst from all the skies;
 And lo! the heav'n's divine, the planets roll!
 Thick shine the stars, and gild the glowing pole!
 Call'd by these omens to the field of blood,
 I follow to the war the great inspiring god!

Raptur'd he said, and sought the limpid tide,
 Where gurgling streams in silver currents glide;
 There cleans'd his hands, then raising high in air,
 To ev'ry god address'd his ardent pray'r.

And now, all gay and glorious to behold,
 Rich in embroider'd vests, and arms of gold,
 On sprightly prancing steeds, the martial train
 Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.

The van with great Messapus at their head;
 The deep'ning rear the sons of Tyrrheus led.
 Brave Turnus flames in arms, supremely tall,
 Tow'rs in the centre, and outshines them all.
 Silent they march beneath their godlike guide:
 So mighty Ganges leads, with awful pride,
 In sev'n large streams his swelling solemn tide:
 So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
 Moves in slow pomp, majestic, to the main.

Troy saw from far the black'ning cloud arise:
 Then from the rampart's height Caius cries:
 See, see, my friends, yon dusky martial train,
 Involv'd in clouds, and sweeping o'er the plain.
 To arms---The foes advance---Your swords pre-
 pare;

Fly---Mount the ramparts, and repel the war.

With shouts they run; they gather at the call;
 They close the gates; they mount; they guard
 the wall.

For so th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the host,
 When late he parted for the Tuscan coast;
 Whate'er befell, their ardour to restrain,
 Trust to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.
 There, though with shame and wrath their bo-
 soms glow.

Shut in their tow'rs; they wait th' embattled foe.
 But mighty Turnus rode with rapid speed,
 And furious spurr'd his dappled Thracian steed;
 Eager before the tardy squadrons flew

To reach the wall; and soon appear'd in view
 (With twice ten noble warriors close behind);
 His crimson crest stream'd dreadful in the wind.
 Who first he cry'd, with me the foe will dare?
 Then hurl'd a dart, the signal of the war.

Loud shout his train; deep wonder seiz'd them all,
 To see the Trojans skulk behind their wall;

Safe in their tow'rs their forces they bestow,
 Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.

Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,
 Tries every post and pass, but tries in vain.
 As, beat by tempests, and by famine bold,
 The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold;
 Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,
 Safe from the savage, bleat the tender lambs;
 The monster meditates the fleecy brood;
 Now howls with hunger, and now thirsts for blood;
 Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
 And madly rages at the flock in vain:
 Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief descries,
 Rage fires his soul, and flashes from his eyes:
 Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
 From the close trench to combat on the plain.
 But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
 That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
 Beside the camp---He calls for burning brands,
 And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
 His great example the bold troop inspires;
 They rob the hearths; they hurl the missive fires;
 The black'ning smokes in curling volumes rise,
 With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the skies.

O say, ye muses, what celestial pow'r
 Preserv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
 And stopp'd the progress of the furious flame?
 The tale is old, yet of immortal fame!

The Trojan chief, prepar'd to stem the tide,
 Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide;
 When thus to Jove, in heav'n's supreme abodes,
 Spoke the majestic mother of the gods;
 Hear, and our first request, my son, accord,
 The first, since heav'n has own'd you for her lord.
 To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
 On lofty Ida tow'rs a stately grove;
 Tall firs and maples there for years have stood,
 And waving pines, a venerable wood!
 To build his navy, I bestow'd with joy
 The hallow'd forest on the chief of Troy.
 Now anxious fears disturb my soul with care:
 But thou, my son, indulge a mother's pray'r:
 Bid seas and tempests spare the ships divine;
 Be this their safety, that they once were mine.

Thus she---and thus replies her son, who rolls
 The golden planets round the spangled poles:
 What would our mother's rash request intend:
 To turn the fates from their determin'd end?
 How! an immortal state would you demand
 For vessels labour'd by a mortal hand?
 And shall the chief in certain safety ride,
 O'er rocks, o'er gulfs, and o'er th' uncertain tide?
 A pow'r so high we never yet bestow'd;
 No---'tis a pow'r too boundless for a god!
 But this we grant---when, all his labours o'er,
 The Trojan prince shall reach the Latian shore,
 Whatever ships the friendly strand shall gain,
 Sav'd from the storms, and the devouring main,
 Know, we will take the mortal form from these;
 Each ship shall launch, a goddess of the seas;
 And with her sister Nereids shall divide
 The silver waves, and bound along the tide.
 This said; the lord of thunder seal'd the vow
 By his dread brother's awful streams below;
 By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood;
 Then gave the sanction of th' imperial nod;
 The heav'n's all shook, and fled before the god.

Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,
Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate;
When the great mother of the thund'rer came
To guard her sacred vessels from the flame.

First from the glowing orient they descry
A blazing cloud that stretch'd from sky to sky;
The golden splendors doubly gild the day,
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.
At length, with wonder, and religious fear,
A deep majestic voice the list'ning nations hear:

Forbear, forbear, ye sons of Troy, nor lend
Your needless aid, our vessels to defend.
The proud Rutulian shall, with greater ease,
Burn to their beds profound the wat'ry seas;
Launch you my ships; be Nereids of the floods;
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!

Swift at the word, the sacred ships obey,
From their loose anchors break, and bound away;
Like sportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
Then (wond'rous!) rise in female forms again.
So many nymphs launch swiftly from the shore,
As rode tall gallees in the port before.

The fierce Rutulians shook with wild affright,
Ev'n brave Messapus trembled at the sight,
Nor could he rule his steeds, nor check their
rapid flight.

Old murmur'ing Tyber shrunk with sudden dread,
And to his source the hoary father fled.
All, but the valiant Daunian hero, shook,
Who rais'd their drooping souls, while thus he
spoke:

These omens threat our foes (O glorious day)!
Lo! Jove has snatch'd their last relief away!
Lo! from our dreaded arms their ships retire,
And vanish swift before our vengeful fire;
To Troy, imprison'd in yon narrow coast,
The wat'ry half of all the globe is lost.

Their flight, the seas and hostile armies bar;
The land is ours; and Italy from far
Pours forth her sons, by nations, to the war.
Her favouring oracles let Ilion boast:

On Turnus all those empty vaunts are lost.
To 'scape the seas, and reach the Latian land,
Was all, their fates or Venus could demand.
My fates now take their turn; and 'tis in mine,
For my lost spouse, to crush the perjur'd line.

Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,
The same my cause, and my revenge the same.
Will Troy then venture on a rape once more,
Who paid so dearly for the crime before?
Sure they have long ago the thought declin'd,
Forsworn the sex, and curst the costly kind!

Fools! will they trust yon feeble wall and gate,
That slight partition betwixt them and fate,
Who not long since beheld their Troy renown'd,
Their god-built Troy, lie smoking on the ground!
Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe;
Seize, storm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.

Nor want we, o'er these dastards to prevail,
Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thousand sail;
Though to support their desp'rate cause should
join

Arcadia's sons with all the Tuscan line:
Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
The sacred thefts or murders of the night.
A robb'd palladium, and an ambush'd force
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monstrous horse.

A conquest in the dark my soul disclaims;
No---let us gird by day their walls with flames.
Soon shall they find no Argive host appears,
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.

Now go, my valiant friends, and pass away
In due repast the small remains of day:
But rise, rise early with the dawning light,
Fresh from repose, and vig'rous for the fight.

Meantime it falls to great Messapus' care,
The ramparts to surround with fire and war.
Twice sey'n Rutulian leaders head the bands;
An hundred spears each valiant chief commands:
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay,
And crimson crests on every helmet play.

They watch, they rest by turns; and, stretch'd
supine

On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.
The fires gleam round, and shoot a ruddy light;
In plays and pleasures, pass the jovial night.

This scene the Trojans from their trenches view;
All seiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew;
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with speed, and tow'r to tow'r.
Thus while th'endanger'd bulwarks they maintain,
Mnestheus and brave Serestus fire the train.

(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,
If aught befel, the conduct of the war).

Now all the soldiers to their posts were flown,
And in their turns, successive, guard the town.

The valiant Nisus took his lot, to wait
Before the portal, and defend the gate.

From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game:
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms
Troy's bravest youths, and far excell'd in charms;
So young, the springing down but just began
To shade his blooming cheeks, and promise man.
These boys in sacred friendship were ally'd,
And join'd in martial labours, side by side;
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory shar'd:
And both alike were planted on the guard.

Has heav'n (cry'd Nisus first) this warmth be-
stow'd?

Heav'n? or a thought that prompts me like a god?
This glorious warmth, my friend that breaks my
rest?

Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breast.
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardors raise,
And set my mounting spirits on a blaze!

See the loose discipline of yonder train; [plain:
The lights, grown thin, scarce glimmer from the
The guards in slumber and debauch are drown'd;
And mark!--a gen'ral silence reigns around:
Then take my thought; the people, fathers, all,
Join in one wish, our leader to recall.

Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim,
(For I cou'd rest contented with the same---)

An easy road, methinks, I can survey
Beneath yon summit to direct my way.

The brave Euryalus, with martial pride.
Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd:

And will my Nisus then his friend disclaim?
Deny'd his share of danger and of fame?

And can thy dear Euryalus expose
Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes?

Not so my father taught his gen'rous boy,
Born, train'd and season'd in the wars of Troy.

And, where the great Æneas led the way,
I brav'd all dangers of the land and sea.
Thou too canst witness that my worth is try'd;
We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd side by side.
Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame;
Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame;
And thinks, if endless glory can be sought
On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.
Let no such jealous fears alarm thy breast:
Thy worth and valour stand to all confess.
But let the danger fall (he cries) on me:
For this exploit, I durst not think on thee!
No:—as I hope the blest ethereal train
May bring me glorious to thy arms again!
But should the gods deny me to succeed,
Should I—(which heav'n avert!) but should I
bleed;

Live thou;—in death some pleasure that will give;
Live for thy Nisus' sake; I charge thee, live.
Thy blooming youth a longer term demands;—
Live, to redeem my corse from hostile hands;
And decent to the silent grave commend
The poor remains of him who was thy friend:
Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead.
Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know
Such heart-felt pangs? Unutterable woe!
Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,
Dar'd every danger of the land and sea!
She left Acestes' walls, and she alone,
To follow thee, her only, darling son!

In vain, he cry'd, my courage you restrain;
My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.
Haste—let us go—He said—and rais'd the guard;
By turns their vacant posts the sentries shar'd.
With eager speed the gen'rous warriors went,
Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.

In silence hush'd the whole creation lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day.
Not so the chiefs of Ilion, who debate
In solemn council on th' endanger'd state;
Propp'd on their spears, their bucklers in their hand,
Amid the camp the hoary fathers stand,
And vote an instant message may be sent
To their great chief, their ruin to prevent.
The friends now beg admission of the court,
The business arduous, and of high import.
The prince commands them to inform the train;
And first bade Nisus speak, who thus began:

Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers!
Our bold adventure by our tender years.
As yonder bands in sleep and wine are drown'd,
We, by kind chance, a secret path have found,
Close by the gate, that near the ocean lies;
The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of smoke arise.
If you permit, since fair occasion calls,
Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.
Soon shall our mighty chief appear again,
Adorn'd with spoils, and striding o'er the slain,
Lord of the field; nor can we miss the road,
But know the various windings of the flood;
For, as we hunt, we see the turrets rise,
Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.

Then thus Alethes, an illustrious sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age:
Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine
Will spare the relics of the Trojan line,

Since you the bosoms of our youths inspire
With such high courage, such determin'd fire.
Then in his arms the boys by turns he took
With tears of joy; and panting, thus bespoke:
Oh! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,
What honours, equal to so great a deed?
The best and fairest, all th' applauding sky,
And your own conscious virtue, shall supply;
The next, our great Æneas will bestow,
And young Ascanius' riper years shall owe.
Whatever boon such merit can receive,
The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give.

And I, brave Nisus! cries the royal boy,
Swear by the sacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,
My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you;
Go then, your gen'rous enterprise pursue.
Oh! to these longing eyes my fire restore;
From that blest hour my sorrows are no more.
Two silver bowls, whose ample margins shine,
All rais'd with costly sculpture, shall be thine;
The same my conqu'ring father brought away,
When low in dust the fair Arisba lay:
Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold,
And two large talents of the purest gold:
With these a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
Bestow'd in Carthage on my royal fire.
And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms are our
own;

When my great father mounts the Latian throne;
When our victorious hosts by lot shall share
The rich rewards, and glorious spoils, of war;
What late thou saw'st when Turnus took the field,
His prancing courser, helm, and golden shield;
That courser, shield, and helm, of skill divine,
Exempt from lot, brave Nisus, shall be thine.
My fire will give twelve captives with their arms;
Yet more—twelve females of distinguish'd charms;
And, to complete the whole, the wide domain
Of the great Latian lord, a boundless plain.
But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
Whose years but just advance before my own,
No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,
Still at my side, and ever at my heart,
My dangers, glories, counsels, thoughts, to share;
My friend in peace, my brother in the war!

All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.
Though fortune only our attempt can bless,
Yet still my courage shall deserve success.
But one reward I ask, before I go,
The greatest I can ask, or you bestow.
My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;
Such was her love, she left her native Troy,
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And such is mine, that I must keep unknown
From her, the danger of so dear a son:
To spare her anguish, lo! I quit the place
Without one parting kiss, one last embrace!
By night, and that respected hand, I swear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear!
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childless; and relieve her, poor;
Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone),
In you, a friend, a guardian, and a son!
With that dear hope, embolden'd shall I go,
Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe.

Charm'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,
But more than all, Ascanius melts in tears,
To see the sorrows of a dateous son,
And filial love, a love so like his own.
I promise all, heroic youth! he said,
That to such matchless valour can be paid;
To me, thy mother still shall be the same
Creüsa was, and only want the name.
Let fortune good or ill success decree;
'Tis merit, sure, to bear a son like thee!
Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
Whate'er rewards I purpose to bestow,
When safe return'd, on thee, the same shall grace
Thy mother, and thy whole surviving race.

So spoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
Gave to the pious youth his costly sword:
The sword with wond'rous art Lycaon made;
An ivory scabbard sheath'd the shining blade.
To Nisus, Mnestheus gave a lion's hide;
And a new helm Alethes' care supply'd.
Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' assembly
waits,

With high applause, their progress to the gates.
Mature in wisdom, far above his years,
The fair Iulus in the train appears,
And sends his father many an ardent pray'r;
All lost in wind, and scatter'd wide in air!

Now, favour'd by the shade, the warriors go,
Pass the deep trenches, and invade the foe.
But, ere their dang'rous enterprise is o'er,
With what large slaughter shall they bathe the
shore! [around,

All drench'd in wine and sleep, lie stretch'd
The careless soldiers on the verdant ground,
Amid a pile of traces, wheels and reins,
And empty cars, encumbering all the plains.
Here lie the scatter'd arms; the goblets there;
A mad confusion of debauch and war.

Now, now, cries Nisus first, thy courage call;
The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
Here lies our road: while I the passage find,
Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.
From side to side, whole squadrons will I slay,
Through death and horrors opening wide thy way.

With that, the youth in silence drew his
sword, [lord;
And stabb'd proud Rhamnes, a distinguish'd
In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd.
On the rich couch in slumbers deep he lay,
And, labouring, slept the full debauch away.
The fate of others he had still foreshown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.

Then on the 'quire of Remus fierce he flew,
And, as they slept, his three attendants flew.
The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
As, midst the steeds, he slumber'd on the plain;
Last on their lord employ'd the deadly steel;
Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.
The purple blood distains the couch around;
The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.
Next Lamyrus and Lamus meet their doom:
Serranus last, in all his sprightly bloom:
By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outstretch'd
he lay,

Full half the night already spent in play; [day.
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the

Thus o'er th' unguarded fence by hunger bold,
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.
All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours;
While wrapt in silence lies the fleecy brood,
The savage rages in a foam of blood.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employ'd
The deadly sword; but nameless crowds destroy'd.
Hebescus, Fadus, as they slept, he goar'd;
But wakeful Rhæsus saw the slaughter'ring sword:
Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain;
For as the foe, detected, rose again,
The furious youth, with all his force impress'd,
Plung'd the whole sword, deep-bury'd in his
breast; [dy'd;
With blended wine and blood, the ground was
The purple soul came floating in the tide.

So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
And scatters death and slaughter as he goes.
Now when to brave Messapus' tents they came,
The fires just glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.
The train lie scatter'd, while the steeds, unbound,
Expatriate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
Then Nisus warn'd him; for he saw the boy
Too fierce for blood, too eager to destroy; [way---
Enough of death---our swords have hew'd the
We stand detected by the dawning day.

They part; and leave, in piles confus'dly
roll'd, [gold.

Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bows of
But yet the fond Euryalus would stay,
Resolv'd to seize one rich distinguish'd prey;
The shining trappings Rhamnes' couriers bore,
And the broad golden belt the monarch wore,
Of old, to Remulus was sent the prize
By Cædicus, the pledge of social ties;
Which with his grandson at his death remain'd,
And last by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.
This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,
And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain!
Next, with Messapus' helm, his brows he spread,
Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head.
Then, flush'd with slaughter and the glorious prey,
They quit the camp, and seek a safer way.

Meantime, the Daunian hero to support,
Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court;
Three hundred horse, while slow the foot succeed,
Fly swift before, with Volscens at their head.
Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,
And, on the left, the hapless youths survey.
Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd,
On which the moon in all her glory play'd.
'Tis not for nought, those youths appear; de-
clare [are;
(Cries the stern gen'ral) who, and whence you
And whither bound; and wherefore arm'd for
war?

Nought they reply, but took their sudden flight
To the thick forests and the shades of night.
But the fierce warriors spurr'd their steeds, and
stood

All round, to guard the openings of the wood.
O'ergrown and wild, the darksome forest lay,
And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way.
Hither, encumber'd with his gaudy prize,
Distress'd Euryalus for shelter flies;
But miss'd the turnings, in his wild surprise.

Not so, swift Nisus, who the foes declin'd,
Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind;
Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,
Where the fleet courfers of Latinus fed.

There stood the mournful youth; and from the
plain,

Cast a long look, to find his friend, in vain!

Where is Euryalus, my only joy?

Where shall I find (he cry'd) the hapless boy?

Then he retrac'd his former steps, and trod,

Once more, the winding mazes of the wood,

The trampling steeds and warriors pour behind,

And the loud cries come thick in ev'ry wind.

Here, while he paus'd, a general shout he heard;

And lo! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,

Surrounded by the foe: the gloomy night,

And pathless thickets, intercept his flight.

With joyful clamours crowd the gath'ring train

Around the captive, who resists in vain.

What can his friend attempt, what means em-
ploy,

What arms, what succours, to redeem the boy?

Or through th' embattled squadrons shall he fly,

And, prest by hostile numbers, nobly die?

Then on the moon he cast a mournful look,

And in his hand the pointed jav'lin shook;

Great guardian goddess of the woods! (he cries)

Pride of the stars, and empress of the skies!

If e'er with gifts my father hung thy shrine

For his dear son, and fought thy pow'r divine,

Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,

And grac'd thy sacred roof with savage spoils;

Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,

But, wing'd with death, disperse the hostile train.

This said; with all his strength the spear he

threw;

Swift through the parting shade the weapon flew.

In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring stood,

And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.

He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay;

While in thick fobs he gasp'd his soul away.

The crowds gaze round; when lo! a second flies,

Fierce as the first, and sings along the skies.

Through Tagus' temples, o'er the shrinking train,

It flew, and sunk deep-bury'd in the brain.

Now, mad for vengeance, Volscens storm'd, nor

found

The daring author of the distant wound:

But thy curst blood shall pay for both, he said;

Then rush'd impetuous with the flaming blade

Against the trembling boy---with wild affright,

All pale, confus'd, distracted at the fight,

From his close covert Nisus rush'd in view,

And sent his voice before him as he flew:

Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;

Here sheath your javelins; all the guilt was mine.

By yon bright stars, by each immortal god,

His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood!

Nor could, nor durst the boy the deed intend;

His only crime (and oh! can that offend?)

Was too much love to his unhappy friend!

In vain he spoke, for ah! the sword, addrest

With ruthless rage, had pierc'd his lovely breast:

With blood his snowy limbs are purpled o'er,

And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.

As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd,

Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground;

Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain

Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain;

So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,

His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies!

Now midst the foe, distracted Nisus flew;

Volscens, and him alone, he keeps in view.

The gath'ring train the furious youth surround;

Dart follows dart, and wound succeeds to wound;

All, all, unfelt; he seeks their guilty lord;

In fiery circles flies his thund'ring sword;

Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the destin'd way;

And, bury'd in his mouth, the falchion lay.

Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry side,

Brave Nisus flew the murd'rer as he dy'd;

Then, on the dear Euryalus his breast,

Sunk down, and slumber'd in eternal rest.

Hail, happy pair! if fame our verse can give,

From age to age, your memory shall live;

Long as th' imperial Capitol shall stand,

Or Rome's majestic lord the conquer'd world

command!

The victors first divide the gaudy prey;

Then to the camp their breathless chief convey:

There too a scene of gen'ral grief appears;

There, crowds of slaughter'd princes claim their

tears. [found,

Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapless friends they

Some pale in death, some gasping on the ground.

With copious slaughter all the field was dy'd,

And streams of gore run thick on ev'ry side.

All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought;

But mourn the fatal prize, so dearly bought.

Now, dappled streaks of light Aurora shed,

And ruddy rose from Tithon's saffron bed:

Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,

Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day.

When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms;

First arm'd himself; then call'd the host to arms.

The chiefs their soldiers to the field excite,

Inflame their rage, and lead them to the fight.

On pointed spears, a dreadful fight! they bore

The heads of both the hapless youths, before;

With barb'rous joy survey the bloody prize,

And shout, and follow with triumphant cries.

The Trojans, on the left, sustain the fight

From their high walls; the river guards the right.

They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain;

Thick on the ramparts stand the pensive train,

And know the heads too well, though cover'd o'er

With sanguine stains, and all deform'd with gore.

Now to the mother's ears the news had fled,

Her son, her dear Euryalus, was dead:

The vital warmth her trembling limbs forsook,

She dropp'd the shuttle, and with horror shook;

With hair dishevell'd from the walls she flies,

And rends the air with agonizing cries;

Breaks through the foremost troops in wild de-

spair,

Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.

And is it thus, the comfort of my years,

Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears?

And could'st thou fly, my child, to certain harms?

To death (oh cruel!) from thy mother's arms?

So fond a mother?—nor thy purpose tell?

Nor let me take my last, my sad farewell?

A prey to dogs, alas! thy body lies,

And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian skies!

Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;
Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the
gore,

Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er;
The work that charm'd the cares of age away,
My task all night, my labour all the day;
The robe I wove, thy absence to sustain,
For thee, my child;—but wove, alas! in vain.
Where shall I find thee now? what land contains
Thy mangled members and thy dear remains?
How on thy face these longing eyes I fed!

Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone?
Is that the sole sad relic of my son?
That bloody ball!—No more!—ye foes of Troy,
Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;
Here, here direct in pity ev'ry dart,
Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:
Or with thy bolts, O Jove! conclude my woe,
And plunge me flaming to the shades below.
Strike—and I'll bless the stroke, that sets me free;
'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me!

Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.
Their courage slackens; and the frantic dame
With her wild anguish damps the martial flame.
But young Ascanius, while his sorrows flow,
And his full eyes indulge the gush of woe,
With great Ilioneus, commands the train
To bear the matron to her tent again.

Now the shrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
With piercing clangors animates the war.
The troops rush on; the deaf'ning clamours rise,
And the long shouts run echoing round the skies.
Strait, in a shell, their shields the Volscians
threw;

And the close cohorts march, conceal'd from view,
To fill the trenches which the camp surround,
And tug th' aspiring bulwarks to the ground.
Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,
They fix their scaling engines in the tow'rs.
From far the Trojans missive weapons throw,
And with tough poles repel the rising foe;
Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,
And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.
Long with huge pointed stones, they strove in vain,
To burst the cov'ring of the hostile train.
Yet still the bands maintain the fight, below
The brazen concave, and defy the foe.

At length the Trojans with a mighty shock,
Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock;
Full where the thick-embod' d squadron spreads,
Th' enormous mass came thund'ring on their heads,
Broke through the shining arch, and crush'd the
train;

And with a length of slaughter smok'd the plain.
In this blind fight no more the foes engage,
But with their darts a distant combat wage.

There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
And tost within the works the dreadful flame;
Tremendous chief!—while bold Messapus calls
To scale the tow'rs; and thunders at the walls.

Ye sacred nine, inspire me to record
What numbers fell by Turnus' slaughter'ing sword.
What foes each hero plung'd to hell, declare,
Each death display, and open all the war!

Those mighty deeds which you alone can know,
Repeat, ye muses! to the world below.

Full o'er the wall a turret rose on high,
Stage above stage, unrivall'd, to the sky.
This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
Point their full strength, their whole collected war.
Vast fragments from above the Trojans throw,
And through the walls their jav'lins gaul the foe.
A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;
Close to the sides the flaming mischief hung;
Then, thund'ring through the planks, in fury grew,
Swell'd in the wind, and round the structure
flew.

With headlong speed th' imprison'd troops retire,
Throng'd in huge heaps, before the spreading fire.
While on one side their weight incumbent lay,
The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way,
The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
And all Olympus trembled at the sound.

With the proud structure fall the Trojan train,
Wrapp'd in the smoky ruins, to the plain,
Their souls crush'd out, the warriors bury'd lie;
Or on the points of their own lances die.

Sav'd from the general fate, but two remain,
And ah! those hapless two were sav'd in vain!
Unblest'd Helenor, most advanc'd in years,
At once encompass'd by the foe appears;
Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous slave
Lycimnia bore; unfortunately brave.

Though born of servile blood, the gen'rous boy
In arms forbidden fought the wars of Troy.
With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field;
Light was his sword; and unadorn'd his shield.
At first with wild surprise the youth descry'd
The gath'ring Latian troops on every side;
Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lins rise,
Fierce on the close embattled war he flies.

So the stern savage, whom the train surrounds
Of shouting hunters, steeds, and op'ning hounds,
On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
Springs forth undaunted on a grove of spears.
But swifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way,
Though jav'lins hiss, and swords around him play;
Flies to the walls and battlements again,
Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.

For close behind the furious Turnus flew:
Fool! couldst thou hope to 'scape when I pursue,
Though swifter than the wind? (aloud he cries)
Then by the foot he seiz'd his trembling prize;
And, as he hung aloft in dire dismay,
Tugg'd him with half the shatter'd wall away.

So Jove's imperial bird, through fields of air,
Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare:
So the grim prowling wolf, amidst her play,
Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey;
Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks, and laments her slaughter'd child in vain.
Now with loud shouts they rend the tortur'd air,
Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
Some load with hostile fires their vengeful hands,
And at the turrets toss the blazing brands.

As to the gates the bold Lucetius came,
Tow'r'd in the front, and shook the waving flame;
The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
A rocky fragment, and the warrior flew.
Young Liger's certain spear, Emation sped;
Asylas' shaft laid Chorinæus dead.

Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal steel,
But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell;
Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
And hapless Idas, while he guards the walls.
Sagar, the next, with Promulus was slain;
And Capys stretch'd Privernus on the plain;
First slightly wounded by Themilla's dart;
(The shield thrown by) to mitigate the smart,
His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd;
Swift flew the second dart, and nail'd it to his side:
Its fatal course through all his vitals held;
And the pale corse lay panting on the field.

All bright in arms, the son of Arcens stood,
Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god;
From where Palicus' loaded altars flame,
In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.
Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high;
Then seiz'd a sling, and laid the jav'lin by;
Thrice whirl'd around, the whistling bullet threw;
The glowing metal melted as it flew;
Through both his temples cut its dreadful way;
And, roll'd in dust, the beauteous warrior lay.

Then first in fight the young Ascanius bore
His bow; employ'd on beasts alone before.
His vengeful shafts a royal victim found,
And stretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.
Not long before the haughty chief had led
Brave Turnus' sister to his bridal bed:
Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
He stalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud:

What shame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-van-
quish'd train,
To lie beleagu'ed in your walls again!
All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait!
That rise, ye cowards, between you and fate!
Brave chiefs! bold heroes these!—who come so far
To gain their brides by violence and war!
From Troy what god, what madness call'd you
o'er,

To fall and perish on a foreign shore?
Far other foes than Atreus' sons appear;
No crafty talking Ithacus is here.
We plunge our infants in the hard'ning streams,
And season in the frost their tender limbs.
Our boys the forest range, and lead the course,
Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing
horse.

Long thirst, long hunger, our bold youths can bear,
Plough, fight, or shake embattled towns with war.
We live in steel; in arms our hinds appear;
And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring steer.
Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd;
Still flames the noble ardour of the mind.
Ev'n the grave fire with martial vigour glows,
And crushes with the casque his hoary brows.
All, all engag'd alike in warlike toils,
Subsist on rapine, and divide the spoils.
While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy,
Your hours in pleasures, and the dance employ:
Warm purple robes defend (ye dastard bands!)
Your heartless breasts and unperforming hands.
Your female souls the manly form disgrace—
Hence then, ye women, to your native place—
Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away!—
With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!
Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
But leave to men the business of the war.

Thus while he spoke in scornful strains, no more
The young Ascanius the proud boaster bore.
He fits an arrow to the well-strung bow;
But first to Jove address'd his solemn vow:
My bold attempt, almighty fire, succeed;
A milk-white heifer at thy shrine shall bleed;
Majestic shall he stalk, and paw the ground,
Push with his gilded horns, and spurn the sands
around.

He said—and, to the left, the fire on high
Roll'd the big thunder through an azure sky.
At once his twanging bow Ascanius drew,
And, hissing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;
Nor flew the winged wrathful shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his head, and stung him to the brain.
Go—and once more a valiant race defy!
Thus the twice-vanquish'd Phrygians, thus reply.
No more he said;—loud shouts and clamours
rise;

And transport lifts the Trojans to the skies.

High on a cloud, enthron'd in open air,
Apollo sat, and thence survey'd the war.
Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries;
Rise, glorious youths; in valour ever rise;
Rise thus in time to heav'n's supreme abodes,
The son, and father, of a race of gods!
Who, great in arms, victorious by their swords,
Shall rule mankind, the world's majestic lords!
Go—mount from fame to fame, auspicious boy;
Proceed, and scorn the narrow bounds of Troy!

He said; then down th' ethereal road he
flies

With rapid speed, and cleaves the liquid skies;
Assumes old Butes' figure and attire,
Anchises' long-try'd friend, and faithful 'squire
In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy
Had trusted to his care the royal boy.
Like this sage guardian to the youth he came;
His voice, his visage, and his arms the same.

Then to the victor boy aloud he cries;
Enough, young warrior—Let it now suffice
That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies:
Apollo, pleas'd thy first attempts to crown,
Gives to thy bow the glories of his own:
Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
Too daring youth—he said; and past in air,
Past in a moment from his wond'ring eye;
And the loose shape dissolv'd into the sky.
The sounding shafts the leaders heard, o'eraw'd
With the loud quiver, and confest the god;
Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
Since great Apollo's voice forbade the war.

While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die;
Stones, spears, and jav'lins, from the works they
flung;

From tow'r to tow'r the shouts and clamours rung;
Helms clash with helms, the rattling shields re-
sound;

Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground;
While loud the battle roars, and thunders all
around:

Thick, as from western clouds, all charg'd with
rain,

Pours the black storm, and smokes along the plain;
Thick as the gather'd hail, tempestuous, flies
O'er the wide main, and rattles down the skies,

When all the frowning heav'ns are blacken'd
o'er;
When Jove discharges all his wrathful store,
And, deep from every cloud, the bursting thun-
ders roar!

Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal stood,
Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;
From great Alcanor and Hiera sprung,
The champions rose conspicuous o'er the throng.
The mighty champions of prodigious frame,
Tow'rd like the groves and mountains whence
they came.

Their prince, when parting from the Tuscan state,
Appointed these, the guardians of the gate.
Proud of their strength, the daring heroes throw
Th' enormous folds wide open to the foe.
Within, all bright in arms, on either hand
Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors stand:
On their bright helms sat horror plum'd; on high
Their nodding crests float dreadful in the sky.
So where the fields fair Athesis divides,
Or Po tumultuous rolls his swelling tides,
With heads unshorn, two mighty oaks appear,
Wave to the winds, and nod sublime in air!

Soon as the foes an open entrance spy,
The war breaks in; but soon their leaders fly,
Repell'd by hosts; or in the portal die.
Quercens, Equiculus, all bright in steel,
Hæmon and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell.
To dire extremes the rising rage proceeds;
The slaughter swells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
No more imprison'd in their walls they wait;
All Troy at once came pouring to the gate:
Now, flush'd with blood, in bold excursion far
Rush the stern bands, and mix in closer war.

But in a distant quarter long engag'd
Amidst the foes the Daunian hero rag'd:
When to the prince a messenger relates,
That Troy had open'd wide her massy gates;
And heaps on heaps the late imprison'd train
Broke forth, and stretch'd the slaughter o'er the
plain.

This heard, with fury sparkling in his eyes,
Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.
First, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead,
Sarpedon's offspring by a Theban bed;
The whizzing lance with all his force address'd,
Transfixt the foe, and panted in his breast:
Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin stood:
Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood.
Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell;
Then sunk Aphydneus to the shades of hell.
Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies:
No vulgar lance the valiant victor tost
(In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost);
A strong, vast, weighty spear, the hero threw,
A spear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.
Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
Nor double pond'rous plates, and scales of gold,
Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could
stay;

But stretch'd in dust the giant warrior lay:
As the huge champion falls, the fields resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
So from the Baian mole, whose structures rise
High o'er the flood, a massy fragment flies;

The rapid rolling pile all-headlong sweeps,
With one vast length of ruin, to the deeps;
Thick boil the billows; and on ev'ry side,
Work the dark sands, and blacken all the tide:
The trembling shores of Prochyta resound,
And burning Arime shakes wide around;
The mass, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus spread;
The giant hears the peal; and, seiz'd with
dread,

Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed.

Now Mars himself inspires the Latian band,
Warms ev'ry heart, and strengthens ev'ry hand;
And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,
The kindling legions gather to the fight:
Danger nor death their furious course controls,
And all the god came rushing on their souls!

His brother slain when Pandarus beheld,
And saw the changing fortune of the field,
He sets his ample shoulders to the weight,
And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate;
But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,
A crowd of friends to certain death expos'd;
And, with himself, includes the trembling train
Of troops, who rush'd tumultuous from the plain,
Fool! not to see the dreadful Turnus there,
Mix'd with the crowds amidst the flying war;
But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
Like some fierce tyger 'midst the trembling fold:
Loud clash his arms; and, as he tow'rs on high,
Flash the keen flames from his tremendous eye;
Nods his proud crest, and formidably plays;
And from his shield the streamy lightning blaze.

Too soon, with dire surprise, the Trojans know
The dreadful front of their victorious foe.

Straight fir'd with vengeance for his brother slain,
Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began:

Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal scene!

No bridal palace of the Latian queen,
No native Ardea, prince, you here descry,
But hostile walls; and 'tis in vain to fly.

In that vast bulk if any soul reside,
Come, try thy might (the prince sedate reply'd);
Go, and old Priam's trembling spirit tell,
A new Achilles plung'd thy soul to hell.

Then, first, his knotted spear the Trojan threw;
Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon
flew;

But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
And in the portal fixt the quiv'ring lance.

But hope not thou to 'scape this sword of mine,
Aim'd by a surer, stronger hand than thine,
The hero cry'd---Then flies against the foe
With the bright blade; and rises to the blow.
Sudden the sword tempestuous cleaves in twain
His cheeks, and sinks deep-bury'd in the brain.
Distain'd with blood, his clashing arms resound,
And, as he fell, he shook the purpled ground:
There, as the mighty bulk lay stretch'd along,
In equal shares the parted visage hung.

Pale with new horror at the dreadful sight,
On ev'ry side the Trojans urge their flight.
Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
And call'd his social troops to storm the town,
That day had seen their warlike labours o'er;
And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
But the mad chief with boundless slaughter glows,
And rage insatiate drives him on the foes.

First, valiant Phalaris; next Gyges fell;
 Deep through his knee he drove the pointed steel.
 Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
 And in their backs transfix'd the flying crew.
 New strength, new courage, Juno still supply'd:
 And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd:
 Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fall,
 With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,
 High on the works engag'd in other fight---
 Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right,
 And struck bold Lynceus as he call'd around
 For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
 At one just stroke his head and helmet fly
 Before the sword, and far at distance lie.
 Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
 Whose fatal arrow pierc'd the savage game;
 Who dipp'd the envenom'd steel with matchless
 art,

And double arm'd with death the pointed dart.
 Next Clytius fell, though sprung of race divine;
 Soft Cretheus last, the darling of the nine;
 Well was he skill'd, in sacred strains to sing,
 Tune the sweet lyre, and sweep the trembling
 Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite, [string;
 The plunging furious steeds, and thunder of the
 fight. [band,

Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan
 What numbers fell by Turnus' conq'ring hand;
 Fierce they advance; when soon appear in fight,
 The slaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.
 And where? (great Mnestheus rais'd his voice on
 high)

Where, to what other ramparts would you fly;
 Shall one, and he enclos'd within your wall,
 One rash, imprison'd warrior vanquish all?
 With rage resistless, half an host destroy;
 And open ev'ry bleeding vein of Troy?
 Calm you look on, and see the furious foe
 Plunge crowds of heroes to the shades below;
 Still shall your king, ye base abandon'd train,
 Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in
 vain?

Rous'd by these words, they rally from afar,
 Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war;

The Daunian chief shrinks backward from the
 foes,

Where round the works the mighty river flows:
 The Trojans shout; and, with new transport fir'd;
 Rush on embody'd, as the prince retir'd.
 As when with tilted spears the clam'rous train
 Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
 The lordly savage from the shouting foe
 Retires, majestically stern, and slow.
 Though singly impotent the crowd to dare,
 Repel, or stand their whole collected war;
 Grim he looks back; he rolls his glaring eye;
 Despairs to conquer; and disdains to fly.

So Turnus paus'd; and by degrees retir'd;
 While shame, disdain, and rage, the hero fir'd.
 Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,
 And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
 But now from all the camp their forces ran
 Full on the chief; an army on a man!
 Nor longer heav'n's great empress from on high
 Dares with new strength th' exhausted prince
 For winged Iris from the realms above [supply:
 Brought the severe decree of angry Jove,
 That bad, with threats, th' imperial queen recal
 Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall.

Now his tir'd arm refus'd the sword to wield;
 Now flew the darts, and planted all his shield.
 The stones now rattle; now the jav'lins sing,
 Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.
 A thousand weapons round his temples lay,
 And strike the honours of his crest away.
 Thick and more thick the foes their lances sped,
 With mighty Mnestheus thund'ring at their head.
 Pale, breathless, faint, and black with dust, in
 streams

The sweat descends from all his trembling limbs,
 Arm'd as he was (thus press'd on ev'ry side),
 He plung'd at last, undaunted, in the tide.
 The sacred river, for the welcome load,
 Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the
 The hero to his hosts the surges bear, [flood:
 Cleans'd from the horrid stains of slaughter, blood,
 and war.

B O O K X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas; Æneas, Lausus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

Now wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove:
 Th' ethereal king convenes the pow'rs above.
 Beneath his eye, both hosts, in full survey,
 The spacious world, and vast creation lay;
 There in the starry courts, enthron'd on high,
 Sate the majestic senate of the sky,
 Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes;
 To whom the king of men, and father of the gods;

What discord fires your minds, celestial train?
 Why was our sacred mandate urg'd in vain?
 Did not your sov'reign lord his will declare,
 That Troy and Latium should not wage the war?
 Why are we disobey'd? What vain alarms
 Inflame their souls to slaughter, blood, and arms?
 The destin'd time will wing its fatal way,
 (Nor need your rage anticipate the day)

When Carthage, with her proud victorious pow'rs,
Shall burst, like thunder, o'er the Roman tow'rs,
Break the strong Alpine adamantine chains,
Pour down the hills, and deluge all the plains.
Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
And stern revenge may crush the Trojan state.
Till then, ye pow'rs, from wrath and discord
cease,

And let the nations join in leagues of peace,
Thus, from the throne, in short, almighty Jove;
And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love:
O fire of men below, and gods on high!

(For to what other power can Venus fly?)
Dost thou not see yon fierce Rutulian train?
With what success proud Turnus sweeps the plain!
Rapt by his steeds, triumphant on his car,
The dreadful hero rules the storm of war.

Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate;
For, lo! grim slaughter rages in the gate!
With hostile bands the walls are cover'd o'er,
And the deep trenches float with tides of gore!

My son is absent, while his subjects bleed;
But must we never from a siege be freed?
For, lo, great fire! a second army falls,
On rising Troy, and thunders at her walls.
In Latian fields against the Dardan train,
Behold the stern Tydides rise again!

Sprung though I am from thee, prepar'd I stand
To bleed once more---and by a mortal hand!

Yet, if against thy will the Phrygian host
Have left their Troy, and fought the Latian coast,
Withdraw thy potent aid, O sov'reign god!

And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood!
But since so many signs their course compel,
The voice of heav'n, and oracles of hell;

Why dares another pow'r thy will debate,
Or thwart th' unalterable course of fate?
Her boundless vengeance why should I repeat?

How on Sicilian shores she fir'd the fleet?
How she dispatch'd to yonder world below,
With that dire charge, the goddess of the bow?

How the grim tyrant of th' Æolian reign
Let loose th' imprison'd whirlwinds o'er the
main?

Hell and th' infernal pow'rs were yet untry'd;
All hell now arms; and rises on her side.

The fiends, the furies range the realms above,
And act well worthy of the queen of Jove!

Through all the Latian towns Alecto flies,
And her black visage blasts the golden skies!

No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ
(These were my hopes, when fortune smil'd on
Troy.)

Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
And fall or conquer as thy will ordains:

Since to the Phrygian race your haughty spouse
No spot, no corner, of the world allows.

Yet I implore thy grace, almighty fire,
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the fire!

Give me, at least, the royal youth to bear
(My dear Ascanius) from the rage of war!

(And let the father, where your vengeful bride
Or fortune points, still wander o'er the tide!)

Th' Idalian realm and Amathus are mine;
Cythera fair, and Paphos the divine;

There he may live defended from the foes,
Lost to the charms of fame, in soft repose.

Then to Ausonia let proud Carthage come,
And hold that empire once decreed to Rome,
O'er the wide world extend her boundless pow'r;

Our hopes, and Jove's own promises, no more!
What now avails it, that my godlike heir

Broke through the hostile fires, and 'scap'd the
Led my poor exiles to the Latian plain, [war;

And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again;
What has it now avail'd him, to withstand

Th' exhausted dangers both of sea and land;
His lot were happier had he scorn'd a crown,

And slumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.
O! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,

Give them their Simois, with their wars again!
Let Greece in arms her vengeful hosts employ

Ten long years more, and storm a second Troy!
To whom, with fury sparkling in her eyes,

Reply'd the haughty empress of the skies:
And why, say, why, O goddess? am I prest

To wake the wrath, that slumber'd in my breast?
What god, or mortal, bad your son declare,

Against the Latian lord, so rash a war?
Suppose, fate call'd him to the Latian plains,

Or (far more likely mad Cassandra's strains!)
Say, did we bid him leave his town behind,

And trust the mercy of the sea and wind?
Commit the war, and his forsaken Troy,

To such a head, an unexperienc'd boy?
To court the Tuscan, and with vain alarms

To rouse whole nations from repose to arms?
What god, or what perverse intent of ours

Mov'd the wise prince to leave his rising tow'rs?
Say, does the goddess of the bow appear,

Or the keen spite of vengeful Juno, here?
'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians should conspire

To wrap th' unfinish'd walls of Troy in fire;
That Turnus lives, and holds his native place

(And yet he sprung from our immortal race);
Was it less hard, that Troy embattled came,

To waste the Latian lands with sword and flame?
O'er foreign realms to propagate her sway,

Join fraud to force, and bear their spoils away?
From their own lords the plighted brides to tear?

To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war?
You, from the foe, your darling son could shroud,

And, for a man present a figur'd cloud.
You from your navy could the fires restrain,

And change your ships to Nereids of the main.
Yet in her friends defence is Juno seen?

'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen!
Your son, belike, is absent, while the foe

Invades his tow'rs;---and let him still be so!--
Cythera's isle, and Amathus, are yours;

The Paphian realms, and soft Idalian shores.
Why shouldst thou then to fights a race incline,

Long since inur'd to rougher wars than thine?
Did we conspire your empire to destroy?

Did we urge vengeful Greece to ruin Troy?
We?---or your Paris? your adult'rous boy?

Who did that black destructive crime inspire?
Who fann'd the flame, that set two worlds on fire?

Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,
From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey?

Did we procure? did we retain the fair?
And, for his lust, support a ten years war?

Then, partial goddess, then had been your time,
To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime;

But now, too late, unjustly you complain,
Now vent your anger, and your grief, in vain.

Thus spoke the wrathful queen; the gods divide,

And in mixt murmurs vote on either side:
So, pent in woods, at first with sullen sound
The wind low murm'ring rolls the forest round;
A dreadful signal to the naval train,
Of the loud storms impending o'er the main.

Then spoke th' almighty father, as he sate
Enthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate.
(Th' attentive winds a solemn silence keep;
The wond'ring waves lie level on the deep;
Earth to her centre shook; high heav'n was
aw'd; [the god.]

And all th' immortal thrones stood trembling at

Hear then our sacred will, ye pow'rs above;
And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.

Since you refuse to bid your discord cease,
And join the nations in the bonds of peace;
Whatever schemes or hopes the parties frame,
Latium and Troy to Jove are both the same;
Whether in yon fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
That hapless Ilion, or Hesperia bleed.

The stern Rutulians to their toils shall know,
And ev'ry hand shall work its weal or woe.

Your king, inclin'd to neither side, shall wait
The great event, and leave the whole to fate.

This by his brother's awful floods he swore,
That through the black infernal regions roar;

Gave the dreadful signal of the solemn nod,
With his bent brows; the sanction of the god!

From sky to sky the strong concussion rolls;

And all Olympus trembled to the poles.

Thus did the fire the high contention close;

Then from the throne majestically rose;

With him at once the sacred senate rise,

And to his palace wait the sov'reign of the skies.

Meanwhile, at ev'ry gate, the Latian pow'rs
Crowd to destroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs.

By hosts surrounded, in despair to fly,

Close in their trench, the helpless Trojans lie.

Yet some undaunted on the ramparts stand,

And guard the works; a brave but slender band.

There, sprung from Imbrasus, bold Asius shone:

Thymoetes next, fam'd Hicetaon's son.

The dread Asaraci their succour bring;

With them, two brothers of the Lycian king.

Thybris and Castor next, a martial pair,

Full in the front repel the rising war,

These Acmon join'd, from fair Lyrnessus' shore;

With all his strength a broken rock he bore:

He match'd his brother Mnestheus' wond'rous
might,

And his father great Clytius in the fight.

Some, pond'rous stones, some pointed jav'lins aim,

And gaul the foe with shafts, or missile flame.

Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,

Ascanius shone; his beauteous head was bare;

A golden chain constrains his locks, that deck,

In glossy sable curls, his lovely neck:

So shines a gem, illustrious to behold,

On some fair virgin's neck enchas'd with gold:

So the surrounding ebon's darker hue

Improves the polish'd ivory to the view.

Thee too, stern Ismarus, O chief divine!

A great descendent of the Lydian line,

(Born where the peasants turn the costly mould,
Enrich'd by bright Pactolus' tides of gold)

The hosts admir'd; while fierce thy twanging
bow

Discharg'd thy poison'd arrows at the foe.

Brave Capys next succeeds, a chief of fame,

From whom proud Capua since deriv'd her name.

Great Mnestheus clos'd the band, of high renown,

Since late he cast bold Turnus from the town.

These all the rigid toils of fight sustain;

Meantime, by night, their gen'ral ploughs the
main.

For when th' prince had left th' Arcadian coast,

And sought the leader of the Lydian host;

With pray'rs declar'd his bus'ness, race, and name,

And with what force their vengeful tyrant came;

How the Rutulian rag'd; what turns of fate

And chance of war attend the mortal state;

Strait with the league propos'd, the chief complies,

And joins his forces to his new allies.

Now, uncontrol'd by fate, the martial train,

Led by a foreign hero, cleave the main:

In pomp, before, Æneas' gally past;

His lofty stern the Phrygian lions grac'd;

There, banish'd Troy's delight, her sculptur'd Ide,

Hangs o'er the foamy surge, and shades the tide.

Here sate the chief with various thoughts oppress'd,

The fate of war revolving in his breast;

Close by his side th' Arcadian prince inquires

Of the swift motions of the heavenly fires;

What seas he measur'd; and what lands he sought;

What storms he suffer'd, and what fields he fought.

Ye muses! now unlock your sacred spring,

Inspire the bard, and teach him how to sing,

What ships, what heroes, what auxiliar hosts,

Sail'd with Æneas from the Tuscan coasts.

The Tiger first the foamy flood divides,

And bears a thousand warriors through the tides,

Who came beneath great Maslicus' command,

From Cosa's turrets, and the Clusian land.

Close to their sides their polish'd quivers sate;

Strung were their bows; their arrows wing'd
with fate.

Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,

From Populonia to the field of war.

Rich in her endless beds of steely ore,

The rugged Ilva sends three hundred more:

All, train'd to fight; all, glorious to behold;

And, on the stern, Apollo flam'd in gold.

With groves of waving spears, in thick array,

From Pisa's walls a thousand took their way;

They march embattled from the Tuscan land,

And great Asylas leads the martial band;

Asylas, skilful sage! whose piercing eyes

Discern'd all signs on earth, or in the skies.

His heart from entrails certain omens drew,

From stars and birds, and lightnings as they flew.

Next beauteous Astur plough'd the wat'ry field,

Proud of his bounding steed and sculptur'd shield;

From where old Pyrgus' lofty turrets rise,

And rank Gravisca marshes taint the skies,

Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign,

And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain;

Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,

Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.

Nor thou unsung, brave Cinyras, shall pass.

The martial chief of the Ligurian race;

Nor thou, Cupavo, under whose command,
Advanc'd to fight a small, but valiant band.
White plumes adorn thy crest, and wave above,
Expressive of thy fire*, transform'd by love.
While for his Phæton his sorrows flow,
And soft harmonious strains beguile his woe;
While in the dusky poplar grove he made
His melting moans, beneath the sisters shade,
O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies.
Now his great offspring with his social train,
In the huge Centaur plough'd the roaring main.
High on the prow the figur'd monster stood,
And shook a rocky fragment o'er the flood,
The sounding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd,
That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.

Next warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
From prescient Manto and great Tyber sprung;
By him, fair Mantua rose, immortal town!
And from his mother's name deriv'd her own.
Her mighty walls, illustrious founders grace,
Of diff'rent countries, and a diff'rent race.
Three tribes distinct possess her fertile lands,
And four fair cities every tribe commands.
Proud of her Tuscan line, with glory crown'd,
She reigns the mistress of the nations round.

Next, gen'rous hate to stern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's sacred cause.
Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his
course

From old Benacus' venerable source,
In one vast ship he pours the warlike train,
Down through his native channel to the main.
Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours through the tides.
An hundred pines the boiling ocean sweep,
Plough the white waves, and lash the bellowing
A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow, [deep.
With his loud trump alarms the sea below.
Down to his waist the human form descends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monster ends.
Swift as he swims, the waters fly before; [roar.
And, dash'd beneath the god, the frothy surges
So many chiefs in thirty vessels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the sparkling tide.

Now radiant Cynthia, through th' ethereal
height,
Rode in the solemn chariot of the night.
Fixt at the stern, the helm Æneas plies;
No creeping slumber seals his careful eyes.
Amid the seas, he meets the wond'rous train
Of ships transform'd to Nereids of the main;
As many goddesses, as stood before,
With brazen beaks, tall vessels on the shore.
They know the chief from far, and in a ring
The dancing Nymphs enclose their wond'ring king.
The first whose eloquence excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breast;
Held with one hand the stern, while one divides,
With many an easy stroke, the silent tides:
And dost thou wake, great offspring of the skies?
Wake still, and open ev'ry sail (she cries):
Thy ships are we that once on Ida stood,
Now chang'd by heav'n to Nereids of the flood.
When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
With the dread sword, and the devouring flame,

* Cygnus,

We burst our anchors, by the foe compell'd,
And fought our master o'er the wat'ry field.
These forms the mother of the skies bestow'd,
And made each ship a goddess of the flood:
Low in the sacred seas our court we keep.
And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep,
Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
Midst all the terrors of the Latian war.
The brave Arcadian horse, and Tuscan host,
Have reach'd the land, and seiz'd th' appointed
post.

The Daunian chief has sent a squadron down
To stop their destin'd progress to the town.
Rise, hero! rise; and, with the dawning light,
Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.
With thy Vulcanian orb invade the field,
That golden, bright, impenetrable shield.
The morning son (nor think my promise vain!)
Shall see vast heaps of fierce Rutulians slain.
This said; the goddess (for she knew the way)
Push'd the light vessel o'er the glassy sea:
Swift as a jav'lin, or a storm she flew;
And, wing'd with rival speed, her course the rest
pursue.

While at the fight the hero stood amaz'd,
The prosp'rous sign his bounding spirits rais'd.
Then, as he fixt on heav'n his joyful eyes,
To potent Cybele the warrior cries:

Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majestic mother of the gods!
Whose strong defence proud tow'ring cities share,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car!
Oh! kindly second this auspicious sign,
And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.
Inspir'd by thee, the combat I require,
My bosom kindles, and my soul's on fire!

He said; and now the bright revolving day
Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the shades away;
When first the hero bade the train prepare,
All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war;
Rouse for the charge their courage, and excite
Their martial ardor, to prevoke the fight.

As on his stern the godlike warrior stands,
And views distinct his camp and social bands;
High in his hand the golden shield he rais'd:
Wide o'er the flood the strong effulgence blaz'd.
Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans spy
The shining orb; their darts and jav'lins fly;
And their loud clamours tempest all the sky. }
Less loud the thick-embod'd cranes repair,
In ranks embattled, through the clouds of air;
When, at the signal giv'n, they leave behind,
With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind.

Amaz'd stood Turnus, and their Latian foes,
Nor knew from whence the sudden transport rose;
Till all th' advancing navy they survey,
A floating scene, that cover'd half the sea.
From great Æneas' crest the lightnings stream,
And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam;
A length of flames the mighty shield displays,
Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundless blaze.
So the dire comet, with portentous light
And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night:
So the red dog-star, when he mounts on high,
And with his fatal splendor fires the sky
Scares the pale nations; for his burning breath
Darts down disease, blue pestilence, and death.

But still, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train,
To seize the shore, and drive them to the main.

Lo! what you long have wish'd, to prove your
might, [fight!--
The hour!--the place!--the foe!--the promis'd
Your wives, your sons, your country calls you on,
Your great forefathers glories and your own.
Now while, with slidd'ring steps, to gain the land
The Trojans toil; descend we to the strand;
Soon as on yonder shore our bands appear,
One noble stroke, my friends, shall end the war:
The brave command success!--The hero said;
Then with himself for one cool moment weigh'd,
To the bold task what chosen troops to call,
And to what bands intrust the leaguer'd wall.

Meantime the hero lands his warlike train;
Some watch, impatient, the retreating main;
Then vault, and seize the half-recover'd shores;
Some slide, more vent'rous, down the bending
oars.

A place at length the daring Tarchon spy'd,
Where in smooth swellings roll'd an easy tide;
There, as no waters break, no billows roar,
He fears no shoals, but hopes a friendly shore.
Thither his vessels from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew:
Now, now my friends, exert your utmost force,
Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious course.
Push, heave your desp'rate galleys to the strand;
Plough with your beaks and keels the hostile land.
My sole ambition is to gain the coast:

And then---no matter---let the ship be lost.

So spoke th' impatient chief; and, as he spoke,
They ply their oars, and rise to ev'ry stroke.
Full on the land the rushing vessels bore,
Till with their prows they cleave the sandy shore.
Safe to the shelving beach the galleys run;
All 'scap'd the shock, brave Tarchon, but thy own.
Thy own amid the shallows rush'd, and there
Dash'd on the rock, and sloping hung in air:
Prest by a war of waves, her shatter'd sides
Burst, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
They swim, encumber'd with their broken oars:
The floods supplant their feet, and bear them
from the shores.

Meantime against the Trojans, on the coast,
Brave Turnus led his close embattled host.
The sprightly trumpets sound with martial strains;
When great Æneas charg'd the Latian swains;
The valiant Theron flew, with matchless might,
The first auspicious omen of the fight;
A giant chief; his furious course he held
Against the prince, the foremost of the field.
Fierce thro' his shield and mail (an op'ning wide!)
Flew the swift sword, and pierc'd the warrior's
side.

Then Lycas bled, and stain'd the thirsty shore,
To Phoebus sacred from his natal hour;
Ripp'd from the womb, the infant 'scap'd the steel!
The man, unhappy! by the faulchion fell.
Gyas and Cisseus next the hero flew,
As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.
Vain was their strength, their bulk, their martial
fire,

Vain their Herculean arms, and boasted fire,
Alcides' friend; whose glorious steps he trod,
While earth-supply'd new monsters for the god.

As loudly vaunting, haughty Pharos stood,
Fixt in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawless joy,
Fair Clytius courted and caress'd the boy,
With all his force the mighty hero drove,
And soon had finish'd his prepost'rous love;
Soon had the youth, expiring on the shore,
Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;
But Phorcus' sons, seven valiant warriors, flew,
And all at once their vengeful jav'lins threw;
Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
Thus press'd, thus compass'd round on ev'ry side,
The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd;
Bring, bring those darts (not one shall fly in vain)
That pierc'd the Grecians on the Trojan plain.
Then a long lance with all his might he cast,
Through Mæon's shield the furious weapon pass'd;
Through the strong cuirass pierc'd the hissing
dart,

Transfix'd his breast, and quiver'd in his heart.

The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
To raise his grov'ling brother from the sand;
But, wing'd with death, a second jav'lin flies,
Swift as the first, and sings along the skies;
Through his extended arm the spear was flung;
And by the nerves the dying member hung.
His brother Numitor the weapon drew
From the pale corse, and at the victor threw;
The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by,
But slightly raz'd Achates' manly thigh.

Next Clausus, flush'd with youthful strength
and grace,

(Clausus, the leader of the Sabine race)

Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
And launch'd his pointed spear aloft in air,
Which pierc'd his throat; the purple hand of
death

Suppress'd the voice, and stopp'd the vital breath.

Headlong he falls; he grovels on the shore;
And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.
Still rushing on, the chief the slaughter spread;
By various deaths three sons of Boreas bled.
As many more, poor hapless youths! expire;
Their country Thrace, and Idas was their fire.
Against the prince his bands Halesus leads,
And fierce Messapus lash'd his fiery steed.
In furious conflict mix'd, both armies stand
On the first verge, and margin of the land;
They meet, they fight; but neither gain, nor
yield;

And level hung the balance of the field.

As when the winds from different quarters rise,
Pour to the charge, and combat in the skies,
In due suspense the struggling tempests keep
The balanc'd clouds, and poise the rolling deep;
The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
Still undecided hangs th' æreal fight:
So join both armies in the dubious fray;
These scorn'd to yield; nor those can win the day;
All, man to man, exert the martial fire;
All, foot to foot, or conquer, or expire.

But, in a diff'rent quarter, where the floods
Had spread the ground with shatter'd rocks and
woods,

Th' Arcadian squadrons from their steeds alight,
And wage on foot an unaccustom'd fight.

Now to an open route their ranks inclin'd,
And close their foes came thund'ring from behind.

This saw their chief, brave Pallas, with despair;
He saw, and strove to stop the flying war;
And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
With pray'rs he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd:
Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight?
By your past deeds! by ev'ry former fight!
By all your triumphs! by your sov'reign's name!
By my own hopes to match my father's fame!
Trust not your feet; your hands must hew your way

Through yon black body, and that thick array.
Here, here, your country calls you all, to share
With your young chief the glories of the war.
Rush to the fight; no gods our arms oppose;
Men, like ourselves, and mortal, are our foes.
In us an equal strength and soul appears,
Our hands and spirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo! there the foes our bands imprison'd keep!
And here th' eternal barriers of the deep!
Back on the seas, ye dastards, would ye fall?
Or hide your shameful heads in yon beleaguer'd wall?

He said; and rushing on the hostile bands,
First in his way ill-fated Lagus stands;
Low as he stoop'd, a mighty stone to rear,
Full in the reins descends the pointed spear;
Then, as he disengag'd the dart with pain,
Fir'd at the fight, bold Hisbon rush'd in vain
Against the prince; the prince his bosom gor'd,
And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring sword:
Next, lewd Anchemolus his faulchion sped,
Who dar'd to stain his stepdame's sacred bed.
You too, ye Daunian twins, unhappy pair!
Laris and Thymber! perish'd in the war:
So like your features, that your parents look
On either face, but each for each mistook.
Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child,
And fondly in the dear delusion smil'd.
Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
The nice distinction by a diff'rent fate.
Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the sword;
Thy hand, poor Laris, sought its absent lord;
Thy dying fingers, quiv'ring on the plain,
With starts convulsive grasp the steel in vain.

The Arcadian squadrons, by their prince inspir'd
By his words, by his example fir'd, [spir'd,
Disdain to fly, and arms to arms oppose;
Grief, shame, and fury, drive them on the foes.
From Teuthras and from Tyres, on his car
Pale Rhœteus shoots impetuous through the war;
While Pallas his swift dart at Ilus threw,
It pierc'd the hapless warrior as he flew.
The winged death the hapless warrior stay'd,
And for a space, poor Ilus' fate delay'd;
He tumbles from the car, distain'd with gore,
And, grim in death, lies foaming on the shore.
As, when the summer glows with fervid rays,
The shepherd sets the forest in a blaze,
The groves all kindle, while the winds conspire,
And with their breath enrage the roaring fire:
Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
Pours o'er the fields and thunders to the skies:
On some steep mountain sits the joyful swain,
While the victor's flames devour the plain.

VOL. XII.

So pleas'd, brave Pallas sees th' Arcadian pow'rs,
All fir'd with vengeance, sweep along the shores.

Halefusus flew to meet the conqu'ring foe:
Sheath'd in bright arms, he rose to ev'ry blow.
First Ladon sunk beneath his pointed steel;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.
While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To seize his throat: the faulchion lops his hand:
Hurl'd from his arm, a stone descended full
On Thoas' head, and crush'd the batter'd skull.
His old prophetic fire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Halefusus from the war.

But when in death he clos'd his aged eyes,
The fatal sisters claim'd their destin'd prize.
Now stood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
A victim sacred to th' Evandrian spear.
His jav'lin Pallas at the victor throws,
But first the youth prefers his ardent vows;
O father Tyber! give my winged dart,
To fly direct through proud Halefusus' heart!

His arms and spoils thy sacred oak shall bear;
So pray'd the youth; the god allows his pray'r.
Halefusus shields Imaon from the foe,
But leaves his breast all naked to the blow.
He fell; his fall alarm'd the Latian host;
They wept, and mourn'd the mighty hero lost.
But soon brave Lausus rais'd them from despair;
Lausus, who shone conspicuous in the war.
Stern Abas first he slew, of matchless might,
Who stood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.
Now bled the Tuscan, now th' Arcadian train,
And Troy's bold sons, who scap'd the Greeks in vain.

Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came;
Their chiefs, their numbers, and their strength,
the same.

The rear, close pressing to the dire alarms, [arms.
Th' encumber'd troops scarce wield their useless
Here Pallas fires his train, and Lausus there;
In all their charms the blooming youths appear.
Poor, hapless youths! alas your native plain
Must never, never bless your eyes again!
In vain would you engage! for Jove withstands;
Both, both must fall; but fall by greater hands!

Now Turnus to the aid of Lausus came,
Warn'd by his sister *, the celestial dame;
Through cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
With furious speed, and thunders through the war.
Forbear, forbear; nor touch my due, he cries;
For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize.
To me, to me alone belongs the fight:
Oh! could his fire be witness to the fight!
He said; and at the word, th' obedient train
At once retir'd, and left an open plain.
The youth with wonder saw the parting band,
Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command,

With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
Around his manly limbs, and ample size;
And to his haughty foe, in short replies:
Now, by thy royal spoils I will acquire
Immortal fame; or gloriously expire!
Then vaunt no more, for know, almighty Jove
Beholds the fight impartial, from above.
This said; amid the field the hero strode;
All chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians stood.

• Juturna.

Qq

The Daunian chief sprung dreadful from the car,
And rush'd on foot, impetuous to the war;
Rush'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
On some stern bull, that meditates the fight.

But soon as Pallas saw the prince appear
Within due distance of the flying spear,
'Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries;
And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the skies:
O great Alcides! by my father's feast,
Thyself vouchsaf'd to grace, a glorious guest;
Assist his son, and crown his bold design;
Let Turnus fall, and own the conquest mine;
And, while the victor spoils the bloody prize,
View the proud trophy with his closing eyes.
His ardent pray'r with grief Alcides hears,
And pours a flood of unavailing tears:

While in his breast he check'd the rising groan,
Th' all-gracious father sooth'd his sorrowing son:

To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date;
Life is but short, and circumscrib'd by fate:
'Tis virtue's work, by fame to stretch the span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man.
How many sons of gods were doom'd to fall,
Great as they were! beneath the Trojan wall?
Great as he was! among the mighty dead,
Ev'n my own son, the brave Sarpedon bled:
Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end.

This said; th' almighty sov'reign of the skies
Turns from the scene of blood his sacred eyes.

Now with full force his jav'lin Pallas threw
And from the sheath the shining faulchion drew.
The whizzing spear, with erring course impell'd,
Flew through the ringing margin of the shield,
And glancing, raz'd the shoulder of the foe.—
Then Turnus shook the lance; prepar'd to throw;
He shook the lance; and see, he cry'd, if mine
Reach not the mark; a surer dart than thine!
He said, and threw. The spear with forceful sway
Broke, through the solid shield, its destin'd way;
Through ev'ry steely plate, and brazen fold,
Through strong bull-hides, around the buckler
roll'd;

Through the thick cuirass flew the furious dart,
Transfix'd his breast, and planted in his heart.
From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore,
The purple soul came floating with the gore.
Down sunk the youth; his rattling arms resound;
He spurns, and grinds in blood the hostile ground.
Then, as he strode, exulting, o'er the dead,
Thus to th' Arcadian train the victor said:
Go!—be this message to your master known;
Such as the fire deserv'd, I send the son;
Unbrib'd, unsought his relics I bestow,
If fun'ral honours can relieve his woe.

Dear for the Trojans friendship has he paid!—
Then, with his foot he prest the prostrate dead;
Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey!
And from his bosom rent the prize away.
In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,
His utmost art Eurytion had display'd.
Here, thick emboss'd, the fifty daughters shed
Their consorts blood, and stain'd the bridal bed:
The rais'd, bold figures, all divinely bright
Came out, and stood projecting to the sight.
This spoil proud Turnus with triumphant eyes
Surveys, and glories in the costly prize.

But man, too happy in a prosp'rous state,
Grows blind and heedless of his future fate:
The time shall come, when Turnus in dismay,
Shall mourn these spoils, and this victorious day:
Shall wish, too late! the golden belt unsought,
And curse the tropics he so dearly bought!

With groans and tears th' Arcadians, on a shield,
Bear back their breathless leader from the field.

Thus to thy father's arms dost thou retire,
Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy fire!
O early lost! with strength and beauty grac'd!
This thy first day of warfare was thy last:
Yet didst thou scatter death through half an host;
And, ere thy own, a thousand lives were lost.

Now by spectators, not the voice of fame,
To Troy's great chief these mournful tidings came;
That round his friends, on danger, danger grows,
Who claim his aid encompass'd by the foes.

With his huge weighty sword, without delay,
Through bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.
Thee, Turnus, thee he seeks along the plain,
Proud of the spoils of hapless Pallas slain.
The genial feast, the son the fire combin'd,
Leagues, friendship, all, came rushing on his mind.

Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens, bred,
Unhappy victims! destin'd to the dead,
He seiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
And sprinkle with their blood the funeral fire.
At Magnus next his furious spear he cast,
But o'er his head the quiv'ring weapon past:
The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
To bend his stern, inexorable heart.
By thy dead father's shade, thy suppliant spare!
By all the hopes of thy surviving heir!
Preserve, victorious prince, this life alone,
To glad a longing father and a son!
High in my dome are silver talents roll'd,
With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold,
These, to procure my ransom, I resign;
The war depends not on a life like mine!
One, one poor life, can no such difference yield,
Nor turn the mighty balance of the field!

Thy talents (cry'd the prince), thy treasure'd store
Keep for thy sons; but talk of terms no more.
Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
Left no conditions but revenge and death.
So deems my living son; my fire below;
And, from this sword, demand the life of ev'ry foe.
This said; he seiz'd his helm; and while he pray'd,
Deep-bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.

Apollo's priest, illustrious Æmon's son,
In purple robes and radiant armour shone.
The sacred fillets bind his brows in vain!
Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain.
Beneath the prince the hapless victim dies,
And fate in endless slumber seals his eyes.
Sereestus strips his arms; a costly load;
A trophy destin'd to the * Thracian god.

Umbro, the Marston chief, exerts his might,
And valiant Cæculus renews the fight,
Against the prince he warms the troops in vain!—
He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain;
Lops warlike Anxur's arms; the hand and shield
Drop down, an useless burden on the field.
Before he vaunted, and he seem'd to rise
In his proud thought, exalted, to the skies.

* Mars.

But ah! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind
With the fond hope of years on years behind!

In arms great Tarquitus all-blazing stood,
Sprung from a Dryad and a Sylvan god.
Full in the hero's front he dar'd appear;
But through his shield and corset flew the spear.
Then as he pray'd, and begg'd his life in vain,
He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain.
The trunk still beating on the ground below,
Thus in proud triumph spoke his conqu'ring foe:
Lie mighty warrior, there! no mother's hand
Shall now inter thee in thy native land;
But hungry beasts thy wretched corse shall tear,
The fishes of the flood, and fowls of air.

Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
Fierce as they fought the champions of the field.
Numa, and fair Camertes, then he slew,
Who from bold Volscens his proud lineage drew.
By far the wealthiest of the Latian train;
And soft Amyclæ own'd his easy reign.

And as, of old, the huge Ægeon stood
Engag'd in battle with the thund'ring god;
Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms,
And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms;
Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
Back to the skies, and answers fires with fires;
As many shining swords he shook, and held,
Oppos'd to ev'ry bolt, a pond'rous shield.
So, when his reeking swords in blood was dy'd,
Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on ev'ry side.

Now fierce he rush'd against Nyphæus' car,
Who shone conspicuous in the ranks of war;
With wild affright the startled steeds beheld
The tow'ring hero blazing o'er the field;
Flew back, and cast their master on the plain;
Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.

Liger and Lucagus next came in view:
Drawn by white coursers, through the troops they
flew;

Two haughty brothers; that the coursers sway'd;
This brandish'd high in air the glittering blade.
Their threats the Trojan chief disdain'd to bear,
Rush'd on, and shook aloft the pointed spear.
No Phrygian fields are these (proud Liger said),
Nor these the steeds of Argive Diomede;
You 'scape not this, as once Achilles' car;
Here ends thy life, and here shall end the war!
Thus the mad boaster—but, devoid of fear,
The prince, in answer, launch'd his whizzing
spear.

Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horse,
With his keen jav'lin urg'd the fiery course.
And, with one foot protended, rush'd to fight,
The lance, that instant, wing'd its fatal flight;
Beneath the shining margin of the shield,
Swift through the groin the pointed jav'lin held.
Down sinks the warrior with a dreadful sound,
And, grim in death, lies grov'ling on the ground.
The conquering prince beheld him as he bled,
And thus, in scornful terms, bespoke the dead:
Nor were your coursers slow; nor vain affright
At empty shadows turn'd your steeds to flight;
Yourself, brave Lucagus, forsook the car,
And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war!
This said; he seiz'd the coursers by the reign;
When thus the brother, cast upon the plain,
With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain;

Now, by thy self, thy mercy I implore;
By those who such a godlike hero bore;
This forfeit life, divine Æneas, spare,
And with soft pity listen to my pray'r.—
In far, far diff'rent terms you talk'd before;
Die then (replies the prince), and plead no more;
Go!—'tis a brother's part—in duty go,
And wait thy brother to the realms below!
He rais'd the sword aloft, as thus he said,
And in his bosom plung'd the pointed blade.

Thus, like a storm or torrent, o'er the ground
He rush'd, and spread the slaughter wide around;
Till from their works, so long besieg'd in vain,
Break forth Ascanius and the Trojan train.

While thus the battle bled; imperial Jove
Address'd his consort in the realms above,
As both from heav'n survey'd the deathful scene:
Say, sister-goddeſs, and my beauteous queen,
Still, is it still your thought, that Venus' care
Supports her favour'd Trojans in the war?
See! how the martial bands increase in might!
Strong from their wounds! and vig'rous for the
fight!

Can such brave heroes, who such dangers prove,
Depend for succour on the queen of love?

And why, my lord, submissive, she rejoind,
These words severe, to rack my anxious mind?
Did still your love (as sure it should) remain,
A wife and sister might not plead in vain,
That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
Exempt from death, and glad his longing fire.—
But let him die, since Jove has so decreed!—
To glut the Trojan vengeance, let him bleed!—
And yet his birth might some distinction claim,
Since from our own celestial line he came.
To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid.

Thus spoke the suppliant queen; and thus replies,
In brief, th' almighty sovereign of the skies:

If 'tis your pray'r to spare his forfeit breath,
By a short respite of approaching death;
Snatch him this instant from the fatal hour.
This grace we grant him;—and we grant no more.
For if you beg his destin'd life to spare;
Or turn the course and fortune of the war;
Vain your request, and vain your hope appears—
To whom once more, the pensive queen, with tears:

And what, my lord, if you reverse the doom?
Spare the dear youth, and save him from the tomb!
Ev'n from your soul this grace if you will give,
(Which scarce you promise) that he yet may live!
Ah! now I see, or in my fears portend,
The guiltless youth approaching to his end!
But may those fears, my sov'reign lord, be vain,
And your almighty pow'r recal his doom again!

This said; with momentary speed she flies,
Wrapt in a winged whirlwind, down the skies;
In fable storms she drives the clouds before;
Then to the fields of fight her course she bore;
There, in Æneas' shape, a figur'd shade
Of light impassive air, the goddess made.
A Trojan spear the spectre seem'd to wield,
Wore a proud crest and imitated shield!
And spoke with empty words, in vaunting strain,
And, like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.
(Such are the fleeting forms in visions bred,
And such the gliding spectres of the dead.)

The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
On Turnus call'd, and shook his airy lance.
The Daunian prince his sounding jav'lin threw;
While with dissembled fear, the phantom flew.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
Burn'd with new hopes, and thus exulting, said:
Flies then Æneas, to his fears resign'd,
And leaves a princess' royal bed behind?---
The land, for which he cross'd the stormy wave,
This arm shall give---and here he finds a grave!
Then shook his sword, and chas'd him through the
war;

But his short triumph soon was lost in air!

By chance a ship stood anchor'd by the shore,
(Which late, from Clusium, king Ofinius bore)
Close shelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides;
The planks were laid, to climb her lofty sides.
Swift to her darksome hold the shade withdrew;
As swift glad Turnus to the vessel flew.
That instant Juno cut the cords away,
Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the sea.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends whole squadrons to the ghosts below.
No more for shelter now the phantom flies,
But mounts aloft, and mixes with the skies.
While Turnus far in open ocean sails,
(The vessel wafted by the rising gales)
Many a long look, back on the battle bends,
And hears the cries of his forsaken friends:
On such hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguish, to the stars:

What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that
claim

This endless infamy to blast my name?
This dreadful doom is too severe by far;
This load of life is more than I can bear!
Whence came I here? and whither am I borne?
How could I fly?---ah! how shall I return?
Oh! with what eyes can I behold again
Yon regal walls, or yon deserted train?
How will my friends pursue my name with hate?
By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate!
Those friends (ye gods) I left on yonder plain,
In my curs'd cause and quarrel, to be slain!
Ha!--- now I see 'em fly, or bite the ground!---
I hear, I start at ev'ry dying sound.

What, what can now be done?---on land or sea
What gulf will open for a wretch like me?

Ye winds, ye storms, your pity I implore,
Drive, drive my bark on some rough rocky shore,
Where, nor my friends, nor fame, may ever find
me more!

This said; the prince debates, by shame op-
press'd,

Whether to plunge the faulchion in his breast;
Or from the vessel leap amid the main,
Swim back and mingle in the fight again.
Thrice on each bold resolve his soul was bent;
And thrice great Juno check'd the rash intent.
The goddess wafts him down, secure from harms,
Lands, and restores him to his father's arms.

Mezentius now, inspir'd by Jove's commands,
Succeeds the chief, invades the Trojan bands.
On him, and him alone the Tuscans ran,
With all their darts; an army on a man,
But, like a rock, the dire alarms he stood;
A rock, whose sides project in to the flood;

That hears, above, the furious whirlwind blow,
And sees the frothy billows break below;
But stands unmov'd, majestically high,
And braves the idle rage of ocean and the sky.

First Dolicaon's son the monarch flew;
Next on the trembling Latagus he flew;
Fierce in his hand a pond'rous stone he took,
And on his visage dash'd the broken rock;
Then drove thro' Palmus knee the pointed steel:
And left the warrior grov'ling where he fell.
His glitt'ring arms young Lausus' shoulders spread,
And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.
Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful spear,
With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer;
Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,
Pregnant with flame, produc'd the fatal boy;
Yet in his native land was Paris slain!
But hapless Mimas on a foreign plain!

And as some mighty boar, who long has fed
High on the rough aerial mountain's head,
Chas'd by the hounds, shoots down the hanging
With speed impetuous to the vale below; [brow
When on the toils the furious monster flies,
O'er his bent back the starting bristles rise;
Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire;
Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
The clam'rous hunters, cautious to engage,
With shouts and darts a distant combat wage;
He turns, he grinds his teeth; and, void of fear,
Shakes his huge sides, and sheds the scatter'd war.
Thus (though inflam'd with just revenge they
stand)

None dare engage the monarch hand to hand;
But from afar their missile darts they fling,
And with loud shouts provoke the raging king.

Acron, of Argive race, for fame had fled
The joys of love, and left the spousal bed.
In purple plumes he tow'r'd, with gaudy pride,
Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.
The Tuscan king beheld him from afar,
Scatt'ring the ranks, and glitt'ring thro' the war.

As when a lion, that, with hunger bold,
Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
Or beamy stag, high-stalking o'er the plain;
His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
And, growling, rages in a foam of gore:
Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew,
And Acron in the pride of beauty flew,
His gushing blood the broken dart distains,
And, as he falls, he spurns the hostile plains.

Now round the king the growing slaughter
Who scorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled; [spread,
But with preventive speed, Mezentius ran,
Turn'd short, and bravely fought him, man to
man;

Then press'd him with his foot and lance; and
cries;
Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize!
Lo! vanquish'd by your king, the great Orodes
dies.

A sudden transport fires the martial train,
And shouts of triumph echo round the plain,
When thus the dying chief: insulting foe!
Soon, like my own, shall thy proud head lie low.

Vengeance is on the wing; black fate is nigh;
And here, e'en here, art thou fore-doom'd to die—
However, die thou first! the king reply'd
(All-grimly smiling with disdainful pride);
And let your boasted Jove for me provide.
Then from the corse the bloody dart he drew;
The shades of death came hov'ring o'er his view.
Slow, in deep mists, the heavy vapours rise,
And in eternal slumber seal his eyes,

Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell;
Hydaspes sunk beneath Sacrator's steel;
His weighty spear the valiant Rapo threw,
And mighty Orfes and Parthenius flew.
Clonius the next by Neptune's son was slain,
And Ericetes press'd the bloody plain:
This, on the ground, the godlike hero kill'd;
That, his mad courser cast upon the field.

Next, Tuscan Valerus, as Agis strode
Before the ranks, thy javelin drank his blood.
Thy faulchion, Salius, pierc'd Atranius' side;
The hapless victor by Nealcus dy'd,
Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,
And reach from far the unsuspecting foe.

The god of war, in equal balance, held
The rage, the woes, and slaughters of the field.
Fix'd on the spot, the troops disdain to fly;
By turns, the vanquish'd and the victors die.
From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
Their eyes, and mourn the havock of mankind!
Here heav'n's imperial queen, and Venus, there,
Lean forward from the sky to view the war;
While pale Tisiphone, with dire alarms,
Inflames the rising rage, and calls the hosts to

Now his last spear aloft Mezentius held; [arms.
Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the
So through mid ocean when Orion strides, [field.
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides:
So, when he grasps in his tremendous hand
Some mountain oak, and stalks along the land,
Above the clouds his ample shoulders rise,
And his huge stature heaves into the skies!

Æneas mark'd the hero from afar,
And through the ranks rush'd furious to the war.
The hero stands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he saw the mighty chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Now, now, my spear, and conqu'ring hand, he
(Mezentius owns no deity beside!) [cry'd
Assist my vows; succeed my martial toils,
To strip yon pirate of his bloody spoils.
Thou, Lausus! thou, Æneas' arms shalt bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war!
He said, and hurl'd the jav'lin o'er the field,
That sung and glanc'd obliquely from the shield;
But held its furious course, and, turning wide,
Drove deep the point in great Antores' side:
The great Antores (an illustrious name)
Evander's guest, from ancient Argos came;
Late in th' Arcadian court he made abode;
Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god:
But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
And, while he cast to heav'n his swimming eyes,
Turns his last thoughts on Argos, as he dies!

Next, his strong lance the pious Trojan cast;
Swift through the shining orb the jav'lin past,

Through linen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Deep pierc'd his groin, and there its fury stay'd—
The streaming blood the chief with joy survey'd;
Then from the sheath the shining faulchion drew,
And furious on the wounded monarch flew.

This sees brave Lausus, his illustrious son,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
And, while grief, rage, and love, his bosom fire,
Sighs, weeps, and runs, to disengage his fire.
Here then, if future times will credit give,
Thy praise, heroic youth! shall ever live;
Poor, pity'd youth! in life's first early bloom,
Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb!
Encumber'd by the spear that pierc'd the shield,
With tir'd, slow steps, the monarch quits the field.
Forth springs the son against the Trojan lord,
And rush'd beneath the long-descending sword;
Flies to prevent the meditated blow,
And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
His friends, with darts, the prince at distance ply,
And with their loud applauses rend the sky.
The hero rages, as the jav'lins play'd,
And lies collected in the buckler's shade.

As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
And the wide field smokes with the rushing show'rs,
To the safe shelving banks the swains repair,
Or to some cavern'd rock; and, shelter'd there,
Wait till the furious tempest break away;
And then renew the labours of the day.
So, ply'd by show'rs of jav'lins from afar,
The chief sustain'd the tempest of the war
On his broad shield; and thus the godlike man
Exhorts, and begs, and threats the youth in vain:
Whither, to death, ah! whither wouldst thou run,
And tempt a hand far mightier than thy own?
Ah! yet, poor Lausus! from the field remove;
You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love.

He warn'd in vain! the youth the prince defies;
Till all his dreadful wrath began to rise;
The fates prepare their sheers; the Dardan ord
Unsheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring sword:
The thund'ring sword, with all his force apply'd,
Furious he drove, and bury'd in his side.
The thrilling point, with boundless rage impress'd,
Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden vest,
Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er;
And his fair breast was stain'd with crimson
gore:

The pensive spirit leaves the corse behind,
Flies to the shades, and mixes with the wind.

But, when the pious godlike prince of Troy
Saw the pale visage of the hapless boy
In death's last agonies; a groan he drew
Deep from his heart, nor cou'd he bear the view,
His soul now melts with stern Mezentius' woe,
And in the wretched fire forgets the foe.
Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and said;
To worth like thine, what honours can be paid?
Lamented youth, too early lost! receive
The sole reward a gen'rous foe can give:
Lo! I restore thy arms, unhappy boy!
Thy sword and buckler, late thy only joy:
Yet, Lausus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd.
Then round the corse he calls his social train,
And rears himself the warrior from the plain.

But ah ! how chang'd !---with blood disfigur'd o'er;
And his fair tresses all-deform'd with gore !

Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flow'ry bounds,
In the cool stream to bathe his glowing wounds,
The wretched father (father now no more !)
In fullen sorrow rested on the shore ;
Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguish stung,
And from a bough his brazen helmet hung.
His heavier arms lie scatter'd o'er the plain ;
Round the sad monarch wait the duteous train :
As (o'er his breast his hoary beard declin'd)
The chief enjoy'd the freshness of the wind ;
Much of his Lausus, asks the pensive sire ;
Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.
When lo ! his soldiers bear him on a shield, [field.
Pale, stretch'd in death, and breathless, from the
Deep in his side appear'd the grisly wound ;
His groaning friends attend, and mourn around.

Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
And dust o'er all his hoary locks he threw ;
To heav'n, in agonies of anguish, spread
His hands ; and, hov'ring o'er, embrac'd the dead !
And oh ! can life (he cry'd) such pleasure give ?
And bleeds my Lausus, that his fire may live ?
Have I then lost thy life, and sav'd my own ?
Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd son !
In my defence could such a son expire ?

A son like him, for such a guilty fire !
Now, now, I feel an exile's woe ; the smart
Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart.
'Tis keen, 'tis sharp, 'tis terrible at last !
Nor half the bitterness of life is past !

On thy fair fame, my son, I left a stain,
Driv'n by my people from my native reign ;
To them, to thee, my murder'd child ! I owe
All, all the deaths such guilt shou'd undergo.
And yet I live, and see the golden light !
But soon will leave it, for I loath the fight !

This said ; with rage and valour boiling high,
The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh ;
And though his wound retards him in his speed,
He calls impatient for the warrior steed ;
The steed, his pride, his solace and delight,
That bore him still victorious from the fight.
Then, as he droop'd, and hung his pensive head,
He clapp'd the gen'rous horse, and thus he said :
Rhœbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be
In mortal life)—'tis now too long for me !
Soon shalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,
And bring Æneas' head and spoils away ;
With thy lov'd lord on yon detested plain,
Avenge my son, my darling Lausus slain,
And share together in the dire debate,
One common conquest, or one common fate.
For thou wilt scorn, I trust, the rule abhorr'd,
And the base burden, of a Phrygian lord.
This said ; the hero mounts the gen'rous horse,
And to the foe directs his furious course.

High on his head the crested helm he wore,
And in his hands the steely jav'lins bore.
His conscious valour, his recoiling shame,
Grief, wrath, and fury, set his soul on flame.
Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far,
Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
So may great Jove, an he, the god of light,
Inspire thy soul, to stand the proffer'd fight !
The hero cry'd ; then made his bold advance,
Fierce o'er the field, and shook the flaming lance.
And why, reply'd the king, this vaunting strain ?
The father perish'd, when the son was slain !
Strike then, and use thy present fortune :---strike---
Death, and the fabled gods, I scorn alike.

No more---I came to die ; but first bestow
This parting present on the murd'rous foe.
Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he sped ;
Lance after lance, in swift succession, fled ;
Then, in a spacious ring, he rode the field,
And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable shield ;
Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,
And at each flight a pointed jav'lin threw.
Collected in himself, the hero bears,
On the broad shield, a rising grove of spears.

But now the prince, impatient of delay,
So long to tug dart after dart away,
Press'd and fatigu'd with such unequal fight,
(At length determin'd to display his might)
Springs forth ; and aims his jav'lin's furious course
Betwixt the temples of the fiery horse,
Stung to the brain the horse begins to rear,
Paw with his plunging feet, and lash the air.
Headlong at last, and madding with the steel,
Full on the shoulder of his lord he fell.
The hosts with clamours tempest all the skies,
With his drawn sword the fierce Æneas flies :
And where is now the lofty strain (he cry'd)
Of stern Mezentius, and the scornful pride ?

With half-recover'd life, the king replies
(And, as he speaks, stares wildly at the skies ;)
Why, why, insulting foe, this waste of breath
To souls determin'd, and resoly'd on death ?
In that fond hope to battle did I fly ;
And fought far less to conquer than to die.
My son when slaughter'd in the martial strife,
Made no such contract for his father's life ;
A worthless gift to live at thy command !
Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand !
But, if a vanquish'd foe this grace may crave,
Oh ! let me find the refuge of a grave !
Too well my subjects vengeance have I known ;
Then guard my corse ; and lay me by my son.
Grant, grant that pleasure, e'er I yield my breath,
To share his dear society in death !
This said ; the willing warrior to the foe
Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.
The sanguine stream his radiant armour dy'd ;
The soul came rushing in the purple tide.

B O O K XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosities between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed; and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

Now, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head:
The chief (though eager to inter the dead,
And to the wretched father's arms to send
The relics of his dear departed friend)
First to the gods discharg'd a victor's vows,
And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.
High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd;
The shiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
The plumed crest that dropp'd with recent gore;
The cuirass next; transfixt in ev'ry part
By the keen jav'lin, or the flying dart.
Then on the left, the brazen shield was ty'd;
And the dread sword hung glitt'ring at the side.
Thus the rich spoils he rais'd aloft in air,
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Then to his arms, a glad triumphant train,
Assembled round their chief, the prince began:
Dismiss your fears; the high exploit is o'er;
The great, the stern Mezentius is no more!
Lo! where an omen of success he stands!
The glorious trophy of your leader's hands!
When heav'n permits, our standard to display,
To yon proud town, intrepid, break your way;
And let your eager hopes, devoid of care,
Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.
Now let our slaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
The last, last honours we can pay the dead!
On those brave souls be fun'ral rites bestow'd,
Who bought this country with their dearest blood:
But first the cold remains of Pallas send
To his sad father, our unhappy friend;
Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
Condemns the valiant hero to the tomb!
Then to the tent his hasty course he sped,
Where old Accetes sits, and guards the dead.
Evander's 'squire of old, in fields he shone:
A far less prosp'rous comrade to the son!
His friends, his soldiers, and the menial train,
With tears bemoan the blooming hero slain.
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order stand around.
Soon as Æneas past the lofty door,
With louder groans the warrior they deplore:
They beat their breasts; tears gush from ev'ry
eye;
The rich pavilions to their shrieks reply.
His head now rais'd; the pious prince of Troy
Saw the pale features of the hapless boy;
Saw the wide wound amidst his ivory breast;
And, with a flood of tears, the dead address'd.

Lamented youth! could fortune then intend
To bless my arms, but rob me of my friend?
My friend, I hop'd, (but ah! that hope was
vain)!
Wou'd share the glories of my op'ning reign,
And, gay with conquest, glad his fire again.
Far other promise to that fire I past!
Nor thought thy first, first warfare was thy last:
Then, when he sent me to my high command,
The good old king, at parting, grasp'd my hand,
And told, with all a friend's and father's care,
With what fierce nations we must wage the war.
Now for his son, perhaps, he loads the shrine,
And decks the fane of ev'ry pow'r divine;
While, with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
We bring him back his Pallas from the fight,
Pale, stretch'd in death; and, in his latest hour,
Disclaim'd by ev'ry ruthless heav'nly pow'r!
Now, for these triumphs, must thy mournful eye
See the sad fun'ral of thy son go by!
Such, hapless monarch, are the spoils we send!
Such, the vain boast and promise of thy friend!
And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppress'd,
His wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast!
Better, than to prolong by shame his breath!—
Then hadst thou curs'd thy age, and wish'd for
death!
Ah! what a chief have our confed'rate host,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!
Thus, while a stream of tears he shed in vain,
He bids them raise the body of the slain.
A thousand warriors from the host he chose,
To wait the pomp, and share the father's woes.
The due funereal honours to complete;
A slender solace for a loss so great!
Soft bending twigs they weave; with care they
spread
The swelling foliage o'er the verdant bed,
And decent on the bier dispose the dead.
There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground:
The root no more the mother earth supplies;
Yet still th' unfaded colour charms the eyes,
Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought,
Robes, which of old the Tyrian princess wrought.
One, round the body of the youth he spread,
His last, last gift! and one adorn'd his head,
Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aspire,
With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
Next, in a line, darts, helms, and steeds, appear,
Won by himself; the prizes of the war.

Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
 Unhappy youths!--devoted to the flame!
 With fair inscriptions of the foes he flew,
 The noblest chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
 Supported by his friends, with woes oppress'd,
 Acœtes rends his locks, and beats his breast;
 This moment, pauses; then, in sorrow drown'd,
 Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.

All cover'd o'er with blood, succeeds a train
 Of hostile cars, in honour of the slain.
 Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
 Æthon, his gen'rous warrior-horse, behind,
 Moves with a solemn, slow, majestic pace;
 And the big tears run rolling down his face.
 These, the young hero's lance and helmet bear;
 The rest, the victor seiz'd, the spoils of war.
 The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian train
 Trail their inverted jav'lines on the plain.
 The pomp all past; thus good Æneas said,
 With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead;
 Hail, mighty spirit, hail!--with dire alarms,
 The Fates recal us to the rage of arms,
 And to new scenes of woe thy friends compel:--
 Farewell, brave prince, a long and last farewell.
 This said; the mournful chief, without delay,
 Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.

Now from the Latian court a train were sped,
 With wreaths of verdant olives on their head;
 Who ask a truce, to search th' ensanguin'd plain,
 And decent in their graves dispose the slain:
 Beg, that his wrath in conquest may be laid,
 Nor wage a war, relentless, with the dead;
 But spare their nation, late by social ties,
 By plighted love, and friendship, his allies.

The godlike hero grants their just request;
 And in these words his gen'rous soul express'd:
 What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds so far,
 To shun our friendship, for this wasteful war?
 Glad would I grant the truce, you ask for those
 Who dy'd in fight, to my surviving foes.--
 Had not the Fates assign'd these realms before,
 I had not sail'd to your Hesperian shore;
 I wage the war but in my own defence;
 Not with your people, but your perjurd prince.
 First, from his league, perfidious he withdrew;
 Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
 But let proud Turnus stand ('tis just and right)
 The terrors of this arm in single fight.
 Would he repel the Trojans from the land?
 Ev'n let him meet their gen'ral hand to hand!
 Soon would be known, in combat when we strive,
 Which heav'n ordains to perish, or survive.
 Go then, and burn your slaughter'd friends, that spread
 The purple fields; I war not with the dead.

Struck with the gen'rous speech, they stood amaz'd,
 And on each other, fixt in wonder, gaz'd;
 When Drances, senior of the rev'rend train,
 Th' inveterate foe of Turnus, thus began:
 How shall my tongue so great a prince proclaim,
 Whom fame renowns; whose deeds transcend his fame!

Whose force and wisdom, or in war or peace,
 Thought scarce an equal; and no words express!

Thy answer will we soon report, and bring
 To thy alliance our deluded king.
 And let rash Turnus other courts implore
 His sinking cause and int'rests to restore;
 While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy,
 To raise this fated town, this second Troy.

He said; the rest assent with equal praise,
 And fix the truce for twelve succeeding days.
 Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
 Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove.
 Now the tough ash the sounding axes ply;
 Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the sky:
 The wedge divides, with many a vig'rous stroke,
 The scented cedar, and the pond'rous oak.
 And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load!)
 The length'ning elms roll lumb'ring down the road.

Now fame, the messenger of sorrow, bears
 The death of Pallas to the father's ears;
 That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
 The glorious tidings of his conquests bore.
 Strait rushing through the gates, the people
 In ranks, a fun'ral torch in ev'ry hand. [stand
 The mingling blaze a dreadful splendor yields,
 Flames to the skies, and lightens all the fields.
 The Phrygian train approach, a solemn show!
 And join the mourners in the public woe.
 Loud shriek the matrons, as the corse appears,
 And the whole city seems one scene of tears.
 But nought the wretched father can restrain:
 He breaks, all-frantic, through the parting train;
 Then on the bier his aged body threw,
 And kiss'd his son, as to the corse he grew:
 While from his eyes the gushing sorrows flow,
 Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe.

A thousand things in vain he strove to say,
 But scarce could these for anguish find their way:
 Is this thy promise then, my child, with care
 And cool reserve, to mingle in the war?
 Too well, alas! I knew how honour's charms
 Wou'd fire thy youth to seek the rough alarms,
 In these thy first essays, and rudiments of arms! }
 Oh! dire essays!--too fond was thy delight
 To learn the dreadful lessons of the fight!
 Where now are all my vows (my Pallas) where?
 Ah! the stern gods grew deaf to ev'ry pray'r!
 How blest art thou, dear partner of my bed,
 Free from this stroke, among the happier dead!
 Thee, heav'n in mercy snatch'd to shades below!
 Thee, death deliver'd from this scene of woe!
 I, in the dregs of age, O cruel doom!
 Usurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
 Still live, and drag a load of sorrows on!
 Live--and (more terrible!) survive my son!
 Me, in the battle, if the foes had slain,
 When, with my force, I join'd the Trojan train,
 I (as I should) had perish'd; and this state
 On the dead father, not the son, should wait!
 Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
 To you, O warriors! or my leagues with Troy:
 'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell so young;
 No!--'tis the father's, who has liv'd so long,
 With his slain son to blast his closing eye,
 And wish, in bitterness of soul, to die.
 Yet, though before his time the Fates requir'd
 My dear, dear boy; he gloriously expir'd!

Yet to the destin'd shore his friends he led,
 And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead:
 Ye gods! I'm satisfy'd---he perish'd well!
 His father thanks you; for in fight he fell!
 Nor will I add more honours to the boy,
 Than those design'd him by the prince of Troy,
 Those, the bold Tuscan hosts and heroes gave,
 To wait the corse triumphant to the grave:
 With those, his own bright trophies be his share,
 Trophies of chiefs, he vanquish'd in the war.
 Ah! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
 Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
 Ev'n thou hadst stood conspicuous to the fight,
 The most distinguish'd trophy of the fight.
 But why with tears so long have I with-held
 (Wretch that I am)! the soldiers from the field?
 Go---tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
 And bear the world, a spectacle of woe!
 (Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy)!
 'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy,
 His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
 Due to the sad survivor and the dead.
 'Tis all, himself, or fortune, now can give;
 'Tis for that only, I endure to live.

Life has no joys for me; but I should go
 Pleas'd with these tidings to my boy below!
 And now, to wretched men, the dawning ray
 Restor'd their round of labours, and the day.
 The Tuscan chief and Trojan prince command,
 To raise the fun'ral structures on the strand.
 Then to the piles, as ancient rites ordain,
 Their friends convey the relics of the slain.
 From the black flames the sullen vapours rise,
 And smoke in curling volumes to the skies.
 The foot thrice compass the high-blazing pyres;
 Thrice move the horse, in circles, round the fires.
 Their tears, as loud they howl at ev'ry round,
 Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.
 A peal of groans succeeds; and heav'n rebounds
 To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial sounds.
 Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,
 The swords and helmets of the vanquish'd foe.
 Some, the known shields their brethren bore in
 vain,
 And unsuccessful jav'lines of the slain.
 Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled,
 And bristly swine; in honour of the dead,
 The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they slew,
 And on the greedy flames the victims threw.
 Around their friends the pensive warriors stand,
 And watch the dying fires along the strand;
 Many a long look they cast with streaming eyes,
 And wait till dewy night had spangled o'er the
 skies.

Nor with less toil the busy Latian train
 Erect unnumber'd structures for the slain;
 Some, to their graves, with pious care commend;
 Some to their native coasts and cities, send.
 Some, of distinguish'd rank and high renown,
 Are borne with fun'ral trophies to the town;
 The rest, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield;
 The huge promiscuous carnage of the field!
 From the thick piles, the streaming flames arise,
 Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the skies.

When the third morn disclos'd the dawning day,
 They search'd the heaps, and bore the bones a-
 way;

In the warm ashes their remains they found,
 Quench'd with their tears, and bury'd in the
 ground;
 Then o'er the relics rais'd a lofty mound.

But more tumultuous shrieks and clamours ring
 Through the wide town, and palace of the king:
 Boys, mothers, wives, and sisters, there complain
 For fathers, children, lords, and brothers, slain.
 All with one gen'ral voice the war abhorr'd,
 And the dire nuptials of the Daunian lord.
 Let him, whose boundless and ambitious pride
 Aspires to gain a crown, and regal bride,
 Let Turnus (they exclaim) in arms appear,
 And with his single sword decide the war.
 This, Drances still inflames; and adds, with
 spite;

His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.
 But Turnus to his side a number draws,
 Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cause:
 He stands supported by his former fame;
 And the queen's favour shades his injur'd name.

'Midst these debates the pensive envoys bring
 The final answer of th' Ætolian king---
 Nor pray'rs, nor gifts, avail; but all the cost,
 With all the fruitless embassy, was lost.
 New succours must be sought; or peace im-
 plor'd,

In terms submissive, of the Trojan lord.
 The Latian king, surrounded by his foes,
 Sinks in despair, and bends beneath his woes.
 The wrath of heav'n, the recent tombs, that
 spread

The fields o'ercharg'd and peopled with the dead,
 Point out the Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate
 To sway the sceptre of the Latian state.

He calls a council; at the sov'reign's call
 The peers, assembled, crowd the regal hall:
 There, 'midst the rev'rend fathers of the state,
 With mournful looks the hoary monarch fate;
 The monarch bids th' ambassadors report,
 Distinct, their answer from th' Ætolian court.
 Then, while attention held the solemn train,
 With rev'rence due, sage Venulus began:

Ye peers, a length of lands and perils past,
 We saw the royal Diomedes at last;
 And touch'd, with wonder and respectful joy,
 The mighty hand that rais'd imperial Troy.
 There, blest with ease, the happy victor builds
 A second Argos in the Gargan fields.
 Strait to the court admitted, we begun,
 And in submissive terms address'd the throne;
 Present our gifts, our names and land disclose;
 What war required his aid; and who his foes.
 When, with soft accents and a pleasing look,
 Thus, in return, the gracious monarch spoke:

Ye blest Ausonians! blest, from times of old,
 By righteous Saturn, with an age of gold!
 What madness rous'd you now with vain alarms,
 From long hereditary peace, to arms?
 All, all our Argive kings, who dar'd employ
 Their swords to violate the tow'rs of Troy
 (Those chiefs I pass that under Ilion dy'd,
 Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide)
 Toss'd round the world, in ev'ry distant clime,
 Atone the guilt of that presumptuous crime.
 From that dire war our desp'rate course we bore,
 Each driv'n by tempests on a diff'rent shore.

Such scenes of sorrow not a foe could hear,
 Nor Priam's self relate without a tear.
 This truth Minerva's vengeful storm can tell,
 When on Caphareus' rocks Oileus fell.
 The * Spartan lord, a banish'd wretch, was hurl'd
 To † Proteus' pillars, in a distant world.
 Ulysses, on the dread Sicilian coast,
 Saw the grim Cyclops; and his comrades lost.
 From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled;
 In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
 To Libyan shores the Locrian squadrons fly;
 To flaming suns, that scorch the mid-day sky.
 The § king of kings, ill-fated! lost his life,
 Stabb'd in his palace, by his traitress wife.
 There the great victor of all Asia bled;
 The proud adult'rer mounts his throne and bed.
 Then, what long woes were mine? by heav'n
 deny'd

To see my native realm, and beauteous bride?
 For that blest sight, sad omens shock my eye;
 Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the sky.
 Oh dire inflictions!—Now they wander o'er
 The fishy floods, or scream along the shore.
 From that curs'd moment all these woes were due,
 When, fir'd with rage, against the gods I flew;
 And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
 (Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand,
 When Ilion fell; my vengeance then was o'er;
 And with her ruins will I war no more.
 My soul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
 On those misfortunes which we brought on Troy,
 Bear back the presents, and the gifts you bring,
 ('Tis far, far safer) to the Trojan king.
 For well, too well the mighty chief I know,
 And met in rigid fight the godlike foe;
 Dreadful in arms he tow'r'd before the host;
 Heav'n's! with how fierce a spring the lance he tost!
 How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field!
 How high he shook the sword, and rais'd the
 pond'rous shield!

Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame,
 Their conduct, courage, strength, and worth, the
 same;

All Greece had trembled through her hundred
 states;
 Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the fates;
 Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her
 gates.

His conqu'ring sword, and Hector's valiant hand,
 So long of old repell'd the Grecian band:
 Their single valour sav'd their native wall,
 And ten whole years suspended Ilion's fall.
 Æneas shone his equal in the field;
 But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
 Make peace, my Latian friends; but oh! forbear
 To tempt so terrible a foe to war.—
 This is the sum, great king, of what he said,
 And this th' advice of royal Diomede.

Thus, of their charge, the legates made report;
 Strait ran a mingled murmur through the court.
 So when by rocks the torrents are withstood,
 In deep hoarse murmurs rolls th' imprison'd flood;
 Beats on the banks; and, with a fullen sound,
 Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.

Soon as the noise was silenc'd from the throne,
 (Heav'n first invoc'd) the hoary prince begun;

* Menelaus. † Egypt. § Agamemnon.

I wish, O rev'rend fathers, we had fate,
 Before these perils, on th' endanger'd state:
 Far better than a council now to call,
 When Troy's embody'd pow'rs surround our wall!
 An host of heroes to the fight we dare,
 And wage with demigods a fatal war.
 No toils their fiery ardour can restrain;
 Though vanquish'd, strait they fly to arms again.
 Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown;
 And now must centre in ourselves alone:
 Nor these how slender, need I here relate,
 Since your own eyes behold our dang'rous state.
 Not but I grant all fought with all their power;
 Arms, strength, and courage, could perform no
 more.

In the dire war, has labour'd ev'ry hand,
 With the whole force and numbers of the land,
 But still in vain our efforts have we try'd;
 Heav'n fights for Troy, and combats on her side.
 Then hear attentive what my thoughts suggest—
 A length of lands, far stretching to the west,
 Against Sicania, near the Tyber, lies;
 Where, high in air, the tow'ring hills arise.
 These tracts, th' Auruncians and Rutulians plough,
 And feed their flocks along the bending brow.
 These, with their woods, the Trojans shall possess,
 And both the nations join in leagues of peace.
 Since such their wish, ev'n let the warlike band
 Raise a new town, and settle in the land.
 But would they leave our Latian shores again,
 And for some other region cross the main,
 Twice ten strong vessels let us build, or more
 (For thick the forests grow along the shore):
 The form and number let themselves assign;
 The work, the rigging, and the cost, be mine.
 Yet more;—with peaceful olive in their hand,
 An hundred peers and princes of the land,
 To firm the sacred league, in solemn state,
 With ample presents on their prince shall wait;
 Rich gifts of gold, and polish'd ivory bear,
 The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
 Ye peers! with freedom these high points debate;
 Speak, speak your minds, and save the sinking
 state.

Then Drances rose, a proud distinguish'd name,
 With envy fir'd at Turnus' spreading fame.
 His mother's blood illustrious splendours grace,
 By birth as gen'rous as his fire was base
 Potent and rich, in factious counsels skill'd;
 Bold at the board; a coward in the field;
 Loud he harangu'd the court; and, as he rose,
 These vile reproaches on the warrior throws:

What you propose, great monarch, is so plain
 To all the synod, that replies are vain.
 But none dares speak; though all can understand
 The sole expedient our affairs demand.
 Let him, by whose unhappy conduct led,
 For whose curs'd cause so many chiefs have bled,
 So many princes of our land lie low,
 Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
 Him, who pretends to storm a host, but flies,
 While the proud boastful coward braves the
 skies;

Let Turnus (for I must, I will pursue
 The public good, though death is in my view)
 Grant that high favour to this rev'rend train,
 At least, of these our suff'rings to complain!

O king! to those rich gifts design'd before
 For the great Trojan, add one present more:
 One that your duteous senate must request,
 And one he values more than all the rest.
 By fear or violence no longer sway'd
 Give to so brave a prince th' imperial maid;
 By that sure pledge a lasting peace obtain;
 Or know, the peace without the pledge is vain.
 But should our king so bold a step disclaim,
 Aw'd by the terrors of his rival's name;
 To dreadful Turnus we prefer our pray'r
 For his permission, to bestow the fair,
 And to our prince and country to restore
 Their rights, and bluster on the throne no more.
 Why, for thy pride, our lives should we expose,
 O fatal chief! the source of all our woes?
 'Tis a destructive war; but, to be free
 From these long ills, we humbly sue to thee;
 To thee, for peace are all our pray'rs apply'd;
 And, the sole pledge of peace, the royal bride.
 And first, myself, thy fancy'd foe (a name
 I scorn alike to own, or to disclaim)
 Ev'n I, a suppliant, beg thy grace to spare
 Our bleeding country, and forsake the war.
 In pity, prince, this wond'rous favour yield:
 'Tis time, when routed, to renounce the field!
 Too long have we bemoan'd our slaughter'd hosts,
 Our lands dispeopled, and our wasted coasts.
 If love of glory has thy soul possess'd,
 If fame inspires, or courage warms thy breast;
 If none can please thee, but a prince—go—
 Meet in the list'd field thy gen'rous foe.
 Sure! if our worthy chief a queen can gain,
 For us—no matter—we may well be slain!
 Unwept, unbury'd; to the fowls resign'd;
 The world's last dregs; the refuse of mankind!
 We, worthless souls! were born for him alone,
 And, from our necks, he mounts into the throne!
 But go, proud warrior, if one spark remains
 Of courage in thy soul, and warms thy veins;
 Go—meet thy rival—answer his demand—
 Go—fight the Trojan hero, hand to hand.
 Yet the vain boaster soon, I trust, will fly,
 Nor stand the terrors of that deathful eye!

These scornful words the haughty youth engage
 In all the fiery violence of rage;
 Then, while a groan of indignation broke
 Deep from his heart, the wrathful hero spoke:

Drances, that tongue a stream of words can
 yield;
 Then, when our hands are wanted in the field,
 First in debate! but sure 'tis safer far
 With words to flourish, than to wage the war;
 To deal in long harangues, while walls enclose
 Thee and thy fears; and guard thee from thy foes.
 Remov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
 And mouth and bellow to the list'ning crowd.
 Proceed then, dastard, in thy wonted strain;
 Throw forth a storm of eloquence again:
 With all thy malice, all thy art, declaim,
 And brand with cowardice my injur'd fame!
 Since the full triumphs of the day are thine,
 And thy own trophies stand as high as mine!
 Try, try, this hour, thy courage; see! the foes
 Advance, approach us, and our walls enclose:
 Lo! in the battle all the troops are join'd!
 Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind?

Shall all thy valour, wretch! consist so long
 In those swift feet, and in that swifter tongue?
 I routed, monster! and compell'd to fly?—
 Who but thyself could forge that shameless lie?
 Say, was I routed on yon deathful plain,
 When Tyber's streams ran purple to the main?
 Where, wretch, didst thou sit brooding o'er thy
 fear,
 When Pallas bled heneath my vengeful spear?
 When, all in heaps, his vanquish'd troops retir'd
 Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
 Or where?—when both the giant brethren fell;
 When thousands more my faulchion plung'd to hell
 In one victorious day, though compass'd round
 With foes, and press'd within the hostile mound?
 All, all, but thou, stood witness to the fight!
 Nor didst thou dare look out upon the fight!
 'Tis a destructive war—Go, dastard, go,
 And preach that rule you practice to the foe;
 At once avow that int'rest you embrace:
 Go, and alarm our friends, our arms disgrace;
 But praise and honour a twice-vanquish'd race.
 Tell, tell the crowd, how ev'ry Argive lord
 And monarch trembled at the Phrygian sword;
 That Tydeus' son, that Peleus' baffled heir,
 Retir'd from Hector, nor could stand his war;
 That Ausidus himself, with sudden dread,
 When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head,
 Ran back, astonish'd, to his native bed.
 Such are his base suggestions, which appear
 False as himself; or his dissembled fear
 Of my revenge: that vanity resign;
 Such blood shall never stain a sword like mine!
 Still may thy soul dismiss that idle care,
 Lurk in that abject breast, and tremble there!—
 But to resume, O king! our great debate
 (Your dread commands) the solemn cares of
 state:

Since on our arms no farther stress you lay,
 But lose at once all courage, with the day;
 If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er;
 If all our future prospects are no more;
 Gods! let us raise these coward hands, to gain
 Peace, pardon, life; and court the victor's chain!
 Yet, O ye princes! did the least remains
 Of our bold fathers courage warm our veins;
 Those I should ever deem the truly great,
 Those, who in fields of battle brave their fate;
 Those, who, to 'scape that shame, with glory fir'd,
 Bled; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd!
 But since a yet-unbroken force we find,
 Confed'rate towns, and nations still behind;
 Since Troy, so nobly by our troops withstood,
 Has bought her glory with her dearest blood;
 Since, in their turn, the tempest threatens all;
 Since, with the vanquish'd, the proud victors fall;
 Why, on our first attempt, this low despair?
 This flight, before the trumpet calls to war?
 Time oft has succour'd an endanger'd state
 By some new change, and snatch'd her from her
 fate!

Some kingdoms strange vicissitudes sustain;
 Now crush'd by fortune, and now rais'd again!
 What though th' Ætolian monarch has deny'd
 To arm, and bring his forces to our side,
 Yet, with Messapus, on our part appears
 Tolumnius, still successful in the wars;

And many a glorious chief who lead their bands,
 Impatient for renown, from distant lands.
 Besides our Latian youth, of matchless might,
 With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
 The Volscian prince leads her valiant train,
 All sheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.
 But since my foes and friends the fight demand;
 The public peace no longer I withstand:
 Full well the way to victory I know;
 In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,
 This new Achilles to the lifted field,
 In all his heav'nly arms, and huge Vulcanian
 shield!

Nor shall my deeds my ancestry disgrace,
 Nor once degen'rate from my glorious race.
 For you, O king! for you, my friends, for all,
 Behold your self-devoted Turnus fall!
 Me does my rival to the fight demand?
 Grant, O ye gods! the challenge still may stand;
 Nor let yon wretch, however you decide
 My fate, the danger or the fame divide.

Meantime Æneas, 'midst the high debate,
 Leads on his eager troops to seize the gate.
 The Trojan squadrons, and the Tuscan train,
 March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.
 Before the godlike prince, the loud report
 Flew swift, and fear'd the city and the court;
 The crowds all kindle at the dire alarms,
 And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms.
 The youth rush forth to war; the fires complain,
 And strive to stop the growing rage in vain.
 From either side the diff'rent murmurs rise,
 And their tumultuous clamours rend the skies,
 So ring the forests with the feather'd brood,
 A thousand notes re-echoing through the wood:
 So scream the swans on fair Padusa's bounds;
 And down the waters float the mingling sounds.
 Is this an hour, cool methods to devise,
 And talk of peace? The fiery Turnus cries;
 Declaim, ye dastards, talk, ye triflers, on,
 While the proud Trojan arms, and storms the
 town!

He said; and rush'd impetuous to the plain;
 Lead, lead, brave Volusus, our Ardean train,
 And summon to the fight the Volscian horse;
 Thou, thou, Messapus, range th' embattled horse,
 And join great Coras, and his brother's care,
 Wide o'er the field to spread the op'ning war.
 All, all be ready; with divided pow'rs
 Guard you the passes; you defend the tow'rs.
 Bred you to battle; and, in firm array,
 Attend your gen'ral where he leads the way.

The troops obey; and, gath'ring at the call,
 Pour in tumultuous heaps to guard the wall.
 The pensive father of the Latian state
 (Confus'd, amaz'd) suspended the debate;
 And his own conduct blames, that he resign'd
 To the queen's counsel his compliant mind;
 On such wrong motives rais'd an impious war,
 And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair.

To sink a trench before the gates, they run.
 Fix the strong pile, and roll the pond'rous stone.
 Alarm'd, and summon'd by the trumpet's sound,
 Boys, maids, and matrons, crowd the ramparts
 round.

All aids these dire extremities demand,
 Fire ev'ry heart, and strengthen ev'ry hand.

Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train
 Ride with large presents to Minerva's fane:
 Lavinia grac'd her side: the royal fair;
 The guiltless cause of this destructive war.
 To earth her streaming eyes the maid inclin'd;
 In sad procession move the crowd behind.
 They burn rich odours at the sacred shrine,
 And seek, with suppliant pray'r, the pow'rs divine:
 Against the Phrygian pirate, lend thy aid,
 O queen of battles! great Tritonian maid!
 Break, break his jav'lin; let him meet his fate,
 And grind the dust beneath our lofty gate!

Meanwhile, in arms the furious Turnus shone:
 First, the brave hero drew the corset on;
 Thick scales of brass the costly work infold;
 His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold.
 Bare was his face; and, with a martial pride,
 The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.
 Bold and exulting, with a dauntless air,
 The mighty chief anticipates the war;
 In his fond hopes already has he won
 The field, before the battle is begun.

The golden splendours, dazzling to the view,
 Flash'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew.
 So the gay pamper'd steed, with loosen'd reins,
 Breaks from the stall, and pours along the plains;
 With large smooth strokes he rushes to the flood,
 Bathes his bright sides, and cools his fiery blood;
 Neighs as he flies; and, tossing high his head,
 Snuffs the fair females in the distant mead;
 At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
 Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.

Him, at the gate, thus issuing to the plain,
 Camilla meets with all her female train;
 Leaps in a moment from her gen'rous steed;
 The beauteous band alight with equal speed:
 Prince, if the bold and brave (she cries) may dare
 Trust their own valour for success in war;
 Myself, with these, will stand the Trojan force;
 Myself will vanquish all the Tuscan horse.
 Guard thou the city; be that province thine;
 But let the dangers of the field be mine.

O queen! thy country's pride, the chief replies
 (And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes);
 'To such uncommon worth, heroic maid!
 What thanks are due? what honours can be paid?
 Since those, and death, you scorn with equal
 pride,

With me, the labours of the day divide.
 The Trojan bent his fraudulent scheme to frame
 (In this my spies confirm the voice of fame),
 Has sent, before, his active troops, who wield
 The lighter arms, to scour along the open field.
 Meantime himself, along the lofty crown
 Of yon steep mountain, hastens to the town.
 But, in the wood, an ambush I prepare,
 And try to foil him in the wiles of war.
 He lies imprison'd in that narrow streight;
 And, if he moves, he rushes on his fate.
 Go thou, supported by our Latian force,
 Go—with spread ensigns meet the Tuscan horse,
 Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,
 With brave Messapus, wait thee to the fight.
 Beneath thy care, shall march the martial band,
 Fir'd by thy high example and command.
 This said; each chief he rous'd to arms, and goes
 With eager speed to circumvent the foes.

A winding vale there lay, within the shade
Of woods, by nature for an ambush made.
To this, a rough and slender passage led;
Above, a smooth and level plain was spread,
Unknown, and stretching o'er the mountain's
head.

There safe, the soldier, to the left or right,
May dare th' ascending war, and urge the fight;
Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow,
And dash the pond'rous ruins on the foe.
Hither the prince (for well he knew the way)
Flew, seiz'd the post, and close in ambush lay.

But now Latonia, in th' ethereal sphere,
For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear,
Bespoke swift Opis, in a mournful strain,
A nymph, and one of her own virgin train:
Alas! dear Opis, my Camilla goes
To seek the fatal war, and brave the foes;
See! where she rushes to the deathful plain;
And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain!
Still from my soul the darling maid I lov'd;
And time the growing fondness has improv'd;
E'er since stern Metabus, her hapless sire,
Forc'd by his rebel subjects to retire,
Fled from Pivernum, his imperial town,
And lost his old hereditary crown.
Safe he convey'd, through crowds of raging foes,
His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name;
And in his flight through wilds and deserts
came;

The savage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
And in his arms the lovely burthen bore;
While with their jav'lns, in an endless tide,
The Volscians preis'd their prince on ev'ry side:
When lo! old Amasenus' streams delay
His course, and foam across the warrior's way:
For late, the flood, increas'd with sudden rains,
Had burst the banks, and floated half the plains:
First he resolves to swim, and gain the shore;
But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
Thus, while a thousand schemes divide his breast,
Sudden, on this, he fixes as the best:
His mighty pond'rous spear, of knotted oak,
Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took;
To this strong lance the tender babe he bound,
With cork and pliant osiers wrapt around,
Then pois'd the loaded spear, in act to throw;
But for my favour first address'd his vow:
To thee, chaste goddess of the forest wild,
Behold! a father dedicates his child:
She flies for refuge to thy pow'r divine,
And the first weapons that she knows are thine.
Thus then I send, to thy protecting care,
Thy little suppliant through the fields of air.
This said; with all his force the lance he threw;
High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew;
Then the bold warrior, preis'd on ev'ry side
By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
The flood surmounted, and the jav'lin tore,
Charg'd with the sacred infant, from the shore.
Each town with stern un hospitable hate,
Against the wand'ring monarch shut her gate:
Nor could he bear (his scorn was grown so high)
To stand distinguish'd by the public eye.
From all society of men he fled;
A shepherd's life among the mountains led;

There with his daughter past the hours away,
In dens of beasts and savages of prey;
Sought ev'ry foster-mother of the wood,
And in her lips distill'd the milky food.
Soon as the little Amazon could go;
He on her shoulders hung a slender bow:
A small light quiver at her side she wore,
And in her hand a pointed jav'lin bore:
No rich embroider'd robes her limbs enfold,
Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
The spoils of some fierce tyger wrapt her round,
That, from her head, hung trailing to the ground:
Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could fling,
Or whirl the pebble from the sounding sling,
Strike the long crane, or snowy swan, on high,
And fetch the tow'ring quarry from the sky.
Her charms surpris'd the Tuscan matron train,
Who count the huntress for their sons in vain.
Not all their courtship, nor their pray'rs, could move
The maid, from sworn virginity, to love.
With Dian's love content, she keeps her vow;
She shoots my arrows, and she bends my bow.
Ah! from my soul I wish, the hapless fair
Had never mingled in the direful war!
Then still my darling might the maid remain,
The pride and glory of my virgin train!
But, since her doom is seal'd, her fate is nigh,
Descend, my nymph, this instant from the sky.
To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
Where, see! in arms she rushes on the fight.
Here, take my bow; and, from this dreadful sheath
Draw forth the winged messenger of death.
And, who the sacred virgin shall destroy,
Or of the Latian bands, or sons of Troy,
With this keen arrow make my vengeance good;
Let him atone the sacrilege with blood.
Then will I bear the breathless maid away,
Her spoils and body in a cloud convey,
To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
And safe dispose 'em in her native plains.
The goddess said; the nymph obedient flies,
Wrapt in a sounding whirlwind down the skies.

Now to the walls (a close-embod'd force)
March the swift Trojan and the Tuscan horse;
Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
The troops embattled urge their fiery way.
Aloft the foaming couriers prance and bound,
Preis on the rein, and proudly paw the ground.
Trembling for joy, they hope the dire alarms;
The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.
Spears, nodding helms, and shields, with mingled
Flame round, and set the region in a blaze. [rays,
Nor with less speed, beneath Messapus' care,
The Latian troops pour furious to the war.
Full in the front the mighty Coras came,
With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.
O'er all distinguish'd in the martial scene,
Rode with her female train the Volscian queen.
Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
Portend, and poise, and shake the flaming lance.
Thick clouds of dust their trampling feet excite;
Th' impatient couriers neigh, and snuff the dis-
tant fight.

At length, within a jav'lin's reach appear
Both hosts; and, shouting, join the horrid war;
Rouse to the fight their gen'rous steeds, and pour
Their darts incessant, in a rattling show'r.

In one dark storm the sounding lances fly,
Shade the bright sun, and intercept the sky.

First horse to horse, and man to man, oppos'd
The bold Acontus and Tyrrhenus clos'd;
Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed spear,
And urg'd his courser in a full career;
The steeds, encount'ring with a thund'ring sound,
Shock; and Acontus tumbles to the ground.
Swift, as discharg'd from the loud engine flies
The glowing stone, or lightning from the skies;
Lo swift the warrior, from his courser far, [air.
Shoots with a spring, and breathes his fiery soul in

Now all the Latian horse disorder'd run,
(Their shields slung back) tumultuous, to the town,

The chase with cries the joyful Trojans led,
With great Asylas thund'ring at their head.
Soon as they reach'd the walls, the rallying train
Rein round their steeds, and face the foes again.
Then, in their turn, the vanquish'd Trojans wheel'd,
And, pale with terror, measur'd back the field.

Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the strand
Swells the vast ocean, and invades the land.
Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
Till o'er the rocks the foamy surges fly.
Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again;
Rolls back, as rapid as she came before,
With all the floating trophies of the shore.
Twice the Rutulians to the city flew;
And twice they rally, and the foes pursue.
Till in the third assault the hosts engage;
Then burns the fight with unextinguish'd rage.
All, man to man, and breast to breast, oppos'd,
In one dire shock the charging squadrons clos'd.
Then bled the battle; and a load of slain,
Shields, helms, and jav'lins, cover'd wide the
In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd; [plain.
And cries and agonizing groans resound
Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
And coursers plunging in the pangs of death.

With cautious eyes, Orsiloehus from far
Observ'd strong Remulus, and mark'd for war;
Nor durst approach the chief; but hurl'd the spear,
With all his strength, beneath his courser's ear.
Stung with the stroke, and madding with the wound,

He rears and paws in air, with many a bound,
And casts his hapless master on the ground.
Next bled Iolas by Catillus' steel;
By the same hand the huge Herminius fell:
All pale in death the mighty hero lies;
Vain were his giant arms, and giant size;
Th' intrepid chief (his head and shoulders bare,
Tall, and distinguish'd by his golden hair)
Tow'r'd in the front, the mark of all the war!
Through his broad shoulders past, the deadly wound

Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.
Now all the fields with crimson streams are dy'd;
And the vast carnage smokes on ev'ry side.
The charms of honour ev'ry bosom fire,
To win the day; or gloriously expire.

Her breast half-naked, through the direful scene
Of blood and slaughter flew the Volscian queen.
The shafts and quiver at her side appear,
The polish'd bow, and all Diana's war.

Now the swift dart with matchless might she cast;
Now with her axe she laid the battle waste:
Ev'n when she flies, she bends the backward bow,
And sends the winged vengeance at the foe.
Around, in pomp, her sister warriors ride,
All-bright in arms and combat side by side.
Her brazen pole axe, there, Tarpeia wields;
And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields;
Italian virgins; her supreme delight;
In piece her friends; her comrades in the fight.

So round their queen, Hippolyte the fair,
Or bold Penthefile's refulgent car,
Move the triumphant Amazonian train,
In bright array, exulting, to the plain.
Proudly they march, and clash their pointed arms,
And all Thermodoon rings with proud alarms;
With female shouts they shake the sounding field;
And fierce they poise the spear, and grasp the moony shield,

Who first, who last, by thy victorious hand,
Heroic maid! sunk breathless on the sand!
First, Clytius' son, the great Eumenius, dies;
Through his broad breast the quiv'ring jav'lin flies:
Grimly he grinds the dust, distain'd with blood,
And rolls and welters in the crimson flood.
Liris and Pegasus at once are kill'd,
And both, transfix'd, fall headlong on the field;
One stoop'd, to reach his wounded courser's rein;
One flew, to prop his sinking friend in vain!
Now Hippotas' brave son Amastrus fell:
And now she threatens, with the pointed steel,
Tereus the swift, Harpalycus the strong;
And drove in heaps the hostile chiefs along.
Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful spear;
She pours, and hangs tempestuous in the rear.
Thus through the ranks of war she rag'd, and slew
A Phrygian foe with ev'ry dart she threw.
The mighty hunter, Ornytus, from far,
On his Apulian courser fought the war:
A bull's black hide his ample shoulders spread;
A wolf's rough spoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
A bended spear he brandish'd in his hand,
And tow'r'd conspicuous o'er the martial band.
With ease, as all the troops confus'dly fled,
She slew the foe, and thus insults the dead:
Me, Tuscan, didst thou deem thy destin'd prey,
Like hunted game, the fortune of the day?
Lo! by a woman's arm, this fatal hour,
That boast is answer'd, and thy vaunts no more!
Go!—let thy fire the glorious tidings know;
Camilla sent thee to the shades below!
Then on two Trojan chiefs, of giant size,
Butes, and tall Orsiloehus, she flies.
But Butes, face to face, she brav'd in war; [spear,
Swift through the neck she drove the pointed
Where the bright helm and corset left a part,
To let in fate, wide-open to the dart.
From fierce Orsiloehus the virgin wheel'd
At first, in flight dissembled, round the field:
But, in a ring still lessening, to delude
The furious chief, she fled, till she pursu'd:
Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
Implores his life; high-rising on the blow,
Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound;
The blood and brains rush smoking to the ground.

The son of Aunus cross'd her in the way,
And for a while stood trembling in dismay;

A wretch, that, like his own Ligurian line,
 Could cheat, while fortune favour'd the design.
 Soon as he found it vain to shun by flight
 The female warrior, or maintain the fight;
 Resolv'd to circumvent the hostile maid,
 Thus to the queen the low dissembler said:
 Where is the mighty praise, to vaunt the force,
 And trust the swiftness, of your rapid horse?
 Dismiss your steed, vain maid! and let us stand
 Engag'd in single combat, hand to hand.
 Soon shall be known, proud princess, what you can,
 When, on these terms, a woman fights a man.
 Thus he:—the queen springs furious on the plain
 From her fleet steed, and gives him to the train.
 On foot she dares the dastard to the field,
 Draws her bright sword, and grasps her maiden
 shield.

Flush'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud suc-
 ceed,

He turns, he flies, and, to his utmost speed,
 With goring spurs provokes his smoking steed.—

Deluded fool! (she cries, in lofty strain)

On me thy little arts are try'd in vain;

Nor hence, ev'n yet, in safety shalt thou run,

To please thy fire with falsehoods like his own.

She said; and, springing with a fiery course,

The raging maid out-stripp'd the flying horse;

Turn'd, seiz'd the reins; oppos'd in battle stood;

Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood.

Not with more ease the falcon, from above, [dove;

Shoots, seizes, gripes, and rends, the trembling

All stain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,

And the loose plumes come flutt'ring down the sky.

Meantime th' almighty fire of men and gods,

Enthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,

Surveys the war; the Tuscan chief inspires

With gen'rous rage, and fills with martial fires.

Through all the cleaving ranks, with eager
 speed,

Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid steed;

Calls on each chief by name; adjures the train,

Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.

Ye scandal of your race, your country's shame!

Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame!

What fear, ye cowards, ev'ry breast controls,

Unnerves your limbs, and chills your trembling
 souls?

Thus then, from one flies all our scatter'd band!

Gods!—but from one, and from a female hand!

Oh! cast away the sword, the shield and spear;

The idle pomp and pageantry of war!

Yet were you never recreants to delight,

Nor to the softer battles of the night!

When pipes proclaim the sacred revels nigh,

How swift, how eager, to the feast you fly!

In the full bowls you centre all your love;

Pleas'd, when the priest invites you to the grove,

You run, and riot in the rich repast;

The first in banquets, but in fights the last!

He said; and, bent on death, in deep despair,

Rush'd on his steed amidst the thickest war:

Then urg'd at Venulus his furious course, [horse.

Seiz'd him at once, and snatch'd him from his

Thus in his arms, with matchless strength he bore,

Fierce as he rode, the hapless chief, before.

His troops behold the scene with strange surprise,

And peals of shouts run rattling round the skies;

While with his captive, all in open view,

O'er the wide field the fiery hero flew.

The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,

The chief explores a penetrable part,

And meditates the wound; the struggling foe

Defends his throat, and disappoints the blow.

As when th' imperial eagle soars on high,

And bears some speckled serpent through the sky:

While her sharp talons gripe the bleeding prey,

In many a fold her curling volumes play;

Her starting brazen scales with horror rise:

The sanguine flames flash dreadful from her eyes:

She writhes, and hisses at her foe in vain,

Who wings at ease the wide aerial plain;

With her strong hooky beak the captive plies,

And bears the struggling prey, triumphant thro'
 the skies.

So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew;

And, kindling at the sight, the troops their prince
 pursue.

Now Aruns on the Volscian princess waits

(Aruns the destin'd victim of the fates;)

Wheels round, and seeks with ev'ry wily art

The favouring moment to discharge the dart.

Where'er the furious maid her steps inclin'd,

The wretch in silence follows close behind:

When from the conquer'd foes she bends her course,

Thither th' insidious warrior turns his horse;

Oft shifts his place; runs anxious to and fro;

Flies round the circuit; and, in act to throw,

Aims his sure jav'lin at the beauteous foe.

Chloëus, the priest of Cybele, from far

Shone in bright arms amid the crowded war.

Magnificently gay, he proudly prefs'd

A prancing steed, in stately trappings dress'd;

Rich scales of brass and gold, inwrought with art,

Grac'd with a mimic plumage ev'ry part.

Himself, in purple clad, amid the foe

Sent his swift arrows from a Lycian bow.

Gold was the bow, that from his shoulder sounds,

And gold the helmet that his head surrounds.

His robes, with many a rustling silken fold,

With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold:

His crimson tunic was embroider'd o'er;

And purple buskins on his legs he wore.

This chief she singles from the warring crew,

And, blind to danger, through the squadrons flew;

With the rich spoils to deck Diana's shrine;

Or that herself in Trojan arms may shine.

All, all the woman in her bosom rose!

For this bright prize, she plung'd amid the foes!

When, from his covert, Aruns launch'd his spear;

But first to heav'n preferr'd his suppliant pray'r:

O Phoebus! guardian of Soracte's woods,

And shady hills; a god above the gods!

To whom our natives pay the rites divine,

And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd

pine;

Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name,

Unhurt, unsing'd, and sacred from the flame;

Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away

The deep dark stains of this disgraceful day.

Nor spoils nor trophies from the maid I claim;

No—to my future life I trust for fame.

If by my hand this raging pest be slain,

I ask no honour; but retire again,

Pleas'd, though inglorious, to my native plain.

The god consents to half his warm request,
But in the fleeting winds dispers'd the rest.
Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r;
His safe return was lost in empty air.

Now as the jav'lin sings along the skies,
All to the Volscian princess turn their eyes.
The fair rush'd on, regardless of the sound,
Till in her pap she felt the fatal wound.
Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon stood
Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood.
Swift to her succour fly her female train,
And in their arms the sinking queen sustain;
But far more swift affrighted Aruns fled,
With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head:
Back he retires, all-trembling and dismay'd;
Nor could he bear, in death to view the dreadful maid.

As when a prowling wolf, whose rage has slain
Some stately heifer, or the guardian swain,
Flies to the mountain with impetuous speed,
Confus'd, and conscious of the daring deed,
Claps close his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
Ere yet the peopled country round him rise:
Nor less confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight;
Shunn'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the night.

The dying queen, in agonizing pain,
Tugs at the pointed steel, but tugs in vain.
Deep-riveted within, the rankling dart
Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.
She sinks, she swoons, she scarcely draws her breath,

And, all around her, swim the shades of death.
The starry splendours languish in her eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
A maid she calls, the partner of her cares,
Her friend in peace; her sister in the wars.
Acca; no more:—for mortal is my wound;
A dizzy mist of darkness swims around:
The victory was mine; but ah! 'tis past!
This hour, this fatal moment is my last!
Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear;
Bid him this instant to the field repair;
This instant, from the town the foe repel:—
And now, dear friend, a long and last farewell!

With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,

And from her courser sunk upon the plain.
In thick short sobs the vital spirit flies,
Her head declin'd, and drooping as she dies!
Her radiant arms bestrew the field of fight:
Her soul, indignant, fought the realms of night.

Then, from the hosts the doubling clamours rise,
And shouts tumultuous echo to the skies.

The Trojan band, a firm determin'd force,
The Tuscan chiefs, with all th' Arcadian horse,
Rush furious to the field; the slaughter spread;
The tumult deepen'd, and the combat bled.

Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow,
A while unmov'd survey'd the fight below.
But when from far she saw Camilla slain,
And, round the corse, the shooting hostile train,
Deep from her heaving ivory bosom broke
A mournful groan, and thus the goddess spoke:
Too, too severely, much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!
In vain made sacred by thy virgin vow
To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow!

Nor yet in death thy goddess will disclaim
Her favour'd maid, but crown with endless fame!
Thy praise shall round the nations be display'd,
And to thy fate due vengeance shall be paid.
This moment will I make that vengeance good;
The guilty wretch shall render blood for blood.

Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,
A potent Latian lord in former years;
A grove of venerable oaks display'd,
Wide round the monument, a gloomy shade,
Hither the goddess took her rapid flight,
And spy'd gay Aruns from the tow'ring height.
There as the youth exults, and swells with pride,
Whither, poor dastard, wouldst thou fly? (she cry'd)
Turn, wretch—this moment for thy guilt atone;
And for Camilla's death receive thy own.
Go—to the shades of hell, her victim, go—
A prize unworthy of Diana's bow!

She said; and instant from the golden sheath
Drew forth the feather'd messenger of death.
Fierce in her rage, the circling horns she bends
To the full stretch, and joins the doubling ends.
One hand approach'd the point; one drew the bow,

And to her breast strain'd the tough nerve below.
At once the murd'rer heard the sounding dart,
And felt the steely vengeance in his heart.

He lies deserted by his social train,
Pale and expiring on a foreign plain!
While, from the field, triumphant Opis flies,
And on spread pinions mounts the golden skies.

First fled Camilla's band (their princess kill'd);
Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.
Atinas' self, the chiefs, and armies, run,
And spur their smoking couriers to the town.
Nor can the troops sustain, nor dare oppose
The slaught'ring swords of their victorious foes;
Athwart their backs th' unbended bows they flung;
And with their trampling steeds the sounding
campaign rung.

The city now th' advancing host appalls:
A cloud of dust, thick-gath'ring to the walls,
From the tall tow'rs the trembling matrons spy;
And female shrieks, tumultuous, rend the sky.
Mixt with their foes, rush headlong through the gate

The Latian squadron, nor can shun their fate;
In vain for shelter to their houses fly;
Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die.
Some close the gates, exclude their social train,
Who beg admision to the town in vain.
While these defend th' endanger'd posts, and those
Rush on their swords, a dreadful slaughter rose.
With piercing shrieks, and lamentable cries,
The children bleed before their parent's eyes.
While close behind advanc'd the thund'ring foe:
Some leap down headlong to the trench below;
Some with loose reins, abandon'd to their fate,
Spurr'd their impetuous steeds against the gate.
But, when Camilla's corse appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their country's love, the women flew,
And from the walls a storm of jav'lins threw.
With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
And with tough staves repel the rising war.
Fierce they rush on: they glow with martial fire,
And for their native walls with joy and pride expire.

Meanwhile to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
The careful nymph the dismal news convey'd;
That in the fight the Volscian queen was slain;
That the proud foe pursu'd the vanquish'd train,
Who, flush'd with full success, rush'd furious on,
And spread the growing terror to the town.
The chief, (for so his adverse fates requir'd!)
Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd,
All headlong leaves the guarded hills again;
But scarce descended to the subject plain,
Ere the great Trojan seiz'd the vacant road,
Climb'd the tall hill, and issu'd from the wood.

By the black clouds of dust, Æneas found
The Latian host embattled wide around:
And Turnus knew the Dardan chief was near,
From the loud shouts, that thicken'd on his ear;
Perceiv'd the footsteps of the trampling foe,
And heard distinct the fiery couriers blow.

Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the sun roll'd down the rapid light;
And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian sea,
The panting steeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient pow'rs;
These to defend; and those to storm the tow'rs.

B O O K XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whose death the poem concludes.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latians, in despair;
Sink with the weight of unsuccessful war,
Himself the object of the public spite
Mark'd out, and summon'd to the promis'd fight;
The furious prince the single combat claims,
And conscious courage sets his soul in flames.

As, pierc'd at distance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouses at the smart;
And loudly roaring traverses the plain;
Scourges his sides; and rears his horrid mane;
Tugs furious at the spear; the foe defies;
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat
flies:

So storm'd proud Turnus; and in wrathful strain,
Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
Where is this Trojan foe, so bold and brave?
Would he retract the challenge that he gave?
My soul can brook no more delays; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.
Renew the truce, perform the sacred rite:
This hour, this moment, I demand the fight.
This hand shall wipe our late disgrace away
(Our hosts may sit spectators of the day!)
This trusty sword the dastard shall destroy,
And plunge to hell that fugitive of Troy,
If not—I'll own him victor of the war,
And to his arms resign the royal fair.

So spoke the furious prince, with scornful pride.
The king with mild benevolence reply'd:
The more, brave youth, thy try'd, distinguish'd
might

And valour drive thee headlong to the fight,
The more it should concern our royal care,
To weigh the perils and events of war;
This fond and youthful ardour to assuage
With the cool caution of confid'rate age.
How many vanquish'd cities are thy own,
Besides a fair hereditary throne!

Me too these wealthy warlike lands obey:—
Thus both may reign with independent sway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features, and illustrious race.

VOL. XII.

Then undisguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Though harsh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the Latian line.
Won by thy birth, my consort's tears and cries,
And my own love, I broke all sacred ties;
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.
From that dire source to tell what mischiefs flow,
Would be to mention, what too well you know:
Fights, deaths, defeats, that speak the wrath di-
vine;

Where all the sad pre-eminence is thine.
In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
Scarce our last hopes are shelter'd in the town:
Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore,
And the full streams of Tyber smoke with gore.
Where am I borne, irresolute and blind?
What changeful phrensy turns my wav'ring mind?
If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
Sure in thy life the stern debate may end!
How would all Italy my name disgrace!
How all my kindred of thy royal race!
Shouldst thou (which heav'n avert!) by me be led
To death, the victim of my daughter's bed!
If I should hasten to so sad an end
My child's fond lover, and my gen'rous friend!
Think on the turns of fate, and chance of wars;
Pity thy rev'rend father's silver hairs,
Who mourns thy absence in thy native town,
Nor knows the danger of so dear a son!

But no success these warm entreaties found:
The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
Scarce cou'd he speak for rage, disdain, and pride,
But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd:
O best of fathers! all this needless care
For Turnus' life, at his request, forbear.
Life is a trifle I with scorn disclaim,
For the bright purchase of immortal fame.
This hand, these weapons too, are fatal found;
And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the
wound.

R r

Nor in this combat shall his mother shroud
The recreant Trojan in an airy cloud.
Nor shield the coward with her aid divine :
This day, ye gods ! this glorious day is mine.

But now the frantic queen, on these alarms,
Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms :
Oh ! grant me, Turnus, grant this one request ;
If ever love or rev'rence touch'd thy breast
For lost Amata, to these sorrows yield !
Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field.
Regard, dear youth, regard my streaming tears,
Thou only prop of my declining years !
Our sinking house relies on thee alone ;
On thee, our fame, our empire, and the throne.
In thy misfortune must Amata join ;
Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.
With thee to death, for refuge, will I run,
Nor live a captive to a Trojan son.

With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears
Her mother's cries, and answers with her tears.
A lovely blush the modest virgin warms,
Glow's in her cheek, and lights up all her charms.
So looks the beauteous iv'ry, stain'd with red :
So roses, mixt with lilies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues—Then, gazing on the fair,
The hero rag'd, more eager for the war.
And thus—O royal mother ! cease your fears,
Nor send me to the fight with boding tears.
'Tis not in me, if heav'n has fix'd my date,
To check th' unalterable course of fate.
Go, faithful herald, go ! and instant bear
This dreaded message to the Phrygian's ear :

Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
He need not lead his forces to the field :
Our single valour shall dispute the day
(The hosts in peace the combat shall survey).
Thus shall his death or mine the war decide,
And the proud victor gain the royal bride.

He said : and furious to the palace speeds ;
There, at his call, rush forth the fiery steeds,
Of matchless spirit, and immortal kind,
White as the snow, and swifter than the wind.
Of old, to great Pylumnus, bold and brave,
The fires of these Erectheus' daughter gave.
Before their lord the gen'rous couriers bound,
Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling
ground ; [vide,
The grooms with combs their flowing manes di-
And gently stroke their chests, and sooth their
noble pride.

Meantime the hero drew his armour on ;
With gold and burnish'd brass the cuirass shone ;
The glitt'ring helmet, next his temple spread ;
The crimson crest plays dreadful o'er his head ;
He grasps the pond'rous shield, and flaming blade,
The sword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchless temper ; which the fiery god
Had plung'd red-hissing in the Stygian flood.
Last the bright spear he seiz'd, large, strong, and
tall,
Propp'd on a column 'midst the lofty hall ;
The mighty Actor's spoil. The hero shook
The beamy jav'lin ; and with fury spoke :
My trusty spear, still faithful to my hand !
Still wing'd with death, to answer my command :
Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield !
And mine now throws ; the terror of the field !

In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain,
But stretch yon Phrygian eunuch on the plain :
Oh ! give me, through his heart thy point to thrust,
And soil his scented tresses in the dust,
The costly cuirass from his breast to tear,
And by one noble stroke to terminate the war !

Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies ;
Keen flash the flames, and lighten from his eyes.
So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
Roars for his rival, and demands the fight ;
Impatient for the war, with fury burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns ;
Bends his stern brows, and pushes at the air ;
And paws the flying sands, the prelude of the war.

As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
The Trojan blazes in celestial arms ;
To meet his rival in the field prepares,
Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars.
He sets his sorrowing friends and son at ease ;
Expounds the fates' unchangeable decrees ;
And instant bids the messengers report
The terms of combat to the Latian court.

Scarce had the morn (all beauteous to behold !)
Tipt the blue mountains with a gleam of gold ;
The sun's fierce steeds, high-bounding o'er the sea,
From their wide nostrils inort the beams of day ;
When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
And in just limits close the lifted ground :
Then verdant altars raise to all the pow'rs
Of earth or heav'n, whom either host adores.
In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring
The sacred fire, and water from the spring.

Here, with bright lances, all the Ausonian train
Pour through the op'ning portals to the plain :
The Trojans there, and Tuscans in array,
And ranks embattled bend their eager way.
Amid the thousands with a grace divine,
In gold and purple gay, the leaders shine.
Here, tow'ring o'er the troops Asylas stood ;
Great Mnestheus there, of Troy's imperial blood ;
There, brave Messapus, of immortal strain,
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.
The sign now giv'n through each impatient host,
Each chief retires to his appointed post.
At ease the soldiers fall their pond'rous shields,
And pitch their idle jav'lins in the fields.
Old fires and matrons, with the vulgar throng,
Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
With longing eyes the great event they wait,
And crowds on crowds press forward through the
gate.

But from the fam'd Albano's shady brows,
(Though then without a name the mountain rose)
The queen of heav'n the Latian town beheld,
The hosts embattled, and the crowded field.
Then to brave Turnus' sister, who presides
O'er lakes and streams, and awes the roaring tides,
(On the fair nymph, that province was bestow'd
For her lost honour, by the thund'ring god)
Her fears the goddess of the skies express'd ;
And thus the regent of the floods address'd :

Queen of the founts and streams, and far above
The race of Latian nymphs in Juno's love,
Those nymphs, who, by my wand'ring lord misled,
Presum'd to mount our own imperial bed ;
Yet thee I suffer'd in his grace to rise,
And share th' immortal honours of the skies.

With deep concern sad tidings must I bear,
 What I must grieve to speak, and you to hear.
 The Latian state and Turnus, in the war,
 While fortune favour'd, were my constant care.
 Now his enevitable hour draws nigh;
 On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.
 But from the fatal field, th' appointed fight,
 Lo! I retire; nor can I bear the fight.

If thou can'st save him yet from death, descend:
 Some better fate thy efforts may attend;
 Fly—and exert the sister and the friend.

She said; Juturna wept, by grief oppress'd,
 Thrice tore her hair, and beat her iv'ry breast.

Fly, Juno cries, and stop the dire debate,
 Fly, fly, and snatch him, if you can, from fate.
 Nor waste the hours in tears, and vain despair;
 Break, break the truce, and wake the slumb'ring war.

On me discharge the crime.—The goddess said;
 And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.

Now came the kings: four stately couriers bear,
 In pomp, the Latian lord's imperial car.
 Twelve golden rays around his temple shone,
 To mark his glorious lineage from the sun.
 Young Turnus next appear'd; two spears he held,
 And two white couriers drew him to the field.

Æneas then advanc'd with grace divine,
 Th' illustrious father of the Roman line;
 High in his hand the starry buckler rais'd;
 And in immortal arms the hero blaz'd.
 With him his son Ascanius took his place,
 The second hope of Rome's majestic race.
 Slow the procession moves: the sacred priest
 Stood by his altar in the linen vest;
 A tender lamb for sacrifice prefer'd,
 And a young victim from the bristly herd.
 They turn their faces to the dawning day;
 The salted cakes with solemn reverence pay;
 The victims sign'd; the foremost hairs they drew,
 And on the hearth the first libations threw.
 Then the great Trojan prince unsheath'd his sword,

And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd.

Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
 Great source of day, be witness to my vow!
 Almighty king of heav'n, and queen of air
 (Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r);
 Thou Mars, enthron'd on great Olympus' height,
 Lord of the field, and master of the fight;
 Ye springs, ye floods, ye various pow'rs who lie
 Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden sky;
 Hear, and attest! if victor in the fray,
 The Daunian leader gains the glorious day,
 My son his claim of empire shall release;
 My Trojan subjects shall depart in peace.
 But should the conquest prove my happy lot,
 (For so I think, and heav'n confirm the thought!)
 The Latians never shall my rule obey;
 Already I disclaim th' imperial sway.
 From fight let each unconquer'd nation cease,
 And join in leagues of everlasting peace.
 To king Latinus I resign the care,
 The pomp of state, with all concerns of war,
 And ev'ry regal claim:—the rites divine,
 And the religious province, shall be mine.
 For me my Trojan friends a town shall frame,
 And grace the tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name.

Thus he. Then old Latinus lifts his eyes,
 And his right hand, with reverence, to the skies.
 By the same oath, by heav'n, and earth, and main,
 And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain;
 Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode;
 Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god!
 Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
 And Jove, whose bolts avenge the broken vow!
 To sanctify my word, behold! I stand,
 And on these hallow'd altars lay my hand:
 Whate'er ensues, misfortune, or success,
 No time shall break this solemn league of peace,
 Nor shake my purpose; but entire and whole
 I'll keep the sacred tenor of my soul;
 No art shall win me, and no pow'r compel;
 Not, though the golden skies should plunge to hell;
 Yon starry splendours from their spheres should fall,
 And ocean spread his waters o'er the ball.
 Firm is the sword, and sure the oath I swore;
 Sure, as the sceptre ne'er shall flourish more;
 No more its verdant honours shall renew,
 Lopt from the mother-tree where once it grew;
 Now by the artist's hand adorn'd with brass,
 And worn successive by our regal race!

The princes thus the solemn compact bound
 By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.
 The priests before the fires the victims slay;
 Eager the smoking entrails rend away; [lay.
 And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers

But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears oppress'd,
 And various tumults work'd in every breast.
 Long since they saw their prince o'ermatch'd in
 might.

And curs'd the terms of such unequal fight.
 Their dread increases, as the chiefs draw near,
 And Turnus' looks augment the gen'ral fear.
 Trembling, aghast, he moves with silent pace:
 A deadly paleness spreads o'er all his face.
 Close by the altar's side, in care profound,
 His pensive eyes he fix'd upon the ground.
 Soon as the sister saw the giddy crowd
 Had chang'd their minds, and spoke their fears
 In great Camertes' form, of high renown, [aloud;
 For birth, his father's valour and his own,
 Her flight amidst the murmur'ing bands she took,
 Enflam'd their rage, and thus the host bespoke:

What shame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,
 On one to lay the whole success of war!
 Behold the utmost force the foe can boast,
 The few poor relics of their shatter'd host.
 Heav'n's!—can we shrink from such a slender
 pow'r!

Are not our men the same? our numbers more?
 Should our whole army to the fight repair,
 Scarce all their troops would half employ our war!
 'Tis true, your hero to the gods shall rise,
 A self-devoted victim to the skies.
 Yet the brave chief eternal praise shall claim,
 And live for ever in a length of fame:
 While we, O shame! a base degen'rate host
 Look tamely on, and see our country lost!
 Stretch our vile hands to servitude abhor'd
 And court the bondage of a foreign lord!

This fiery speech inflam'd the list'ning train;
 Through all the host the gath'ring murmur ran.
 Now chang'd, the Latians wish for peace no more
 But long to break the league they sought before.

They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare
With eager ardour to renew the war.

His sister sent (the tumult to improve)
A false delusive omen from above
In pomp a tow'ring eagle soars on high,
And sudden, shooting from th' ethereal sky,
Drives a vast flock of wat'ry fowls before,
On sounding wings, along the winding shore;
Then, where the floods in soft meanders ran,
And his huge talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' astonish'd Latian bands in courage rise,
When lo! the flock (more wond'rous to their
eyes)

Turn, and pursue the victor through the skies.
Prest by the foe, encumber'd with the prey,
He drops the prize, and wings th' aerial way;
With shouts the Latians hail th' auspicious fight,
Range all their troops, and hasten to the fight.

'Tis what I wish'd, the long-expected sign,
(Tolumnius cry'd) I thank the pow'rs divine.
Rise, follow me, my friends, your aid supply,
Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly;
While through your walled shores the victor
sweeps:

Who now shall soon rush headlong to the deeps.
Haste; save your leader from the fatal fray;
Close, close your ranks; engage; and win the day.

He said; sprung forth; and 'midst the Trojans
His furious dart, that whistled as it flew; [threw
Tumultuous shouts pursue the parting spear,
And all now grow more eager for the war.

Nine brave Arcadians at their squadrons head,
Gilippus' offspring by a Tuscan bed,
Shone in the front; the spear impetuous flew
Amidst the brothers, and the youngest flew;
A lovely blooming youth; with fury cast,
Beneath the belt the steely jav'lin past,
Transfix'd the stripling with a deadly wound,
And stretch'd him pale and gasping on the ground.
All fir'd with vengeance for their brother slain,
Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.

Some draw the glitt'ring sword, and some advance
With the broad spear, and shake the flaming lance.

With equal speed, their ardor to oppose,
Pour forth in endless tides the Latian foes.
As swift th' Arcadian troops, with sculptur'd
shields,

Rush'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields.
Strait to their ensigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.

The madding crowd the sacred rites confound;
Strip the bright altars: tofs the fires around;
And seize the goblets: while the jav'lins fly
In iron storms, and tempest all the sky.

The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.

Some yoke the coursers to the car with speed,
Some vault, impetuous, on the snorting steed.
Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright swords, and headlong rush to
fight.

Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Messapus spurr'd his thund'ring horse
Full on Aulestes, with a furious spring,
Who wore the royal ensigns of a king.
O'er the high altars as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in dust and grov'ling lay.

There at his length extended, on the plain,
He pleads for mercy; but he pleads in vain!
Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid speed,
Shook his huge spear, and, bending from the steed,
Transfixt the monarch; then, insulting, cries;
He bleeds!—this victim sure must please the skies
The joyful Latians, eager for the prey,
Strip the warm corse, and bear the spoils away.
Then, as the mighty Ebusus drew near,
And at bold Choringæus shook the spear,
He rush'd against him with a furious pace,
Snatch'd a red brand, and dash'd it on his face.
Through ambient air a noisome scent expires,
As the long beard shrunk crackling in the fires.
Stunn'd as he stood with sudden darkness round,
The raging victor drags him to the ground;
Then seiz'd his locks; his forceful knee apply'd,
And plung'd the vengeful faulchion in his side.

From Podalirius, eager to pursue,
Through the first ranks, the shepherd Albus flew;
Then turn'd, and, with his axe descending full,
Cleaves at one dreadful stroke his shatter'd skull.
With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er;
The thirsty sands are drench'd with streams of
An iron sleep came swimming o'er his sight, [gore.
And wrapt the warrior in eternal night.

But the just Trojan prince, amidst the band
Without his helmet rush'd, and stretch'd his hand:
Whither, my friends, ah! whither wou'd you run?
The terms stand fixt; the combat is my own.
Dismiss your fears; nor my revenge pursue;
For Turnus, Turnus is your gen'ral's due.
That victim, these religious rites demand,
Already sacred to this conqu'ring hand.

While yet he spoke; loud-hissing through the
With thirsty rage, a feather'd arrow flies; [skies,
And reach'd the hero with a certain aim;
But from what hand, was never told by fame.
None knew, what fortune, or assisting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe bestow'd,
Nor one in all the mighty host was found,
Who claim'd the merit of so base a wound.

The chiefs astonish'd, Turnus now beheld,
And the brave prince retiring from the field:
High hopes of conquest in his bosom rise;
Strait for his coursers, and his arms, he cries;
Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car,
Shakes the loose reins, and rushes to the war.
Raging he spreads the growing slaughter round:
Some foes expire; some welter on the ground:
Some fly—in vain! for, swifter than the wind,
His winged lance arrests 'em from behind.
Fierce o'er the prostrate foes the hero rolls
His whirling wheels, and crushes out their souls.

As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war
Flies to the combat on his rattling car;
Frowns, shouts, and clashing on his dreadful shield,
Lashes his fiery coursers to the field;
The steeds devour the ground, out-strip the wind,
And leave the pinions of the storm behind:
Thrace feels through all her realms their furious
course,

Shook by the prancings of the thund'ring horse;
Fear, fraud, and force, and flight, a ghastly train
Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.
So drove stern Turnus with resistless might,
His smoking coursers o'er the field of fight;

Their rapid hoofs through heaps of carnage tore;
Plung'd deep into the sands, distain'd with gore;
O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
And, as they fly, they dash the bloody dust around.

Now hapless Thamyras and Pholus fell,
And now he sent bold Sthenelus to hell.
These, hand to hand, he slew, approaching near;
The last, at distance, with his pointed spear:
At distance both th' Imbrasiæ expire,
Train'd in fair Lycia, by their valiant fire:
In closer fight, the dauntless warriors join'd;
Or distanc'd with their steeds the winged wind.

There with high vaunts rush'd proud Eumedes
Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's son. [on,
Base as his father, with his grandfire's name,
The recreant soldier fought the field of fame,
But with the luckless fortune of his fire,
Who claim'd Pelides' couriers for his hire,
When sent the Grecian army to explore;
Vain fool! he ventur'd, but return'd no more;
Slain by Tydides' hand, resign'd his breath,
And shar'd a juster recompense in death!
Him when the Daunian hero spy'd from far,
First a light dart he launch'd in open air,
Stops the fleet steeds, and, furious, quits the car; }
Stood o'er the Trojan, prostrate as he lay,
Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the sword away.
Then through his throat the deadly faulchion
thrust,

And thus insults him grov'ling in the dust:
Lie there! possess the land thy valour gains!
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains!
Such, such deserv'd rewards I still bestow,
When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe;
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy,
These realms, ye proud presumptuous sons of Troy!

Next, by his flying spear Asbutus bled:
A second lance laid mighty Chloerus dead.
In Dares' breast he plung'd the pointed steel,
And sent the bold Therfilochus to hell:
Then pierc'd Thymætes with a fatal wound,
Whose slow'd'ring steed had cast him to the
ground.

As o'er th' Ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
And rolls the waves tumultuous to the shores,
The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,
And break, and scatter, through the ruffled sky:
So where bold Turnus rush'd, inflam'd with ire,
Their orders scatter, and whole hosts retire.
Whirl'd on his rapid car, the hero gains
New rage, new vigour, as he sweeps the plains,
High o'er his helm his crimson crest, inclin'd
By ev'ry breath, nods dreadful in the wind.

No more, in proud disdain, cou'd Phegeus bear
To see the hero rule the tide of war;
But, rashly furious, to the car proceeds,
Seiz'd the loose reins, and turn'd the flying steeds.
Him, as suspended on the yoke he hung,
By the swift chariot dragg'd in dust along,
Through the bor'd corset, the sharp jav'lin found,
And rais'd the warrior with a slender wound.
Yet with his shield oppos'd he dares the blow,
And with his brandish'd sword assaults the foe.
The whirling wheels, the fiery speed impell'd,
Soon shoot him headlong on the sanguine field.
Swift Turnus follow'd; and his faulchion drew;
Between the cuirass and the head it flew:

The gushing blood distains the sands around,
And the pale trunk, lay grov'ling on the ground.

Thus while the conqu'ring chief his progress held,
Rag'd, storm'd, and reign'd the master of the field;
Achates, Mnestheus, and the royal heir,
Attend the Trojan prince with duteous care,
(As propt, and leaning on the spear he went);
And plac'd the bleeding hero in the tent.
The steel, deep-rivett'd, with eager hands
He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,
More wide to lay the wound, a passage bare,
Unroot the dart, and send him to the war.

Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had profer'd to bestow
His lyre, his bays, his prescience, and his bow.
But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
And prescient skill; but chose the healing part,
A silent, useful, though inglorious art.

Unmov'd with all the sorrow and the care
Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
His mighty spear, th' impatient chief sustains,
Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glow-
ing pains,

The sage now hastens to the task assign'd,
And first dispatchful, tucks his robes behind;
Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
To cool the smart, and mitigate the wound.
His hands solicit now with tender art;
Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the pray'r;
And nearer every moment pour'd the war,
Thick and more thick the growing horrors rise;
A cloud of dust involves the golden skies.
The trampling steeds, the thundering foes, drew
nigh,

And 'midst the camp the show'ring jav'lines fly.
The mingling cries from ev'ry part resound;
Some shout, some groan, some gasp upon the
ground.

Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Descends the goddess mother on the plain.
A branch of sovereign dittany she bore,
From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan shore.
Luxuriant leaves the taper stalk array;
The stalk in flow'rs; the flow'rs in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at distance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part.
This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuses in the golden vase
Temper'd with scented panaceæ the whole,
And with ambrosial liquors crowns the bowl.
Nor knew the sage the succour that he found,
But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.
At once the throbbing anguish past away;
Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
The dart, though deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and answers the physician's hand.
His former vigour now succeeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her pow'rs again.
Iapis first perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
Raptur'd he saw the cure; and first impell'd
The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
Arms for the chief, he cries, prepare his arms
And instant send him to the dire alarms.

This cure, great hero is no work of mine,
Not mortal art but done by hands divine.
Thy life some guardian god had made his care,
Who sends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.

The fierce, impatient prince, had cover'd o'er
His manly legs with golden greaves before.
Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took,
And in his hand the pond'rous weapon shook.
High on his arm the heav'nly shield he rais'd;
And, on his breast, the radiant cuirass blaz'd.
Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son;
And kiss'd him through his helm, and thus begun:

From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
From others learn, my son, success in war.
I go to labour in the bloody fray,
To fight, and guard thee, in the dreadful day;
To crown thee with a bright immortal name;
To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.
Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
And copy all the worthies of thy race.
Thy soul may Hector and Æneas fire,
Thy godlike uncle, and thy martial fire!

So spoke the hero, and, by rage impell'd,
Tow'r'd from the tent, majestic, to the field;
Shook an huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand;
And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
Antheus and Mnestheus led th' embattled train,
And all rush'd furious to the deathful plain.
Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of dust involve the region round.

Now Turnus and his host the foe beheld
From a high mound, advancing o'er the field.
Th' astonish'd troops a gen'ral fear confounds;
But first his sister heard the dreadful sounds.
Too well she knew the dire alarms from far,
And trembling fled before the moving war.
Fierce, with their leaders, march the Trojan train;
And the black squadrons darken all the plain.
As when some tempest o'er mid ocean roars,
And, wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the shores;
With boding hearts the peasants hear from far
The sullen murmurs of the distant war;
Foresee the harvests levell'd with the ground,
And all the forests spread in ruins round;
Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
Flies, and proclaims the furious storm behind.
So swift, so furious, great Æneas flew,
And led against the foes the martial crew.
The thick'ning squadrons, wedg'd in close array,
In one black body win their delp'rate way.
By Mnestheus slain, in dust Archestus lies,
And by Thymbraeus' sword Osiris dies.
Next Gyas' lance the mighty Ufens sped,
And Eupolo by brave Achates bled.
Ev'n curs'd Tolomnius fell, whose fatal spear,
Launch'd at the Dardan host, renew'd the war.
A peal of shouts, tumultuous, tore the sky,
And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
But with disdain the Trojan hero glows;
Nor wastes his vengeance on inferior foes.
He scorns to fight the few that stand their ground,
Or in their backs the flying crowds to wound:
Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
To fight, and hunts him through the dusty cloud.

On this, his anxious sister, seiz'd with fear,
Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer,

Metiscus the renown'd; tost far away,
The wond'ring chief beneath the harness lay,
Herself assumes his armour, voice and air;
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car.

As the black swallow, that, in quest of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children she provides the feast,
To still the clamours of the craving nest;
Now wild excursions round the cloister takes;
Now, sportive winds, or skims along the lakes:
So flies the goddess on the rapid car,
From side to side, and traverses the war:
Now here, now there, she brings the chief to fight,
But still she turns him from the fatal fight.

Nor less the prince unravels all her ways,
And hunts his foes through ev'ry various maze;
Thrills all the shifting course, and breaks the crowd

With furious speed, and calls the chief aloud.
Oft has he spy'd him, and approach'd the car;
As oft his sister plung'd amid the war.
Where'er the Trojan hero bends his course;
Averse the goddess turns the flying horse.
What should he do? a thousand thoughts divide
His wav'ring soul, that points to ev'ry side!
When lo! Messapus cross'd him in the field,
And in his hand two shining jav'lins held.
One, at the prince, with level'd aim, he threw:
Beneath his shield the cautious prince withdrew;
Low bending on his knee, secure he lay;
But the swift jav'lin strikes his plume away.
Then, when the meditated fraud he view'd,
That still his rival fled, as he pursu'd;
He first invok'd the thund'rer to redress
The rites profan'd, and violated peace;
Then rush'd amid the train; nor check nor bound
His fury knew, but stretch'd the slaughter round.
The faithless foe he thinks it vain to spare,
And, fir'd with vengeance, gives a loose to war.

What god will now inspire me, to display
The rage of death, and horrors of the day!
What crowds of heroes perish'd on the plain,
By mighty Turnus, and Æneas, slain!
Was it thy will the nations should engage
(Great fire of heav'n) with such unbounded rage?
So soon from war and violence to cease,
Leagu'd in a bond of everlasting peace?

Æneas first slew Suro in the fight,
Whose sword had turn'd the Trojan troops to flight.
With a swift stroke, and all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the deadly faulchion in his side.
Then, with his brother, Amycus was kill'd,
Cast from their steed by Turnus on the field.
With the long lance, this tow'ring chief he gor'd:
Through that, impetuous, drove the pointed sword:
Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
Their heads aloft, that dropp'd with livid gore:
Next, at one charge, on three bold chiefs he flew;
Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus, flew.
With them, of Theban race, Onytes fell,
Fair Peridia's son; and sunk to hell.
Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come;
Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.
Next poor Menœtes by his arm was slain,
Who shunn'd so long the dreadful war in vain;
A skilful angler; once he made abode,
Bless'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood.

There dress'd his father, to the great unknown,
A stranger field, and furrows not his own.

As the fierce flames through the tall forest fly,
This way and that, and kindle all the sky;
Or rapid torrents from the mountains sweep,
Roar down the sides, and thunder to the deep;
With weight resistless, and destructive sway,
O'er half a ruin'd country break their way:
So through the field, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
As swift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd.

They burst with wrath; they rise to ev'ry blow;
They send their souls with ev'ry lance they throw.

A rock's vast weight the great Æneas threw:
Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings
His vaunted lineage from the Latian kings.
Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
Amidst the harness, and encumber'd lies:
The couriers startle at the flaming sword;
Paw down, and trample on their dying lord.

On Hyllus, Turnus rush'd with all his might,
As, fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
The jav'lin flew, and stung him to the brain:
Nor thee, the bravest of the Grecian band,
Thy valour, Creteus, sav'd from Turnus' hand!
Next fell the priest Cupencus in the strife,
Nor his own gods could guard his sacred life;
Full in his breast Æneas plung'd the dart,
That pierc'd the shield, and quiver'd in his heart.

Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus kill'd,
And sunk, a bulk enormous, on the field!
Whom not the Grecian heroes could destroy,
Nor all their armies, in the wars of Troy,
Nor great Achilles with his vengeful steel,
Though by his arm the Phrygian empire fell.
Here ends his life; his stately palace stood
Beneath fair Ida's consecrated wood:
There liv'd the mighty man; his cold remains
At length lie bury'd in the Latian plains.

Now in all parts the martial squadrons wage
A gen'ral war, with undistinguish'd rage.
The Latian, Trojan, and Rutulian force,
The Tuscan cohorts, and Arcadian horde,
Beneath their chiefs, embattled, spread the plain;
Here Mnestheus, there Sereftus, fires the train;
Here great Asylus swept the field; and there
Storm'd brave Messapus, the renown'd in war.
Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,
With all the fate of his great general lay;
No stop, no check the fiery warriors knew;
With their long toils their kindling ardour grew,
And with fresh vigour to the combat flew.

But Venus now inspires her godlike son
To leave the field, and storm th' imperial town.
As following Turnus through the ranks he flies,
From side to side he darts his eager eyes;
When, lo! before him, in a full survey,
Exempt from war, the fenceless city lay.
He views the promis'd prize with stern delight;
His soul takes fire, and kindles at the sight.
Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a rising ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample shields, and shook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader spoke.
Attend, and instant these commands obey;
Inspir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way:

All speed this noble enterprise demands,
Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.
This day, this hour, unless the Latians yield,
And own your chief the victor of the field,
Ev'n from the lowest stone my rage shall tear
Yon town, the source of this destructive war.
Yon perjur'd court my vengeance shall confound,
And those proud tow'rs lie smoking on the ground.
Twice have we vanquish'd the Rutulian train;
Still must I wait till Turnus will be slain;
No!—at yon walls the sure destruction aim;
Revenge the broken league with sword and flame;
Your arms against the guilty city bend:
There the dire war began, and there shall end.

Rous'd at the word, all wedg'd in firm array,
Strait to the town the squadrons urge their way,
They tols the brands, the scaling engines rear,
And round the ramparts rose the sudden war.
Some to the portals fly with speed, and slay
The guards or citizens, who cross their way.
Some hurl the vengeful darts; the jav'lins fly
In dusky clouds, and intercept the sky.

Æneas rais'd his hand, amid the crowd,
Calls, and upbraids the Latian prince aloud,
Obtesting heaven, that, wounded, and compell'd
By his perfidious foes, he took the field;
That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
And from their impious rage a second war began.

But mad confusions in the city rise:
'Tis tumult all; for all at once advise,
These arm, and fly to guard the walls; and those,
More loud, demand admission for the foes.
Some, to renew the peace, with clamours bring
Ev'n to the gates the helpless hoary king.
So when the swain invades, with stifling smoke,
The bees close-cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,
They rise; and, trembling for th' endanger'd state,
Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate,
This way, and that, in loud tumultuous swarms,
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarse alarms.
The steams offensive roll the cells around;
Their sullen murmurs through the rock resound;
While, thick'ning, through the cleft the smokes
arise,

And in a length of vapours mount the skies.

But to complete and aggravate their fears,
A new mischance involv'd the town in tears.
For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
O'er the proud domes the fiery tempest fly;
The ramparts storm'd; th' exulting Trojans near;
Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear;
Many a long look she cast, but cast in vain:
And in her fears concludes the hero slain;
She raves against the gods in wild despair;
She calls herself the auth'ress of the war:
A thousand complaints she vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her purple garments tore.
Then, on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
The noose dishonest, and obscenely dy'd.
Soon through the court the dreadful rumour ran;
With frantic sorrow rave the female train.
Struck with superior grief, Lavinia tears
Her blooming rosy cheeks, and golden hairs.
To their loud shrieks the palace-walls reply;
Thence through the town the fatal tidings fly.
All feel the stroke; and all, the loss lament;
His royal robes the rev'rend monarch rent.

In wild despair, with furious hands he spread
A cloud of dust o'er all his hoary head;
And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving scene) !
His ruin'd empire, and self-murder'd queen.
Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himself alone,
That rashly he refus'd the Trojan for his son.

But now more slow his progress Turnus held,
And chas'd a few poor stragglers o'er the field.
With heartless cheer, dejected, he proceeds;
And with their master flag the fiery steeds.
He hears the tumult in the walls behind,
Shrieks, cries, and shouts, that thicken in the wind.
Alas ! he cries, what clamours strike my ear !
What sounds distressful from the town I hear !
Then to the hero, as the steeds he stay'd,
Thus in the driver's form the sister said :
This way, my lord, your former course pursue,
And urge your conquest o'er the hostile crew.
Your friends defend the town ; th' Italians there
Wage with the Dardan chief an equal war.
Against his Trojans let us bend our way,
As num'rous, valiant, and renown'd, as they.

Sister, the chief replies, whom well I knew
(Though in a mortal form conceal'd from view)
When you dissolv'd the league, by art with-held
The single fight, and mingled in the field,
O say ! what pow'r dispatch'd thee from the skies,
With this sad scene to shock thy mournful eyes ?
To share the labours of the dire debate,
A weeping witness of thy brother's fate !
That brother soon must perish on the plains !
For ah ! what chance, what beam of hope remains ?
I saw my dear Murranus yield his breath,
Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death ;
Ev'n yet I see the warrior bite the ground,
And the soul rushing through the mighty wound !
I saw, where, stretch'd in dust, brave Ufens lay,
Nor liv'd, this scene of ruin to survey,
But shut out bondage from his closing eyes ;
His corse and arms remain the victor's prize.
And shall I see the city wrapt in flame ?
What else was wanting to complete my shame ?
How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight !
Gods !—how will Drances point them to the fight !
But oh !—shall Latium see her hero fly !—
Is it so terrible but once to die ?—
Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below !
Since ev'ry pow'r celestial is my foe ;
Lo ! I descend to your infernal coast,
From realms of light, a great and glorious ghost,
White, and unfully'd with that dire disgrace,
Nor stain the splendors of my regal race !

While yet he spoke, athwart the war with speed
Flew bleeding sages on his foaming steed.
Full in his face a feather'd arrow stood ;
And to the Daunian chief he calls aloud.
Turnus, on you, our last, last hope depends ;
Oh ! haste in pity, and relieve your friends :
For, raging, to the town Æneas pours,
To level with the dust the Latian tow'rs.
See ! o'er the roofs the fires tempestuous rise !
Hark !—how they roar, and thunder in the skies !
All eyes are fixt on you, and you alone :
The king himself stands doubtful which to own,
You, or your Trojan rival, for his son.
Yet worse—his queen, till now your chief support,
Self-murder'd, fills with terror all the court,

Messapus only with Atinas stands,
To guard the gates, and animate the bands ;
Whom in wedg'd ranks the hostile troops enclose,
And round them thick an iron harvest grows ;
While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train,
And idly wheel your chariot round the plain !

A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,
He stood ; he gaz'd ; his bosom swell'd with grief :
Pride, conscious valour, fury, love, and shame,
At once set all the hero in a flame,
Soon as his soul recover'd from the stroke ;
Soon as, disper'd, the cloud of passion broke ;
Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
Where the fierce fires in burning torrents rise
O'er the tall roofs ; and, curling to the skies,
Had wrapt a tow'r in flames, sublime and strong,
Rais'd by himself, that roll'd on wheels along ;
Whence the bold soldier broke the war below,
And rain'd an iron tempest on the foe.

Now, sister, fate prevails ; no more delay ;
I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way,
Prepar'd the bitterness of death to bear,
I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
No more those eyes shall view thy brother's
flame,

Pursu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame ;
Give, give me, goddess, in this martial fire,
This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire.

He said ; and sudden, with an eager bound,
Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground ;
Leaves his lamenting sister in despair ;
Springs through a storm of darts the prince to
dare ;

And bursts impetuous through the ranks of war.
As when, by age, or rains, or tempests, torn,
A rock from some high precipice is borne ;
Trees, herds, and swains, involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from th' aerial steep ;
Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a
bound,

In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground ;
So to the city, through the cleaving train,
Through streams of blood, that drench'd the pur-
pled plain,

While round his head the whistling jav'lines play,
As swift, the raging hero breaks his way.
Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
And loudly thus bespoke his social band :
To me, ye Latians, the whole war resign,
All, all the fortune of the field is mine.
'Tis just, ye warriors, that your chief alone
Assert the compact, or its breach atone.
I claim, I claim the right, in single fray,
To meet my rival, and decide the day.
Back at the word the squadrons are compell'd,
And for the champions form an open field.

Now the great Trojan chief, at Turnus' name,
Fierce from the town in all his terrors came ;
Leaves ev'ry second work of war behind ;
Joy, pride, and courage, raise his daring mind.
All-flush'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,
The godlike prince moves forward to the fight ;
He burns impatient for the dire alarms ;
And thunders in the bright Vulcanian arms.
With vast gigantic strides, he tow'rs on high,
And looks a second Athos in the sky ;

Or Eryx, that in heav'n his forehead shrouds;
Or father Appenine involv'd in clouds,
When with a depth of snows his brows are crown'd,
And all his nodding groves, majestic, wave around.

Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down,
And all the nations, studious of the fight,
Their arms unbuckled, to survey the fight.
Ev'n death stands still; and, o'er the crowded
plains,

Through the long ranks, a solemn silence reigns.
Nor less amaz'd, the Latian lord beheld
Two chiefs engag'd in combat on the field,
By love, fate, honour, and ambition, led
To try their title to his daughter's bed.

Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
Fierce, to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
They launch their spears; their clashing shields
resound:

Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground:
Then their bright swords the raging champions
drew,

And with repeated blows the charge renew.
Courage, and chance, and strength, in both unite;
And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight.

As, where proud Sila's tow'ring summits rise,
Or huge Taburnus heaves into the skies,
With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage;
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage:
Far from the scene the trembling keepers fly;
Struck dumb with terror, stand the heifers by;
Nor know which lord the subject herds shall lead,
And reign at large the monarch of the mead.
Fierce strokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er;
Their dewlaps, necks, and sides, are bath'd in
gore; [the roar.]

The mountains, streams, and woods, rebellow to
So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
So clash their shields, and echo to the sky.

Now Jove suspends his scales; two diff'rent
weights

He casts in both, and try'd the warrior's fates.
This, light with conquests, to the gods ascends;
That, charg'd with death, sinks downwards to
the fiends.

With his drawn faulchion Turnus strikes the foe
On his full stretch, and rises to the blow.
Loud shouts and groans succeed; each army bent
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event;
When lo! all-shatter'd flies the traitor sword,
And in the stroke deserts the Daunian lord.
A stranger hilt he spies, and shakes in vain:
All, all his hopes in flight alone remain;
And, swifter than the wind, he darts along
the plain.

For when the chief first vaulted on the car
With headlong haste, and rush'd into the war,
He left his father's temper'd sword, 'tis said,
And seiz'd his charioteer Metiscus' blade;
And, ev'n with this, the growing slaughter spread,
While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.
But when the mortal steel a stroke bestow'd
On heav'nly arms, the labour of a god!
The faulchion, faithless to the warrior's hand,
Broke short—the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
O'er the wide field distracted Turnus springs,
And flies with wild affright in mazy rings;

For here he views th' embattled Trojan pow'rs;
Here a vast lake; and there the Latian tow'rs.
But still his foe, though tardy from his wound,
Treads all his steps, unrav'ling ev'ry round.
As the fleet stag, by the staunch hound pursu'd,
Now bounds above the banks, now shoots along
the flood;

Now from the meshy toils with terror springs,
Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the strings:
He starts, he pants, he stares, with wild amaze,
And flies his op'ning foe a thousand ways.
Close at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound
Turns as he turns, and traces all the ground.
On his full stretch he makes his eager way,
And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.
Forth darts the stag—his foe cast far behind,
Catches but empty air, and bites the wind,
The hunters shout; the streams, the rocks reply;
And the tumultuous pearls run rattling round the
Thus, flying in distress, the Daunian lord [sky,
Calls on his friends; demands his trusty sword.

But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
Forbids the bands the weapon to supply;
Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
Th' imperial town to level with the ground.
O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
This hero leads, and that pursues the chase.
No light reward must crown their eager strife;
The long-contended prize is Turnus' noble life!

To Faunus sacred had an olive stood:
The shipwreck'd sailors on the hallow'd wood,
Hung their devoted vests in honour of the god. }
But late, to leave the field for combat free,
The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
Full in the root, Æneas drove his spear:
The dart, deep riveted, stood trembling there:
The hero struggling with incessant pain,
Now bends to disengage the lance again;
And with his dart, at least, o'ertake the foe,
Who, frightened, to the god preferr'd his vow.
Thy suppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
And thou, kind mother earth, detain the spear;
If still I honour'd with a pious hand
Your plant, by guilty Troy with steel profan'd.
Thus he; the god attends his humble strain:
The Trojan labours at the root in vain:
There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
Fierce, and impatient no renew the fight,
Once more Juturna to the chief restor'd
(In brave Metiscus' form) his temper'd sword.
This heav'nly Venus view'd with high disdain,
And from the root releas'd the dart again.
Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance;
One shook the sword, and one the flaming lance.
Their heaving bosoms swell with stern delight,
Pant for the combat, and demand the fight,
Then to his consort, who the war survey'd
Thron'd on a golden cloud, the thund'rer said:
What schemes, my queen, are left, with vain de-
bate,

Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate?
You know, and own, Æneas soon must rise
From earth, already sacred to the skies.
Long since, those glories to the chief are ow'd.
And heav'n now opens to receive the god.
To what fond purpose then his fruitless care?
To linger in the clouds, and urge the war?

Say, was it just, to wake the dire alarms?
 To violate a god with mortal arms,
 When the bold sister to the chief restor'd,
 By the assistance, his paternal sword?
 (For what without thy succour could she dare)?
 And sent the vanquish'd Turnus to the war?
 At length, at length, the needless strife give o'er;
 At my request, indulge your rage no more;
 Nor let revenge, dire enemy to rest,
 For ever prey on that immortal breast.
 Oh! let thy lord thy secret sorrow share,
 Or, more than share it, give me all thy care!
 To their last sacred point the fates are come;
 Here, here they fixt th' unalterable doom.
 The Latian court in ruins could you lay,
 And drive the Trojans o'er the land and sea;
 Profane with blood the holy bridal rite,
 Rekindle war, and urge them to the fight;
 This we indulg'd: now give thy efforts o'er
 At our command; and thwart the Fates no more.
 So spoke th' imperial sov'reign of the skies;
 And, in submissive terms, the queen replies:
 Great fire; because thy sacred will I know,
 I left my Turnus to his doom below.
 Nor had I sat, but at the will of Jove,
 Disgrac'd and pensive, in the clouds above;
 But in the front of fight my foes engag'd,
 And, wrapt in flames, through all the battle rag'd;
 I bade Juturna mingle in the strife,
 Nay, venture more, to save a brother's life.
 That charge I own; but not to bend a bow,
 Or hurl a single jav'lin at the foe.
 This, this, I swear, by the black Stygian floods,
 The sole dread sanction of th' immortal gods:
 Now back to heav'n, great father, I repair,
 And from this hour renounce the hateful war.
 But yet I beg, O sov'reign of the sky!
 What not the hardest laws of fate deny;
 For your own Latium, I implore this grace,
 This honour for your own majestic race;
 When by these nuptials both the realms combine,
 And in firm leagues of peace and friendship join;
 Still may the Latians, still remain the same,
 Nor take from Troy their language, garb, or
 name:
 May the great race of Alban monarchs reign;
 Kings after kings the regal line sustain;
 And from th' Italian blood may Rome arise,
 In all her pride and glory, to the skies.
 But may a long oblivion quite destroy
 The last, last ruins, with the name of Troy!
 The goddess spoke; and, with a smile, replies:
 The fire of men, and monarch of the skies:
 Can Saturn's other heir, who reigns above,
 Th' imperial sister, and the wife of Jove,
 With endless schemes of vengeance break her rest?
 Why burns such wrath in a celestial breast?
 Cease, cease, at length, and lay your anger by,
 Since with your wish, my empress, we comply.
 Th' Ausonians ever shall remain the same
 In customs, garb, religion, and the name;
 And the lost Trojan race forget from whence
 they came:
 In manners, laws, and language, shall they join,
 And Ilion shall increase the Latian line.
 From hence a pious godlike race shall rise;
 The first of men; the darlings of the skies.

Nor all the nations of the world shall pay
 More glorious honours to thy name, than they.
 Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
 Flies to her palace, in the realms above.
 'Twas then th' eternal fire of heav'n expell'd
 The wat'ry goddesses from the fighting field:
 Two hideous monsters wait obsequious by,
 Tremendous fiends! the furies of the sky;
 Hell-born and horrible, they sprung to light,
 With dire Megæra, from the womb of Night.
 Huge wreaths of serpents spires their temples
 bound:
 Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around,
 When bent the minds of mortal men to scare
 With the black horrors of the last despair;
 When for the guilty world the god prepares
 Woes, death, disease, blue pestilence, and wars;
 In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd;
 Before the throne of heav'n's Almighty Lord,
 To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they stand,
 Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.
 Of these, the swiftest from the skies he sent,
 To fright the goddesses with a dire portent.
 Fir'd with her charge, the fiend, with rapid flight,
 Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
 As when the Parthian dips, with fatal art,
 And doubly arms, with death, th' envenom'd dart;
 He draws the circling bow; the quiv'ring string
 Twangs; and the weapon whizzes on the wing:
 So swift to earth the baleful fury flew,
 Till Turnus and the hosts appear'd in view.
 When lo! contracted, to the bird she turns,
 That hoots o'er desolated piles and urns,
 Whose piercing strains the midnight hours invade,
 And break the solemn silence of the shade.
 Chang'd to this form obscene, the fury flies
 Round Turnus' head, and chills him with sur-
 prise;
 This way and that she flutters o'er the field,
 And screams his death, and beats his sounding
 shield.
 His inmost soul a sudden horror stung;
 Stiff rose his hair; amazement chain'd his tongue:
 But soon, too soon, the goddesses knew the sound
 Of the black Fury as she flies around:
 She tore her beauteous face in wild despair,
 Beat her white breast, and rent her golden hair.
 Ah me! she cries, in this unequal strife,
 How can thy sister now defend thy life?
 What can I more to lengthen out thy date,
 (Wretch that I am)! and stop the course of fate?
 How can I stand that hideous fiend of night?
 Hence, hence, ye furies!—Lo, I quit the fight.
 Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
 Nor fright a trembling goddess to despair.
 Too well I know your pinions clatt'ring round.—
 There was a scream!—Hell, hell, is in the sound!
 You came (I know) commission'd from above,
 Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.
 This then, is this the sole reward bestow'd,
 For my lost honour, by the grateful god?
 Ah! why this lengthen'd life must I endure,
 Deny'd the taste of death, its only cure!
 Curs'd with the fruitless honours of the sky!
 Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity!
 Pleas'd, with my brother, would I yield my breath,
 And share his fate, unprivileg'd from death.

Joy is no more ; and nothing Jove bestows
In life immortal, but immortal woes !
Earth ! earth ! thy inmost centre open throw,
And rest a goddess in the shades below !

Then in her azure robes she wrapt her head,
Sigh'd, sobb'd, and plung'd into her wat'ry bed ;
Her last low murmurs, as the stream divides,
Work up in air, and bubble on the tides.

Now at the foe, the Trojan hero shook
His pointed spear, and sternly thus bespoke :
What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight ?
'Tis strength, not swiftness, must decide the fight.

Try all thy arts and vigour to escape
Thy instant doom, and vary ev'ry shape ;
Wish for the morning's rapid wings, to fly,
Shoot down to hell ; or vault into the sky.—
Not those insulting empty vaunts I dread,
Reply'd the mournful chief (and shook his head) ;
No—but the gods with fear my bosom move,
And he, my greatest foe, Almighty Jove !

The warrior said ; and cast his fiery eyes
Where an huge stone, a rocky fragment, lies ;
Black, rough, prodigious, vast !—the common
bound

For ages past, and barrier of the ground.
Scarce twelve strong men the pond'rous mass
could raise,

Such as disgrace these dark degen'rate days.
This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,
Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe :
But ran all-giddy with affright, nor knew
Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
His loose knees tremble, nor support their load :
Round his cold heart congeals the settling blood.
Short of the mark, and guiltless of a wound,
Th' unwieldy mass came thund'ring to the ground.
And, as when slumber seals the closing fight,
The sick wild fancy labours in the night :
Some dreadful visionary foe we shun
With airy strides, but strive in vain to run ;
In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs essay ;
We faint, we stagger, sink, and fall away ;
Drain'd of our strength, we neither fight nor fly,
And on the tongue the struggling accents die :
The chief so labours, but with fruitless pain ;
The fiend still thwarts him, and he toils in vain !

Amidst a thousand doubts, he stands oppress'd,
A thousand terrors working in his breast.

Now to the Latian battlements on high,
Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye,
Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd
to fly.

No friendly aid, no glimm'ring hopes appear,
No car, no steeds, nor goddess charioteer :

With levell'd eye the Trojan mark'd the
part ;

Then whirls, with all his force the whizzing dart,
A stone dislodged, with less fury far,
Flies from the brazen enginery of war :
And wrapp'd in flames, far less enrag'd and loud,
Bursts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.
Swift as the whirlwind sweeps along the skies,
The jav'lin, charg'd with sure destruction, flies ;
Its rapid progress through the sev'n-fold shield,
And the thick mail, with matchless fury held ;
Thence, through his thigh, drove deep the grid-
ing wound,

And bent the hapless warrior to the ground.

With peals of groans the pale Rutulians rise ;
The groves and mountains ring with mournful
cries.

His eyes and hands the vanquish'd hero rear'd,
And to the chief his moving pray'r preferr'd :

Prince, I deserve, nor deprecate my death :
Then, use thy fortune ; take my forfeit breath !
Yet, if a parent's woes thy soul incline,
Think what thy father was ; then pity mine !
Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
Gro'ling, and pleading for an only son !
Then save the son ! in him the father save !
Nor bow his age, with sorrow, to the grave !
Or, oh ! at least, this mercy I implore,
My breathless relics to my friends restore.
Thine is the conquest ; lo ! the Latian bands
Behold their gen'ral stretch his suppliant hands !
Restrain thy farther vengeance ; I resign
My former claim ; the royal fair is thine.

A while, the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Repress'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe.
His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind ;
When lo ! by chance, the golden belt he spy'd,
The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his side ;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore,
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the slumb'ring vengeance in his soul.
Then with loud accents, and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific, to the prince he spoke :
Thou ! wretch accurs'd ! can'st thou to grace pre-
tend ?

Clad in the spoils of my dear murder'd friend ?

Go then, a victim to his spirit, go ;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.
Thus is his ghost aton'd.—The hero said ;
And bury'd in his breast the furious blade.
With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majestic soul disdainful plung'd to hell.

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX

THE WORKS

OF

JUVENAL

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ. AND OTHERS.

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DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE
ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your Lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplished, in your obtaining those honours and dignities, which you have so long deserved. There are no factions, though irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleased in your prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of human-kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not less: and though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my Lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as there are persons who have the honour to be known to you: mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have conversed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth so generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is received as soon as it is proposed; and needs not the reformation which Descartes used to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance can I say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon; and

all who have the benefit of sight, can look up as well, and see the sun.

It is true, I have one privilege, which is almost particular to myself; that I saw you in the east at your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your Lordship, in my essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakspeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly: and Jonson, who, by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy posterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet, even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your Lordship: a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excused by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, An Essay. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired to foretel you to mankind, as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and

candour, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and, by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your Lordship's, to find out the errors of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions: and to forgive the many failings of those, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess from a happy, abundant, and native genius, which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakspeare; and, for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dared to assume so much, as the competitors of Themistocles; they have yielded the first place without dispute: and have been arrogantly content to be as second to your Lordship; and even that also with a "*longe sed proximi intervallo*." If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion; they must be like the officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The world will easily conclude, whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to say any thing particular of your lyric poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to satire; and in that, an author of your own quality (whose ashes I shall not disturb), has given you all the commendation, which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: "The best good man, with the worst-natured muse." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakspeare: an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric: where good-nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings: for they are every where so full of candour, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought, which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of salt in all your verses, than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been sparing of the gall; by which means you have pleased all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your verification. And were he translated into numbers and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That which is the prime virtue and chief ornament of Virgil, which distin-

guishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicuous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner, and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for so bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his Mistress infinitely below his Pindarics, and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in satire, wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your Lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation: but take your verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint against your Lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wishes you so well, in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the fullness of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you used it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his gods, and place it in the happiness of the blest: the divinity which we worship has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or, if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuse you half your time: if you come out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in short, if you were a bad, or which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for your own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist entirely without it; any more (I almost say) than

The world without the daily course of ordinary providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repose for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is, any thing of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and, should I carry it as far as mankind would authorize me, would be little less than satire. And, indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scribblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons, and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers, and therefore missed, or their power was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answered not the Rehearsal, because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce. Because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire: and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Jonson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggerel: I am so far from defending my poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure so long, as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice ought themselves to be exposed: as Persius has given us a fair example in his first satire, which is levelled particularly at them: and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the mean time, as a counsellor, bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his

prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your Lordship, who, by an undisputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and profaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of poets and their actors in all things that shock the public quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority which is annexed to your office: I speak of that only which is inborn, and inherent to your person. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: where-by you are empowered, when you please, to give the final decision of wit; to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a brand of reprobation on clipp'd poetry and false coin. A shilling, dip't in the bath, may go for gold amongst the ignorant; but the sceptres on the guineas show the difference. That your Lordship is formed by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove (were it not already granted by the world), from the distinguishing character of your writings; which is so visible to me, that I never could be imposed on to receive for yours what is written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without some vanity in saying it), that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordship was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own brass (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing between bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good), yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not positively be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, though not all, carry their owner's mark about them. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or, at the least, obscurity; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who are the owners of the cattle, though they should not sign it with their names. But your Lordship, on the contrary, is distinguished, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style and manner of expressing them. A painter, judging of some admirable piece, may affirm with certainty that it was of Holben, or Van Dyck: but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your Lordship, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is like the draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that it is the hand of a good master; but in your performances, it is scarcely possible for me to be deceived. If you write in your strength, you stand revealed at the first view; and should you write under it, you

cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you: for I must say it, with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confined his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the best poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excelled Varius in tragedy, and Horace in lyric poetry, but, out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of genius is in your Lordship: but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies both of poems, odes, and satires, you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages; and course of time rather improves nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first: though it would be imprudence to affirm that any such have appeared.

It is manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest for stage poetry amongst the Greeks: that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, and poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That, in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise, equal to any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing and commerce makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet, the example only holds in heroic poetry: in tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both those kinds; and, I would instance in Shakspeare of the former, of your Lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my na-

tive country; but, if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable: for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interest of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed, that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to, the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I must further add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is, besides, too full of heat and affectation; that, among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventures, without the compass of nature and possibility: Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical; that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides, is full of conception, points of epigram and witticism; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecnoe; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not as below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them want-

ed either genius or learning, to have been perfect poets; and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser: he aims at the accomplishment of no one action: he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or performance. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit, to accomplish his design: for the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least, after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness: his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works: his heavenly machines are many, and human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his poem for Heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words founding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Gracisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of scripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more founding, or more significant, than those in practice; and, when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases, a moderation is to be observed in the use of them. For unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I

justify Milton for this blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it: for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine) his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymers, though not a poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias so long together, and made so tedious a digression from satire to heroic poetry. But, if you will not excuse it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant says, is always narrative; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject, will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verse. I have then, as you see, observed the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an epic poem: besides these, or the like animadversions of them, or other men, there is yet a farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed so well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplished heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they say, that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience and suffering, for the love of God, whatever hardships can befall in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of those enterprises which the poets call heroic; which are commonly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and resignation are our prime virtues; and that these include no action, but that of the soul: whereas, on the contrary, an heroic poem requires to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the accomplishment of some extraordinary undertaking, which requires the strength and vigour of the body, the duty of a soldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in short, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the suffering. But to this, the answer is very obvious. God has placed us in our several stations; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like: but those of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well as justice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epic poem, or the heroic action of some great commander, entered for the common good and honour of the Christian cause, and executed happily, may be as

well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the same talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet, as near approaching to it as our modern barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Christian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to support the weight than those of heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a superior providence); but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles sometimes in opposition to each other; though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels, or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now our religion (says he) is deprived of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epic poetry. Though St. Michael, in Ariosto, seeks out Discord, to send her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan, in Tasso, excites Solymán to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the archangel, in the former example, when Discord was resistive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whip hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, in God's name, about her business; and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a minister of hell. The same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, flickles betwixt the remainder of God's host, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment, can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle, from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the

work ourselves? For, if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting Heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred soldiers defeats another, which consists only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished us with any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defects of our new writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds, and coadjutors, the critics. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily: something new in philosophy and the mechanics is discovered almost every year: and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short, that Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of Platonic philosophy, as it is now Christianized, would have the ministry of angels as strong an engine, for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their gods, which were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by Christians, as well Protestants as Catholics, That there are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose, and design of all, was certainly the service of their great

Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that, for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of Heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles, amongst themselves, when they are all united in the same design, the service and honour of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and, as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleases; and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular; they must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we suppose the prince of Persia, as he is called, judging that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, when delivered from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other side, for the rise of Alexander, and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observant of the law revealed. But how far these controversies and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may best be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my business to show or determine: these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who, being conversant in the philosophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to Christian use; for (as Virgil gives us to understand by his example) he is the only proper person, of all others, for an epic poem, who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practise, the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes; if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have proposed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant, since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but, by what I have said, it would have been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have

given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For, being so much weaker since their fall than those blessed beings, they are yet supposed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as, from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great testimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets), and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now, what these wicked spirits cannot compass by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity, to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great error in such a being: yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and, lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the sun circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works.

I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission, of the omniscient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your Lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem); and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I should choose that of King Arthur, conquering the Saxons; which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event; for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored; and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our imperial lines.

with these helps, and those of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors; or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design. But, being encouraged only by fair words by king Charles II. my little salary ill-paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of times, has wholly disabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your Lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistence which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself; then your Lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which, at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my Lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgement, and to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engaged against it: but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinterested charity. This is one among many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and Cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all those honours to which your birth has entitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

“Ne, forte, pudori

“Sit tibi musa lyræ solcis, & cantor Apollo.”

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others: it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment, who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species than the conceptions of other poets; yet, you go not out of nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground; but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the mines of it are sel-

dom found; but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your Lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. It is the “*curiosa felicitas*” which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence: we cannot give it such a term, such a propriety, and such a beauty: something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed, when it is cut into a form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be so vain to think he himself could have performed the like, till he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy, “*Ut sibi quisvis speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret, ausus idem.*” And besides all this, it is your Lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that were they closer they would be crowded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits; you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call “*Cæna dubia*,” where there is such plenty, yet, withal, so much diversity and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my Lord, whether I have not studied your Lordship with some application: and since you are so modest, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is but in miniature: and, that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet, what I have done is enough to distinguish you from many others, which is the proposition I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said to my present business. The Satires of Juvenal and Persius appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your Lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the sixth and tenth satires of Juvenal, as I have translated

them. My fellow-labourers have likewise commissioned me to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all possible respect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your Lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleased to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without entitling you to the protection of our common failings, in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epistle, to give you, from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the completement of satire among the Romans. To describe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and show the particular manners of their satires. And lastly, to give an account of this new way of version which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of poetry, says our master, Aristotle, is Tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without episodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But after all these advantages, an heroic poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature.—The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; those of the epic are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or cessation from business, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the epic is greater: the extension of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The instruction is equal; but in the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero and a prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the best and most absolute heroic poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented; but if we consider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are necessary to make an accomplished writer in either kind, tragedy requires a less and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and observation of the rules is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epic poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is required universal learning, together with all those qualities and acquisitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have, through haste or negligence, omitted. And after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil as his patterns, Aristotle and his guides, and Vida and Bossu as their

commentators, with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern satire, is, that the greatness of an heroic poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may easily be discovered, by observing how few have attempted that work, in comparison of those who have written dramas; and of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But leaving the critics on either side, to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of poetry; I will hasten to my present business, which is the antiquity and origin of satire, according to those informations which I have received from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinsius, are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages for an invective, it is certain that is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in Holy Scripture: unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second; where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

The original, I confess, is not much to the honour of satire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and consequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But considering satire as a species of poetry, here the war begins amongst the critics. Scaliger the father will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word satire from *satyrus*, that mixt kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked nose, pouting lips, a bunch of struma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon, and his followers, with reason, condemn this derivation; and prove, that from *satyrus*, the word *satira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *satira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in English, a charger, or large platter, is understood: so that the Greek poem, made according to the manner of a satyr, and expressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not

satyr. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different in species from that to which the Romans gave the name of satire.

Aristotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art completed. Mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. The first specimen of it was certainly shown in the praises of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, so they are likewise of divine institution. Which Milton observing, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet and measures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holidays soon succeeded to private worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reason knew they were to invoke some superior Being in their necessities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty they supposed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason for their institution; the first of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds; so both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their sacrifices were performed, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and merriments; amongst which, songs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better), were the chiefest entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of satires, whom I have already described; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young satyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themselves like those rural deities, and imitated them in their rustic dances, to which they joined songs, with some sort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers: and to these they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans also (as nature is the same in all places) though they knew nothing of those Grecian demigods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who, at their festivals, danced and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verse, which they called Saturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at these holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a sort of extempore poetry, or rather a tuneable hobbling verse; and they answered in the same kind of gross raillery; their wit and their music being of a piece. The Grecians, says Casaubon, had formerly done the same in the persons of their petulant satyrs: but I am afraid he mistakes

the matter, and confounds the fingering and dancing of the satyrs, with the rustical entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this; that Casaubon, finding little light from antiquity, of these beginnings of poetry, amongst the Grecians, but only these representations of satyrs, who carried canisters, and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feasts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those wanton satyrs did the same. And especially because Horace possibly might seem to him to have shown the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwise, that he only described the beginning, and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verses are these, which he cites from the first epistle of the second book, which was written to Augustus:

“Agricolæ prisca, fortes, parvoque beati,
“Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
“Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
“Cum sociis operum pueris, et conjuge fidâ,
“Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
“Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
“Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
“Versibus alternis opprobrio rustica fudit.”

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the soil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At harvest-home, with mirth and country-cheer
Restor'd their bodies for another year;
Refresh'd their spirits and renew'd their hope
Of such a future feast, and future crop.
Then, with their fellow-joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children and their faithful spouse,
A sow they flew to Vesta's deity,
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flowers, and wine, their genius they
ador'd;
A short life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet since it is a hard conjecture, that so great a man as Casaubon should misapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not insist on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the same beginning: both were invented at festivals of thanksgiving: and both were prosecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verse: amongst the Greeks, by those who represented satyrs; and amongst the Romans by real clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the same story told twice over, with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice in his interpretation of the Latin verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the same, with a small variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critic takes notice also, in his illustrations on the

first epistle of the second book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the same beginning, at feasts of thanksgiving, as it has been observed: and the old comedy of the Greeks, which was invective, and the satire of the Romans, which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the fortune of both, in process of time, was just the same; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons, and the rude satire of the Romans was also punished by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in these words:

“ Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 “ Lufit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
 “ In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; et per honestas
 “ Ire domus impune minax: doluere cruento
 “ Dente laceffiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
 “ Conditione super communi, quinetiam lex,
 “ Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmini quem-
 “ quam
 “ Describi, vertere modum formidine fustis;
 “ Ad bene dicendum delectandumque re-
 “ dacti.”

The law of the Decemviri was this; “ Siquis occentassit malum carum, sivi condidissit, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto.” A strange likeness, and barely possible; but the critics being all of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whose satiric dramas, the elder Scaliger and Heinſius will have the Roman satire to proceed; I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such descent from them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whatsoever he were that invented Tragedy (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus, and dancers, and satyrs, which had been used in the celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was also kept, which was mirth and wantonness; and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who soon grow weary of good sense; and, as we daily see, in our own age and country, are apt to forsake poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, that the Olympic games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the satiric tragedy was the last of them; for, in the rest, the satyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of these satirics, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may see the nature of those poems, and from thence conclude what likeness they have to the Roman satire.

The story of this Cyclops, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, That Ulyſſus, who, with his company, was driven on the coast of Sicily, where those Cyclops inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners against the rites of hospitality, for which Ulyſſes eloquently pleaded; were after-

wards put down in the den, and some of them devoured; after which, Ulyſſes, having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great fire-brand into his eye; and so revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and the satyrs, were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy; which being one of those which end with a happy event, is therefore by Aristotle judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the satyrs, who were part of the “ dramatis personæ,” as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulyſſes was to entertain the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth persons of Silenus, and the satyrs, to divert the common people with their gross railleries.

Your Lordship has perceived by this time, that this satiric tragedy, and the Roman satire, have little resemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different: for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and raillery of the satyrs is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness; were Scaliger and Heinſius alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek satiric poem, from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. The satiric, says he, is a dramatic poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which consists of satyrs: the persons represented in it, are illustrious men: the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action most commonly is happy.

The Grecians, besides these satiric tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman satire: those Silli were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors. They were so called, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their name ἀπὸ τοῦ σίλλαινον, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some fragments of the Silli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were satiric poems, full of parodies; that is, of verses patched up from great poets, and turned into another sense than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Ausonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another sense, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of consummation fulsomely described in the very words of the most modest amongst all poets. Of the same manner are our songs which are turned into burlesque, and the serious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli, the words are generally

those of Homer, and the tragic poets; but he applies them satirically to some customs and kinds of philosophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not using any of these parodies in their satires; sometimes, indeed, repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be supposed to be the original of Roman satire. To these Silli, consisting of parodies, we may properly add the satires which were written against particular persons; such as were the iambics of Archilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in some of his odes and epodes, whose titles bear a sufficient witness of it: I might also name the invective of Ovid against Ibis, and many others: but these are the underwood of satire, rather than the timber-tree, they are not a general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purged himself from those splenetic reflections in those odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of satires, which were properly so called.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengaged myself from those antiquities of Greece: and have proved, I hope, from the best critics, that the Roman satire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of Dacier I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep in my eye, as my truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintillian says, in plain words, "Satira quidem tota nostra est:" and Horace has said the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of poetry, "Et Græcis intacti carminis auctor." Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the best critics of the two best ages of the Roman empire, that satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have said, Scaliger the father, according to his custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reason, than the derivation of satyrus from σατύρ, *salacitas*; and so, from the lechery of those fauns, thinks he has sufficiently proved, that satire is derived from them. As if wantonness and lubricity were essential to that sort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the less satyrs? Or were the fruits and the flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to satire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was derived from *satura*, a Roman word which signifies full, and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier, that we lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation

from *satur*, comes *satura*, or *satyra*, according to the new spelling; as *optimus* and *maximus* are now spelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood. And this *lanx*, in English, a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their festivals, as the premices, or first-gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them *πανόπριον θυσιῶν*, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and *πανσπύριον*, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his Georgics.

"Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta."

And in another place, "Lancesque et liba ferimus:" that is, we offer the smoking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *satura* has been afterwards applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of olla, or hotchpotch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called *leges saturse*, when they were of several heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per saturam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word *per saturam sententias exquirere*; when the majority was visibly on one side. From whence it might probably be conjectured, that the discourses or satires of Ennius, Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called: for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace, in explaining of which (continues Dacier) a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the state: chance and jollity first found out those verses which they called Saturnian and Fescennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, first produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpolished, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practised; and this rough cast unheaven poetry was instead of stage-plays, for the space of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarsians of old were much renowned; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that savage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer prose than poetry, without feet or measure. They were

ἱπποδρόμοι, but not *ἱπποδρόμοι*: perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, who were invented after them, in their afternoon's debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennina, a town in the same country, where they were first practised. The actors, with a gross and rustic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failings; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves, even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example in the triumph of Julius Caesar over Gaul, in these expressions: "Caesar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Caesarem; ecce Caesar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Caesarem." The vapours of wine made the first satirical poets amongst the Romans; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bake-houses and barbers-shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes, for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety: and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *bisfex* signifies a player: and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year ab Urbe Condita cccxc: those actors, I say, were therefore called *bisfrones*: and that name has since remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former extempore stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master;

and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa commedia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage. The first of which was represented in the year ccccxiv since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of those Grecian wits, his countrymen, he imitated not only the ground-work, but also the manner of their writing. And how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the forementioned Aristophanes, who turned the wise Socrates into ridicule; and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage was given by the Greeks. Not from the satyrica, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse; but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that satire is wholly Roman; and a sort of verse, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconciliation of my opinion to the standard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work; begun by Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and completed afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this postulatam: that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, it is easy to infer, that the first light which was given to the Roman theatrical satire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifestly discovered, when I come to speak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But

more particularly they were joined to the Attelane fables, says Casaubon; which were plays invented by the Osci. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were tempered with the Italian severity, and free from any note of infamy or obscenity; and, as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the Exordiarum, which were singers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppressed with melancholy, from those serious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany: to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all these, sprung two several branches of new Roman satire; like different scions from the same root: which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman stage with his new dramas, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously considered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write satires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preserved the ground-work of their pleasantries, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of an ill success, in a public representation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the title their original name of satire. Both in relation to the subjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the satires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself in his *Margites*, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes, gives himself the licence, when one sort of numbers runs not easily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambic trimeters; or with trochaic tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inserting many things of his into his own satires, as Virgil has done in his *Æneid*.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and new modelled into papers of verse, on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground-work of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly be so; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of all his old countrymen, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But, besides this, it is universally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verses were stuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault: and he himself believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfused into him: which Persius observes in his sixth satire: "*postquam destertuit esse Mæonides.*" But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther disquisition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so called, and distinguished from any sort of stage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his sister's son; that in probability he was instructed by his uncle, in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made, we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flourished most; he also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more closely the *Vetus Comædia* of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words, "*Quid cum est Lucilius ausus primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem:*" he is only thus to be understood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new satire of his own: and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace in these words: "*Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laude adeptus est Lucilius.*"

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, among the Latin satirists. For as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius. on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference. And Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely, and mudily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But, to proceed, Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, saying, that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in specie, from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by

Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect says this: satire, among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy for the reprehension of vices: such as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times, the name of satire was given to poems, which were composed of several sorts of verses: such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius: more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire, from *satura*, which we have observed. Here it is manifest, that Diomedes makes a specifical distinction betwixt the satires of Ennius and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozened honest Casaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examined the origin and nature of those two satires: which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predecessors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness, and more salt; without any change in the substance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the same satire several sorts of verses, as Ennius did; yet he composed several satires of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters; and another was entirely of iambics; a third of trochaics; as is visible, by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In short, if the satires of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegance of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Doussa, the son, into the same error of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of satire from its original, to the times of Horace, and shown the several changes of it; I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the meanwhile, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian satire, but which Varro himself calls the Menippean; because Varro, the most learned of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus, the Gadarenian, who professed the philosophy of the Cynics.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintilian, after he had

spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows: "There is another and former kind of satire, composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans: in which he was not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse." The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, but must consequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with a mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses, in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varronian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserved, and they are generally double: from whence, at least, we may understand, how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himself giving us some light concerning the scope and design of those works. Wherein, after he had shown his reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, says he, that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inserted which are drawn from the very entrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued: which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearned readers. The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the composition of his satires, he so tempered philology with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion; when, a little after, he addresses himself to Varro in these words: "And you yourself have composed a most elegant and complete poem; you have begun philosophy in many places: sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of those writers whom they called *σπουδαγέλοιοι*, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he intitled his own satires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any satires (for his were either dialogues or epistles), but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, his facetiousness. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, amongst the rest, by Varro; by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obscenity: that he was much given to those parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer and the Tragic Poets, and turned their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's satires are by Tully called absolute, and most elegant,

and various poems. Lucian who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his style in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called *Nuxvomaria*. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbitrator, whose satire, they say, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered and made complete: when it is made public, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be supposititious or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also be properly called Varronian satires; particularly his True History: and consequently the Golden Ass of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the Mock Deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Symposium, or Cafars of Julian the Emperor. Amongst the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriae of Erasmus, Barclay's Euphormio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mixed with prose, as Varro's were: but of the same kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spenser; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Absalom and Mac Fleckno.

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only, as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice that the word satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly; but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons, who would appear to the world what they are not in themselves. For in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, *Medifance*. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i* and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *saturnus*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then it is false spelled throughout this book; for here it is written *satyr*. Which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other way than *satire*.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two; to find out their failings, and decri-

them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice: and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him: after which they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature, with that of the Romans themselves, in their games of the circus; the spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Præsini: some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was altered: he was concerned for his own labour; and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened: and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the Barbarians were at their doors; and stickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now myself on the brink of the same precipice; I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality: and a rich man unheard cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man), That his servants were sure to be cast on a trial which was heard before him; not that he thought the judge was possible to be bribed, but that his integrity might be too scrupulous; and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinsius and Dacier are the most principal of those, who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal: and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him.

I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and labouring, as Tacitus professes of his own writings, to divest myself of partiality, or prejudice, consider Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet, in some things to be preferred to both of them.

First, then, for the verse, neither Casaubon himself nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the measures, or the words of Persius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; so his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his illustrations of him); yet he is still obscure; whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his safety under Nero, compelled him to this darkness in some places; or, that it was occasioned by his close way of thinking, and the brevity of his style, and crowding of his figures; or, lastly, whether, after so long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many customs, and stories relating to them, lost to us; whether some of these reasons, or all, concurred to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the best of commentators can but guess at his meaning, in many passages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, considering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of a formed poet. And this consideration, as on the one hand it lays some imperfections to their charge: so on the other side, it is a candid excuse for those failings, which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write so well, and think so strongly; than to accuse them of those faults, from which human nature, and more especially in youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider Persius yet more closely: he rather insulted over vice and folly, than exposed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaste and modest as he is esteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in some place he is broad and fulsome, as the latter verses of the fourth satire, and of the sixth sufficiently witnessed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the same crime often, and

without necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of pleasure.

To come to a conclusion: he is manifestly below Horace, because he borrows most of his greatest beauties from him: and Casaubon is so far from denying this, that he has written a treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shows a multitude of his translations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls "Imitatio Horatiana."

To these defects, which I casually observed while I was translating this author, Scaliger has added others: he calls him, in plain terms, a silly writer, and a trifler; full of ostentation of learning; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can allege in his defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him at least as much as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit; Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense; and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptissimus ad jocandum*. But that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Persius showed his learning, but was no boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critic, and silently insinuates that he himself was sufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are χρυσὰ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itself, are everywhere swelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be ostentation and vain-glory from a gentleman, so well-born, and so nobly educated, as Scaliger. But says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, says Casaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defence. And Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places: but so is Plato, so is Thucydides, so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alleging, that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden

to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise, which he has given to himself: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples, which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to justify his construction; but Stelluti is against it: and for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chastity of his thoughts, Casaubon denies not but that one particular passage, in the fourth satire, "At si unctus cesses," &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his works: I understood it; but, for that reason, turned it over. In defence of his boisterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as instruments of the sublime, fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched, and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding; and may be reckoned amongst these things of Demosthenes which Æschines called *θαύματα* not *ρήματα*, that is, prodigies, not words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that satire is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers. And, through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that speaks; whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor; or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himself so hard a task, he then considered the Greek proverb, that he must *χελώνι φαγῆν ἢ μὴ φαγῆν*, either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet, for once, I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expressions, are in my translation: but more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled, his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is

least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged, to choose his mediums accordingly; Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire. But of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satirist makes use, in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals, is consequently the same. By what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the Stoic: the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethics, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage, against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honours, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniences, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In short, to be any ways happy, while we possess our minds with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my Lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius. And this he expressed, not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the Stoic philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and some, perhaps, impieties, if we consider them by the standard of Christian faith: Persius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd than for the edification of the flock. Passion, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of Salisbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth satire of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best common-places for their sermons, as the store houses and magazines of moral virtues, from whence

they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the Stoics have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy: he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoic, sometimes an Eclectic, as his present humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal, against vices, more like an orator, than a philosopher. Persius is everywhere the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says: you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him; because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says, that Horace, being the son of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells everywhere of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satires; that he does *plebeium sapere*; and writes not with that elevation which becomes a satirist: That Persius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master; Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man of the most holy life, the chief of the Stoic sect at Rome; and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself; and in probability a coadjutor of Persius: That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much conversant in philosophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a slave: but Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father, which I ever read in history; and I wish a witty friend of mine, now living, had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen. And Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleased with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him "tribunus militum," a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him in those respects, though better born, and, Juve-

nal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His style is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low: if his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors and obscurity: and so they are equal in the failings of their style; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; because their forces were more equal: a dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. "Non nostrum est tantas componere lites." I shall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the side of Horace. Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt these two great masters, is for the prize of satire: in which controversy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satirically, against his private enemies: yet these, if justly considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek Silli, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace has purged himself of this choler, before he entered on those discourses, which are more properly called the Roman satire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: the first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been anywise notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my Lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written against me, than almost any man now living: and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence: I speak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they

please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for interest and passion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that any sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and, possessed my soul in quiet.

Any thing, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this subject, and proceed to give the second reason, which may justify a poet, when he writes against a particular person: and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. And those, whom Horace in his satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! and how little wit they bring, for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsome omits; no venom is wanting, as far as dullness can supply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit: no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season: the corn which held up its head, is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along; and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular

opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine: but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to such impartial men I must appeal: for they who have already formed their judgments, may justly stand suspected of prejudice: and though all who are my readers, will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his instructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited. So that granting, that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use; Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, "*Bonum quo communis, eo melius.*" Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined, to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive: but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences: to give you the virtue of them, without showing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. "*Ne sententiae extra corpus orationis eminent:*" he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and, as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind fides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so perhaps, it was not so much his talent. "*Omne videri vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, et admissus circum praecordia ludit.*" This was the commendation which Persius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means

those little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But in the word *omne*, which is *universal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the most common people; discovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he exposes Crispinus openly, as a common nuisance: but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen: and the Stoic philosophy is that alone which he recommended to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims: but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the severity of precepts.

The last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended: but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can justly be found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader: and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits. The low style of Horace is according to his subject, that is generally grave: I question not but he could have raised it: for the first epistle of the second book, which he writes to

Augustus, (a most instructive satire, concerning poetry), is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly shows, the *sermo pedestris*, in his other satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of satire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reason, why he minded only the clearness of his satire, and the cleanness of expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal his successor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versifications and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practised both so happily, that, for aught I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultless; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And, give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that Virgil could have written sharper satires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and a half of his, in one of his eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to show, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written syllables; it is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes: "Non tu, in triviis indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere, carmen?" But to return to my purpose: when there is any thing deficient in numbers and sound, the reader is uneasy and unsatisfied; he wants something of his complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, it is no wonder that, finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite; so that, granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet. I mean in satire. His thoughts are sharper, his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: and consequently a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty, than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worse for the satirist. It is generally said, that those enormous vices

which were practised under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Augustus Cæsar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourged instead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleasure and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our minister of state in satire, and Juvenal of private pleasures; I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the pre-eminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not choose to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of these two satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished. When Horace writ his satires, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used, in the compassing that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans, their defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Sisenna, being reproached in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer: That he had married her by the counsel of Augustus: intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access unto her. His adulteries were still before their eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally secured; and the people entertained with public shows, and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself of so many crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict against lampoons and satires, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls "*famosos libellos*."

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: "*Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidini, quâ viros feminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.*" Thus, in English:

"Augustus was the first who, under the colour of that law, took cognizance of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes, in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was "*Lex læsæ Majestatis*;" commonly called, for the sake of brevity, "*Majestas*;" or, as we say, high treason: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables: to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death with the fasces, which were borne before the chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law: by the words, "*under colour of that law*," he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels, which were written by Cassius Severus, against the nobility: but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: "*Spartos de se in Curia famosos libellos, nec expavit, et magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem actoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum post hac, de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.*" Augustus was not afraid of libels, says that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor, for his own sake, durst not permit them: "*Fecit id Augustus in speciem, et quasi gratificationem populo Romano, et primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consideret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile et utile. Ergo specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani Majestas infamaretur.*" This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus; I will add only, by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the Majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; "*omnia Cæsar erat*:" they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his epodes, under this title, "*In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam*;" perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to their own proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices, and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which, either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge,

though I say not that he should; for *prior lesit*, is a good excuse in the civil law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was not of that number: so that though his age was exempted from the worst of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict. And our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his satires, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher, a court satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement: vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinſius urges in praise of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of satire, it should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says, "*securit Urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis;*" meaning Mutius and Lapus: and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: "*Enſe velut ſtricto, quotius Lucilius ardens infremuit.*" &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. They changed satire, says Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to translate a poet. Holiday and

Stapylton had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holiday says, "a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace, in low satire, so easily: let the chastisement of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineness: it must be inborn, it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him; yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself: if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my *Abſalom*, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it juttly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind-sides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolic.

And thus, my Lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your Lordship, in the kind satire, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reasonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned so great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or at

ter him, to rectify his error, and restore to Horace that commendation, of which he has so unjustly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I say, that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an "ense relcindendum;" but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescribed him by his own genius; which was sharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This, notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has rallied more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not sure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men: they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmenus and Sicerus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilius and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given: but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar for endeavouring to be a king; therefore he should be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of King Charles II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but certain it is, that he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your Lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist: they who will descend into his parti-

cular praises, may find them at large in the dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reason why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty: That, in Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to choose a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal: so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other. So difficult is it to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed; since no art, or science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace: but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to show that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of satires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the Symposium. They were figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their outside: but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself to us, in his satires, we see nothing at the first view which deserves our attention. It seems that he is rather an amusement for children, than for the serious consideration of men: but when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly: that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their vices.

It is easy to observe, that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confined the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part; the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these two books of satire, it is the business of

Horace to instruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conception of things, and things themselves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have received from their masters: and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reason.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live, and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of some perplexed sentence, or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus says, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is of most importance to us, is to show the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a model, are just like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth *Æneid*, when *Æneas* proposes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three first who should reach the goal. "Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput nectentur olivâ:" Let these three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as first arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satire. But, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, "Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto." Let Juvenal ride first in triumph. "Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro balteus, & tereti subnectit figula gemma." Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satire; and the golden-belt, and the diamond-button. "Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito." And let Persius, the last of the three first worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages; excepting Boileau and your Lordship.

And thus I have given the history of satire, and derived it from Ennius, to your Lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity, to its last polishing and perfection; which is, with Virgil, in its address to Augustus,

"—nomen famâ tot ferré per annos,

"Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar."

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year "ab urbe conditâ cccccxiv." I have since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me from the best chronologers, that Plutus, the last of Aristophanes's plays, was represented at Athens, in the year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ cccclxiv*. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were satirical, and also of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the satirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: so that Andronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satire. According to that description, which Juvenal gives of it in his first; "quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli." This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the first, who by the *Archæa Comædia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satire: which sort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but necessary, that, after so much has been said of satire, some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his dissertation on Horace, makes it for me, in these words: "Satire is a kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errors, and all things besides, which are produced from them, in every man, are severely reprehended; partly dramatically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but for the most part figuratively, and occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of speech; but partly, also, in a facetious and civil way of jesting: by which either hatred, or laughter, or indignation, is moved." Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplexed definition, or rather description of satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clause in the beginning of it ("without a series of action") distinguishes satire properly from stage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope

of satire is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the satires of Juvenal and Persius: the rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clause "consisting in a low familiar way of speech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it spoken, are far distant: but how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words, to be so much the propriety of satire, that without them, a poet can be no more a satirist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the *grande sophos* of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal to be circumscribed, with the meanness of words, and vulgarity of expression? If Horace refused the pains of numbers, the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who choose to mount and show their horsemanship. Holiday is not afraid to say, that there never was such a fall, as from his odes to satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestic way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion? Which alteration, says Holiday, is to after times, as good a warrant as the first. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his *Æneid*? Certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred: and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar; not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him: and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly, we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your Lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts how a modern satire should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satire, that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English

fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main design: and though there be an underplot, or second-walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Mascardi, in his discourse of the "*Doppia favola*," or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it, in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called "*Il Pastor Fido*;" where Corsica and the satire are the under-parts: yet we may observe, that Corsica is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. It is certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very precept, "*Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum*;" yet he seems not much to mind it in his satires, many of them consisting of more arguments than one; and the second without dependence on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace: and will have his own beloved author to be the first, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not necessary; because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *sarrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace. And Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satires, to this unity of design. That variety which is not to be found in any one satire, is at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word; yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversely treated in the several subordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which altogether may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal, in every satire, excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by

showing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Perfius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the Stoic; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect; unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praised and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental error in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name, for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your Lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your Lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called burlesque, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spake of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory, he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my censure: his satire is of the Varroian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick turns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire, for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers; we are pleased ungratefully, and if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that task to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse; and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we say of a court-favourite, that whatsoever his of-

fice be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this sort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight: in both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassone and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them, Merlin Coccajus in his *Baldus*. I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The *Secchia Rapita* is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varroian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroic verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestic and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem: his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the *Æneids*:

"Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus
"auctor,

"Perfide; set duris genuit te cautibus horrens
"Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admodum ubera ti-
"gres."

Which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense:

"Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
"Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horo-
"loger:

"Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche;
"Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roche:
"Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre
"écarté,

"Te fit, avec son lait, sucer la Cruauté."

And as Virgil in his fourth Georgic of the Bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject, by the loftiness of his words; and ennobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

"Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
 "Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine
 "gentis
 "Mores et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam."

And again:

"Sic Genuus immortale manent; multosque
 "per annos
 "Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur a-
 "vorum."

We see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights; and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think, my Lord, to be the most beautiful, and most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroic, finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your Lordship but this bare hint, in what manner this sort of satire may best be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in heroic poetry itself; of which the satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie: he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry; but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual, and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author); I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser, the author of that immortal poem called the Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and among the rest of his ex-

cellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language, are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties. "Delicate et bien tourné," are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a masterpiece.

An example on the turn of words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

"Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera
 "condi! [pus;
 "Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore cor-
 "Alteriusque, animantem animantis vivere
 "lêto!"

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus:

"Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
 "Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles:
 "Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit
 "apici,
 "Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parant.
 "Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
 "Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant."

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's *Epistolæ Heriodum*, of Sappho to Phaon:

"Si nisi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
 "Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est."

Lastly, a turn which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thoughts turn with them, is in the fourth *Georgic* of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on express condition not to look on her till she was come on earth:

"Cum subita incautum dementia cepit Aman-
 "tem;
 "Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere ma-
 "nes."

I will not burden your Lordship with more of them; for I write to a master who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties: I might descend also to the mechanic beauties of heroic verse; but we have yet no English prosodia, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my Lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to

the last petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part, being the work of some gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the satires, which are done by other hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of those authors, almost line for line, had been our business, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations, not only Juvenal and Persius, but what is yet more obscure, his own verses might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars: we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense, who not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the public all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors, Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away, in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, seized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always escaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is instruction; must yet allow, that without the means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetic part.

The English verse, which we call heroic, consists of more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as for example, this verse in Virgil:

“Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula
“campum.”

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these is about fourteen syllables: because the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee.

But Holiday, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty: and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation: his verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together, the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author. So that Holiday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetic dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English: and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy, betwixt their customs and ours; or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we give him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For, to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excused, let it be pardoned, at least, because it is acknowledged: and so much the more easily, as

being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my Lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manner will be shown in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwise employed: with great confusion for having entertained you so long with this discourse; and for having no other recompence to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in

this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wishes, of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged, most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

Aug. 18. 1692.

JOHN DRYDEN.

S A T I R E I.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: that, being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, since no man will rank himself with ill writers, it is easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addict himself to satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satire is the natural ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also, with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly, the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,
Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and t' other's play
Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Orestes' bulky rage
Unsatisfy'd with margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick shades th' eternal scribbler
bawls,

And shades the statues on their pedestals.
The best and worst on the same theme employs
His muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.

Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic schools;

Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown.

But, since the world with writing is possest,
I'll verify in spite; and do my best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the causes which my muse have led:
When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When mannish Mevia, that two-handed whore,
Astride on horseback hunts the Tuscan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outv'd,
Whose razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needless luxury;
And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight:

Such fulsome objects meeting every where,
 'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
 To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
 What hoops of iron could my spleen contain!
 When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
 With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
 And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
 Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
 And but the wish'd occasion does attend,
 From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
 Whom ev'n spies dread as their superior fiend,
 And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail,
 They send their prostituted wives for bail:
 When night-performance holds the place of merit,
 And brawn and back the next of kin disherit;
 For such good parts are in preferment's way,
 The rich old madam never fails to pay
 Her legacies, by nature's standard given,
 One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
 A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
 For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid.
 With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
 At unawares has trod upon a snake;
 Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
 For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.

What indignation boils within my veins,
 When perjur'd guardians, proceed with impious
 gains,
 Choke up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
 Whose wards, by want betray'd, to crimes are
 led

Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read!
 When he who pill'd his province escapes the laws,
 And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
 His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
 Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
 Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
 Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?

Such villain'es rous'd Horace into wrath:
 And 'tis more noble to pursue his path,
 Than an old tale of Diomedes repeat,
 Or labouring after Hercules to sweat,
 Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
 Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,
 Or fluttering perish with his foolish boy.

With what impatience must the muse behold
 The wife, by her procuring husband sold!
 For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
 Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed;
 Who his taught eyes up to th' cieling throws,
 And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose.
 When he dares hope a colonel's command,
 Whose couriers kept, ran out his father's land;
 Who yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,
 Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master
 strove

With boasted art to please his eunuch-love.

Would it not make a modest author dare
 To draw his table-book within the square,
 And fill with notes, when lolling at his ease,
 Mæcenas-like, the happy rogue he sees
 Borne by six weary'd slaves in open view,
 Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new:
 Made wealthy at the small expence of signing
 With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining?
 The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
 Who squeez'd a toad into her husband's wine:

So well the fashionable medicine thrives,
 That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
 Poisoning, without regard of fame or fear:
 And spotted corpie are frequent on the bier.
 Would't thou to honours and preferments climb,
 Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
 Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves:
 For virtue is but drily prais'd, and starves.
 Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate em- }
 Fair palaces, and furniture of cost; [boist,
 And high commands: a sneaking sin is lost.
 Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
 His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep?
 Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
 Eager to sin, before he can enjoy?
 If nature could not, anger would indite
 Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.

Count from the time, since old Deucalion's boat,
 Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float;
 And, scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
 An oracle how man might be restor'd;
 When softest stones and vital breath ensu'd,
 And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
 What ever since that golden age was done,
 What human kind desires, and what they shun,
 Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
 Shail this satirical collection fill.

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
 Or when was avarice extended more?
 When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
 The well-fill'd sob not empty'd now alone,
 But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
 The steward brings the deeds which must con-
 vey

The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
 When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
 And not enough is left him to supply
 Board-wages, or a footman's livery?

What age so many summer-seats did see?
 Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
 As on seven dishes, at a private meal?
 Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
 Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
 Which by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
 The paitry largess, too, severely watch'd,
 Ere given; and every face observ'd with care,
 That no intruding guests usurp a share.

Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
 Our old nobility of Trojan-blood, [food:
 Who gape among the crowd for their precarious
 The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
 The freedman juffles, and will be prefer'd;
 First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
 Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
 Though born a slave, though my torn ears are
 bor'd,

'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the Lord.

The rent of five fair houses I receive;
 What greater honours can the purple give?
 The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
 In melancholy walks a grafter's sheep:
 Not Pallus nor Licinius had my treasure;
 Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
 Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the street,
 And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet;
 Gold is the greatest god; though yet we see
 No temples rais'd to money's majesty,

No altars fuming to her power divine,
 Such as to valour, peace, and virtue shine,
 And faith, and concord: where the stork on high
 Seems to salute her infant progeny:
 Prefaging pious love with her auspicious cry.
 But since our knights and senators account,
 To what their iordid begging vails amount,
 Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
 Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!
 Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
 Prevented by those harpies; when a wood
 Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
 And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
 The promis'd dole: nay, some have learn'd the
 trick

To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,
 Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air:
 And for their wives produce an empty chair.
 This is my spouse: dispatch her with her share.
 'Tis Galla: let her ladyship but peep:
 No, sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep.

Such fine employments our whole days divide:
 The salutations of the morning-tide
 Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
 We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
 Then to the statues; where, amidst the race
 Of conquering Rome, some Arab shows his face,
 Inscrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
 Fit to to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
 The great man, home-conducted, shuts his door;
 Old clients, weary'd out with fruitless care,
 Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair
 Though much against the grain forc'd to retire,
 Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

Meantime his lordship lolls within at ease,
 Pampering his paunch with foreign rarities;
 Both sea and land are ransack'd for the least;
 And his own gut the sole invited guest.
 Such plate, such tables, dishes dress'd so well,
 That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
 Ev'n parasites are banish'd from his board
 (At once a sordid and luxurious lord):
 Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dress'd
 (A creature form'd to furnish out a feast).
 But present punishment pursues his maw,
 When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw

He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
 Repletions, apoplex, intestate death.
 His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with scorn,
 And he, a jest, into his grave is borne.

No age can go beyond us; future times
 Can add no farther to the present crimes
 Our sons but the same things can wish and do;
 Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow
 Then, satire, spread thy sails, take all the winds
 can blow
 Some may, perhaps, demand what muse can
 yield

Sufficient strength for such a spacious field?
 From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,
 Bold truth to speak, and spoken to maintain?
 When godlike freedom is so far bereft
 The noble mind, that scarce the name is left?
 Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,
 No matter if the great forgave or not:
 But if that honest licence now you rake.
 If into rogues omnipotent you take,
 Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake;
 Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on blaze, to light
 The streets, and make a dreadful fire by night.

Shall they whodrench'd three uncles in a draught
 Of poisonous juice be then in triumph brought,
 Make lanes among the people where they go,
 And, mounted high on downy chariots throw
 Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
 'Tis defamation but to say, that's he!
 Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
 Amid their strokes the poet gets no harm:
 Achilles may in epic verse be slain,
 And none of all his myrmidons complain:
 Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
 Not if he drown himself for company:
 But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
 And flashes in the face of guilty men,
 A cold sweat stands in drops on every part;
 And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart:
 Muse, be advis'd, 'tis past considering time,
 When enter'd once the dangerous lists of rhyme:
 Since none the living villains dare implead,
 Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

S A T I R E II.

TRANSLATED BY MR. TATE.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in this satire, inveighs against the hypocrisy of the philosophers, and priests of his time; the effeminacy of military officers, and magistrates. Which corruption of manners in general, and more particularly of unnatural vices, he imputes to the atheistical principle that then prevailed.

I'M sick of Rome, and wish myself convey'd
 Where freezing seas obstruct the merchants trade,
 When hypocrites read lectures, and a sot,
 Because into a gown and pulpit got,
 Though surfeit-gorg'd, and reeking from the stews,
 Nothing but abstinence for's theme will choose.

The rakehells to pretend to learning.—Why?
 Crysippus statue decks their library.
 Who makes his closet finest is most read;
 The dolt that with an Aristotle's head,
 Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his shelf,
 Streight sets up for a Stagyrte himself.

Precise their look, but to the brothel come,
 You'll know the price of philosophic bum.
 You'd swear, if you there bristled hides survey'd,
 That for a bear's caresses they are made;
 Yet of their obscene part they take such care,
 That (like baboons) they still keep podex bare;
 To see't so sleek and trimm'd the surgeon smiles,
 And scarcely can for laughing launce the piles.
 Since silence seems to carry wisdom's pow'r,
 Th' affected rogues, like clocks speak once an hour.
 Those grizzled locks which nature did provide,
 In plenteous growth, their asses ears to hide,
 The formal slaves reduce to a degree
 Short of their eye-brows.--Now I honour thee,
 Thee Peribonius, thou profest he-whore,
 And all thy crimes impute to nature's score:
 Thou, as in harlots dress thou art attir'd,
 For ought I know, with harlots itch art fir'd,
 Thy form seems for the pathic trade design'd,
 And generously thou dost own thy kind.
 But what of those lewd miscreants must become,
 Who preach morality and shake the bum?

Varillus cries, shall I fear Sextus doom,
 Whose haunches are the common sink of Rome?
 Let him cry blackmoor-devil, whose skin is white
 And bandy-legs, who treads himself upright;
 Let him reprove that's innocent--In vain
 The Gracchi of sedition must complain. [spheres,
 'Twou'd make you swear the planets from their
 Shou'd Verres peach thieves, Milo murderers,
 Clodius tax bawds, Sethegus Catiline,
 Or Scylla's pupils Scylla's rules decline.
 Yet we have seen a modern magistrate
 Restore those rigid laws that did create
 In Mars and Venus dread; himself the while,
 With impious drugs and potions, did beguile
 The teeming Julia's womb, and thence did wrest
 Crude births, that yet th' incestuous fire confest,
 How shall such hypocrites reform the state,
 On whom the brothels can recriminate?

Of this we have an instance great and new
 In a cock-zealot of this preaching crew,
 Whose late harangue the gaping rabble drew,
 His theme, as fate wou'd hav't, was fornication,
 And as i'th' fury of his declamation,
 He cry'd, why sleeps the Julian law, that aw'd
 This voice?--Laronia, an industrious bawd,
 (As bawds will run to lectures) nettled much
 To have her copy-hold so nearly touch'd,
 With a disdainful smile, reply'd, blest times,
 That made the censor of the age's crimes!
 Rome now must needs reform, and vice be stopt,
 Since a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.
 But tell me, Sir, what perfume strikes the air
 From your most rev'rend neck o'ergrown with
 For modestly we may presume, I trow [hair?
 'Tis not your nat'ral grain--the price I'd know,
 And where 'tis sold; direct me to the street,
 And shop, for I with no such essence meet.
 Let me entreat you, Sir, for your own sake.
 Use caution, and permit the laws to take
 A harmless nap, lest the Scantinian wake.
 Our wise forefathers took their measures right,
 Nor wreak'd on fornicators all their spight,
 But left a limbo for the Sodomite.
 If you commillion-courts must needs erect
 For manners, put the test to your own sect,

But you by number think yourselves secure,
 While our thin squadron must the brunt endure.
 With grief I must confess our muster's few,
 And much with civil broils impair'd, while you }
 Are to the dev'l and to each other true.
 Your penal laws against us are enlarg'd,
 On whom no crimes, like what you act are charg'd.
 Flavia may now and then turn up for bread,
 But chastly with Catulla lies a bed.
 Your Hispo acts both sexes parts, before
 A fornicator; and behind, a whore:
 We ne'er invade your walks; the clients cause
 We leave to your confounding and the laws.
 If now and then an Amazonian dame
 Dares fight a public prize, 'tis sure less shame,
 Than to behold your unnerv'd sex set in
 To needle-work, and like a damsel spin.
 How Hister's bondman his sole heir became,
 And his conniving spouse so rich a dame,
 Is known; that wife with wealth must needs be
 Who is content to make a third in bed. [siped,
 You nymphs that would to coach and six arrive,
 Marry, keep counsel, and y'are sure to thrive!
 Yet these obnoxious men, without remorse,
 Against our tribe will put the laws in force,
 Clip the dove's wing, and give the vulture }
 course,

Thus spoke the matron--the convicted crew
 From so direct a charge like lightning flew.
 It must be so--nor, vain Metellus, shall
 From Rome's tribunal, thy harangues prevail
 'Gainst harlotry, while thou art clad so thin,
 That through thy cobweb-robe we see thy skin
 As thou declaim'st--Fabulla is, you say,
 A whore--I own it; so's Carfinia;
 Rank prostitutes, therefore without remorse
 Punish the strumpets, give the law its course:
 But when y'ave sentenc'd them, Metellus, know
 They'd blush t' appear so loosely dress'd as you.
 You say the dog-star reigns, whose sultry fire
 Melts you to death ev'n in that light attire;
 Go naked then, 'twere better to be mad,
 (Which has a priv'lege) than so lewdly clad!
 How wou'd our mountain fires, return'd from
 Or battle, such a filken judge allow? [plough
 Canst thou restore old manners, or retrench
 Rome's pride, who com'st transparent to the bench?
 This mode in which thou singly do'st appear,
 By thy example shall get footing here,
 Till it has quite deprav'd the Roman stock
 As one infected sheep confounds the flock.

Nor will this crime, Metellus, be thy worst,
 No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first:
 For vice like virtue by degrees must grow;
 Thus, from this wanton dress, Metellus, thou
 With those polluted priests at last shall join
 Who female chaplets round their temples twine, }
 And with perverted rites profane the goddess
 shrine.
 Where such vile practises 'twixt males are past,
 As makes our matrons lewd nocturnals chaste.
 Cottyus orgies scarce are more obscene,
 For thus th' effeminate priests themselves demean.
 With jet-black pencils one his eye-brows dyes,
 And adds new fire to his lascivious eyes:
 Another in a glass-priapus swills,
 While twisted gold his platted tresses fills;

A female robe, and to complete the farce,
His servant not by Jove but Juno swears.
One holds a mirror, pathic Otho's shield,
In which he view'd before he march'd to field,
Nor Ajax with more pride his seven-fold target
did wield.

Oh noble subject for new annals fit,
In musty fame's records unmention'd yet!
A looking-glass must load th' imperial car,
The most important carriage of the war!
Galba to kill he thought a general's part,
But, as a courtier, us'd the nicest art
To keep his skin from tan: before the fight
Wou'd paint, and set his soil'd complexion right.
A softness which Semiramis ne'er knew,
When once she had the field and foe in view,
Nor Egypt's queen, when she from Actium flew.

No chaste discourse their festivals afford,
Obsceneness is the language of their board:
Soft lisping tones, taught by some bald-pate
priest,

For skillful palate, master of the feast.
A pack of prostitutes; unnerv'd, and rife
For the operation of a Phrygian knife;
For from such pathics 'twere but just to take
Those manly parts, of which no use they make.

Gracchus, 'tis said, gave to his trumpeter
Four hundred sesterces—for what?—In dow'r.
The motion's lik'd, the parties are agreed;
And for performance seal a formal deed;
Guests are bespoke, a wedding-supper made,
The wonted joy is wish'd, that done—
The he bride in his bridegroom's arms is laid!
O peers of Rome! need these stupendous times
A censor or aruspex for such crimes?
The prodigy less monstrous wou'd appear,
If women calves, or heifers lambs shou'd bear!
In bridal robe and veil the pathic's drest,
Who bore the pondrous shield at Mars his feast.

Father of Rome, say what detested clime
Taught Latian shepherds so abhorr'd a crime?
Say, thund'ring Mars, from whence the nettle
sprung,

Whose venom first thy noble offspring stung?
Behold! a man by birth and fortune great
Weds with a man; yet from th' etherial seat
No ratling of thy brazen wheels we hear,
Nor is earth pierc'd with thy avenging spear!
Oh! if thy jurisdiction (Mars) falls short
To punish mischiefs of so vast import,
Complain to Jove, and move the higher court.
For shame redress this scandal, or resign
Thy province to some pow'r that's more divine.

To-morrow early in Quirinus vale
I must attend—why?—Thereby hangs a tale,
A male-friend's to be marry'd to a male.
'Tis true the wedding's carry'd privately,
The parties being at present somewhat shy;
But that they own the match, e'er long you'll
And see it in the public register. [hear,

But one sore grief does these he-brides perplex;
Though they debase, they cannot change their
Nor yet, by help of all their wicked art, [sex;
Bring offspring to secure their husband's heart.
Nature too much i'th' dire embrace is forc'd,
But ne'er joins influence with desires so curs'd:
Incestuous births, and monsters many may appear,
But teeming males not earth nor hell can bear.

Yet Gracchus, thou degen'rate son of fame,
Thy pranks are stigmatiz'd with greater blame:
Theirs was a private, thine an open shame.
Who like a fencer on a public stage,
Hast made thyself the scandal of the age.
Nor can Rome's noblest blood with thine compare,
While thou mak'st pastime for the theatre.

To what dire cause can we assign these crimes,
But to that reigning atheism of the times?
Ghosts, stygian lakes, and frogs with croaking
note,

And Charon wafting souls in leaky boat,
Are now thought fables, to fright fools conceiv'd,
Or children, and by children scarce believ'd.
Yet give thou credit. What can we suppose
The temperate Curii, and the Scipio's;
What will Fabricius or Camillus think,
When they behold, from their Elysium's brink,
An atheist's soul to last perdition sink?
How will they from th' assaulted banks rebound,
And wish for sacred rites to purge th' unhallow'd
ground.

In vain, O Rome! thou dost thy conquest boast
Beyond the Orcades short-nighted coast,
Since free the conquer'd provinces remain
From crimes that thy imperial city stain:
Yet rumour speaks, if we may credit fame,
Of one Armenian youth, who since he came
Has learn'd the impious trade; and does exceed
The lewdest pathics of our Roman breed.
Blessings of commerce! he was sent, 'tis said,
For breeding hither: and he's fairly bred.
Fly foreign youths from our polluted streets,
And e'er unmann'd, regain your native seats;
Left, while for traffic here too long you stay,
You learn at last to trade th' Italian way;
And, with curs'd merchandize returning home,
Stock all your country with the figs of Rome.

S A T I R E III.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE story of this satire speaks itself. Umbricius, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbricius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life.

in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome: that none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniences which arise from a city-life: and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown, in common places; and a drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

GRIEV'D though I am an ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary seat he chose:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose:
Where far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives.
The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess
Which all the gods with all their bounty bless.
Though I in Prochyta with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.
What scenes so desert, or so full of fright,
As towering houses tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing
light?

But worse than all the clattering tiles, and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He stopp'd a little at the Conduit gate,
Where Numa model'd once the Roman state,
In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd,
Though now the sacred shades and founts are hir'd
By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:
Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
From their own grove the muses are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend:
The marble caves, and aqueducts, we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the
true!

How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone!

Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town),
Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty increasing with my age,
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I choose to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now, 'tis time to quit this cursed place,
And hide from villains my too honest face:
Here let Arturius live, and such as he:
Such manners will with such a town agree.
Knaves, who in full assemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise: can cleanse the common shore;

VOL. XII.

And rent the fishery: can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,
All this for gain; for gain they sell their very
head.

These fellows see (what fortune's power can
do)

Were once the minstrels of a country show;
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet cheeks and blotted faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own costs exhibit public plays:
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since such as they have fortune in a string?
Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance;
And toss them topmost on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what business have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognosticate.

To the young gaging heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy presents to a bride:
For want of these town virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none;
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.

Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Labouring with secrets which his bosom burn,
Yet never must to public light return?

They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuse,
The purse of Verres may at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt the breast;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.

Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.

I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose
What confidence our wealthy Romans chose:
And whom I must abhor: to speak my mind,
I hate in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obscene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and customs come:
All find respite in hospitable Rome.

U u

The barbarous harlots crowd the public place :
 Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace :
 The painted mitre court, and the more painted
 face.
 Old Romulus, and father Mars, look down,
 Your herdsman primitive, your homely clown,
 Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown.
 His once unkem'd and horrid looks behold
 Stilling sweat oil : his neck enchain'd with gold :
 Aping the foreigners in every dress ;
 Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him less.
 Meantime they wisely leave their native land,
 From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
 And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in shoals :
 So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
 Poor refugees at first, they purchase here :
 And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer.
 Grow to the great, a flattering servile rout :
 Work themselves inward, and their patrons out.
 Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
 Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
 Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
 Who bears a nation in a single man ?
 A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
 A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
 A dancer on the ropes, and a physician.
 All things the hungry Greek exactly knows :
 And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.
 In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
 But in that town which arms and arts adorn,
 Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
 In purple cloth'd, and lolling like a lord ?
 Shall he before me sign, whom t' other day
 A small craft vessel hither did convey ; [lay ?
 Where stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he
 How little is the privilege become
 Of being born a citizen of Rome !
 The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries ;
 A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
 They make a wit of their insipid friend ;
 His blobber-lip and betetle-brows commend ;
 His long crane-neck and narrow shoulders praise ;
 You'd think they were describing Hercules.
 A creaking voice for a clear treble goes ;
 Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
 We can as grossly praise ; but, to our grief,
 No flattery but from Grecians gains belief.
 Besides these qualities, we must agree
 Thy mimic better on the stage than we :
 The wife, the whore, the shepherdess, they play,
 In such a free, and such a graceful way,
 That we believe a very woman shown,
 And fancy something underneath the gown.
 But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
 Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please :
 The nation is compos'd of such as these.
 All Greece is one comedian : laugh, and they
 Return it louder than an ass can bray :
 Grieve, and they grieve ; if you weep silently,
 There seems a silent echo in their eye :
 They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
 Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take :
 Begin but you to shiver, and they shake :
 In frost and snow, if you complain of heat, [sweat.
 They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they
 We live not on the square with such as these,
 Such are our betters, who can better please :

Who day and night are like a looking-glass ;
 Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
 The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
 Prepared for some new piece of flattery.
 Ev'n nastiness, occasions will afford ;
 They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
 Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free,
 From bold attempts of their bold lechery.
 Through the whole family their labours run ;
 The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won :
 Nor 'scape the bridegroom, or the blooming son.
 If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
 They with the walls and very floors commit.
 They search the secrets of the house, and so
 Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they
 know.

And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
 On what, in schools, their men of morals do ;
 A rigid Stoic his own pupil flew :
 A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
 Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
 What room is left for Romans in a town [gown ?
 Where Grecians rule, and cloaks controul the
 Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
 Look sharply out, our senators to seize :
 Engross them wholly, by their native art,
 And fear'd no rivals in their bubble's heart :
 One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
 One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
 Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me ;
 Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family.
 In vain forgotten services I boast ;
 My long dependence in an hour is lost :
 Look round the world, what country will appear,
 Where friends are left with greater ease than here ?
 At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
 All offices of ours are out of door :
 In vain we rise, and to the levees run ;
 My lord himself is up, before, and gone :
 The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
 Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race :
 The childish matrons are, long since awake :
 And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.
 'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born son
 On the left-hand of a rich hireling run ;
 Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
 For half a race of bouts, a tribune's pay :
 But you, poor sinner, though you love the vice,
 And, like the whore, demur upon the price :
 And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
 To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.

Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
 Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
 Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
 And snatch'd the trembling goddesses from the fire !
 The question is not put, how far extends
 His piety, but what he yearly spends :
 Quick to the business ; how he lives, and eats ;
 How largely gives ; how splendidly he treats :
 How many thousand acres feed his sheep,
 What are his rents ? what servants does he keep ?
 Th' account is soon cast up ; the judges rate
 Our credit in the court by our estate.
 Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks adore,
 Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor :
 The poor must gain their bread by perjury ;
 And ev'n the gods, that other means deny,
 In conscience must absolve them, when they lie.

Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store;
 And will be monstrous witty on the poor:
 For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,
 The wretch and all his wardrobe are jest:
 The greasy gown, fully'd with often turning,
 Gives a good hint to say, The man's in mourning:
 Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
 He's wounded! see the plaister on his foot.
 Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool;
 And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
 Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,
 (The master of the ceremonies cries)
 This is no place for you, whose small estate
 Is not the value of the settled rate:
 The sons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
 Are privileg'd to sit in triumph there,
 To clap the first, and rule the theatre,
 Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat; } seat,
 For, by the Roscian law, the poor can claim no
 Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
 The man that poll'd but twelve-pence for his head?
 Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
 Or call'd him to assist the judging-chair?
 The poor were wise, who, by the rich oppress'd,
 Withdrew, and sought a secret place of rest.
 Once they did swell, to free themselves from
 scorn;
 But had done better never to return.
 Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.
 At Rome 'tis worse; where house-rent by the
 And servants bellies cost so devilish dear; } year,
 And taverns-bills run high for hungry cheer.
 To drink or eat in earthen-ware we scorn,
 Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
 And coarse blue hoods on holidays are worn.
 Some distant parts of Italy are known,
 Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
 On theatres of turf, in homely state,
 Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
 The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
 And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
 The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
 And in the mother's arms the clownish infant
 frights.
 Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree)
 Are plain alike; the same simplicity,
 Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see. }
 In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
 The country-bumkin the same livery wears.
 But here, attir'd, beyond our purse we go,
 For useless ornament and flaunting show.
 We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;
 And, poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
 This is a common vice, though all things here
 Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
 What will you give that Cossus may but view
 Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you;
 May take your incense like a gracious God,
 And answer only with a civil nod?
 To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
 We make our entrance by the favourite page:
 Shave his first down, and when he pulls his hair,
 The consecrated locks to temples bear:
 Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells,
 And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails.
 Who fears in country-towns a house's fall,
 Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?

But we inhabit a weak city here;
 Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear:
 And 'tis the village-mason's daily calling,
 To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
 To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close;
 And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
 At Cumæ we can sleep quite round the year,
 Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
 While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
 And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
 Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store
 (Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
 Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
 Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
 For if the lowest floors already burn,
 Cock-loft and garrets soon will take the turn.
 Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were
 bred,
 Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled.
 Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
 That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;
 His cupboard's head fix earthen pitcher's grac'd,
 Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd.
 And, to support this noble plate, there lay
 A bended Chiron cast from honest clay;
 His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd
 Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd:
 Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
 And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
 'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
 And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.
 Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome,
 And found not one to feed, or take him home.
 But if the palace of Arturius burn, } mourn;
 The nobles change their clothes, the matrons
 The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
 The very name of fire we hate and fear:
 And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here. }
 While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
 Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
 One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
 With naked statues of the Parian stone,
 The work of Polyclète, that seem to live;
 While other images for altars give;
 One books and screens, and Pallas to the breast:
 Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
 Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
 Thus by his losses multiplies his store:
 Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
 That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
 But, could you be content to bid adieu
 To the dear play-house, and the players too:
 Sweet country-seats are purchas'd every where,
 With lands and gardens, at less price than here, }
 You hire a darksome doghole by the year.
 A small convenience decently prepar'd,
 A shallow well that rises in your yard,
 That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
 And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
 There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
 And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat,
 'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground,
 In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.
 'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die;
 Which fumes of undigested feasts deny; } fry.
 And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs
 What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
 What ev'n the rich can scarce afford to sleep;

So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
 And hence the sources of diseases come.
 The drover who his fellow-drover meets
 In narrow passages of winding streets;
 The waggoners that curse their standing teams,
 Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusus from his dreams.
 And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
 But sweep above our heads, and make their way;
 In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
 Or sleep at ease: the shutters make it night.
 Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
 The press before him stops the client's pace:
 The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
 And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
 One elbows him, one jostles in the shoal:
 A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole;
 Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
 And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd
 Indents his legs behind in bloody rows. [shoes,
 See with what smoke our doles we celebrate
 A hundred guests, invited, walk in state:
 A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kit-
 chens, wait.
 Huge pans the wretches on their heads must bear,
 Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear.
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the loan:
 Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames
 abroad, [torn.
 Their coats, from botching newly bought, are
 Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
 For should their axle break, its overthrow
 Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd be-
 low: [could know:
 Nor friends their friends, nor fires their sons
 Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcase would re-
 main:
 But a mash'd heap, a hotch-potch of the slain.
 One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
 But bodies, like the soul, visibly are flown.
 Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate;
 The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
 Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
 The rubbers, and the bathing sheets display;
 And oil them first; and each is handy in his
 way.
 But he, for whom this busy care they take,
 Poor ghost! is wandering by the Stygian lake:
 Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
 New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
 His passage begs with unregarded prayer:
 And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.
 Return we to the dangers of the night;
 And, first, behold our houses dreadful height:
 From whence come broken potsherds tumbling
 down;
 And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown;
 Well may they break our heads, and mark the
 flinty stone.
 'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late,
 Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
 As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
 As there are waking windows in the street.
 Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
 To have a pipe-pot only for thy share.
 The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
 Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.

Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
 Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:
 'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
 A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
 Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
 He wants not wit the danger to decline.
 Is cautious to avoid the coach and fix,
 And on the lacquies will no quarrel fix.
 His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
 May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
 But me, who must by moon-light homeward
 bend,
 Or lighted only with a candle's end,
 Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
 He only cudgels, and I only bear.
 He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
 For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
 Where did you whet your knife to-night, he
 cries,
 And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
 Whose windy beans have stuff'd your guts, and where
 Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
 With what companion-cobler have you fed,
 On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
 What, are you dumb? Quick with your answer,
 quick,
 Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
 Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
 Or what church-porch, your roguishness may be
 found?
 Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
 He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
 Before the bar, for beating him you come;
 This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
 You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
 With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
 Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
 To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
 When every door with iron chains is barr'd,
 And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
 The ruffian-robbers by no justice aw'd,
 And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad,
 Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill,
 To save complaints and persecution, kill.
 Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders
 come
 To this vast city, as their native home;
 To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.
 The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
 Our iron-mines exhausted and destroy'd
 In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
 Goats for teams, and plough-shares for the
 Oh, happy ages of our ancestors, [plough.
 Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
 One jail did all their criminals restrain;
 Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain.
 More I could say, more causes I could show
 For my departure; but the sun is low:
 The waggoner grows weary of my stay;
 And whips his horses forwards on their way.
 Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with
 care,
 You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
 To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
 Be mindful of your friend; and send me word,
 What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:
 Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
 And add new venom when you write of Rome.

SATIRE IV.

TRANSLATED BY MR. —

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet in this satire first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a lash at in his first satire, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous prodigality and luxury in giving the price of an estate for a barbel; and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal subject, and true design of this satire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous story of a turbot presented to Domitian, of so vast a bigness that all the emperor's scullery had not a dish large enough to hold it; upon which the senate in all haste is summoned, to consult in this exigency, what is fittest to be done. The poet gives us a particular of the senators names, their distinct characters, and speeches, and advice; and after much and wise consultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the senate, and concludes the satire.

ONCE more Crispinus call'd upon the stage,
(Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my rage:
A monster, to whom ev'ry vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his fame.
Feeble and sick, yet strong in lust alone,
The rank adult'rer preys on all the town,
All but the widows nauseous charms go down. }
What matter then how stately is the arch
Where his tir'd mules flow with their burden
march?

What matter then how thick and long the shade
Through which, by sweating slaves, he is convey'd?
How many acres near the city-walls,
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man's happy; least of all is he
Whose study 'tis to corrupt chastity.
The incestuous brute, who the veil'd vestal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for her crime, if laws their course might
Ought to descend alive into the grave. [have,

But now of slighter faults; and yet the same
By others done, the censors justice claim.
For what good men ignoble count and base,
Is virtue here, and does Crispinus grace:
In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,
The person is more odious than the crime.
And so all satire's lost. The lavish slave
Six thousand pieces for a barbel gave;
A sesterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Give out, that hear great things, but greater say.
If by this bribe well-plac'd, he would ensnare
Some sapless usurer that wants an heir,
Or if this present the sly courtier meant,
Should to some punk of quality be sent,
That in her easy chair in state does ride,
The glasses all drawn up on ev'ry side,
I'd praise his cunning; but expect not this,
For his own gut he brought the stately fish.
Now ev'n Apicius frugal seems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.

Gave you, Crispinus, you this mighty sum? }
You, that, for want of other rags, did come,
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome.
Do scales and fins bear price to this excess?
You might have bought the fisherman for less.

For less some provinces whole acres sell,
Nay, in Apulia, if you bargain well,
A manor wou'd cost less than such a meal. }
What think we then of his luxurious lord?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When in one dish, that taken from the rest,
His constant table wou'd have hardly mist,
So many sesterces were swallow'd down,
To stuff one scarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chieftest
greet,

From crying stinking fish about her streets.

Begin, Calliope, but not to sing:
Plain, honest truth, we for our subject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids to tell
A downright narrative of what befel.
Afford me willingly your sacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have
styl'd you maids.

When he, with whom the Flavian race de- }
cay'd,
The groaning world with iron sceptre sway'd,
When a bald Nero reign'd, and servile Rome
obey'd.

Where Venus shrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbot taken of prodigious space,
Fill'd the extended net, not less than those
That dull Mæotis does with ice enclose,
Till conquer'd by the sun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their growth;
Fat with long ease, and a whole winter's sloth,
The wise commander of the boat and lines,
For our high-priest the stately prey designs;
For who that lordly fish durst sell or buy,
So many spies and court-informers nigh?
No shore but of this vermin swarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and sea-weed that would
swear,

The fish had long in Cæsar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled;
So, justly ought to be again restor'd:
Nay, if you credit sage Palphurius word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus skill,
Whatever fish the vulgar fry excel

U u ii

Belong to Cæsar, wheresoe'er they swim,
By their own worth confiscated to him.

The boatman then shall a wise present make,
And give the fish before the seizers take.
Now sickly autumn to dry frosts gave way,
Cold winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the prey;
Yet with such haste the busy fisher flew,
As if a hot south-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what re-
Of Alba, still her ancient rites retains, [mains
Still worships Vesta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay. [sort,

The wondring crowd that to strange sights re-
And chok'd a while his passage to the court,
At length gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
The turbut enters in, without the fathers wait.
The boatman strait does to Astrides press,
And thus presents his fish, and his address:

Accept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
Too great for private kitchens to contain.
To your glad genius sacrifice this day,
Let common meats respectfully give way.
Haste to unload your stomachs to receive
'This turbut, that for you did only live.
So long preserv'd to the imperial food,
Glad of the net, and to be taken proud. [well,

How fulsome this! how gross! yet this takes
And the vain prince with empty pride does swell.
Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to his face the worthless wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile court-flatt'ry to a god has rais'd.

But oh, hard fate! the palace stores no dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty fish.
To sage debate are summon'd all the peers,
His trusty and much-hated counsellors,
In whose pale look that ghastly terror sat,
That haunts the dangerous friendships of the great.

The loud Liburnian that the senate call'd,
Run, run; he's set, he's set, no sooner bawl'd,
But with his robe snatch'd up in haste does come
Pegasus, baliff of affrighted Rome.
What more were præfects then? The best he was,
And faithfullest expounder of the laws.
Yet in ill times, thought all things manag'd best,
When justice exercis'd her sword the least.

Old Crispus next, pleasant though old appears,
His wit nor humour yielding to his years.
His temper mild, good nature join'd with sense,
And manners charming as his eloquence.

Who sifter for a useful friend than he,
To the great ruler of the earth and sea, [free,
If as his thoughts were just, his tongue were }
If it were safe to vent his gen'rous mind

To Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind,
If cruel pow'r could soft'ning counsel bear?
But what's so tender as a tyrant's ear?
With whom whoever, though a fav'rite spake,
At ev'ry sentence set his life at stake,

Though the discourse were of no weightier things,
Than sultry summers, or unhealthful springs.
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak arms to stem the stronger tide.
Nor did all Rome, grown spiritless, supply
A man that for bold truth durst bravely die.
So safe by wise complying silence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourscore summers see.

Next him Acilius, though his age the same,
With eager haste to the grand council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.
(But 'tis long since old age began to be
In noble blood no less than prodigy,
Whence 'tis I'd rather be of giants birth,
A pigmy-brother to those sons of earth).
Unhappy youth! whom, from his destin'd end,
No well dissembled madness could defend;
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting spear.

Who sees not now through the lord's thin disguise?
That long seem'd fools to prove at last more wise
That state-court trick is now too open laid,
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd?
Those honest times might swallow this pretence,
When the king's beard was deeper than his sense.

Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face,
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward shame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.
Worse, yet in scandal taking more delight,
Than the vile Pathic that durst satire write.

Montanus belly next, advancing slow
Before the sweating senator did go.

Crispinus after, but much sweeter comes,
Scented with costly oils and eastern gums,
More than would serve two fun'ral perfumes. }

Then Pompey, none more skill'd in the court-
game

Of cutting throats, with a soft whisper, came.

Next Fuscus, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reserv'd a prey,
Till having study'd war enough at home,
He led abroad the unhappy arms of Rome.

Cunning Vejento next, and by his side
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide.
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply smit with charms he could not see.
A monster, that even this worst age out-vies,
Conspicuous, and above the common size.
A blind base flatt'rer, from some bridge or gate,
Rais'd to murdering minister of state.
Deserving still to beg upon the road,
And bleis each passing waggon and its load.
None more admir'd the fish; he in its praise
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raise,
But to the left all his fine things did say,
Whilst on his right the unseen turbut lay.

So he the fam'd Cilician fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder seem'd amaz'd.
So did the scenes and stage machines admire,
And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.

Nor came Vegento short; but as inspir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury hr'd,
Turns prophet: see, the mighty omen, see,
He cries, of some illustrious victory!
Some captive king, thee his new lord shall own,
Or from his British chariot headlong thrown
The proud Aviragus came tumbling down!
The monster's foreign. Mark the pointed spears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!
Who nobler could, or plainer things presage?
Yet one thing 'leap'd him, the prophetic rage
Show'd not the turbut's country, nor its age. }

At length by Cæsar the grand question's put:
My lords, your judgment: shall the fish be cut?

Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;
Let's not dishonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of finest earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some skilful quick Prometheus must provide.
Clay and the forming earth prepare with speed.
But Cæsar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progress wait,
'T' assist in these emergencies of state.

This council pleas'd; nor cou'd it fail to take,
So fit, so worthy of the man that spake.
The old court riots he remember'd well,
Could tales of Nero's midnight suppers tell,
When Falern wines the lab'ring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled false desire.
In arts of eating none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal skill attain'd.
He whither Circe's rock his oysters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian shore,

Knew at first taste, nay, at first sight cou'd tell,
A crab or lobster's country by its shell.

They rise, and straight all, with respectful
awe,

At the word giv'n, obsequiously withdraw,
Whom full of eager haste, surprise, and fear,
Our mighty prince had summon'd to appear;
As if some news he'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expresses from all parts had come
With fresh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.

What folly this! but oh! that all the rest
Of his dire reign had thus been spent in jest!
And all that time such trifles had employ'd,
In which so many nobles he destroy'd!
He safe, they unreveng'd, to the disgrace
Of the surviving, tame, patrician race!
But when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom so many lords had slain, they slew.

SATIRE V.

TRANSLATED BY MR. W. BOWLES,

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet dissuades a parasite from frequenting the tables of great men, where he is certain to be treated with the highest scorn and contempt: and, at the same time, inveighs against the luxury and insolence of the Roman nobility.

IF harden'd by affronts, and still the same,
Lost to all sense of honour, and of shame, [board,
Thou yet canst love to haunt the great man's
And think no supper good but with a lord:
If yet thou canst hold out, and suffer more
Than lewd Sarmenus, or vile Galba bore,
Thy solemn oath ought to be set aside:
But sure the belly's easily supply'd.
Suppose, what frugal Nature wou'd suffice,
Suppose that wanting, hunger is not nice.
Is no bridge vacant, no convenient seat,
Where thou may'st cringe, and gnaw thy broken
meat,

And with a matt, and crutch, and ty'd up leg,
More honestly and honourably beg?

First, if he please to say, sit down, and smile
Behold the full reward of all thy toil!

All thy old services are largely paid,
And thou a proud and happy man art made.

See! of thy boasted friendship, see the fruits!
And these too he upbraids, and these imputes.

If after two cold months thy lord think fit
His poor, neglected client to admit,

And say, sup with me, thou hast thy desire,
Be thankful, mortal, and no more require.

Thus blest, must Trebius to his levees run,
When the stars languish near the rising sun;

Break off sweet slumbers, drowsy, and undrest,
To show his zeal, and to prevent the rest;

Run to prevent the fawning humble train,
While slow Bootes drives his frozen wain.

Perhaps the gen'rous entertainment may
For all the state and dear attendance pay.

For him is kept a liquor more divine,
You sponges must be drunk with lees of wine,

Drunk for your patron's pleasure and his jest;
Then raving like a coribas posselt,

Thou and the freed-men first begin to jar,
From mutual jeers the prelude to the war;

Thou and thy fellow parasites engage,
And battle with a troop of servants wage;

Then glasses and Saguntine pitchers fly,
And broken pates discolour'd napkins dye.

While happy he, stretch'd, on his couch, supine
Looks on with scorn, and drinks old gen'rous wine,

Prest from the grape, when warlike Rome was
But kindly, never sends one glass to thee. [free,

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling Alban, or Setine,

Whose title, and whose age, with mould o'ergrown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown:

Such bold Helvidius drank, and Thrasca crown'd
With garlands, when the flowing bowl went

round

On Brutus birth-day: and to raise delight,
To please at once the taste, and charm the sight,

He in bright amber drinks, or brighter gold,
And cups with shining berils set does hold.

Thou art not suffer'd or to touch or taste;
And if thou dar'st, a guard on thee is plac'd

To watch the gems. This may perhaps surprise
But, Sir, you'll pardon, they are stones of price,

For Firro does, as many do of late,
Gems from his fingers to his cups translate,
Which the bold youth to Dido's love preferr'd,
Wore on the scabbard of his shining sword.
Thou may'st at distance gaze, and sigh in vain,
A crack'd black pot's reserv'd for thee to drain.

If his blood boil, and th' adventitious fire
Rais'd by high meats, and higher wines, require
To temper and allay the burning heat,
Waters are brought, which by decoction get
New coolness, such plain nature does not know,
Not ice so cool, nor hyperborean snow.
Did I complain but now, and justly too,
That the same wine is not allow'd to you?
Another water's reach'd you, when you call,
From hands of Moorish footmen, lean and tall;
The grim attendance he assigns t' affright
Rather than wait; rogues who wou'd scare by
night

If met among the tombs; the ghastly slaves
Look as if newly started from their graves.
Before himself the flower of Asia stands,
To watch his looks, and to receive commands.
A boy of such a price as had undone
Old Roman kings, and drain'd the treasure of a
If thou or any of thy tribe want wine, [crown.
Look back, and give thy Ganymedes th' sign.
The lovely boy, and bought at such a rate,
Is much too handsome, and too proud to wait
On the despis'd and poor: will he descend
To give a glass to a declining friend?
No, his good mien, his youth, and blooming face
Tempt him to think, that with a better grace
Himself might sit, and thou supply his place. }
Behold there yet remains, which must be borne,
Proud servants more insufferable scorn.

With what disdain another gave thee bread!
The meanest wretches are with better fed:
Th' impenetrable crust thy teeth defies,
And petrify'd with age securely lies:
Hard, mouldy, black, if thou presume t' invade,
With sacrilegious hands, thy patron's bread,
There stands a servant ready to chastise
Your insolence, and teach you to be wise.
Will you a bold intruder, ever learn
To know your basket, and your bread discern?
'Tis just, ye gods! and what I well deserve;
Why did not I more honourably starve?
Did I for this abandon wife and bed?
For this, alas! by vain ambition led,
Through cold Esquilæ run so oft, and bear
The storms and fury of the vernal air,
And then with cloak wet through attend, and
dropping hair?

See! by the tallest servant borne on high,
A sturgeon fills the largest dish and eye!
With how much pomp he's plac'd upon the board!
With what a tail and breast salutes his lord!
With what expence and art, how richly drest!
Garnish'd with sparagus, himself a feast!
Thou art to one small dismal dish confin'd,
A crab ill drest, and of the vilest kind.

He on his own fish pour the noblest oil,
The product of Venatrum's happy soil.
That to your marcid dying herbs assign'd,
By the rank smell and taste betrays its kind,
By Moors imported, and for lamps alone design,

Well rubb'd with this, when Boccar comes to
town,

He makes the theatres and baths his own,
All round from him, as from th' infected run,
The pois'nous stink ev'n their own serpents shun.

Behold a mullet ev'n from Corfu brought!

Or near the rocks of Taurominium caught.

Since our own seas no longer can supply,

Exhausted by our boundless luxury:

The secret deep can no protection give,

No Tyrrhene fish is suffer'd now to live

To his just growth. The provinces from far

Furnish our kitchens, and revenge our war.

Baits for the rich, and childless they supply;

Aurelia thence must sell, and Lenas buy.

The largest lamprey which their seas afford,

Is made a sacrifice to Virro's board.

When Auster to the Æolian caves retires

With dropping wings, and murmuring there re-
spires,

Rash daring nets, in hope of such a prize,
Garybdis, and the treacherous deep despise.

An eel for you remains, in Tiber bred,

With foulest mud, and the rank ordure fed,

Discharg'd by common shores from all the town;

No secret passage was to him unknown;

In ev'ry noisome sink the serpent slept,

And through dark vaults oft to Suburra crept.

One word to Virro now, if he can bear,

And 'tis a truth which he's not us'd to hear;

No man expects, (for whom so much a sot,

Who has the times he lives in so forgot?)

What Seneca, what Piso us'd to send,

To raise, or too support a sinking friend.

Those godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,

Bounty well-plac'd preferr'd, and well design'd,

To all their titles, all their height of po'wr,

Which turns the brains of fools, and fools alone
adore.

When your poor client is condemn'd t' attend,

'Tis all we ask, receive him like a friend,

At least, let him be easy if you can,

Let him be treated like a free-born man.

Descend to this, and then we ask no more,

Rich to yourself, to all beside be poor.

Near him is plac'd the liver of a goose,

That part alone which luxury wou'd choose,

A boar entire, and worthy of the sword

Of Meleager, smokes upon the board.

Next mushrooms, larger when the clouds descend

In fruitful showers, and desir'd thunders rend

The vernal air. No more plough up the ground,

O Lybia, where such mushrooms can be found,

Aledius cries, but furnish us with store

Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more,

Meanwhile thy indignation yet to raise,

The carver dancing round each dish surveys,

With flying knife; and as his art directs,

With proper gestures ev'ry fowl dissects,

A thing of so great moment to their taste,

That one false slip had surely marr'd the feast.

If thou dare murmur, if thou dare complain

With freedom, like a Roman gentleman,

Thou'rt seiz'd immediately by his commands,

And dragg'd, like Cacus, by Herculean hands

Out from his presence. When does haughty he

Descend to take a glass once touch'd by thee?

That wretch were lost, who shou'd presume to think
He might be free, who durst say, come, Sir, drink,
Will any freedom here from you be borne
Whose clothes are threadbare, and whose cloaks
are torn?

Wou'd any god, or godlike man below,
Four hundred thousand Sesterces bestow!
How mightily wou'd Trebius be improv'd,
How much a friend to Virro, how belov'd!
Will Trebius eat of this? What for attends
My brother? Who carves to my best of friends?
O Sesterces, this honour's done to you!
You are his friends, and you his brethren too.
Wouldst thou become his patron and his lord;
Wouldst thou be in thy turn by him ador'd?
No young Æneas in thy hall must play,
Nor sweeter daughter lead thy heart astray.
O how a barren wife does recommend!
How dear, how pleasant is a childless friend?
But if thy Mycale, thy teeming wife
Pour out three boys, the comfort of thy life;
He too will in the prating nest rejoice,
Farthings and nuts provide, and various toys,
For the young smiling parasites, the wanton boys.
He viler friends with doubtful mushrooms treats,
Secure for you, himself champignons eats;
Such Claudius lov'd, of the same sort and taste,
Till Agrippina kindly gave the last,
To him are order'd, and those happy few
Whom fate has rais'd above contempt and you,
Most fragrant fruits, such in Phœcian gardens
grew;
Where a perpetual autumn ever smil'd,
And golden apples loaded branches fill'd.
By such swift Atalanta was betray'd,
The vegetable gold soon stopt the flying maid.

To you such scabb'd harsh fruit is giv'n, as raw
Young soldiers at their exercisings gnaw,
Who trembling learn to throw the fatal dart,
And under rods of rough centurions smart.
Thou tak'st all this as done to save expence;
No! 'tis on purpose done to give offence:
What comedy, what farce can more delight,
Than grinning hunger, and the pleasing sight
Of your bilk'd hopes? No! he's resolv'd t' extort
Tears from your eyes: 'tis barb'rous jest and sport.
Thou think'st thyself companion of the great,
Art free and happy in thy own conceit.
He thinks thou'rt tempted by th' attractive smell
Of his warm kitchen, and he judges well.
For who so naked, in whose empty veins
One single drop of noble blood remains;
What freeborn man, who, though of mungrel
strain,
Wou'd twice support the scorn, and proud disdain
With which those idols you adore, the great,
Their wretched vassals and dependants treat?
O slaves most abject! you still gaping sit,
Devouring with your eyes each pleasing bit;
Now sure we parasites at last shall share
That boar, and now that wild-fowl, or that hare;
Thus you expecting gaze, with your teeth set;
With your bread ready, and your knives well
whet;
Demure and silent; but, alas! in vain;
He mocks your hunger, and derides your pain.
If you can bear all this, and think him kind,
You well deserve the treatment which you find.
At last thou wilt beneath the burthen bow,
And, glad, receive the manumitting blow
On thy slav'd slavish head; meanwhile attend,
Worthy of such a treat, and such a friend.

S A T I R E VI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. It is indeed a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest raileries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole-matter he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires; and truly he had need of all his parts to maintain, with so much violence, so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that consideration chiefly I ventured to translate him. Though there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who

could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principle members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced: and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished; or at least, that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them: and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippias, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with his text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted; and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys and fencers. These who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only, for their vast dowries, are rather suffered than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives: set up for learning and criticism in poetry; but are false judges. Love to speak Greek (which was then the fashionable tongue, as the French is now with us.) That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are fluttish with their husbands in private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miscarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husbands sons, if they stand in their way to his estate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to show the occasion of all these vices, their original and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we, will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general standing rule: and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chastity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were
spread

By mountain-housewives for their homely bed,
And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's
head.

Unlike the niceness of our modern dames
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names):
The Cynthia's and the Lesbia's of our years,
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.
Those first unpolish'd matron's, big and bold,
Gave suck to infants of gigantic mold;
Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
And, sat with acorns, belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was bucksome, fresh, and
young,

Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;
And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the timid oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No fires they had, or, if a fire, the sun.
Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were enclos'd.
At length uneasy justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
From that old era whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the sin.

Adulterers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and silver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding ring perhaps already bought:
A sober man like thee, to change his life!
What fury would possess thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratbane, no kind halter left?
(For every noose compar'd to her's is cheap)
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'st thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more.
When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
But still Urfidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a son to settle his estate,
And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
Would gladly grease the rich old bachelor.
What revolution can appear so strange,
As such a leacher such a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his neck into the marriage-nose?
He who so often with a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's fight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein;

But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore.
On Ceres' feast restrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curse the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed,
Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant!
She sooner with one eye would be content.

And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
In some small village, though fame says not where:
'Tis possible; but sure no man she found;
'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet some lustful god might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread,
And much good love without a feather-bed.
Whither wouldst thou to choose a wife resort,
The park, the mall, the play-house, or the court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all.

One sees a dancing-master capering high,
And raves, and piffes, with pure extasy:
And one is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the song, but on the finger dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in passion both at eyes and ears.

The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refresh and cheer their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the player's parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch to make the singing-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his
voice.

Tragedians, acting love, for lust are fought
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought).
The pleading lawyer, though for counsel us'd,
In chamber practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs
(The product of concurring theatres).
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword-man to thy lands is born.

Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the sword:
To wondering Pharos with her love she fled,
To show one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband left behind
Ev'n children too; she sails before the wind;
False to them all, but constant to her kind,
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred.
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring not the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattress is content to sleep.

Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But had some honest cause her passage prest,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:

Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But woman-kind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board;
She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord:
And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
What youth, what beauty, could th' adulterer
boast?

What was the face, for which she could sustain
To be call'd mistress to so base a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the best:
Deep scars were seen indented on his breast;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their need-
ful rest.

A promontory wen, with grievous grace,
Stood high upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin,
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms, and blood, and cruelty, they love.
But should he quit his trade, and sheath his
sword,

Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you shall hear
What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old fluggard but began to snore,
When from his side uprose th' imperial whore:
She who prefer'd the pleasures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight:
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more masculine embrace:
Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in secret service she could trust;
The rival and companion of her lust.

To the known brothel-house she takes her way;
And for a nasty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankest harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
With heaving breasts, and with desiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
At length, when friendly darkness is expir'd,
And every strumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and lingering at the gate,
With a repining sigh submits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unsated with the sin.
Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks;
The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.

Now should I sing what poisons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beside;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own.
Cæsinia still, they say, is guiltless found
Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well she may, she brought ten thousand
pound.

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters fast;

He sighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
Who would not do as much for such a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.

These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
But know him better; for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away:
You grow offensive both at bed and board:
Your betters must be had to please my lord.

Meantime she's absolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, loses none:
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more
fine

Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train she craves:
And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
Makes houses white, she to the merchant goes;
Rich chrystals of the rock she takes up there,
Huge agate vases, and old china-ware:

But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands, and their brothers arms;
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.

A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight!
Some country-girl, scarce to a courtesey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.

O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go:
But fullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
Ev'n her, who did her numerous offspring boast,
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.

What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price? If stately and severe,
She still insults, and you must still adore;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays, [praise:
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you
Som' faults, though small, intolerable grow;
For what so nauseous and affected too,
As those that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?
In Greece their whole accomplishments they seek:
Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:
But raw, in all that does to Rome belong,
They scorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.

In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:
Ev'n in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young:
But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
Is showing of thy parts in Greek for thee?

Ζωή καὶ ψυχὴ! All those tender words
The momentary trembling bliss affords
The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets
Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.

If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
What reason should thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of thy nuptial feast,
Wine and deserts, and sweetmeats to digest?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their first and only happy night?

If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;
Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
The better husband makes the wife the worse.

Nothing is thine, to give, or sell, or buy
All offices of ancient friendship die;
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy testament's her will; where she prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.

Go drag that slave to death: your reason, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'st thou that slave a man, the wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the sov'reign pow'r to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will.

Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with
change,

Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject-husband she desires,
Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So still the reckoning rises; and appears,
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-stone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.

Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her how to flea
Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.
Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?

Her interest is in all th' advice she gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.

No cause is try'd at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the process, all the briefs they write;
The topics furnish, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite.

They turn viragos too; the wrestler's toil
They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil:
Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
Flourish the sword, and at the flastron push.

Of every exercise the manish crew
Fulfil the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the stage.

What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?

Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
For frothy praises and an empty name.

Oh what a decent sight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction sold!
The belt, the crusted plume, the several suits
Of armour, and the Spanish-leather boots!
Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd silks, and under farcenet sweat.

Behold the strutting Amazonian whore
She stands in guard with her right-foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions just,
She stamps, and then cries hah! at every thrust.
The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.

Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conscious of crimes herself, she teazes first;
Thy servants are accus'd; thy whore is curst;
She acts the jealous, and at will she cries:
For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
And suck'st between her lips the falling tear:
But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each tiller there with love-epistles lin'd.

Suppose her taken in a close embrace,
This you would think so manifest a case,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence outface;
And yet, ev'n then, she cries, the marriage-vow
A mental reservation must allow;

And there's a silent bargain still imply'd,
The parties should be pleas'd on either side:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Though men yourselves, and women as you call,
Yet *homo* is a common name for all.

There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?

Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-roof'd houses, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas
A frugal sleep supply'd the quiet night, [light,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held them
straight;

When Hannibal was hovering at the gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,
We suffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,

And wasteful riot, whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious
arms.

No crime, no lustful postures are unknown;
Since poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:
Since gold obscene, and silver, found the way,
Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
And our plain simple manners to betray.

What care our drunken dames to whom they
spread?

Wine no distinction makes of tail or head.
Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot cringoes and fat oysters call:
Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust;
Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.

Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
At modesty's old statue; when by night
They make a stand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.

The secrets of the goddess nam'd the good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers understood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair;
And toss their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies;
For here, not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife;
'Tis downright lust, and acted to the life.
So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
That, looking on, would make old Nestor young.

Impatient of delay, a general sound,
And universal groan of lust, goes round;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found.
Now is the time of action: Now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty lovers in.
The whoresons are asleep; then bring the slaves,
And watermen, a race of strong-back'd knaves.

I wish, at least, our sacred rites were free
From those pollutions of obscenity:
But 'tis well known what finger, how disguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpris'd;
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument;
A grateful present to those holy choirs,
Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modestly are veil'd,
Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd;
No scoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at every altar they abound.

I hear your cautious counsel, you would say,
Keep close your women under lock and key:
But, who shall keep those keepers? Women, nurse,
In craft: begin with those, and bribe them first.
The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And mistresses and maids are both the same.

The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try:
But women have no shame of poverty:

'They live beyond their stint; as if their store,
The more exhausted, would increase the more:
Some men, instructed by the labouring ant,
Provide against th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear:
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

If songs they love, the finger's voice they force
Beyond his compass till his quail-pipe's hoarse;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
And make love to it, in the master's place.

A certain lady once, of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
That Pollio might, in singing, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd and brib'd; what could she more have
done

For a sick husband, or an only son?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;
The forms of prayer she solemnly pursues:
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
Answer, ye powers; for, if you heard her vow,
Your godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all; for actors they implore:
An impudence not known to heaven before.
Th' Aruspex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the gout.
But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If she loves singing, let her sing at home;
Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.

Their endless itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others say.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France, is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdame and the son.
Tell who loves who, what favours some partake:
And who is jilted for another's sake.

What pregnant widow in what month was made,
How oft she did, and doing, what she said.
She, first, beholds the raging comet rise:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroys.
Still for the newest news she lies in wait;
And takes reports just entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires: whatever she can meet,
She spreads, and is the fame of every street.

This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
A very judgment, and her neighbour's curse;
For, if their barking dog disturb her ease,
No prayer can bind her, no excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
Must feel the scourge: by night she leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,

That marching armies a less noise create;
She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.
Meanwhile, her guests their appetites must keep;
Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.
At length she comes, all flush'd; but ere she sup,
Swallows a swinging preparation-cup;
And then, to clear her stomach, spews it up.
The deluge vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the sour savour nauseates every nose.
She drinks again; again she spews a lake;
Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak:

But mutters many a curse against his wife;
And damns himself for chusing such a life.

But of all the plagues the greatest is untold;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame who at her table sits:
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-plust in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the labouring moon.
Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long:
But she who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard;
And mix among the philosophic herd.

O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school,
Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.
The gaudy gossip, when she's set agog,
In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justify'd.
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.

She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Meantime, it lies in dawb, and hid in grease;
Those are the husband's nights; she craves her
due,

He takes fat kisses, and, is stuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adulterer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come:
How haggardly so'er she looks at home.
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restor'd to every grace,
The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
Are polish'd with a wash of asses milk;
And should she to the farthest north be sent,
A train of these attend her banishment.
But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.

'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away,
For, if o'er night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dresser are call'd whores;
The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
And he himself is warn'd, to wake another time.

She hires tormenters by the year; she treats
Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids them in the devil's name be gone.

Compar'd with such a proud, insulting dame,
 Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
 For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
 Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of prayer)
 She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
 Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
 Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
 Trembling, considers every sacred hair;
 If any straggler from his rank be found,
 A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
 Psecas is not in fault: but, in the glass,
 The dame's offended at her own ill face.
 The maid is banish'd; and another girl
 More dextrous, manages the comb and curl;
 The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;
 And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
 The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
 As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
 Such counsel, such deliberate care, they take,
 As if her life and honour lay at stake:
 With curls on curls, they build her head before,
 And mount it with a formidable tower.
 A giantess she seems; but look behind,
 And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
 Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
 That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
 Meanwhile, her husband's whole estate is spent!
 He may go bare, while she receives his rent.
 She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,
 But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
 Near him, in this alone, that she extends
 Her hate to all his servants and his friends.

Bellona's priests, an eunuch at their head,
 About the streets a mad procession lead;
 The venerable guelding, large, and high,
 O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
 His awkward clergymen about him prance;
 And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance.
 Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
 And dire presages of the year foretels.
 Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
 To expiate, and avert the autumnal blast.
 And add beside a murrey-colour'd vest,
 Which, in their places, may receive the pest:
 And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
 To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
 Th' astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest;
 That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.

Through you they beat, and plunge into the
 stream,
 If so the god has warn'd them in a dream.
 Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
 On their bare hands and feet they crawl along }
 A whole field's length, the laughter of the }
 throng.
 Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command
 A pilgrimage to Mero's burning sand,
 Through deserts they would seek the secret spring;
 A holy water for lustration bring.
 How can they pay their priests too much respect,
 Who trade with heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
 With him, domestic gods discourse by night:
 By day, attended by his choir in white,
 The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the
 street,
 And smile to see with how much ease they cheat.
 The ghostly fire forgives the wife's delights,
 Who sins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;

And tempts her husband in the holy time,
 When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
 The sweating image shakes his head, but he
 With mumbled prayers atones the deity.
 The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
 And they once brib'd, the god-head must forgive.
 No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
 A gypsy Jewess whispers in your ear,
 And begs an alms: an high-priests daughter she, }
 Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
 And prophecies beneath a shady tree.
 Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
 She strolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
 Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees;
 Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
 Foretells th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
 And fees a sweet-heart in the sacrifice.
 Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can disclose:
 Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
 In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes;
 And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
 For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
 For gain will his accomplices accuse.

More credit, yet, is to the Chaldeans given;
 What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heaven.
 Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
 Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
 And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
 Believes what fond astrologers relate.

Of these the most in vogue is he who, sent
 Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
 His art who to aspiring Otho sold;
 And sure succession to the crown foretold.
 For his esteem is in his exile plac'd;
 The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.
 No astrologic wizard honour gains,
 Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
 He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
 But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.

From him your wife inquires the planets' will,
 When the black jaundice shall her mother kill:
 Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know:
 But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
 And, what's the greatest gift that heaven can give,
 If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
 She neither knows nor cares to know the rest;
 If Mars and Saturn shall the world infect;
 Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
 Will interpose, and bring us better days.

Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
 Who in these studies does herself delight,
 By whom a greasy almanack is borne,
 With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn:
 Not now consulting, but consulted, she
 Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
 She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
 Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
 If but a mile she travel out of town,
 The planetary hour must first be known,
 And lucky moment; if her eye but aches
 Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
 No nourishment receives in her disease;
 But what the stars and Ptolemy shall please.
 The middle sort, who have not much to spare, }
 To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
 Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines }
 more fair.

But rich the matron, who has more to give,
 Her answers from the Brachman will receive;

Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.

The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take
The trusty taylor, and the cook forsake.

Yet these, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurses, their own infants rear.
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever stops she will have bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-slaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for saving at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'st be father to an Æthiop's son.
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that, should he cross the way,
His omen would discolour all the day.

I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her blessing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
And makes provision for him, as her own.

The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
And philters for th' unable husband buys:
The potion works not on the part design'd;
But turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.
The sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
Sees his own business by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumbing frost,
Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and
rave,

Like that Cæsonia to her Caius gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the sole
His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The thunderer was not half so much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
What woman will not use the poisoning trade,
When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made;

Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a flustering, old, unuseful sot;
That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
And sent his godhead downward to the skies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword;
Nor spares the common, when it strikes the lord.
So many mischiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one single poisoner cost mankind.

If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial trespass; let them have their will:
But let the child, intrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food she reaches with her hand;
The morsel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.

You think this feign'd; the satire in a rage
Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
Forgets his business is to laugh and bite;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable, that you read;
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (she confesses) in the fact was caught,
Two sons dispatching at one deadly draught.
What two! Two sons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, seven, she cries, if seven were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lie;
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Less admiration to great crimes is due, [pursue.
Which they through wrath, or through revenge,
For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
The sex is hurry'd headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into seas, is borne.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought
begin:

And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lapdog sooner than their lord.
Where'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemnestras grow in every street:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone:
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts:
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

S A T I R E VII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE hope and encouragement of all the learned, is only reposed in Cæsar; whether in Domitian, Nervæ, or Trajan, is left doubtful by the poet. The nobility, which in reason ought to patronize poetry, and reward it, are now grown sordidly covetous; and think it enough for them barely to praise

the writers, or to write ill verses themselves. This gives occasion to our author, to lament likewise the hard fortune and necessities of other arts, and their professors; particularly historians, lawyers, rhetoricians, and grammarians.

ON Cæsar all our studies must depend;
For Cæsar is alone the muses friend:
When now the celebrated wits, for need
Hire Bagnio's, to the crier's trade succeed,
Or get their own, by baking other's bread;
Or by the porter's lodge, with beggars, wait
For greasy fragments at the great man's gate.
'Tis better, so; if thy poetic sob
Refuse to pay an ordinary's club;
And much more honest, to be hir'd, and stand
With auctionary hammer in thy hand,
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the fold household stuff, or picture's price;
Exposing play-books, full of fastian lines,
Or the dull libraries of dead divines.

Ev'n this is better, though 'tis hardly got,
Than be a perjurd witness of a plot,
To swear he saw three inches through a door,
As Asiatic evidences swore;
Who hither coming, out at heels and knees,
For this had pensions, titles, and degrees.

Henceforward let no poet fear to starve,
Cæsar will give, if we can but deserve.
Tune all your lyres, the monarch's praise invites
The lab'ring muse, and vast reward excites.
But if from other hands than his, you think
To find supply, 'tis loss of pen and ink:
Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths through written pages eat their way:
Your wars, your loves, your praises be forgot,
And make of all an universal blot.
The muses ground is barren desert all,
If no support from Cæsar's bounty fall;
The rest is empty praise, an ivy crown,
Or the lean statue of a starv'd renown.

For now the cunning patron never pays,
But thinks he gives enough, in giving praise;
Extols the poem, and the poets vein,
As boys admire the peacock's gaudy train:
Meanwhile thy manhood, fit for toils and wars,
Patient of seas, and storms, and household cares,
Ebbs out apace, and all thy strength impairs.
Old age, with silent pace, comes creeping on,
Nauseates the praise, which in her youth she won,
And hates the muse by which she was undone.

The tricks of thy base patron now behold,
To spare his purse, and save his darling gold:
In his own coin the starving wit he treats;
Himself makes verses, which himself repeats;
And yields to Homer on no other score,
Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.
But if to fame alone thou dost pretend,
The miser will his empty palace lend;
Set wide his doors, adorn'd with plated brass,
Where doves, as at a city-gate may pass;
A spacious hall afford thee to rehearse,
And send his clients to applaud thy verse;
But not one farthing to defray the costs
Of carpenters, the pulpit, and the posts.

House-room that costs him nothing, he bestows,
Yet still we scribble on, though still we lose;
We drudge, and cultivate with care, a ground
Where no return of gain was ever found:

The charms of poetry our souls bewitch;
The curse of writing is an endless itch.

But he whose noble genius is allow'd;
Who with stretch'd pinions soars above the crowd;
Who mighty thought can clothe with manly drefs;
He, who I fancy, but can ne'er express;
Such, such a wit, though rarely to be found,
Must be secure from want, if not abound.
Nice is his make, impatient of the war,
Avoiding bus'ness, and abhorring care;
He must have groves, and lonely fountains choose,
And easy solitudes to bait his muse;
Unvex'd with thought of wants, which may be-
tide,

Or for to morrow's dinner to provide.
Horace ne'er wrote but with a rosy cheek,
His belly pamp'rd, and his sides were sleek,
A wit should have no care, or this alone,
To make his rising numbers justly run.
Phœbus and Bacchus, those two jolly gods,
Bear no starv'd poets to their blest abodes.
'Tis not for hungry wit, with wants controll'd,
The face of Jove in council to behold:
Or fierce Alceto, when her brand she toss'd,
Betwixt the Trojan and Rutulian host:
If Virgil's suit Mæcenas had not sped,
And sent Alexis to the poet's bed,
The crested snakes had dropt upon the ground,
And the loud trumpet languish'd in the sound.

Yet we expect that Lappa's muse should please,
As much as did immortal Sophocles;
When he his dishes and his clothes has sent
To pawn, for payment of a quarter's rent:
His patron Numitor will nothing lend,
Pleads want of money to his wretched friend,
Yet can large presents to his harlot send;
Can purchase a tame lion, and can treat
The kingly slave with sev'ral sorts of meat:
It seems he thinks th' expence is more, to feast
The famish'd poet, than the hungry beast.

Lucan, content with praise, may lie at ease
In costly grotts, and marble palaces:
But to poor Bassus what avails a name;
To starve on compliments, and empty fame?

All Rome is pleas'd, when Statius will rehearse,
And longing crowds expect the promis'd verse:
His lofty numbers with so great a gust
They hear, and swallow with such eager lust:
But, while the common suffrage crown'd his cause,
And broke the benches with their loud applause;
His muse had starv'd, had not a piece unread,
And by a player bought, supply'd her bread.

He could dispose of honours, and commands,
The pow'r of Rome was in an actor's hands;
The peaceful gown, and military sword:
The bounteous play'r out-give the pinching lord.
And would thou, poet, rise before the sun,
And to his honour's lazy levee run?
Stick to the stage, and leave thy sordid peer;
And yet, heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with hardship
there.

The former age did one Mæcenas see,
One giving lord of happy memory.

Then, then, 'twas worth a writer's pains, to pine,
Look pale, and all December taste no wine.

Such is the poet's lot: what luckier fate
Does on the works of grave historians wait?
More time they spend, in greater toils engage;
Their volumes swell beyond the thousandth page:
For thus the laws of history command;
And much good paper suffers in their hand.
What harvest rises from this labour'd ground?
Where they get pence, a clerk can get a pound.
A lazy tribe, just of the poet's pitch,
Who think themselves above the growing rich.

Next show me the well-lung'd Civilian's gain,
Who bears in triumph an artill'ry train
Of chancery libels; opens first the cause,
Then with a pick-lock tongue perverts the laws;
Talks loud enough in conscience for his fee,
Takes care his client all his zeal may see;
Twitch'd by the sleeve, he mouths it more and
more,

Till with white froth his gown is flaver'd o'er.
Ask what he gains by all this lying prate,
A captain's plunder trebles his estate.
The magistrate assumes his awful seat;
Stand forth, pale Ajax, and thy speech repeat:
Assert thy client's freedom; bawl, and tear
So loud, thy country-judge at least may hear,
If not discern; and when thy lungs are sore,
Hang up the victor's garland at thy door:
Ask for what price thy venial tongue was sold:
A rusty gammon of some sev'n years' old:
Tough, wither'd treasures; rosy wine, a dish
Of shotten herrings, or stale stinking fish.
For four times talking, if one piece thou take,
That must be cantled, and the judge go snack.
'Tis true, Emilius takes a five-fold fee,
Though some plead better, with more law than he:
But then he keeps his coach, six Flanders mares
Draw him in state; whenever he appears:
He shows his statue too, where plac'd on high,
The ginnel, underneath him, seems to fly;
While with a lifted spear, in armour bright,
His aiming figure meditates a fight.
With arts like these, rich Matho when he speaks,
Attracts all fees, and little lawyers breaks.

Tongillus, very poor, has yet an itch
Of gaining wealth, by feigning to be rich;
Bathes often, and in state, and proudly vain,
Sweeps through the streets with a long dirty
train:

From thence with lackeys running by his side,
High on the backs of brawney slaves will ride,
In a long litter, through the market-place;
And with a nod the distant rabble grace:
Clad in a gown, that glows with Tyrian dye,
Surveys rich moveables with curious eye,
Beats down the price, and threatens still to buy.
Nor can I wonder at such tricks as these,
The purple garments raise the lawyer's fees:
And sell him dearer to the fool that buys;
High pomp and state are useful properties.
The luxury of Rome will know no end;
For still the less we have, the more we spend.

Trust eloquence to show our parts and breeding!
Not Tully now could get ten groats by pleading;
Unless the diamond glitter'd on his hand;
Wealth's all the rhet'ric clients understand;

Without large equipage, and loud expence,
The prince of orators would scarce speak sense.
Paulus, who with magnificence did plead,
Grew rich, while tatter'd Gallus begg'd his bread,
Who to poor Basilus his cause would trust,
Though ne'er so full of pity, ne'er so just?
His clients, unregarded, claim their due:
For eloquence in rags was never true.
Go, wretch, thy pleadings into Afric send;
Or France, where merit never needs a friend.

But oh, what stock of patience wants the fool,
Who wastes his time and breath in teaching
school!

To hear the speeches of declaiming boys,
Deposing tyrants with eternal noise!
Sitting or standing, still confin'd to roar
In the same verse, the same rules o'er and o'er:
What kind the speech, what colours, how to purge
Objections, state the case, and reasons urge.
All would learn these; but at the quarter-day,
Few parents will the pedant's labour pay.
Pay, Sir! for what? The scholar knows no more
At six months end, than what he knew before:
Taught, or untaught, the dunce is still the same,
Yet still the wretched master bears the blame.
Once ev'ry week poor Hannibal is maul'd;
The theme is giv'n, and straight the council's
call'd,

Whether he should to Rome directly go,
To reap the fruit of the dire overthrow;
Or into quarters put his harass'd men
Till spring returns, and take the field again.
The murder'd master cries, Would parents hear
But half that stuff which I am bound to bear.
For that revenge I'll quit the whole arrears.

The same complaints most other pedants make;
Plead real causes, and the feign'd forsake:
Medea's poison, Jason's perjury,
And Philomela's rape, are all laid by;
The accusing stepdame, and the son accus'd:
But if my friendly counsel might be us'd,
Let not the learn'd this course or t'other try,
But, leaving both, profess plain poverty;
And show his tally for the dole of bread,
With which the parish poor are daily fed:
Ev'n that exceeds the price of all thy pains.

Now look into the music-master's gains,
Where noble youth at vast expence is taught;
But eloquence not valu'd at a groat.
On sumptuous baths the rich their wealth bestow,
On some expensive airy portico;
Where safe from showers they may be borne in state,
And free from tempests, for fair weather wait:
Or rather, not expect the clearing sun,
Through thick and thin their equipage must run:
Or staying, 'tis not for the servant's sake,
But that their mules no prejudice may take.
At the walk's end, behold, how rais'd on high,
A banquet-house salutes the southern sky;
Where from afar the winter-sun displays
The milder influence of his weaken'd rays.

The cook, and sewer each his talent tries;
In various figures scenes of dishes rise:
Besides, a master-cook, with greasy fist,
Dives in luxurious sauces to the wrist.

Amidst this wasteful riot, there accrues
But poor ten shillings for Quintilian's dues:

For, to breed up the son to common sense
Is evermore the parents least expence.
From whence then comes Quintilian's vast
estate?

Because he was the darling son of fate;
And luck, in scorn of merit, made him great.
Urge not th' example of one single man,
As rare as a white crow, or fable swan,
Quintilian's fate was to be counted wise,
Rich, noble, fair, and in the state to rise:
Good fortune grac'd his action, and his tongue;
His colds became him, and when hoarse he sung.
O, there's strange difference, what planets shed
Their influence on th' new-born infant's head!
'Tis fate that flings the dice; and as she flings,
Of kings makes pedants, and of pedants kings.
What made Vintidius rise, and Tullus great,
But their kind stars, and hidden pow'r of fate?

Few pedagogues but curse the barren chair;
Like him who hang'd himself for mere despair
And poverty; or him, whom Caius sent
For liberty of speech to banishment.
Ev'n Socrates in rags at Athens taught,
And wanted to defray the deadly draught.
In peace, ye shades of our great grandfires rest,
No heavy earth your sacred bones molest:
Eternal spring, and rising flow'rs adorn
The relics of each venerable urn,
Who pious rev'rence to their tutors paid,
As parents honour'd, and as gods obey'd.
Achilles, grown in stature, fear'd the rod,
And stood corrected at the Centaur's nod;
His tender years in learning did employ,
And promis'd all the hero in the boy.
The scene's much alter'd in the modern school,
The boys of Rufus call their master fool;
A just revenge on him, who durst defame
The merit of immortal Tully's name.

But ask, what fruit Palemon's pains have earn'd,
Or who has paid the price of what he learn'd;

Though grammar profits less than rhetoric are,
Yet ev'n in those his usher claims a share;
Besides, the servants' wages must be paid:
Thus of a little, still a less is made:
As merchants gains come short of half the mart,
For he who drives their bargains, dribs a part.
The covetous father now includes the night,
And cov'nants, thou shalt teach by candle-light;
When puffing smiths, and ev'ry painful trade
Of handicrafts in peaceful beds are laid:
Then thou art bound to smell on either hand
As many stinking lamps, as school-boys stand;
Where Horace could not read in his own fully'd
book:

And Virgil's sacred page is all besmear'd with
smoke.

But when thou dunn'st their parents, seldom
they

Without a suit before the tribune, pay,
And yet hard laws upon the master lay.
Be sure he knows exactly grammar-rules,
And all the best historians read in schools;
All authors, ev'ry poet to an hair;
That, ask'd the question, he may scarce despair,
To tell who nurs'd Anchises; or to name
Anchemolus's stepmother, and whence she came:
How long Acestes liv'd, what stores of wine
He gave to the departing Trojan line.
Bid him besides, his daily pains employ,
To form the tender manners of the boy;
And work him, like a waxen babe, with art
To perfect symmetry in ev'ry part:
To be his better parent, to beware
No young obscenities his strength impair,
No mutual filth; to mark his hands and eyes,
Distorted with unnatural ecstasies:
This be thy task; and yet for all thy pains,
At the year's end expect no greater gains,
Than what a fencer, at a prize, obtains.

S A T I R E VIII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. G. STEPNEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN this satire, the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the satire) to lead a virtuous life, dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

WHAT's the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the source our ancient blood?
To have our ancestors in paint or stone,
Preserv'd as relics, or, like monsters, shown?
The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mould'ring nose, that bears
Injurious scars, the sad effect of years;
And Galba grinning without nose or ears?

Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit;
Though plodding heralds through each branch
may trace
Old captains and dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family belie,
And grieve the brass which stands dishonour'd by.
'Tis mere burlesque, that to our gen'ral's praise
Their progeny immortal statues raise,

Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And steal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when these their ensigns did display.

Why should soft Fabius impudently bear
Names gain'd by conquests in the Gallic war?
Why lays he claim to Hercules's strain,
Yet dares be base, effeminate, and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built,
Adds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
Whose tender limbs, and polish'd skin, disgrace
The grisly beauty of his manly race;
And who by practising the dismal skill
Of pois'ning, and such treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred marble sweat,
When his degen'rate head by theirs is set.

Long galleries of ancestors, and all
Those follies which ill-grace a country-hall,
Challenge no wonder or esteem from thee;
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
Live therefore well: To men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus were;
And in thy consular triumphal show,
Let these before thy father's statues go;
Place 'em before the ensigns of the state,
As choosing rather to be good than great.
Convince the world that you're devout and
true,

Be just in all you say, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first magnitude to me:
Rome for your sake shall push your conquests on,
And bring new titles home from nations won,
To dignify so eminent a son:
With your blest name shall ev'ry region sound,
Loud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
A new Osiris, for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
Whose only title to our father's fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
A dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
A negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lass
Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
The name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast:
Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
Should thee just so with the mock-titles greet,
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and censure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis apply'd to you;
Who think your person second to divine,
Because descended from the Drusian line;
Though yet you no illustrious act have done
To make the world distinguish Julia's son
From the vile offspring of a trull, who sits
By the town-wall, and for her living knits.
You are poor rogues (you cry), the baser scum
And inconsiderable dregs of Rome;
Who know not from what corner of the earth
The obscure wretch, who got you, stole his
birth:

Mine, I derive from Cecrops—May your grace
Live, and enjoy the splendour of your race.
Yet of these base plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence have grown
Great senators, and honours to that gown:

Some at the bar with subtilty defend
The cause of an unlearned noble friend;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
Others their stronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or those forces join
Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine.
While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
Though you resemble your great family
No more, than those rough statues on the road
(Which we call Mercuries) are like that God:
Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
You are a living statue, that of stone.

Great son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beast
For being of a race above the rest,
But rather meant his courage, and his force?
To give an instance—We commend an horse
(Without regard of pasture, or of breed)
For his undaunted mettle and his speed;
Who wins most plates with greatest ease, and first
Prints with his hoofs his conquest on the dust.
But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last
Proves jaded, and in frequent matches cast,
No favour for the stallion we retain,
And no respect for the degenerate strain;
The worthless brute is from Newmarket brought,
And at an under rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Bepeath two pammiers, and a baker's wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire,
First, Sir, some honour of your own acquire;
Add to that stock which justly we bestow
On those blest shades to whom you all things
owe.

This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
Whose swelling veins (if we may credit fame)
Burst almost with the vanity and pride,
That their rich flood to Nero's is ally'd:
The rumour's likely; for "We seldom find
"Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd."

But, Ponticus, I would not you should raise
Your credit by hereditary praise;
Let your own acts immortalize your name;
"Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

Be a good soldier, or upright trustee,
An arbitrator from corruption free,
And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws;
Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
And he would dictate what he'd have you swear,
Be not so profligate, but rather choose
To guard your honour, and your life to lose,
Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
Virtue, the noble cause for which you're made.

"Improperly we measure life by breath;
"Such do not truly live who merit death;"
Though they their wanton senses nicely please
With all the charms of luxury and ease;
Though mingled flow'rs adorn their careless brow,
And round 'em costly sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their funeral state were laid,
And to the world, as they're to virtue, dead.

When you the province you expect, obtain,
From passion and from avarice refrain;

Let our associates poverty provoke
Thy generous heart not to increase their yoke,
Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.

To what the laws enjoin, submission pay;
And what the senate shall command, obey;
Think what rewards upon the good attend,
And how those fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
Who felt the thunder of the states decree,
For robbing the Cilicians, though they
(Like lesser pikes) only subsist on prey:
But what avails the rigour of their doom?
Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miserable province ease,
Since what one plund'rer left, the next will
seize.

Cherippus then, in time yourself bethink,
And what your rags will yield by auction, sink;
Ne'er put yourself to charges to complain
Of wrongs which heretofore you did sustain,
Make not a voyage to detect the theft,
'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

When Rome at first our rich allies subdu'd,
From gentle taxes noble spoils accru'd;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
All treasuries did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe costly silks were found;
The least apartment of the meanest house
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhasius did receive
Motion and warmth; and statues taught to live;
Some Polyclete's, some Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidia's masterpiece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
Emboss'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
These Dolabella's rapine did excite,
These Anthony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for these did sacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ships full
fraught.

The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treasure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.

This was of old; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed;
Yet left this provident design succeed,
They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both stallion, and his pasture, prey.
Their rapine is so abject and profane,
They nor from trifles, nor from gods refrain;
But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
If they be little images that please.
Such are the spoils which now provoke their
theft,

And are the greatest, nay, they're all that's left.

Thus may you Corinth, or weak Rhodes oppress,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
(For how can sops thy tyranny controul
Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile foul)
But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
Sclavonia, France; thy gripes from those re-
strain,

Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain

And send us plenty, while our wanton day
Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the play.

For, should you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaning Marius has already seiz'd
All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.

But above all, "Be careful to withhold
"Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
"Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
"For, though your violence should leave 'em bare
"Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
"And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain:
"The plunder'd still have arms."——

Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure, as the decrees of fate.

Let none but men of honour you attend;
Choose him that has most virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all assizes, and through every town.
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey;
For which your justice, and your fame will pay).
Keep yourself free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you please:
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Choose any Titan who the gods withstood,
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.

But should you prove ambitious, lustful, vain:
Or could you see with pleasure and disdain,
Rods broke on our associates' bleeding backs,
And heads men lab'ring till they blunt their axe:
Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expose your shame;
"For, still more public scandal vice extends,
"As he is great and noble who offends."

How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,
In the same temple which your grandfire built,
Making his statue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy masquerade are led
Muffled by night to some polluted bed.

Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers' peaceful ashes sleep;
Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
And (though a consul) links himself the wheel:
To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon sees, and ev'ry smaller light
Pries as a witness of the shameful fight:
Nay, when his year of honour's ended, soon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon:
Nor blush should he some grave acquaintance
meet,

But (proud of being known,) will jerk and greet:
And when his fellow-beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub 'em
down.

If after Numa's ceremonial way
He at Jove's altar would a victim slay,
To no clean goddess he directs his pray'rs,
But by Hippona most devoutly swears,

Or some rank deity whose filthy face
We suitably o'er stinking stables place.

When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all
night)

A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Presents him essence, while his courteous host
(Well knowing nothing by good breeding's lost)
Tags every sentence with some fawning word,
Such as my king, my prince, at least my lord;
And a tight maid, ere he for wine can ask,
Guessees his meaning, and uncoils the flask.

Some (friends to vice) industriously defend
These innocent diversions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alleging that, when young, we did the same.
I grant we did; yet when that age was past,
The frolic humour did no longer last;
We did not cherish and indulge the crime:
What's foul in acting, shou'd be left in time.

'Tis true, some faults, of course, with child-
hood end,

We therefore wink at wags when they offend
And spare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.

But Lateranus (now his vig'rous age
Shou'd prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives, in Cæsar's, to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
Pictures and bills, with—Here are whores to let.

Shou'd any desperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,
Cæsar, send quickly to secure the port;
But where's the general? Where does he resort?
Send to the sutler's: There you're sure to find
The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,
Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and sailors;
Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves, and
tailors; [cessions,

With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with pro-
Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all pro-
fessions,

A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
And all, who can, have liberty to jest; [think
One flagon walks the round (that none shou'd
They either change, or stint him of his drink),
And lest exceptions may for place be found,
Their stools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, your self might do,
Shou'd any slave, so lewd, belong to you?
No doubt, you'd send the rogue in fetters bound,
To work in bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;

As it what we esteem in cobblers base,
Wou'd the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are these examples, yet we find
(To Rome's disgrace) far worse than these be-
hind:

Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
Flutt'ring with coach and six about the town,
Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:

For now he must (since his estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:
And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
Were I a judge, he should not feign the part.

Nor wou'd I their vile insolence acquit,
Who can with patience, nay diversion, sit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
And clapping farces, acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
But that their lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the prætors to adorn their shows.

Yet say the stage and lists were both in fight,
And you must either choose to act, or fight;
Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
That a rank coward basely wou'd escape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.

Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fiddler for a king:
After such pranks, the world itself at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.

Go to the lists where feats of arms are shown,
There you'll find Gracchus (from patrician)
grown

A fencer, and the scandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modest helmet he disdains to wear;
As Retarius he attacks his foe;
First waves his trident ready for the throw,
Next casts his net, but neither levell'd right,
He stares about, expos'd to public fight,
Then places all his safety in his flight.

Room for the noble gladiator! See
His coat and hatband show his quality;
Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.

Had we the freedom to express our mind,
There's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,
But will own Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell:
To expiate whose complicated guilt,
With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
Rome shou'd more serpents, apes, and facks pro-
vide

Than one, for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true Orestes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cause, there's difference in the fact:
He slew his mother at the god's command,
They bid him strike, and did direct his hand
To punish falsehood, and appease the ghost
Of his poor father treacherously lost,
Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his cheerful soul.
Yet kill'd he not his sister, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life:
Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd, or sung upon a public stage:
Never on verse did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who to raise his fancy higher,
And finish the great work, set Rome on fire.

Such crimes make treason just, and might compel
 Virgilius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel:
 For what could Nero's self have acted worse,
 To aggravate the wretched nation's curse.

These are the blest endowments, studies, arts,
 Which exercise our mighty emperor's parts;
 Such frolics with his roving genius suit,
 On foreign theatres to prostitute
 His voice and honour, for the poor renown
 Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
 And winning at a wake their parsley crown.
 Let this triumphal chaplet find some place
 Among the other trophies of thy race;
 By thee Domitii's statues shall be laid
 The habit and the mask in which you play'd
 Antigone's, or bold Thyestes' part,
 (While your wild nature little wanted art)
 And on the marble pillar shall be hung
 The lute to which the royal madman sung.

Who, Catiline, can boast a nobler line,
 Than thy lewd friend Cethegus his, and thine?
 Yet you took arms, and did by night conspire
 To set our houses, and our gods on fire:
 (An enterprise which might indeed become
 Our enemies, the Gauls, not sons of Rome,
 To recompence whose barbarous intent
 Pitch'd shirts would be too mild a punishment)
 But Tully, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
 With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe:
 Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known:
 The lowly native of a country town,
 (Who till of late could never reach the height
 Of being honour'd as a Roman knight)
 Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
 Dealing an equal share to every ward,
 And by the peaceful robe got more renown
 Within our walls, than young Octavius won
 By victories at Actium or the plain
 Of Thessaly discolour'd by the slain:
 Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
 The father of his country, which he freed.

Marius (another consul we admire)
 In the same village born, first plough'd for hire;
 His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
 Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
 His surly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
 His knotty cudgel on his tougher back.
 Yet he alone secur'd the tottering state,
 Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our
 fate:

So when the eagles to their quarry flew
 (Who never such a goodly banquet knew)
 Only a second laurel did adorn
 His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
 He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
 But Marius won the glory of the day.

From a mean stock the pious Decii came;
 Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
 Yet such their virtue, that their loss alone
 For Rome and all our legions did atone;
 Their country's doom, they by their own, re-
 triev'd,

Themselves more worth than all the host they sav'd.
 The last good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
 Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
 Yet he those robes of empire justly bore
 Which Romulus our sacred founder wore:
 Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the throne,
 Not for his father's merits but his own,
 And reign'd, himself a family alone.

When Tarquin, his proud successor, was quell'd,
 And with him lust and tyranny expell'd;
 The consuls' sons (who for their country's good,
 And to enhance the honour of their blood,
 Should have asserted what their father won;
 And, to confirm that liberty, have done
 Actions which Cocles might have wish'd his
 own;

What might to Mutius wonderful appear;
 And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
 Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
 Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power.
 Whilst a poor slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
 The horrid ills these well-born rogues had laid;
 Who therefore for their treason justly bore
 The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
 And courage to sustain a ten year's war;
 Though foul * Therites got thee, thou shalt be
 More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
 Than if by chance you from some hero came,
 In nothing like your father, but his name.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage
 stretch

As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
 You'll find, in these hereditary tales,
 Your ancestors the scum of broken jails:
 And Romulus, your honours ancient source,
 But a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.

* The ugly bullock of the Grecian army.

SATIRE IX.

TRANSLATED BY STEPHEN HARVEY, ESQ.

THE ARGUMENT.

JUVENAL here (in dialogue with Nevulus) exposes the detestable vice then practis'd in Rome, and the covetousness of a rich old citizen, which so prevail'd over his pleasure, that he would not gratify the drudge who had so often obliged him in the lewd enjoyment of his desire.

JUVENAL.

TELL me why, saunt'ring thus from place to
 place,

I meet thee (Nevulus) with a clouded face?

What human ills can urge to this degree;
 Not vanquish'd Marsyas had a brow like thee,
 Nor Ravola so sneak'd and hung his head,
 Catch'd with that lewd bawd Rhodope in bed:

X x iij

Our grand beau Pollio seem'd not half so sad
When not a drachma could in Rome be had.
When treble use he proffer'd for a friend
And tempting bribes did to the scriv'ners send,
Yet none he found so much a fool to lend.
Hard fate! untroll'd is now the charming dye
The play-house and the parks unvisited must lie;
The beauteous nymph in vain he does adore,
And his gilt chariot-wheels must roll no more.

But why these frightful wrinkles in thy prime?
That show old age so long before the time;
At lowest ebb of fortune when you lay
(Contented then) how merry was the day.
But oh the curse of wishing to be great:
Dazzled with hope we cannot see the cheat;
Where wild ambition in the heart we find,
Farewell content and quiet of the mind.
For glittering clouds we leave the solid shore,
And wonted happiness returns no more;
Till such aspiring thoughts had fill'd thy breast,
No man so pleasant, such a cheerful guest;
So brisk, so gay, of that engaging air,
No mirth was crown'd till Nevolus was there:
The scene's now chang'd, that frolic genius fled,
And gloomy thought seems enter'd in its stead;
Thy clothes worn out, not hands nor linen clean,
And thy bare skin through the large rents is seen;
Thy locks uncomb'd like a rough wood appear,
And every part seems suited to thy care.
Where now that labour'd niceness in thy dress,
And all those arts that did the spark express?
A look so pale no quartane ever gave,
Thy dwindled legs seem crawling to a grave:
When we are touch'd with some important ill,
How vainly silence would our grief conceal!
Sorrow nor joy can be disguis'd by art,
Our foreheads blab the secrets of our heart;
By which (alas) 'tis evident and plain
Thy hopes are dash'd, and thy endeavours vain;
And yet 'tis strange! but lately thou wert known
For the most envied stallion of the town.
What conscious shrine, what cell by thee unsought,
Where love's dark pleasures might be sold and bought?

From human view you hid these deeds of lust,
But gods in brass and marble you cou'd trust:
Ceres herself nor scap'd, for where can be
From bawds and prostitutes an altar free?
Ner didst thou only for the females burn,
The husband and the wife succeeded in their turn.

NEVOLUS.

This life, I own, to some has prosp'rous been;
But I have no such golden minutes seen:
Right have you hit the cause of my distress,
None has earn'd more, and been rewarded less:
All I can gain is but a threadbare coat,
And that with utmost pains and drudging got;
Some single money too, but that (alas)
Broken and counterfeit will hardly pass.
Whilst others pamper'd in their shameless pride,
Are serv'd in plate, and in their chariots ride;
Tell me what mortal can his grief contain,
That has, like me, such reason to complain?
On fate alone man's happiness depends,
To parts conceal'd fate's prying pow'r extends:
And if our stars of their kind influence fail,
The gifts of nature, what will they avail?

The gifts of nature! curse upon the thought,
By that alone I am to ruin brought.
Old Viro did the fatal secret hear
(But curie on fame that bore it to his ear)
What soft address his wooing did begin?
What oaths what promises to draw me in?
Scarce could they fail to make a virgin fin.
Who wou'd not then swear Nevolus had sped,
And golden show'rs were dropping on his head?
But oh this wretch, this prodigy behold!
A slave at once to lechery and gold!
For in the act of his lewd brutal joy,
Sirrah! my rogue (he cries) mine own dear boy:
My lad, my life! already ask for more?
I paid last bout, and you must quit the score:
"Poor five sestertia have been all my gains,
"And what is that for such detested pains?"
Was it an ease and pleasure, cou'dst thou say
(Where nature's laws forbids) to force my way
To the digested meals of yesterday?
The slave more toil'd and harass will be found,
Who digs his master's buttocks, than his ground:
But sure old Virri thinks himself a boy,
Whom Jove once more might languish to enjoy:
Sees not his wither'd face and grizly hair,
But would be thought smooth, charming, soft, and fair:

With female pride wou'd have his love be fought,
And every smile with a rich present bought.

Say, goat, for whom this mass of wealth you heap?

For whom thy hoarded bags in silence sleep?
Apulian farms for the rich soil admir'd?
And thy large fields where falcons may be tir'd?
Thy fruitful vineyards on Campanian hills?
(Tho' none drinks less, yet none more vessels fills)
From such a store 'tis barbarous to grudge
A small relief to your exhausted drudge:
Weigh well the matter, wer't not fitter much
The poor inhabitants of yonder thatch
Call'd me their lord (who to extremes am driven)
Than to some worthies sycophant be given?
(Yet what smooth sycophant by thee can gain?
When lust itself strikes thy flint-heart in vain?
A beggar! sic! 'tis impudence (he cry'd),
And such mean shifting answers still reply'd;
But rent unpaid, says beg till Viro grant;
(How ill does modesty consist with want?)
My single boy (like Polyphemus eye)
Mourns his harsh fate, and weeps for a supply.
One will not do, hard labour'd and hard fed,
How then shall hungry two expect their bread?
What shall I say, when rough December storms?
When frosts and snow, have cramp't their naked arms?

What comforts without money can I bring?
Will they be satisfy'd to think on spring?
These motives urg'd to his obdurate mind,
Is casting water to the adverse wind;
But one thing yet, base wretch, I must impart,
Thyself shalt own, ungrateful as thou art;
At your entreaties, had not I obey'd;
Still your deluded wife had been a maid:
Down on the bridal-bed a maid she lay,
A maid she rose, at the approaching day.
Another night, thy lumpish love she try'd,
But still she rose, a virgin, and a bride;

What cou'd have touch'd her more! away she
And every street of thy lost manhood rung. [flung,
Her speaking eyes were full of thy disgrace;
And her vext thoughts abhorr'd the cold embrace.
Such wrongs, what wishing woman could have
In rage, the marriage articles were torn: [borne?
Yet when she vow'd, to see thy face no more,
And heartless, thou stood'st whining at the door,
I met the angry fair, all over charms,
And catch'd her flying from thy frozen arms:
Much pains it cost to right the injur'd dame;
A whole night's vigour, to repair thy shame:
Witness yourself, who heard the lab'ring bed,
And shrieks at the departing maidenhead:
"Thus many a spouse, who wou'd her choice re-
"Is kept obedient by a kind gallant:" [cant;
Now cou'd you shift all this and pass it o'er,
Yet (monster) I have left one instance more.
Think, if so well her business I have done,
As that night's service may produce a son,
Our Roman laws great privilege afford
To him that stands a father on record:
Thyself, 'tis true, a cuckold thou must own,
But that reproach is in my breast alone,
To me the pleasure be, to thee the fame,
My brat shall thy abilities proclaim;
And free thee ever, from inglorious shame. }
Let circling wreaths adorn thy crowded door,
Matrons, and girls, shall hoot at thee no more,
But stories to thy lasting credit raise, [praise.
While fumbling fribbles grudge thy borrow'd

JUVENAL.

True, Nevulus, most aptly you complain,
But though your griefs are just, they are in vain;
Your service past, he does with scorn forget,
And seeks some other fool, like thee, to cheat.

NEVOLUS.

Beware, my friend, and what I now reveal,
As the great secret of thy life conceal;
A lustful pathic, when he turns a foe;
He gives like destiny a wardless blow;
His crimes are such, they will not bear a jest,
And fire and sword, pursue the conscious breast.
For sweet revenge no drugs will be too dear,
In lust a miser, but a spendthrift here.
Then flight him not, nor with his scandal sport,
But be as mute as was th' Athenian court.

JUVENAL.

Dull Corydon! art thou so stupid grown,
To think a rich man's faults can be unknown?
Has he not slaves about him? Wou'd not they
Rejoice, and laugh, such secrets to betray?
What more effectual to revenge their wrongs?
Than the unbounded freedom of their tongues?
Or grant it possible to silence those,
Dumb beasts and statues wou'd his crimes expose:
Try to imprison the resistless wind,
So swift is guilt, so hard to be confin'd;
Though crafty tears shou'd cast a veil between,
Yet in the dark, his vices wou'd be seen:
And there's a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame:

On eagles wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born, and die.

Let us live well, were it alone for this,
The baneful tongues of servants to despise,
Slander (the worst of poisons) ever finds
An easy entrance, to ignoble minds:
And they whose vicious lives, such abject foes must
fear, [appear.
More mean and wretched far than their own slaves

NEVOLUS.

Your counsel's good and useful, 'tis confess'd;
But (oh) to me it is in vain address'd:
Let the great man, whom gaping crowds attend,
Fear a scourg'd slave, or a dissembling friend;
No matter what I do, or what I say,
I have no spies about me to betray:
And you advise me now my time is lost,
And all my hopes of prosperous hours are cross'd;
My full-blown youth already fades apace,
(Of our short being, 'tis the shortest space.)
While melting pleasures in our arms are found,
While lovers smile, and while the bowl goes round;
While in surprising joys entranc'd we lie
Old age creeps on us, ere we think it nigh.

JUVENAL.

Fear not, thy trade will never find an end,
While yon hills stand thou canst not want a friend;
By land, and sea, from every point they come,
Then dread no dearth of prostitutes at Rome.

NEVOLUS.

Tell this to happier men, for I am sped;
If all my drudging can procure me bread.
Ye deities! the substitutes of Heav'n!
To whom the guide of humane life is giv'n;
At whose lov'd altars, with an ample zeal,
(Though slender sacrifice) I daily kneel,
His ebbing hours let your poor suppliant see
From the mean crutch, and a thatcht cottage free;
No shameful want, nor troublesome disease,
But easy death approaching by degrees;
Necessity supply'd, wou'd comfort bring:
Yet constant store, wou'd be a glorious thing:
To treat a friend, methinks, I wou'd afford,
While silver bowls stand smiling on my board;
And when the cares of Rome to pleasure yield;
Two Mælian slaves shou'd bear me to the field:
Where, on their brawny shoulders mounted high,
While the brave youth their various manhood try, }
I wou'd the thrones of emperors defy.
Superfluous wealth, and pomp, I not desire;
But what content and decency require.
Then might I live by my own surly rules,
Not forc'd to worship knaves, and flatter fools.
And thus secur'd of ease, by shunning strife,
With pleasure wou'd I sail down the swift stream
of life.

But oh ridiculous vain wish for one
Already lost, and doom'd to be undone.
Alas, what hope remains! For to my pray'rs
Regardless fortune stops her wounded ears;
As to the syrens charms Ulysses' mariners. }

S A T I R E X.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes, therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven, lies within a very small compass. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast;
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshal'd figures can account.
To which the stores of Cræsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they fail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich mens' goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supply'd the weeper's eyes.

Demoeritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ache;
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear:
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.

What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial tract,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A suit of hangings had not more oppress'd
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.

In his own age, Démocritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human-kind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state; [fate.
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

Some ask for envy'd power; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke;

Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piss-pots, a whole kitchen trade.

Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the capitol;
Sejanus, with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty, and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd. [face,
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their
The people grown degenerate and base:
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.
Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd; [depos'd.
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet-show.
There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays least in fight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.

Now tell me truly, would'st thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway
That monarch, whom the master'd world obey?
While he, intent on secret lust alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!

I well believe, thou would'st be great as he;
For every man's a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill; [will:
Ev'n they would have the power, who want the

But would'st thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Would'st thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which, mouldering, crush'd him underneath the
weight.

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school),
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in prose.

"Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
"Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippic fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His fire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars's forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.

With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude.

This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble-titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.

For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nirus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
With Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that nature cast:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy;

In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punic flags on Roman towers display'd.
Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame.
A sign-post dauber would disdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.

Now what's his end. O charming glory! say
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wondrous sort of death has Heav'n de-
sign'd,
Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd to avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a suckling infant's fate.

Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school,

One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd:
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs
about

The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions
wide:

"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
"The mighty soul, how small a body holds."

Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
Rivers, whose depth nor sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browfy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?

(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prison under ground);
What god so mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!

But how return'd he, let us ask again?
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Chok'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train:
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.

Jove grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bended back, I ask no more.
Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.

Mistaken blessing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.
A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam-ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong;
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain,
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.

Besides th' eternal drivel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children lothe him, and what's worse.
Himself does his offensive carrion curse!
Flatterers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.

Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he sits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's nose, he's never near.

His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound:
With sores and sicknesses beleagu'r'd round:
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
What lands and lordships for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worship now.

This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his shoulders pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders ty'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd:

Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.

His loss of members is a heavy curse;
But all his faculties decay'd, are worse!
His servants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows them not: for, in their stead,
In form of law, a common hackney-jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made:
So lewd and such a batter'd brothel-whore,

That she defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns:
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad pomps: a threshold throng'd with daily
And liveries of black for length of years.

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longest liv'd of any two legg'd-thing;
Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right-hand count;
Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine!
But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister
When his brave son upon the funeral pyre drew.
He saw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and, weeping, ask'd his friends, what
crime

Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain,
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Amongst his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood: when Hector, with the race
Of royal bastards, might his funeral grace:
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had Heaven so blest him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet of Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble fire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries;
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.

At least he dy'd a man; his queen surviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Cræsus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsel'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had left the Cymbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.

Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour sent:
But public prayers impos'd on heaven, to give
Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.

The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus, though a traitor to the state,
And tortur'd, 'scap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.

To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud:
And pleas'd, to see the wondering people pray
To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel-back.

But, for his mother's boy the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form, join'd with virtue, is a sight too rare:
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners, in the house remain;
Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are):

Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and presents, can);
Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain-back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your Springal, by his beauty curst
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worst;
His form procures him journey-work; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adulterers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot 'scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have try'd
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colin suffer for the peccant part.

But your Endymion, your smooth, smock-fac'd
boy,

Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy;
Not so: one more fallacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold;
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he lothes;
She keeps him high, in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immortal, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.

She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
 Good observator, not so fast away:
 Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
 Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
 And was not t' other stripling forc'd to fly,
 Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
 And pleaded laws of hospitality?
 The ladies charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
 With shame they redder'd, and with spite grew
 pale.

'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
 She loses pity, who has lost her shame.

Now Silius wants thy counsel, gives advice;
 Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
 Her comet-eyes she darts on every grace;
 And takes a fatal liking to his face.
 Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state:
 The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
 The genial bed is in the garden drest:
 The portion paid and every rite express'd,
 Which in a Roman marriage is profess'd.

'Tis no stol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
 She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
 In this moot case, your judgment; to refuse,
 Is present death, besides the night you lose:
 If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
 A day or two of anxious life you gain:
 Till loud reports through all the town have past,
 And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last.
 Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
 For not to take is but the self-same thing:

Inevitable death before thee lies;
 But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.

What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
 Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
 Receive my counsel, and securely move;
 Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
 In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
 Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
 We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
 Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
 Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
 Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
 Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
 That altars be not wholly built in vain;
 Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
 To health of body and content of mind:
 A soul, that can securely death defy,
 And count it nature's privilege to die;
 Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
 The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
 Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
 That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
 That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
 To dalliance, banquet and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is virtue; what I show,
 Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
 Fortune was never worship'd by the wise;
 But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

S A T I R E XI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE design of this satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans, in their feasting. The poet draws the occasions from an invitation, which he here makes to his friend, to dine with him: very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons; with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare, of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages: to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness, in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and by the bye, touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery the chiefest of their pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets, for the present; and a moderate use of pleasures, for the future.

If noble Atticus make plenteous feasts,
 And with luxuriant food indulge his guests;
 His wealth and quality support the treat;
 In him nor is it luxury, but state.
 But when poor Rutilus spends all his worth,
 In hopes of setting one good dinner forth;
 'Tis downright madness; for what greater jests,
 Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feasts?

But Rutilus, is so notorious grown,
 That he's the common theme of all the town.
 A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
 Able for arms, and for his country's good;
 Urg'd by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
 But following his own inglorious choice
 'Mongst common fencers, practises the trade,
 That end debasing, for which arms were made;

Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors, may find
Lurking in shambles; where with borrow'd
coin,

They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine.
Such, whose sole bliss, is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: Of these
The poorest wretch, is still more hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent rags, declare
How much, his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Wou'd ransack ev'ry element, for choice
Of ev'ry fish and fowl at any price;
If brought from far, it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.

In riot, thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere necessity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish, to buy his meat.
Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
Not what his mother's sacred image bears;
The broken relic he with speed devours,
As he would all the rest of 's ancestors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal,
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The stings of hunger, soon, and want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to serve
Fencers, for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a splendid feast:
The question is, at whose expence 'tis dress'd.
In great Ventidius, we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus, the vanity despise.
Strange ignorance! that the same man, who
knows

How far yond' mount above this mole-hill shows,
Should not perceive a difference as great,
Between small incomes and a vast estate!
From heaven, to mankind, sure that rule was sent,
Of Know thy self, and by some god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courses which we steer.
Thersites, though the most presumptuous Greek,
Yet durst not for Achilles armour speak;
When scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
Ought to be very sure, he's able for't;
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words, and force of sense:
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wise man's pow'r's the limit of his will.

If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end,
Whom gluttony and want, at once attend;
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
Both land, stock, int'rest, and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who sold his very ring, to purchase meat;
And though a knight, 'mongst common slaves
now stands

Begging an alms, with undistinguished hands.

Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,
On whom, each added year heaps misery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach and infamy.
But there are steps, in villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow, by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence
they run:

For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
From crowds, and noise, and business to retreat:
One only grief such fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind;
The plays, and loose diversions of the place,
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That out of count'nance virtue's fled from earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She's with Astræa gone, ne'er to return.

This day, my Persicus, thou shalt perceive
Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
Or else, an unsuspected glutton live;
If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feast reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see,
The poor Evander I, and thou shalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.

Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare;
Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm, the tend'rest kid
And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than
blood.

Next that shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly, country-maid.
The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
Together with the hens which laid 'em, dress'd;
Clusters of grapes, preserv'd for half a year,
Which, plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples, of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair.
Mixt with the Syrian, and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot, in a senator:
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
With his own hands, a few small herbs to dress;
And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
Which setter'd slaves would now disdain to taste;
For scarce a slave, but has to dinner, now,
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous
treat;

On birth-days, festivals, or days of state;
A salt, 'dry sitch of bacon to prepare;
If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly priz'd,
If ought was left of what they sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
But those who had at least thrice consul been,

Or the dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd;
Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.

Then might y' have seen the good old gen'ral haste,
Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
Oh then, when pious consuls bore the sway!
When couchant vice all pale and trembling lay!
Our censors then were subject to the law,
Ev'n pow'r itself, of justice stood in awe.
It was not then, a Roman's chiefest thought,
Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vast expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder, from the field:
If cups of silver, or of gold he brought,
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trappings, streight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd;
Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf, suckling the twins was there;
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threat'ning death, to each resisting foe.
No use of silver, but in arms was known,
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No side-boards then, with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massy dishes press'd;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
That sees with shame the luxury of this?
Heav'n unwearied then, did blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;
And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that devil gold.
His golden statues, hence the god have driven:
For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n,
'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to heav'n.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can please us now but from Japan.
Invite my Lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be set,
His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something 's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your ven'son 's rank, or ointments stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something, at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory:
He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An iv'ry table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat.
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' th' elephant,

But such fine feeders are no guests for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables, or chefs-board;
Of common bone, the handles of my knives
Are made, yet no unpleasant taste it gives
To what I carve; nor is there ever left
An unfav'ry haut-gust from the haft.

A hearty welcome, to plain wholesome meat,
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No sew'rs, nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught:
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighb'rh'ood are with noise oppress'd,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my ganymede;
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No Catamites, by shameful panders taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman is, t'other my shepherd's son;
A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return,
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain;
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born,
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and
made [shade]
From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With am'rous songs and wanton dances grac'd;
Where sprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air,
Whose pliant limbs, in fifty postures move,
And twine, and bound, as in the feat of love.
Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,
And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
Virtue would shrink, to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands, now, do with their wives, behold;
A needful help, to make 'em both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
In nuptial cinders, this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire.

But she, who by her sexes charter, must
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
Apace she warms, with an immod'rate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
With glowing cheeks, and trembling lips she lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my estate;
These are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings

shine;
Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
With bashful indignation would refuse.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd
T' afford you pleasures of another kind:
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines, and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Th' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're sung,
Verse so sublimely good, no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears, and while you may
To peace and soft repose, give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill
Be free, be all uneasy passions still.
What though thy wife do with the morning light,
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all
night)

Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
And having gorg'd her lust, come reeking home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in lust, still burning in desire:

Whilst you are forc'd to wink and seem content,
Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent:
Nay, if you would be free, from night alarms,
You must seem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At the entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
Thy wife's adult'ry, with thy servants theft;
And (the most racking thought which can in-
trude)

Forget false friends, and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalensian shows are in the circus seen:
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The prætor sits, on a triumphal seat;
Vainly with ensigns, and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the circus sweat;
Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—Away, away,
The green have won the honour of the day.

Oh, should these sports be but one year for-
born,

Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure fear:
On festivals, it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the usual time;
But that continu'd, would a leathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For, frequent use, would the delight exclude;
Pleasure's a toil, when constantly pursu'd.

S A T I R E XII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. THOMAS POWER.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet invites Corvinus to assist at the performance of a sacrifice he had vowed to the gods, and was now thankfully offering up for the safety of his friend Catullus the merchant, who with the loss of his goods, had escaped the double danger of fire and water. He professes the reality of his friendship, and the sincerity of his intentions; that what he did in this nature was without any design upon Catullus, or prospect of advantage from him, who had three children to leave his estate to. And here taking the hint, he exercises his satirical vein upon the Hæredipetæ, or legacy-hunters, who made their court to, and largely presented, and in their sickness sacrificed for the health of rich childless men, in hopes to be considered in their will: among the rest, he singles out one Pacuvius, a fellow very dexterous at, and notorious for this practice: and concludes all with a wish for Pacuvius; which some covetous persons would think pleasant enough, but really is a curse.

THIS day's, this joyful day's solemnity
Does with my birth-days more than equal vie;
VOL. XII,

Of grassy turfs the rural altars rear'd,
Expect the firstlings of the flock and herd;

Y Y

To royal Juno and the warlike maid,
 Shall in a lamb to each my vows be paid:
 A steer, of the first head in the whole drove,
 Reserve we sacred to Tarpeian Jove:
 Forward he bounds his rope's extended length,
 With pushing front; proud since he tri'd his
 strength,

And budding horns against an adverse oak;
 Fit for the altar, and the fatal stroke.

Were but my fortunes equal to my mind,
 My bounteous love more nobly had design'd,
 A bull high fed should fall the sacrifice;
 One of Hispulla's huge prodigious size:
 Not one of those our neighb'ring pastures feed,
 But of Clitumnus whitest sacred breed;

The lively tincture of whose gushing blood,
 Should clearly prove the richness of his food:
 A neck so strong, so large, as would demand
 The speeding blow of some uncommon hand.

This for my friend, or more I would perform;
 Who, danger free, still trembles at the storm,
 Presenting forms so hideous to his sight,
 As safety scarce allays the wild affright.

First from a cloud that heav'n all o'ercastr,
 With glance so swift the subtle lightning past,
 As split the sail-yards; trembling and half dead
 Each thought the blow was levell'd at his head:

The flaming throwds so dreadful did appear,
 All judg'd a wreck could no proportion bear.
 So fancy paints, so does the poet write,
 When he would work a tempest to the height.

This danger past, a second does succeed;
 Again with pity, and attention heed:
 No less this second, though of diff'rent kind;
 Such as, in Isis temple, you may find
 Of votive tablets, to the life portray'd;
 Where painters are employ'd, and earn their
 bread.

What painters in their liveli'st draughts express,
 May be a copy of my friend's distress.

For now a sea into the hold was got;
 Wave upon wave another sea had wrought,
 And nigh o'erfet the stern on either side:

The hoary pilot his best skill apply'd,
 But useless all when he despairing found,
 Catullus then did with the winds compound.

Just as the beaver, that wise-thinking brute,
 Who, when hard hunted on a close pursuit,
 Bites off his stones, the cause of all the strife,
 And pays 'em down a ransom for his life.

Over with all, he cries, with all that's mine;
 Without reserve I freely all resign.

Rich garments, purple dy'd in grain, go o'er;
 No soft Maecenas ever choicer wore:

And others of that fleece, that never dy'd,
 Or stain'd by art, is rich in nature's pride;
 Such as its tincture from the soil does bear,
 By noble springs improv'd, and Bætic air.

Nor stopp'd he so, but over went his plate
 Made by Parthenius, follow'd by a great

And massy goblet, a two gallon draught,
 Might set a lusty Centaur when he quaff,

Or drench the wife of Fuscus: add to these
 Baskets of Britain, rarities of Greece,

A set of plate most artfully imboss,
 No less a bribe than what Olynthus cost.

Show me the man, that other he, would dare
 His very life and soul to gold prefer;

Now money serves not life's most noble ends,
 But slavish life imperious wealth attends.

Thus most of the ship's freight went overboard,
 Yet all this waste could small relief afford;

So fierce the storm, necessity at last
 Does loudly call to ease her of her mast:

Hard is the case, and dang'rous the distress,
 When what we would preserve, we must make
 less.

Go now, go trust the wind's uncertain breath,
 Remov'd four fingers from approaching death;

Or seven at most, when thickest is the board:
 Go with provision, bisket, brandy stor'd;

But if you reasonably hope to speed,
 You must produce your axe in time of need.

Now when the sea grew calm, the winds were laid,
 And the pleas'd Parca spun a whiter thread;

When fate propitious sent a gentle gale;
 The shatter'd vessel, with one wretched sail,

Beside what gowns and coats her crew could lend
 To help her on her course, did homeward bend:

The south wind less'ning still, the sun appears;
 And into lively hope converts their fears:

And now, in prospect sweet, his cheerful light
 The Alban cliffs confesses to their sight;

Where Albas pile Julius founding rear'd,
 When to Lavinium he that seat preferr'd;

And call'd it Alba, from the white sow nam'd,
 That for her thirty sucking pigs was fam'd.

At last within the mighty mole she gets,
 Our Tuscan Pharos, that the mid sea meets

With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
 A work so wond'rous nature ne'er design'd.

Through it the joyful steersman clears his way,
 And comes to anchor in its inmost bay;

Where smallest vessels ride, and are secur'd,
 And then shorn sailors boast what they endur'd.

Go then, my boys, the sacred rites prepare;
 With awful silence and attention hear:

With bran the knives, with flow'rs the altars dress;
 And in your diligence your zeal express.

I'll follow streight, and having paid my vows,
 Thence home again, where chaplets wreath the
 brows

Of all my little waxen deities:
 And incense shall domestic Jove appease:

My shining household gods shall revel there,
 And all the colours of the violet wear.

All's right; my portal shines with verdant bays,
 And consecrated tapers early blaze.

Suspect me not, Corvinus, of design,
 Far be such guilt from any thought of mine:

My altars smoke not for so base an end;
 Catullus, though a father, is my friend,

Add his three children bar a foreign claim.
 Who on a friend so hopeless, such a name

As father, would a sickly hen bestow?
 Or on such slender grounds a quail forego?

If Paccius or Gallita breathe a vein,
 The temples streight are crowded with a train

Of fawning rascals, utt'ring each his pray'r;
 Nothing's too precious for a life so dear:

A hecatomb is scarce enough to bleed:
 And, but an elephant's no common breed,

Nor seen, nor known in Italy before
 They were transported from the Afric shore;

Since which, in the Rutilian forest rear'd,
 They range at large, great Caesar's royal herd:

As once they learnt King Pyrrhus to obey;
And with submission to our consuls sway,
Or Tyrian Hannibal's, part of the war
In turrets on their backs they us'd to bear:
Could Novius or Pacuvius-but procure
These iv'ry portents, death should seal 'em sure
A victim for Gallita, nothing less
The greatness of their friendship can express.
Pacuvius, were he not by law withstood,
Would manifest his own in human blood;
The best, the loveliest slaves of either sex,
To serve his complement should yield their necks:
Nay, to that height the wicked rogue proceeds,
His Iphigenia, his daughter, bleeds
If need require, though he was sure to find
No dext'rous flight to change her for a hind.

My fellow-citizen I must commend,
For what's a fleet to a bequeathing friend?
For, if he chance to 'scape this dismal bout,
The former legatees are blotted out;
Upon Pacuvius all must be conferr'd;
So great a merit claims no less reward:
Pacuvius struts it, and triumphant goes
In the dejected crowd of rival foes:
You see the fruit of his projecting brain,
In off'ring up his daughter to his gain.
As great as Nero's plunder be his store;
High, mountain-high, be pil'd the shining ore;
Then may he live to Nestor's age extend,
Nor ever be, nor ever find a friend.

SATIRE XIII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. THOMAS CREECH.

THE ARGUMENT.

CORVINUS had trusted one of his old friends and acquaintance with a bag of money; this friend denies the trust, and foreswears it too: Corvinus is very much disturbed at this cheat, storms and rages; accuses Providence, and is ready to conclude that God takes no care of things below, because some sudden and remarkable vengeance did not fall upon this perjured false wretch: Juvenal hearing of Corvinus's loss, and unmanly behaviour, writes this satire to him, both to comfort him after his loss, and instruct him how to bear it; and thence takes occasion to speak of the vileness and villany of his times. He begins with the condition of the wicked man; and tells him, 1. That the sinner must needs hate himself; and, 2. That he will be hated by all mankind. 3. He puts Corvinus in mind that he hath a good estate, and that this loss will not break him. 4. and 5. That a great many have suffered the like misfortunes; that cheats were common, his loss but little, and therefore not to be repented with so violent a passion. Hence, 6. He expatiates on the vileness of the times; and, 7. compares his age with the golden one, which he tediously describes. 8. He continues his reflections on the general wickedness of the times. 9. Makes some observations on the confidence of sinners: And, 10. endeavours to give some account of this: He observes that some are Atheists. 11. Others believe a God, but fancy the money they get by their perjury, will do them more good than the punishments he inflicts will do them harm: At least, 12. that God is merciful, they may be pardoned or escape in the crowd of sinners; since some are forgiven, and all do not meet with punishments equal to their deserts. 13. He corrects his friend for his Atheistical passion, and rude accusations of Providence; and, 14. advises him to be more cool; and consider, that, 15. such cheats are common, and he hath suffer'd no more than other men; and, 16. that every day we may meet with greater crimes which require his concernment. That, 17. his passion is idle and fruitless; because revenge, which is the only end of passion, will do him no good; it will not retrieve his loss; and besides is an argument of a base mind, and mean temper. Then coming closer to his point, he tells him, 18. The wicked are severely punished by their own consciences; 19. Vengeance waits upon them: And, 20. describes the miserable life, and terrible death of the wicked man. And, 21. closes all with observing, that few men stop at their first sin, but go on till their crimes provoke Providence: And therefore, 22. Corvinus need not fear but this perjured friend of his would do so too, and then he should see some remarkable judgment fall upon him.

I.
He that commits a sin, shall quickly find
The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind;
Though bribes or favour shall assert his cause,
Pronounce him guiltless, and elude the laws:
None quits himself; his own impartial thought
Will damn, and conscience will record the fault.

II.
This first the wicked feels: Then public hate
Pursues the cheat, and proves the villain's fate.

III.
But more, Corvinus, thy estate can bear
A greater loss, and not implore thy care;
Thy stock's sufficient, and thy wealth too great
To feel the damage of a petty cheat.

IV.
Nor are such losses to the world unknown,
A rare example, and thy chance alone;
Most feel them, and in Fortune's lottery lies
A heap of blanks, like this, for one small prize.

v.

Abate thy passion, nor too much complain,
Grief should be forc'd, and it becomes a man
To let it rise no higher than his pain:
But you, too weak the slightest loss to bear,
Too delicate the common fate to share,
Are on the fret of passion, boil and rage,
Because, in so debauch'd and vile an age,
Thy friend and old acquaintance dares disown
The gold you lent him, and forewear the loan.

What, start at this? When sixty years have
spread

Their gray experience o'er thy hoary head!
Is this the all-observing age could gain,
Or hast thou known the world so long in vain?

Let Stoics Ethics' haughty rules advance,
To combat fortune, and to conquer chance;
Yet happy those, though not so learn'd, are
thought,
Whom life instructs, who by experience taught,
For new to come from past misfortunes look;
Nor shake the yoke, which galls the more 'tis
shook.

vi.

What day's so sacred, but its rest's profan'd
By violent robbers, or by murders stain'd?
Here hir'd assassins for their gain invade,
And treacherous pois'ners urge their fatal trade.

Good men are scarce, the just are thinly sown,
They thrive but ill, nor can they last when grown.
And should we count them, and our store compile,
Yet Thebes more gates would show, more mouths
the Nile.

Worse than the Iron Age, and wretched times
Roll on; and use hath so improv'd our crimes,
That baffled Nature knows not how to frame
A metal base enough to give the age a name:
Yet you exclaim, as loud as those that praise
For scraps and coach-hire, a young noble's plays
You thunder, and, as passion rolls along,
Call heaven and earth to witness to your wrong.

Gray-headed infant! and in vain grown old!
Art thou to learn that in another's gold
Lie charms resistless? That all laugh to find
Unthinking plainness so o'erspread thy mind,
That thou could'st seriously persuade the crowd
To keep their oaths, and to believe a God?

vii.

This they could do whilst Saturn fill'd the
throne,

Ere Juno burnish'd, or young Jove was grown;
Ere private he left Ida's close retreat,
Or made rebellion by example great:
And whilst his hoary sire to Latium fled,
Usurp'd his empire, and defil'd his bed.

Whilst Gods din'd singly, and few feasts above,
No beauteous Hebe mixt the wine with love;
No Phrygian boy: But Vulcan stain'd the pole
With footy hands, and fill'd the sparing bowl.
Ere gods grew numerous, and the heavenly crowd
Prest wretched Atlas with a lighter load:
Ere chance unenvy'd Neptune's lot confin'd
To rule the ocean, and oppose the wind:
Ere Proserpine with Pluto shar'd the throne,
Ere furies lash'd, or ghost had learn'd to groan:
But free from punishment as free from sin
The shades liv'd jolly, and without a king.

Then vice was rare; e'en rudeness kept in awe
Felt all the rigour of avenging law;
And had not men the hoary heads rever'd,
Or boys paid reverence when a man appear'd,
Both must have dy'd, though richer skins they
wore,

And saw more heaps of acorns in their store:
Four years advance did such respect engage,
And youth was reverenc'd then like sacred age.

viii.

Now if one honest man I chance to view,
Contemning int'rest, and to virtue true;
I rank him with the prodigies of fame,
With plough'd-up fishes, and with icy flame;
With things which start from Nature's common
rules,
With bearded infants, and with teeming mules:
As much amaz'd at the prodigious sign,
As if I saw bees cluster'd on a shrine;
A show'r of stones, or rivers chang'd to blood
Roll wond'rous waves, or urge a milky flood.

ix.

A little sum you mourn, whilst most have met
With twice the loss, and by as vile a cheat:
By treacherous friends, and secret trust betray'd,
Some are undone; nor are the gods our aid.
Those conscious powers we can with ease con-
temn,
If hid from men, we trust our crimes with them.
Observe the wretch who hath his faith for-
sook,

How clear his voice, and how assur'd his look!
Like innocence, and as serenely bold
As truth, how loudly he foreswears thy gold!
By Neptune's trident, by the bolts of Jove,
And all the magazine of wrath above.
Nay, more, in curses he goes boldly on,
He damns himself, and thus devotes his son:
If I'm forsworn, you injur'd gods renew
Thyestes' feast, and prove the fable true.

x.

Some think that chance rules all, that Nature
steers
The moving seasons, and turns round the years.
These run to ev'ry shrine, these boldly swear,
And keep no faith, because they know no fear.

xi.

Another doubts, but as his doubts decline,
He dreads just vengeance, and he starts at sin;
He owns a God: And yet the wretch forswears;
And thus he reasons to relieve his fears.
Let Isis rage, so I securely hold
The coin forsworn, and keep the ravish'd gold:
Let blindness, lameness come; are legs and eyes
Of equal value to so great a prize?
Would starving Ladas, had he leave to choose,
And were not frantic, the rich gout refuse?
For can the glory of the swiftest pace
Procure him food? Or can he feast on praise?

xii.

The gods take aim before they strike their
blow, [slow;
Though sure their vengeance, yet the stroke is
And shou'd at ev'ry sin their thunder fly,
I'm yet secure, nor is my danger nigh:
But they are gracious, but their hands are free,
And who can tell but they can reach to me?

Some they forgive, and ev'ry age relates
That equal crimes have met unequal fates;
That sins alike, unlike rewards have found,
And whilst this villain's crucify'd, the other's
crown'd.

The man that shiver'd on the brink of sin,
Thus steel'd and harden'd ventures boldly in;
Dare him to swear, he with a cheerful face
Flies to the shrine, and bids thee mend thy pace;
He urges, goes before thee, shows the way,
Nay, pulls thee on, and chides thy dull delay:
For confidence in sin, when mix'd with zeal,
Seems innocence, and looks to most as well.

XIII.

Thus like the waggish slave in — play,
He spreads the net, and takes the easy prey.
You rage and storm, and blasphemously loud,
As Stentor bellowing to the Grecian crowd,
Or Homer's Mars with too much warmth ex-
claim;

Jove, dost thou hear, and is thy thunder tame?
Wert thou all brass, thy brazen arm should rage,
And fix the wretch a sign to future age:
Else why should mortals to thy feasts repair,
Spend useless incense, and more useless prayer?
Bathyllus' statue at this rate may prove
Thy equal rival, or a greater Jove.

XIV.

Be cool, my friend, and hear my muse dispense
Some sovereign comforts, drawn from common
sense;

Not fetch'd from Stoic's rigid schools, nor wrought
By Epicurus' more indulgent thought;
Who led by Nature, did with ease pursue
The rules of life; guess'd best, though miss'd
the true:

A desperate wound must skilful hands employ,
But thine is curable by Philip's boy.

XV.

Look o'er the present and the former time,
If no example of so vile a crime
Appears, then mourn; admit no kind relief,
But beat thy breast, and I applaud thy grief.
Let sorrow then appear in all her state,
Keep mournful silence, and shut fast thy gate.
Let solemn grief on money lost attend,
Greater than waits upon a dying friend;
None feigns, none acted mourning's forc'd to show,
Or squeeze his eyes to make that torrent flow;
For money lost demands a heartier due;
Than tears are real, and to the grief is true.

But if at each assize, and term, we try
A thousand rascals of as deep a dye;
If men forswear the deeds and bonds they draw,
Though sign'd with all formality of law,
And though the writing and the seal proclaim
The barefac'd perjury, and fix the shame;
Go, fortune's darling, nor expect to bear
The common lot, but to avoid thy share!
Heav'n's favourite thou, for better fates design'd,
Than we the dregs and rubbish of mankind!

XVI.

This petty sinner scarce deserves thy rage,
Compar'd with the great villains of the age.
Here hir'd assassins kill, there sulphur thrown,
By treacherous hands, destroys the frightened town.

Bold sacrilege, invading things divine,
Breaks through a temple, or destroys a shrine,
The reverend goblets, and the ancient plate,
Those grateful presents of a conqu'ring state,
Or pious king; or if the shrine be poor,
The image spoils: nor is the god secure.

One seizes Neptune's beard, one Castor's crown,
Or Jove himself, and melts the thunderer down.

Here pois'ners murder, there the impious son,
With whom a guiltless ape is doom'd to drown,
Prevents old age, and with a hasty blow
Cuts down his fire, and quickens fates too slow.

Yet what are these to those vast heaps of crimes,
Which make the greatest business of our times,
Which terms prolong, and which from morn to
night

Amaze the juries, and the judges fright!

Attend the court, and thou shalt briefly find
In that one place the manners of mankind;
Hear the indictments, then return again,
Call thyself wretch, and if thou dar'st, complain.
Whom 'midst the Alps do hanging throats surprise?
Who stares in Germany at watchet eyes?
Or who in Meroc, when the beast reclin'd,
Hangs o'er the shoulder to the child behind,
And bigger than the boy? for wonders lost
When things grow common, and are found in
most.

When cranes invade, his little sword and shield
The pigmy takes, and streight attends the field;
The fight's soon o'er; the cranes descend, and
bear

The sprawling warriors through the liquid air:
Now hear, shou'd such a fight appear to view,
All men would split, the fight wou'd please whilst
new:

There none's concern'd, where every day they
fight,

And not one warrior is a foot in height.

XVII.

But shall the villain 'scape? shall perjury
Grow rich and safe, and shall the cheat be free?
Hadst thou full power (rage asks no more) to
kill,

Or measure out his torments by thy will;
Yet what couldst thou, tormenter, hope to gain?
Thy loss continues, unrepaid by pain,
Inglorious comfort thou shalt poorly meet,
From his mean blood. But, oh! revenge is sweet.

Thus think the crowd, who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage;
Who ne'er consider, but without a pause,
Make up in passion what they want in cause.
Not so mild Thales, nor Crylippus thought,
Nor that good man, who drank the pois'ness
draught

With mind serene; and cou'd not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge; which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind;
Degenerous passion, and for man too base,
It seats its empire in the female race,
There rages; and, to make its blow secure,
Puts flatt'ry on, until the aim be sure.

XVIII.

But why must those be thought to 'scape, that
 feel
 Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel
 Which conscience shakes, when she with rage con-
 troul,
 And spreads amazing terrors through their souls?
 Not sharp revenge, not hell itself can find
 A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
 Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,
 Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

XIX.

A trusted Spartan was inclin'd to cheat,
 (The coin look'd lovely, and the bag was great,
 Secret the trust) and with an oath defend
 The prize, and baffle his deluded friend:
 But weak in sin, and of the gods afraid,
 And not well vers'd in the forswearing trade,
 He goes to Delphos, humbly begs advice:
 And thus the priests by command replies:
 Expect sure vengeance by the gods decreed,
 To punish thoughts, not yet improv'd to deed.
 At this he started, and forbore to swear,
 Not out of conscience of the sin, but fear.
 Yet plagues ensu'd, and the contagious sin
 Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his kin.
 Thus suffer'd he for the imperfect will
 To sin, and bare design of doing ill;
 For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
 Contracts the danger of an actual fault:
 Then what must he expect that still proceeds
 To finish sin, and work up thoughts to deeds?

XX.

Perpetual anguish fills his anxious breast,
 Not stopt by business, nor compos'd by rest:
 No music cheers him, and no feasts can please,
 He sits like discontented Damocles,
 When by the sportive tyrant wisely shown
 The dangerous pleasures of a flatter'd throne.
 Sleep flies the wretch, or when his cares oppress,
 And his toss'd limbs are weary'd into rest;
 Then dreams invade, the injur'd gods appear,
 All arm'd with thunder, and awake his fear.
 What frights him most, in a gigantic size,
 Thy sacred image flashes in his eyes;
 These shake his soul, and as they boldly press,
 Bring out his crimes, and force him to confess.

This wretch will start at ev'ry flash that flies,
 Grow pale at the first murmur of the skies,
 Ere clouds are form'd and thunder roars, afraid;
 And Epicurus can afford no aid,
 His notions fail: and the destructive flame
 Commission'd falls, not thrown by chance, but
 aim:

One clap is past, and now the skies are clear,
 A short reprieve, but to increase his fear:
 Whilst arms divine, revenging crimes below,
 Are gathering up to give the greater blow.

But if a fever fires his sulphurous blood,
 In ev'ry fit, he feels the hand of God,
 And heaven-borne flame: then, drown'd in deep
 despair,

He dares not offer one repenting prayer;
 Nor vow one victim to preserve his breath.
 Amaz'd he lies, and sadly looks for death:
 For how can hope with desperate guilt agree?
 And the worst beast is worthier life than he.

XXI.

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
 Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice;
 Though conscience checks him, yet, those rubs
 gone o'er,
 He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more;
 What sinners finish where they first begin?
 And with one crime content their lust to sin?
 Nature, that rude, and in her first essay,
 Stood boggling at the roughness of the way,
 Us'd to the road, unknowing to return,
 Goes boldly on, and loves the path when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleas'd with this successful bait,
 Thy perjur'd friend will quickly tempt his fate;
 He will go on, until his crimes provoke
 The arm Divine to strike the fatal stroke;
 Then thou shalt see him plung'd, when least he
 fears,

At once accounting for his deep arrears;
 Sent to those isles, which throng'd we see
 With mighty exiles, once secure as he;
 Drawn to the gallows, or condemn'd to chains:
 Then thou shalt triumph in the villain's pains,
 Enjoy his groans; and with a grateful mind
 Confess, that Heav'n is neither deaf nor blind.

S A T I R E XIV.

TRANSLATED BY MR. JOHN DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

SINCE domestic examples easily corrupt our youth, the poet prudently exhorts all parents, that they themselves should abstain from evil practices: Amongst which, he chiefly points at dice and gaming, taverns, drunkenness, and cruelty, which they exercised upon their slaves: Lest after their pernicious example, their sons should copy them in their vices, and become gamesters, drunkards, and tyrants, lestrigons, and cannibals to their servants. For, if the father, says Juvenal, love the box and dice, the boy will be given to an itching elbow: Neither is it to be expected, that the daughter of Larga the adulteress, should be more continent than her mother: Since we are all by

nature more apt to receive ill impressions than good; and are besides more pliant in our infancy and youth, than when we grow up to riper years. Thus we are more apt to imitate a Catiline, than a Brutus, or the uncle of Brutus, *Cato Uticensis*. For these reasons, he is instant with all parents, that they permit not their children, to hear lascivious words, and that they banish pimps, whores, and parasites from their houses. If they are careful, says the poet, when they make any invitation to their friends, that all things shall be clean, and set in order; much more is it their duty to their children, that nothing appear corrupt or undecent in their family. Storks and vultures, because they are fed by the old ones, with snakes and carrion, naturally, and without instruction, feed on the same uncleanly diet. But the generous eaglet, who is taught by her parent, to fly at hares, and sows on kids, disdains afterwards to pursue a more ignoble game. Thus the son of Centronius was prone to the vice of raising stately structures, beyond his fortune; because his father had ruined himself by building. He whose father is a Jew, is naturally prone to superstition, and the observation of his country laws. From hence the poet descends to a satire against avarice, which he esteems to be of worse example than any of the former. The remaining part of the poem is wholly employed on this subject, to show the misery of this vice. He concludes with limiting our desire of riches to a certain measure; which he confines within the compass of what hunger, and thirst, and cold, require for our preservation and subsistence: With which necessities if we are not contented, then the treasures of Croesus, of the Persian king, or of the eunuch Narcissus, who commanded both the will and the fortunes of Claudius the emperor, would not be sufficient to satisfy the greediness of our desires.

FUSCINUS, those ill deeds that sully fame,
And lay such blots upon an honest name,
In blood once tainted, like a current run
From the lewd father, to the lewder son.
If gaming does an aged sire entice,
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,
And shakes, in hanging sleeves, the little box
and dice.

Thus the voluptuous youth bred up to dress
For his fat grandfire, some delicious mess;
In feeding high, his tutor will surpass,
As heir apparent of the Gourmand race.
And, should a thousand grave philosophers
Be always hollowing virtue in his ears,
They wou'd at last their loss of time lament,
And give him o'er for glutton in descent.

Can cruel Rutilus, who loves the noise
Of whips far better than a Syren's voice,
Can Polyphemus, or Antiphates,
Who gorge themselves with man, can such as these
Set up to teach humanity, and give
By their example, rules for us to live?
Can they preach up equality of birth,
And tell us how we all began from earth?
Th' inhuman lord, who with a cruel gust
Can a red fork in his slave's forehead thrust,
Because th' unlucky criminal was caught
With little theft of two coarse towels fraught?
Can he a son to soft remorse incite,
Whom gaols, and blood, and butchery delight?
Who wou'd expect the daughter shou'd be other
Than common punk, if Larga be the mother!
Whose lovers names in order to run o'er,
The girl took breath full thirty times, and more:
She, when but yet a tender minx, began
To hold the door, but now sets up for man;
And to her gallants, in her own hand-writing
Sends billets-doux of the old bawd's inditing.
So nature prompts; so soon we go astray,
When old experience puts us in the way:
Our green youth copies what gray sinners act;
When venerable age commends the fact.

Some sons, indeed, some very few, we see
Who keep themselves from this infection free,
Whom gracious Heaven for nobler ends design'd,
Their looks erected, and their clay refin'd,

The rest are all by bad example led,
And in their father's slimy track they tread.
Is't not enough we should ourselves undo,
But that our children we must ruin too?
Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.
By nature, headlong to all ills we run,
And virtue, like some dreadful monster, shun.
Survey the world, and where one Cato shines,
Count a degenerate herd of Catilines.

Suffer no lewdness, or undecent speech,
Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach;
Far be from thence the glutton parasite,
Singing his drunken catches all the night;
But farther still be woman; woman first
Was evil's cause, herself of ills the worst.
Boys ev'n from parents may this reverence claim;
For when thou dost at some vile action aim,
Say, shou'd the harmless child with-hold thy hand,
Wou'd it not put thy fury to a stand?
Then may we not conclude the fire unjust,
Who (when his son o'ercome with drink and lust,
Is by the censor of good manners caught,
And suffers public penance for his fault)
Rails, and reviles, and turns him out of door,
For what so oft himself has done before:
A son so copy'd from his vice, so much
The very same in every little touch;
That should he not resemble too his life,
The father justly might suspect his wife.

This very reverend lecher, quite worn out
With rheumatism, and crippled with his gout,
Forgets what he in youthful times has done,
And swings his own vices in his son.
To entertain a guest, with what a care
Would he his household ornaments prepare!
Harass his servants, and o'erseeer stand,
To keep 'em working with a threatening wand:
Clean all my plate, he cries, let not one stain
Sully the figur'd silver, or the plain;
Rub all the floors, make all the pillars bright,
No hanging cobwebs leave to shock the sight.

O wretched man! is all this hurry made
On this account, because thou art afraid
A dirty hall or entry should offend
The curious eyes of thy invited friend?

Reform thy family ; one son at home
 Concerns thee more than many guests to come.
 If to some useful art he be not bred,
 He grows mere lumber, and is worse than dead.
 For what we learn in youth, to that alone
 In age we are by second nature prone.
 The callow storks with lizard and with snake
 Are fed; and soon as ere to wing they take,
 At sight those animals for food pursue,
 The first delicious bit they ever knew.
 Ev'n so 'tis nature in the vulture's breed,
 On dogs and human carcases to feed.
 Jove's bird will fowse upon the tim'rous hare,
 And tender kids with his sharp talions tear;
 Because such food was laid before him first,
 When from his shell the lab'ring eaglet burst.
 Centronius does high costly Villa's raise
 With Grecian marble, which the sight amaze:
 Some stand upon Cajeta's winding shore,
 At Tybur's tow'r, and at Præneste more.
 The dome of Hercules and fortune show,
 To his tall fabrics, like small cots below:
 So much his palaces o'er-look 'em all,
 As gilt Pofides does our capital.
 His son builds on, and never is content,
 Till the last farthing is in structure spent.

The Jews, like their bigotted fires before,
 By gazing on the clouds their god adore:
 So superstitious, that they'll sooner dine
 Upon the flesh of men than that of swine.
 Our Roman customs they condemn and jeer,
 But learn and keep their country rites with fear.
 That worship only they in rev'rence have,
 Which in dark volumes their great Moses gave.
 Ask 'em the road, and they shall point you wrong.
 Because you do not to their tribe belong.
 They'll not betray a spring to quench your thirst,
 Unless you shew 'em circumcision first.
 So they are taught, and do it to obey
 Their fathers, who observe the Sabbath day.

Young men to imitate all ills are prone,
 But are compell'd to avarice alone:
 For then in virtue's shape they follow vice;
 Because a true distinction is so nice,
 That the base wretch who hoards up all he can,
 Is prais'd, and call'd a careful, thrifty man:
 The fabled dragon never guarded more
 The golden fleece, than he his ill-got store:
 What a profound respect where'er he goes
 The multitude to such a monster shows?
 Each father cries, "My son, example take,
 "And led by this wise youth, thy fortunes make,
 "Who day and night ne'er ceas'd to toil and
 "sweat,
 "Drudg'd like a smith, and on the anvil beat,
 "Till he had hammer'd out a vast estate.
 "Side with that sect, who learnedly deny,
 "That e're content was join'd with poverty:
 "Who measure happiness by wealth increas'd,
 "And think the money'd man alone is blest.
 Parents the little arts of saving teach,
 Ere sons the top of avarice can reach;
 When with false weights their servants' guts they
 cheat,
 And pinch their own to cover the deceit:
 Keep a stale crust till it looks blue, and think
 Their flesh ne'er fit for eating till it stink;

The least remains of which they mince, and dress
 It o'er again to make another mess:
 Adding a leek, whose ev'ry string is told,
 For fear some pilf'ring hand should make too bold:
 And with a mark distinct, seal up a dish
 Of thrice-boil'd beans, and putrid summer-fish:
 A beggar on the bridge would loath such food,
 And send it to be wash'd in Tyber's flood.

But, to what end these ways of sordid gain?
 It shows a manifest unsettled brain,
 Living, to suffer a low starving fate,
 In hopes of dying in a wealthy state.
 For, as thy strutting bags with money rise,
 The love of gain is of an equal size:
 Kind fortune does the poor man better bless,
 Who though he has it not, desires it less.
 One villa therefore is too little thought;
 A larger farm at a vast price is bought:
 Uneasy still within these narrow bounds,
 Thy next design is on thy neighbour's grounds:
 His crop invites, to full perfection grown,
 Thy own seems thin, because it is thy own:
 The purchase therefore is demanded straight,
 And if he will not sell, or makes thee wait,
 A team of oxen in the night are sent,
 (Starv'd for the purpose, and with labour spent)
 To take free quarter, which in one half hour
 The pains and product of a year devour:
 Then, some are basely brib'd, to vow it looks
 Most plainly done by thieves with reaping-hooks;
 Such mean revenge, committed underhand,
 Has ruin'd many an acre of good land.
 What if men talk, and whispers go about,
 Pointing the malice and its author out?
 He values not what they can say, or do;
 For who will dare a monied man to sue?
 Thus he would rather curs'd, and envy'd be,
 Than lov'd and prais'd in honest poverty.

But to possess a long and happy life,
 Freed from diseases, and secure from strife,
 Give me, ye gods! the product of one field,
 As large as that which the first Romans till'd;
 That so I neither may be rich nor poor,
 And having just enough, not covet more.

'Twas then, old soldiers cover'd o'er with scars,
 (The marks of Pyrrhus, or the Punic wars),
 Thought all past services rewarded well,
 If to their share at last two acres fell:
 (Their country's frugal bounty); so of old
 Was blood, and life, at a low market fold.

Yet, then, this little spot of earth well till'd,
 A num'rous family with plenty fill'd;
 The good old man and thrifty housewife spent
 Their days in peace, and fatten'd with content.
 Enjoy'd the dregs of life, and liv'd to see
 A long-descending healthful progeny.
 The men were fashion'd in a larger mould;
 The women fit for labour, big and bold.
 Gigantic hinds, as soon as work was done,
 To their huge pots of boiling pulse would run:
 Fell too, with eager joy, on homely food;
 And their large veins beat strong with wholesome
 blood.

Of old, two acres were a bounteous lot,
 Now, scarce they serve to make a garden-plot.
 From hence the greatest part of ills descend,
 When rust of getting more will have no end;

That, still our weaker passions does command,
And puts the sword and poison in our hand.
Who covets riches, cannot brook delay,
But spurs and bears down all that stops his way :
Nor law, nor checks of conscience will he hear,
When in hot scent of gain, and full career.

But hark, how ancient Marfus did advise ;
My sons let these small cots and hills suffice :
Let us the harvest of our labour eat ;
'Tis labour makes the coarsest diet sweet :
Thus much to the kind rural gods we owe,
Who pity'd suff'ring mortals long ago ;
When on harsh acorns hungrily they fed,
And gave 'em nicer palates, better bread.
The country peasant meditates no harm,
When clad with skins of beasts to keep him
warm :

In winter weather, unconcern'd, he goes
Almost knee-deep through mire, in clumsy shoes :
Vice dwells in palaces, is richly drest,
There glows in scarlet, and the Tyrian vest.
The wiser ancients these instructions gave :
But now a covetous old crafty knave,
At dead of night shall rouse his son, and cry,
Turn out you rogue, how like a beast you lie !
Go, buckle to the law ; is this an hour
To stretch your limbs ? You'll ne'er be chancellor:
Or else yourself to Lælius recommend,
To such broad shoulders Lælius is a friend :
Fight under him, there's plunder to be had ;
A captain is a very gainful trade :
And when in service your best days are spent,
In time you may command a regiment.
But if the trumpet's clangour you abhor,
And dare not be an alderman of war ;
Take to a shop, behind a counter lie,
Cheat half in half ; none thrive by honesty :
Never reflect upon the sordid ware
Which you expose ; be gain your only care,
He that grows rich by scouring of a sink,
Gets wherewithal to justify the stink.
This sentence, worthy Jove himself, record
As true, and take it on a poet's word :
" 'T' have money, is a necessary task,
" From whence 'tis got the world will never ask."
Taught by their nurses, little children get
This saying, sooner than their alphabet.
What care a father takes to teach his son,
With ill-tim'd industry, to be undone !
Leave him to nature, and you'll quickly find
The tender cock'ril takes just after kind :
The forward youth will without driving go,
And learn t' outshoot you in your proper bow,
As much as Ajax his own fire excell'd,
And was the brawnier blockhead in the field.
Let nature in the boy but stronger grow,
And all the father soon itself will show :
When first the down appears upon his chin,
For a small sum he swears through thick and
At Ceres altar vents his perjury, [thin ;
And blasts her holy image with a lie ;
If a rich wife he marries, in her bed
She's found, by dagger or by poison dead.
While merchants make long voyages by sea,
To get estates, he cuts a shorter way.
In mighty mischiefs little labour lies :
I never counsell'd this, the father cries.

But still, base man, he copy'd this from thee ;
Thine was the prime, original villany.
For he who covets gain to such excess,
Does by dumb signs himself as much express,
As if in words at length he show'd his mind :
Thy bad example made him sin by kind.
But who can youth, let loose to vice, restrain ?
When once the hard-mouth'd horse has got the
rein,

He's past thy pow'r to stop ; young Phaeton,
By the wild couriers of his fancy drawn,
From east to north, irregularly hurl'd,
First set on fire himself, and then the world.

Astrologers assure long life, you say,
Your son can tell you better much than they,
Your son and heir whose hopes your life delay. }
Poison will work against the stars, beware ;
For ev'ry meal an antidote prepare :
And let Archigenes some cordial bring
Fit for a wealthy father, or a king.

What fight more pleasant, in his public shows
Did ever prætor on the stage expose,
Than are such men as ev'ry day we see,
Whose chief mishap, and only misery
Is to be overstock'd with ready coin,
Which now they bring to watchful Castor's shrine ;
Since Mars, whom we the great revenger call,
Lost his own helmet, and was stript of all.
'Tis time dull theatres we should forsake,
When busy men much more diversion make.
The tumblers gambols some delight afford,
No less the nimble cap'rer on the cord ;
But these are still insipid stuff to thee,
Coop'd in a ship, and toss'd upon the sea.
Base wretch, expos'd by thy own covetous mind,
To the deaf mercy of the waves and wind.
The dancer on the rope, with doubtful tread,
Gets wherewithal to clothe and buy him bread,
Nor covets more than hunger to prevent ;
But nothing less than millions thee content :
What shipwrecks and dead bodies choke the
sea ;

The num'rous fools that were betray'd by thee !
For at the charming call of pow'rful gain,
Whole fleets equipt appear upon the main,
And spite of Lybian and Carpathian gale,
Beyond the limits of known earth they fail.
A labour worth the while, at last to brag
(When safe return'd, and with a strutting bag),
What finny sea-gods thou hast had in view,
More than our lying poets ever knew.
What several madneses in men appear !
Orestes runs from fancy'd furies here ;
Ajax belabours there an harmless ox,
And thinks that Agamemnon feels the knocks.
Nor is indeed that man less mad than these,
Who freights a ship to venture on the seas :
With one frail interposing plank to save
From certain death roll'd on by ev'ry wave ;
Yet silver makes him all his toil embrace,
Silver, with titles stamp'd, and a dull monarch's
face.

When gath'ring clouds o'ershadow all the skies,
And shoot quick lightnings, weigh my boys, he
cries,
A summer's thunder, soon it will be past !
Yet, hardy fool, this night may prove thy last ;

When thou (thy ship o'erwhelm'd with waves)
 shalt be

Forc'd to plunge naked in the raging sea;
Thy teeth hard press'd, a purseful of dear gold,
The last remains of all thy treasure, hold.

Thus he—

Whose sacred hunger, all the stores that lie
In yellow Tagus could not satisfy;
Does now in tatter'd clothes at some lane's end
A painted storm for charity extend.

With care and trouble great estates we gain,
When got, we keep 'em with more care and pain.
Rich Licinus's servants ready stand,
Each with a water-bucket in his hand,
Keeping a guard, for fear of fire, all night,
Yet Licinus is always in a fright.

His curious statues; amber-works, and plate,
Still fresh increasing pangs of mind create.
The naked Cynic's jar ne'er flames; if broken
'Tis quickly soder'd, or a new bespoken.

When Alexander first beheld the face
Of the great Cynic in that narrow space;
His own condition thus he did lament:

How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little hole, than I

Who after empire, that vain quarry, fly;
Grappling with dangers wherefoe'er I roam,
While thou hast all the conquer'd world at home.

Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own.
If any ask me what would satisfy
To make life easy, thus I would reply:
As much as keeps out hunger, thirst, and cold,
Or what contented Socrates of old:
As much as made wise Epicurus blest,
Who in small gardens spacious realms possess;
This is what nature's wants may well suffice:
He that would more, is covetous, not wise.
But since among mankind so few there are,
Who will conform to philosophic fare;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy ease,
And mingle something of our times to please.
Therefore enjoy a plentiful estate,
As much as will a knight of Rome create
By Roscian law: And if that will not do,
Double, and take as much as will make two;
Nay, three, to satisfy the last desire:
But if to more than this thou dost aspire;
Believe me, all the riches of the east,
The wealth of Cræsus cannot make thee blest:
The treasure Claudius to Narcissus gave,
Would make thee, Claudius-like, an errant-
 slave;
Who to obey his mighty minion's will,
Did his lov'd empress Messalina kill.

S A T I R E XV.

TRANSLATED BY MR. TATE.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN this satire against the superstition and cruelty of the Egyptians, it is probable our author had his old friend Crispinus (who was of that country) in his eye; and to whom he had paid his respects more than once before. The scene is now removed from Rome, which shows our author a professed enemy of vice wheresoever he meets with it. But if by the change of place, his subject and performance in this satire be, as some think, more barren than in his others (the people being obscure and mean rabble, whose barbarous fact he relates) we find in it, however, sprinklings of the same moral sentiments and reflections that adorn the rest.

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sect, devotion to Nile's serpent pays;
Others to Ibis that on serpent preys.
Where Thebes, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd Memno's magic harp is heard,
Where these are mould'ring, lest the fots combine
With pious care a monkey to enshrine!
Fish-gods you'll meet with fins and scales o'er-
 grown;

Diana's dogs ador'd in ev'ry town,
Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none!
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,
Each clove of garlic is a sacred pow'r.
Religious nations sure and blest abodes,
Where ev'ry orchard is o'errun with gods.
To kill, is murder, sacrilege to eat
A kid or lamb—Man's flesh is lawful meat!

Of such a practice when Ulysses told,
What think you? Could Alcinous' guests withhold
From scorn or rage? Shall we (cries one) permit
This lewd romancer, and his bant'ring wit?
Nor on Charybdis rock beat out his brains,
Or send him to the Cyclops whom he feigns.
Of Scylla's dogs, and stranger flames than these,
Cyane's rocks that juggle in the seas,
Of winds in bags (for mirth-sake) let him tell,
And of his mates turn'd swine by Circe's spell,
But men to eat men, human faith surpasses:
This trav'ler takes us islanders for asses.
Thus the incred'lous Phæac (having yet
Drank but one round) reply'd in sober fret,
Nor without reason truly, since the board
(For proof o' th' fact had but Ulysses' word.)
What I relate 's more strange, and ev'n exceeds
All registers of purple tyrants deeds;

Portentous mischiefs they but singly act,
A multitude conspir'd to this more horrid fact.
Prepare, I say, to hear of such a crime
As tragic poets, since the birth of time,
Ne'er feign'd, a thronging audience to amaze;
But true, and perpetrated in our days.

Ombus and Tentyr, neighb'ring towns, of late
Broke into outrage of deep-fester'd hate.
A grutch in both, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from fire to son.
Religious spight and pious spleen bred first
This quarrel, which so long the bigots nurs'd.
Each calls the other's god a senseless stock,
His own, divine; though from the self-same block
One carver fram'd them, diff'ring but in shape,
A serpent this resembling, that an ape.

The Tentyrites to execute their crime
Think none so proper, as a sacred time;
Which call'd to Ombites forth to public rites,
Sev'n days they spent in feasts, sev'n sleepless
nights.

(For scoundrel as these wretched Ombites be,
Canopus they exceed in luxury).

Them rev'ling thus the Tentyrites invade,
By giddy heads and stagging legs betray'd:
Strange odds! where crop-lick drunkards must
engage

A hungry foe, and arm'd with sober rage.

At first both parties in reproaches jar,
And make their tongues the trumpets of the war.
Words break no bones, and in a railing fray,
Women and priests can be as stout as they.
Words serve but to inflame our warlike lists,
Who wanting weapons clutch their horny fists.
Yet thus make shift t' exchange such furious blows,
Scarce one escapes with more than half a nose.
Some stand their ground with half their visage
gone,

But with the remnant of a face fight on.
Such transform'd spectacles of horror grow,
That not a mother her own son would know.
One eye, remaining, for the other spies,
Which now on earth a trampled gelly lies.
Yet hitherto both parties think the fray
But mockery of war, mere children's play:
Though traversing, with streams of blood they
meet,

They tread no carcase yet beneath their feet:
And scandal think't to have none slain outright,
Between two hosts that for religion fight.

This whets their rage to search for stones, as large
As they could lift, or with both hands discharge.
Not altogether of a size, if match'd
With those which Ajax once, or Turnus snatch'd
For their defence, or by Tydides thrown,
That brush'd Æneas crest, and struck him down,
Of weight would make two men strain hard to raise,
Such men as liv'd in honest Homer's days:
Whom giants yet to us we must allow,
Dwindled into a race of pigmies now;
The mirth and scorn of gods, that see us fight,
Such little wasps, and yet so full of spite:
For bulk mere insects, yet in mischief strong,
And spent so ill, our short life's much too long!

Fresh forces now of Tentyrites from town,
With swords and darts, to aid their friends, come
down.

Who with fleet arrows levell'd from afar,
Ere they themselves approach'd, secure the war.
Hard set before, what could the Ombites do?
They fly; their pressing foes as fast pursue.
An Ombite wretch (by headlong haste betray'd
And falling down i' th' rout) is pris'ner made:
Whole flesh torn off by lumps, the rav'nous foe
In morsels cut, to make it farther go,
His bones clean pick'd, his very bones they gnaw;
No stomach's baulk'd, because the corps is raw.
'T had been lost time to dress him—keen desire
Supplies the want of kettle, spit, and fire.
(Prometheus' ghost is sure o'erjoy'd to see
His heav'n-stol'n fire from such disaster free:
Nor seems the sparkling element less pleas'd
than he.)

The guests are found too num'rous for the
treat,
But all, it seems, who had the luck to eat,
Swear they ne'er tasted more delicious meat.
They swear, and such good palates you should trust,
Who doubts the relish of the first free gust?
Since one who had i' th' rear excluded been,
And could not for a taste o' th' flesh come in.
Licks the soil'd earth, which he thinks full as good;
While reeking with a mangled Ombite's blood.

The Vascons once with man's flesh (as 'tis said)
Kept life and soul together—grant they did,
Their case was diff'rent; with long siege distress'd,
And all extremities of war oppress'd.
(For miserable to the last degree,
Th' excuse of such a practice ought to be).

With creatures, vermin, herbs, and weeds sus-
tain'd, [main'd:
While creatures, vermin, herbs, or weeds re-
Till to such meagre spectacles reduc'd,
As ev'n compassion in the foe produc'd:

Acquitted by the manes of the dead,
And ghosts of carcases on which they fed.
By Zeno's doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,
For life's support no harmless thing to do.
But Zeno never to the Vascons read;
('Tis since their days that civil arts have spread):
'Twas lately British lawyers, from the Gaul
Learnt to harangue, and eloquently bawl.
Thule hopes next t' improve her northern style,
And plant (where yet no spring did ever smile
With flow'rs of rhetoric her frozen isle).

That brave the Vascons were, we must confess,
Who fortitude preserv'd in such distress.
Yet not the brightest their example shines,
Eclips'd by the more noble Saguntines;
Who, both the foe, and famine to beguile,
For dead and living rais'd one common pile.

Mæotis first did impious rites devise
Of treating gods with human sacrifice;
But savage Egypt's cruelty exceeds
The Scythian shrine, where, though the captive
bleeds,
Secure of burial when his life is fled,
The murd'ring knife's thrown by, when once the
victim's dead.

Did famine to this monstrous fact compel,
Or did the miscreants try this conj'ring spell,
In time of drought to make the Nile to swell?
Amongst the rugged Cymbrians, or the race
Of Gauls, or fiercer Tartars can you trace

An outrage of revenge like this, pursu'd
 By an effeminate scoundrel multitude.
 Whose outmost daring is to cross the Nile
 In painted boats to fright the crocodile.
 Can men, or more resenting gods, invent,
 Or hell inflict proportion'd punishment
 On varlets, who could treat revenge and spite
 With such a feast, famine's self would fright?
 Compassion proper to mankind appears,
 Which nature witness'd when she let us tears.
 Of tender sentiments we only give
 Those proofs: To weep in our prerogative;
 To show by pitying looks, and melting eyes,
 How with a suffering friend we sympathize!
 Nay, tears will ev'n from a wrong'd orphan
 slide,
 When his false guardian at the bar is try'd:
 So tender, so unwilling to accuse,
 So soft the roses on his cheek bedews,
 So soft his tresses, fill'd with trickling pearl,
 You doubt his sex, and take him for a girl.
 B' impulse of nature (though to us unknown
 The party be) we make the loss our own;
 And tears steal from our eyes when in the street
 With some betrothed virgin's herse we meet,
 Or infant's fun'ral, from the cheated womb
 Convey'd to earth, and cradled in a tomb.
 Who can all sense of others ills escape,
 Is but a brute at best in human shape.
 This nat'ral piety did first refine
 Our wit, and rais'd our thoughts to things divine:

This proves our spirit of the gods descent,
 While that of beasts is prone and downward bent.
 To them but earth-born life they did dispense
 To us, for mutual aid, celestial sense.
 From straggling mountainers, for public good,
 To rank in tribes, and quit the savage wood.
 Houses to build, and them contiguous make,
 For cheerful neighbourhood and safety's sake.
 In war, a common standard to erect,
 A wounded friend in battle to protect;
 The summons take of the same trumpet's call,
 To sally from one port or man on public wall.
 But serpents now more amity maintain!
 From spotted skins the leopard does refrain:
 No weaker lion's by a stronger slain:
 Nor, from his larger tusks, the forest boar
 Commission takes his brother-swine to gore.
 Tyger with tyger, bear with bear you'll find
 In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.
 But lawless man the anvil dares profane,
 And forg'd that steel by which a man is slain!
 Which earth, at first, for ploughshares did afford,
 Nor yet the smith had learnt to form a sword.
 An impious crew we have beheld, whose rage
 Their en'mies very life could not assuage,
 Unless they banquet on the wretch they slew,
 Devour the corps, and lick the blood they drew!
 What think you, would Pythagoras have said
 Of such a feast, or to what desert fled?
 Who flesh of animals refus'd to eat,
 Nor held all sorts of pulse for lawful meat.

S A T I R E XVI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in this satire, proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a country-man: first, because a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court: The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Egypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
 Accruing to the mighty man of war!
 For, if into a lucky camp I light,
 Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
 Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right: }
 One happy hour is to a soldier better,
 Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
 Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
 My suit, and own the kindness done to her.
 See, what our common privileges are:
 As, first, no saucy citizen should dare

To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
 The wrong, for fear of farther punishment:
 Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
 Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
 Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
 Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
 A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
 Not by the statute, but by martial laws;
 Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
 The brawls of soldiers to the trench and
 line:

A wise provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear:
And, taking cognisance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease:
This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
(Which, heaven be prais'd, thou yet may'st call
thy own)

Would'st thou, to run the gauntlet, these expose
To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
Should teach them more good-nature to their shins.
Besides, whom can'st thou think so much thy
friend,

Who dares appear thy business to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse.
The judge cries out, your evidence produce.
Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list.
To witness truth? When I see one so brave,
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards, and matted
hair,

Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.

More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,

Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred land-mark from my bounds,
Those bounds, which with possession and with
prayer,

And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must, with patience, all the terms attend,
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day

Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,
Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowfy, and goes out to piss:

So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know these cares,
No time, nor trick of law their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another branch of their revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill,
Their father, yet alive, empower'd to make a
will.

For, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:

No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking fire
Does a remembrance in his will desire:

Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert:

Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and
whore;

Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

DRYDEN'S PENSIVE

SATIRE I

AN ODE TO THE MOUNTAIN OF THE FINEST

THE WORKS

OF

P E R S I U S.

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

THE WORKS

OF

P E R S I U S

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN BAYDEN, ESQ.

DRYDEN'S PERSIUS.

SATIRE I.

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

THE design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in-fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

I NEVER did on cleft Parnassus pream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inspir'd,
Was, by the muses, into madness fir'd.
My share in pale Pyrene I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endu'd the chattering pie?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
Want taught their masters, and their masters
these.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry wittlings have it in their eye;
Pies, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear they
sing.

THE ARGUMENT.

I NEED not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill-placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortunes, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a Stoic philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

IN DIALOGUE BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR MONITOR.

Persius.

How anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our desires!

Friend. Thy spleen contain:

For none will read thy satires.

Persius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two
or three.

'Tis hard, I grant.

VOL. XII.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the town
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves com-
mend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of every mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."

Z z

But, where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would
say,

But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way.

Truth lends the Stoic courage: when I look

On human acts, and read in nature's book,

From the first pastimes of our infant-age,

To elder cares, and man's severer page;

When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,

We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:

Then, then I say—or would say, if I durst—

But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Persius. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home: our authors write

In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;

Whether in prose or verse, 'tis all the same:

'Tis prose in fustian, and the numbers lame.

All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,

Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.

They comb, and then they order every hair:

A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear:

A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.

Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,

They mount, a God's name, to be seen and
heard.

From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,

And ogling all their audience ere they speak.

The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,

With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,

And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line

The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.

At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,

And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.

Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?

Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?

At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:

And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if, thus con-
I choke the noble vigour of my mind? [fin'd,

Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,

Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.

Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,

Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school:

As if 'tis nothing worth that lives conceal'd,

And "science is not science till reveal'd?"

Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see

The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he;

That's he whose wondrous poem is become

A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!

Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;

And often quoted when the bowls go round.

Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;

And add to wine the luxury of verse.

One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,

Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:

Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,

Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:

Then graciously the mellow audience nod:

Is not th' immortal author made a god?

Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?

Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?

And roses (while his loud applause they sing)

Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?

All these, you cry, but light objections are;

Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.

For does there breathe a man who can reject

A general fame, and his own lines neglect?

In cedar tablets worthy to appear,

That need not fish, or frankincense to fear?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part, to bear,

Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed

In what I write (and that's a chance indeed),

Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,

Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:

But this I cannot grant, that thy applause

Is my work's ultimate or only cause.

Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;

For mark what vanity within it lies.

Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found

Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:

Such little elegies as nobles write,

Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.

Them and their woeful works the muse defies:

Products of citron-beds, and golden canopies.

To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart

To make a supper with a fine desert: [part.

And to thy thread-bare friend a cast old suit im-

Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me
friend,

(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend)

What says the world of me and of my muse?

The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:

But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;

And all thy labours are but loss of time.

Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;

Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.

All authors to their own defects are blind;

Hadst thou but, Janus-like, a face behind,

To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;

To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:

Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,

When most athirst of an Apulian bitch:

But noble scribblers are with flattery fed;

For none dare find their faults who eat their bread.

To pass the poets of patrician blood,

What is't the common reader takes for good?

The verse in fashion is when numbers flow:

Soft without sense, and without spirit slow:

So smooth and equal, that no sight can find

The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.

So even all, with such a steady view,

As if he shut one eye to level true.

Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,

The people's riots, or the rage of kings,

The gentle poet is alike in all;

His reader hopes to rise, and fears no fall.

Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd
thing

Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;

Who, for false quantities, was whipt at school

But t'other day, and breaking grammar-rule,

Whose trivial art was never try'd above

The brave description of a native grove:

Who knows not how to praise the country store,

The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar;

Nor paint the flowery fields that paint them-
selves before.

Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,

Whose shining plough-share was in furrows worn,

Met by his trembling wife, returning home,

And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome:

She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow;

And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;

The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant
plough.

Some love to hear the fustian poet roar;
And some on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for sense; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-eyed fathers teach
Their sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech;
Or others, new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry;
One would inquire from whence this motly style
Did first our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their seat;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry,
Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently:
Theft (says th' accuser) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius! what does gentle Pedius say?
Studious to please the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes, he flurs his crimes:

"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
"And took but with intention to restore."
He lards with flourishes his long harangue; [hang?
'Tis fine, say'st thou; what, to be prais'd, and
Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
Would'st thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
An alms? What's more preposterous than to see
A merry beggar? Mirth in misery?

Perfius. He seems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:
" 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
"The mid-part chimes with art, which never
"flat is.

"The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
"Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
"Apennine."

Perfius. All this is doggrel stuff.

Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verse? "Arms and the man I sing."

Perfius. Why name you Virgil with such tops as
He's truly great, and must for ever please: [these?
Not fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage. [read

Friend. What poems think you soft? and to be
With languishing regards, and bended head? [crew

Perfius. "Their crooked horns the Mimmallonian
"With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who flew
"The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
"Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
"And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
"She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung
"around; [found."

"Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's
Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatness left in Rome?

Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew:
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew,

Friend. 'Tis fustian all; 'tis execrably bad;
But if they will be fools, must you be mad?

Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse.
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to starve.

Perfius. Rather than so, uncensur'd let them be;
All, is admirably well, for me.

My harmless rhyme shall 'scape the dire disgrace
Of common-shores, and every pissing place.
Two painted serpents shall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you must not urinate here.
This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name be brought;
He mouth'd them, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face.
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the desperate passes when he smil'd.

Could he do this, and is my muse control'd
By servile awe? Born free, and not be hold?
At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a snout, and asses ears."
This mean conceit, this darling mystery, [buy,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not
Nor will I change for all the flashy wit,
That flattering Libeo, in his Iliads, writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:

Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full-blown sail,
Like Aristophanes, let him but smile [style:
On this thy honest work, though writ in homely
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less droffy, read those lines again.
May they perform their author's just intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:

Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe:
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-sight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate:
Whose power extends no farther than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.

Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, with his foot, the sacred dust destroys:
Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A Cynic's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the business of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their
afternoon.

S A T I R E II.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the "Second Alcibiades." Our author has induced it with great mystery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius, commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Micrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in showing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

LET this auspicious morning be express
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the test of heaven will
bear;

Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou thunderer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!

O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I should possess th' estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one small dose will send him to the devil.

This is my neighbour Neri's third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
But my eternal wife!—Grant heaven I may
Survive to see the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou may'st the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash th' obscenities of night away.
But pr'ythee tell me ('tis a small request),
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possess'd?
Would'st thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and Statius chose?

Which of the two would thy wise head declare
The trustier tutor to an orphan-heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Statius, straight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Canst thou indulge him in this villany!
And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience then
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his business to be done by fate?
Because his thunder splits some burley-tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's prayer and sacrifice?
What well fed offering to appease the god,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

Our superstitions with our life begin:
Th' obscene old grandam, or the next of kin.
The new born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes:
Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That heaven would make him some rich miser's
heir,

Lucky to ladies, and in time a king;
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear;
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of brass the crone demands
For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire;

Unconscionable vows, which when we use,
We teach the gods, in reason, to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish,
Would stop the grant: the very overcare
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase,
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st that, when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou see'st th' accomplishment of thy desire!
Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
And showers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.

Should I present them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
Thou measur'st by thyself the powers divine,
Thy gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is their shrine.

Thy puny godlings of inferior race,
Whose humble statues are content with brass,
Should some of these, in visions purg'd from
Foretold events, or in a morning dream; [phlegm,
Ev'n those thou would'st in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.

The priests in temples, now, no longer care
For Saturn's brass, or Numa's earthen-ware;
Or vestal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the gods.
Of oil and cassia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain;
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise:
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold!
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus, offer baby-toys,
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear;
A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine;
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

S A T I R E III.

THE ARGUMENT.

OUR author has made two satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the Stoic philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable satire; where he upbraids the youth of sloth and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possession of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was "The reproach of Idleness;" though in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, "Against the luxury and vices of the rich." In both of which the intentions of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I translated this satire, when I was a king's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday night's exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my exercises of this nature, in English verse, are in the hands of my learned master, the reverend Dr. Busby.]

Is this thy daily course? The glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noon-tide rays of summer shun,
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of indigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:

My clothes make haste: why then! if none be
near,

He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays them down again;
And with unfeeling fingers, tries the pen.
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick.

Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who were never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the laughter of the town;
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill back'd vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and return's a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land; a country-seat, secure
By a just title; costly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:
What need of learning when a man's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree,
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet;
And, loudly, call him cousin, in the street.

Such pageantry be to the people shown:
There boast they horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?

But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;
Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the waters brim.

Great father of the gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: set virtue in his light,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces
bright:

But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!

Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
Are emblems rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more;
The wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and sears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice
wife;

Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil, to stay from school:
Averse from pains, and loath to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:

Though much my master, that stern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came, with pride, to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dextrously to throw the lucky dice:
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False-bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:
Thou in the Stoic-porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand;
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.
Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
Rous'd from their slumbers to be early wise:
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach weans:
And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to
run

To virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way vice to
shun.

And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken
Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoint;
Thy body is dissolv'd, as is thy mind.

Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act, may tend?
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow
Or like a boy pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
A fruitless toil, and liv'st *extempore*?

Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages, and extends the skin,
In vain for hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of human kind,
Study thyself: what rank or what degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray what justly, to be heard: nor more desire
That the decencies of life require.

Learn what thou ow'st thy country, and thy friend;
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
To whom the Marsians more provision send,
Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted fowl, and fish, come in so fast,
That ere the first is out, the second stinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But here, some captain of the land or feet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit;
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more. [say,
Damme, whate'er these book-learn'd blockheads
Solon's the veryest fool in all the play.

Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
 (As over-ballasted within the crown!)
 Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
 Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
 Mere madmen's dreams: for what the schools
 have taught,
 Is only this, that nothing can be brought
 From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd
 to nought.
 Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
 And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
 For this in rags accoutter'd, are they seen,
 And made the may-game of the public spleen?
 Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
 A story, which is just thy parallel.
 A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
 Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
 Methinks I am not right in every part;
 I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
 My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;
 Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
 The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
 And, after, bid him for four days be still.
 Three days he took good council, and began
 To mend, and look like a recovering man:
 The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
 His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
 Adjuring him by all the powers divine,
 To pity his distress, who could not dine
 Without a flaggon of his healing wine,
 He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
 Will supple in the bath his outward skin:
 Whom should he find but his physician there,
 Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
 Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
 Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
 'Tis nothing, says the fool: but, says the friend,
 This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
 Do I not see your dropsey belly swell?
 Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
 I have already buried two or three
 That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
 And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
 Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st worse.
 I've done, says the physician; take your course.
 The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
 Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:

His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
 And breathing through his jaws a belching
 steam:
 Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
 His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
 His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
 And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
 Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul:
 Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
 Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
 Our dear departed brother lies in state,
 His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
 And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead
 master wait.
 They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole:
 And there's an end of a luxurious fool!
 But what's thy sulkome parable to me?
 My body is from all diseases free:
 My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
 Feel, and be satisfy'd, my hands and feet:
 These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with heat.
 Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
 And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
 I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
 Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.
 Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
 Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
 Then, when she cast on thee a side-long glance,
 Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
 Some coarse cold fallad is before thee set;
 Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
 Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
 These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth;
 What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth;
 Why stand'st thou picking? is thy pallet sore?
 That nett and radishes will make thee roar?
 Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;
 Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd;
 Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
 As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
 And when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
 The rage of boiling caldrons is more flow;
 When fed with fuel and with flames below.
 With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,
 Thou say'st, and dost in such outrageous wise;
 That mad Orestes if he saw the show,
 Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

S A T I R E IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

OUR author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the councils and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his *Pharsalia*; for his very compliment looked asquint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice.

He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirise his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the argument of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of these dialogues.

The commentators, before Casaubon, were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOLE ER thou art, whole forward years are bent

On state affairs the guide to government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred,
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost
prepare

To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the
beard):

'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their
tongue.

Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand,

Then to bespeak them thus: Athenians, know
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; not profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate.

But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know't, with an equal hand, to hold the scale:
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they
fail,

And where exceptions o'er the general rule pre-
And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
Canst punish crimes, and brand offending vice.

Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
Nor be ambitious, ere the time to please:
Unreasonably wise, till age, and cares,
Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.

Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain;
Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain;
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge
thy brain.

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to sun thyself in open air.

Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such?
A good old woman would have said as much.
But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boast
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most:

Besides, thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A fop well drest, extravagant, and wild:
She, that cries herbs, has less impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common sense.

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-ey'd, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.

Say, dost thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch

Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'er-fly them, in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?

Who cheats for halfpence, and who doffs his coat,
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?

Ever a glutton at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?

Born with the curie and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?

At harvest-home, and on the shearing day,
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay,

And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:

He, says the wimple, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.

To a short meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:

Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving charges,
A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.

Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose life's a
dream

Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme.
'Tis all thy business, business how to shun;

To bask thy naked body in the sun;
Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:

Then, in the spacious garden, walk awhile,
To suck the moisture up, and soak it in:

And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, un-
seen.

But, know, thou art observ'd: and there are those
Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins ex-
pose.

The depilation of thy modest part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,

His engine-hand, and every lewder art.

When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not
give.

With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy
cheek:

Of these thy barbers take a costly care,
While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.

Not all thy pincers nor unmanly arts,
Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.

Not live, the strongest that the Circus breeds;
From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds:

Though suppled first with soap, to ease thy pain,
The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they stab us: and so the jest goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin disguise:
Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art sound and hale in every part, [ceal.
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart,
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the crowd.

But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd people take me for a god,
Shall I refuse thy incense? Not receive
The loud applauses which the vulgar give?
If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, are gaping after gold;

If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink with a lascivious eye,
And thou with a consenting glance reply;
If thou thy own solicitor become,
And bid'st arise the lumpish pendulum:
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by
night,
And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight;
Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis sordid stuff to feed thy itching ear,
Reject the nauseous praises of the times;
Give thy base poets back thy cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

SATIRE V.

INSCRIBED TO THE REVEREND DR. BUSBY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes the grammarian being asked, what poem of Archilochus's Iambics he preferred before the rest, answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this fifth satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Doctor Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons; but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under this tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the Stoic philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From whence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoics, which affirms, that only the wise or virtuous man is free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

The speakers PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient use to poets it belongs, [tongues:
To wish themselves an hundred mouths and
Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'st thou these mighty morsels
chose,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muse?
Let suttan poets, with their stuff, be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyestes' feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning mass

Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice,
Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouts for Terrens or Thyestes drest;
'Tis task enough for thee t' expose a Roman feast.

PERSIUS.

'Tis, not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secret of my heart;
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee and how much I owe

Knock on my heart; for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And through the veil of words, thou view'st the
naked mind.

For this a hundred voices I desire,
To tell the what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily exprest,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To household gods) declar'd me past a boy;
And my white shield proclaim'd me liberty:
When with my wild companions, I could roll
From street to street and sin without control;
Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one:
Whether the mounting twins did heaven adorn,
Or with the rising balance we were borne;
Both have the same impressions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find,
Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the same:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering, for spices, their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep:
Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to
ground:

Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly studies, grown,
To make the Stoic institutes thy own:
Thou long with studious care hast till'd our youth,
And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome
truth.

From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn.
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to-morrow.

That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost charriot-wheels, are curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom! first delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles: not yet t' inscribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe:
That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens, by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd;
But, with a turn, a freeman he became:
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would, refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, he said, it is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe:
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we please without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, says the Stoic, your assumption's wrong:
I grant, true freedom you have well defin'd:
But, living as you list, and to your mind,
And loosely tack'd, all must be left behind.
What, since the prætor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law?

Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
From those fond notions of false liberty:

'Tis not the prætor's province to bestow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourselves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
Nor give the reins to a rude vicious life:
As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;
For reason still is whispering in your ear,
Where you are sure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we're not de-
sign'd.

Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou should'st try
To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
The rules of physic would against thee cry.
The high-shoe'd ploughman, shou'd he quit the
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand, [land,
Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in human kind.

Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the
So nicely to distinguish good from ill? [skill,
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?

The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou can'st truly call these virtues thine,
Be wife and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.

But thou, who lately, of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou canst not wag my finger, or begin
"The least light motion, but it tends to sin."

How's this? Not wag thy finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wise.

"Virtue and vice are never in one soul:
"A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."

A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can ever dance three steps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In spite of this, my freedom still remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with so many chains?
Canst thou no other master understand
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's
wand?

Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
To servile duties, thou would'st fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.

But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still oppress'd?

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;

Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;

At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes:
What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord;

Why, rise, make ready, and go straight abroad.

With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;

Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight

Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take [back:

With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's
And with post-haste thy running markets make.

Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear;

'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will
hear:

Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even:

A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?

Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,

Each saddled with his burden on his back:

Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless

Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness:

And he may ask this civil question: Friend,

What dost thou make a ship-board? to what end?

Art thou of Bethlam's noble college free?

Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the

Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid, [sea?

On a brown george, with lousy swobbers fed,

Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup

From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?

Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store

From six i' th' hundred, to six hundred more?

Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;

For, not to live at ease, is not to live;

Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.

Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.

But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;

And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a slave.

Nor think, when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:

The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in
vain;

If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.

Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,

To this uneasy love I'll put an end:

Shall I run out of all? my friends disgrace,

And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?

Shall I the neighbours' nightly rest invade

At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?

Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies,

Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice.

Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,

Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?

Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!

She breaks her heart! she'll sooner break your
head.

She knows her man, and, when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her, with a single hair.

But shall I not return? Now, when she sues:

Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?

Sir, take your course: but my advice is plain:

Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain.

Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from lust
and pelf,

Less to the prætor owes, than to himself.

But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,

With presents begs preferments from the crowd;

That early suppliant, who salutes the tribes,

And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes:

That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,

On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done:

In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy superstition too may claim a share;

When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order
plac'd,

And windows with illuminations grac'd,

On Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go
round,

And tunnies tails, in savoury sauce are drown'd,

Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor dost refuse

The fasts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.

Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,

Besides the childish fear of walking sprights.

Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid;

The timbrel, and the squintifego maid

Of Isis, awe thee: lest the gods, for sin,

Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin!

Unless three garlic-heads the curse avert,

Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart,

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st thou,

And see if they thy doctrine will allow;

The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep
throat,

Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note;

And prize a hundred Zeno's just as much

As a clipt sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

S A T I R E VI.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of moral philosophy; of the true use of riches. They certainly are intended, by the power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinion of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoics; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consist in the defects of giving or spending; or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also. Inquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring, by little and little, to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and, being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy
seat,

And seek in Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first-created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And found the Maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore, to my native shores retir'd,
I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
Where cliffs on either sides their points display;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luno, says our learned bard;
Who in a drunken dream beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigration roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.

Secure and free from business of the state,
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.

Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask; nor in a nasty flagon drink;
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare;
For men of different inclinations are;
Though born perhaps beneath one common
star.

In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
In the same sign, almost the same degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.

For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor;
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendship's holy band,
And offices of kindness, hold my hand:
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tid'd back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the news in triumph
ride.

From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will set him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus
away;

What is 't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without spices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy ashes he refuse.
Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?
All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unfinew'd Rome.
Our sweating hinds their fallads now defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near;
For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
Hear'st thou the news, my friend? th' express is
come

With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæsar salutes the queen and senate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars sweep the dust away:
Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.
The goodly empress, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, setting her good housewifery aside,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans, of gigantic size,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frieze:
The spoils of kings and conquer'd camps we
boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphant
post

Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health,
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, would'st thou hinder me from this expence;
I disinheret thee, if thou dar'st take offence.

Yet more, a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Control me not, for fear I change my will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the Persian king:
Your land does not so large revenues bring.
Well! on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:
Were none of all my father's sisters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide.

I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where Fortune throws poor Manius in my way. }
Him will I choose: What! him of humble birth,
Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?
Obscure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandfire, and great-grandfire too.
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors
Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.

Yet, why would'st thou, old covetous wretch,
aspire

To be my heir, who might'st have been my fire?
In Nature's race, should'st thou demand of me
My torch, when I in course run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the god of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.

What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?
Where 's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All spent, and on the self-same errand gone.
How little then to my poor share will fall!
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
Put out thy principal in trusty hands:
Live on the use; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what's left for me? What's left, my
friend!

Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my fortunes at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my fallads, boy: shall I be fed
With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at ease; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on gible-pie?
And, when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in home-spun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to
pole:

That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!

Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
'Tis done: now double that, and swell the
score;

To every thousand add ten thousand more.
Then say, Chrysiippus thou who would'st confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

THE PHARSALIA

OF

L U C A N,

TRANSLATED BY

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

THE PHARSALE

L. U. C. A. M.

TECHNICAL BY

TECHNICAL BY

ROWE'S LUCAN.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

WHILE my deceased husband was engaged in the following long and laborious work, he was not a little supported in it, by the honour which he proposed to himself of dedicating it to your sacred Majesty. This design, which had given him so much pleasure for some years, outlasted his abilities to put it in execution: for, when his life was despaired of, and this part of the book remained unfinished, he expressed to me his desire, that this translation should be laid at your Majesty's feet, as a mark of that zeal and veneration which he had always entertained for your Majesty's royal person and virtues. Had he lived to

have made his own address to your Majesty upon this occasion, he would have been able in some measure to have done justice to that exalted character, which it becomes such as I am to admire in silence: being incapable of representing my dear husband in any thing, but in that profound humility and respect, with which I am,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most dutiful

and most obedient servant,

ANNE ROWE.

P R E F A C E,

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF LUCAN AND HIS WORKS.

BY JAMES WELWOOD, M. D. FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON.

I COULD not resist Mr. Rowe's request in his last sickness, nor the importunities of his friends since, to introduce into the world this his posthumous translation of Lucan, with something by way of preface. I am very sensible how much it is out of my sphere, and that I want both leisure and materials, to do justice to the author, or to the memory of the translator. The works of both will best plead for them; the one having already outlived seventeen ages, and both one and the other like to endure as long as there is any taste of liberty or polite learning left in the world. Hard has been the fate of many a great genius, that while they have conferred immortality on others, they have wanted themselves some friend to embalm their names to posterity. This has been the fate of Lucan, and perhaps may be that of Mr. Rowe.

All the accounts we have handed down to us of the first, are but very lame, and scattered in fragments of ancient authors. I am of opinion, that one reason why his life is not to be found at any length, in the writings of his contemporaries, is the fear they were in of Nero's resentment, who could not bear to have the life of a man set in a true light, whom, together with his uncle

Seneca, he had sacrificed to his revenge. Notwithstanding this, we have some hints in writers who lived near this time, that leave us not altogether in the dark, about the life and works of this extraordinary young man.

Marcus Annæus Lucan was of an equestrian family of Rome, born at Corduba in Spain, about the year of our Saviour 39, in the reign of Caligula. His family had been transplanted from Italy to Spain a considerable time before, and were invested with several dignities and employments in that remote province of the Roman empire. His father was Marcus Annæus Mela, or Mella, a man of a distinguished merit and interest in his country, and not the less in esteem for being the brother of the great philosopher Seneca. His mother was Acilia, the daughter of Acilius Lucanus, one of the most eminent orators of his time: and it was from his grandfather that he took the name of Lucan. The story that is told of Hesiod and Homer, of a swarm of bees hovering about them in their cradle, is likewise told of Lucan, and probably with equal truth: but whether true or not, it is a proof of the high esteem paid to him by the ancients, as a poet.

He was hardly eight months old when he was

brought from his native country to Rome, that he might take the first impression of the Latin tongue in the city where it was spoke in the greatest purity. I wonder then to find some critics detract from his language, as if it took a tincture from the place of his birth; nor can I be brought to think otherwise, than that the language he writes in is as pure Roman as any that was writ in Nero's time. As he grew up, his parents educated him with a care that became a promising genius, and the rank of his family. His masters were Rhemmius Polæmon, the grammarian; then Flavius Virginius, the rhetorician; and lastly, Cornutus, the Stoic philosopher; to which sect he ever after addicted himself.

It was in the course of these studies he contracted an intimate friendship with Aulus Persius, the satirist. It is no wonder that two men, whose geniuses were so much alike, should unite and become agreeable to one another; for if we consider Lucan critically, we shall find in him a strong bent towards satire. His manner, it is true, is more declamatory and diffuse than Persius: but satire is still in his view, and the whole *Pharsalia* appears to me a continued invective against ambition and unbounded power.

The progress he made in all parts of learning must needs have been very great, considering the pregnancy of his genius, and the nice care that was taken in cultivating it by a suitable education: nor is it to be questioned, but besides the masters I have named, he had likewise the example and instructions of his uncle Seneca, the most conspicuous man then of Rome for learning, wit, and morals. Thus he set out in the world with the greatest advantages possible, a noble birth, an opulent fortune, great relations, and withal, the friendship and protection of an uncle, who, besides his other preferments in the empire, was favourite, as well as tutor, to the emperor. But rhetoric seems to have been the art he excelled most in, and valued himself most upon; for all writers agree, he declaimed in public when but fourteen years old, both in Greek and Latin, with universal applause. To this purpose it is observable, that he has interspersed a great many orations in the *Pharsalia*, and these are acknowledged by all to be very shining parts of the poem. Whence it is that Quintilian, the best judge in these matters, reckons him among the rhetoricians, rather than the poets, though he was certainly master of both these arts in a high degree.

His uncle Seneca being then in great favour with Nero, and having the care of that prince's education committed to him, it is probable he introduced his nephew to the court, and acquaintance of the emperor: and it appears from an old fragment of his life, that he sent for him from Athens, where he was at his studies, to Rome for that purpose. Every one knows that Nero, for the first five years of his reign, either really was, or pretended to be, endowed with all the amiable qualities that became an emperor and a philosopher. It must have been in this stage of Nero's life, that Lucan has offered up to him that poetical incense we find in the first book of the *Pharsalia*; for it is not to be imagined, that a man of

Lucan's temper would flatter Nero in so gross a manner, if he had then thrown off the mask of virtue, and appeared in such bloody colours as he afterwards did. No! Lucan's soul seems to have been cast in another mold: and he that durst, throughout the whole *Pharsalia*, espouse the party of Pompey, and the cause of Rome against Cæsar, could never have stooped so vilely low, as to celebrate a tyrant and a monster in such an open manner. I know some commentators have judged that compliment to Nero to be meant ironically; but it seems to me plain to be in the greatest earnest: and it is more than probable, that if Nero had been as wicked at that time as he became afterwards, Lucan's life had paid for his irony. Now it is agreed on by all writers, that he continued for some time in the highest favour and friendship with Nero; and it was to that favour, as well as his merit, that he owed his being made quæstor, and admitted into the college of Augurs, before he attained the age required for these offices: in the first of which posts he exhibited to the people of Rome a show of gladiators at a vast expence. It was in this sunshine of life Lucan married Polla Argentaria, the daughter of Pollius Argentarius, a Roman senator; a lady of noble birth, great fortune, and famed beauty; who, to add to her other excellencies, was accomplished in all parts of learning; inso-much that the three first books of the *Pharsalia* are said to have been revised and corrected by her in his life-time.

How he came to decline in Nero's favour, we have no account that I know of in history; and it is agreed by all that he lost it gradually, till he became his utter aversion. No doubt, Lucan's virtue, and his principles of liberty, must make him hated by a man of Nero's temper. But there appears to have been a great deal of envy in the case, blended with his other prejudices against him, upon the account of his poetry.

Though the spirit and height of the Roman poetry was somewhat declined from what it had been in the time of Augustus, yet it was still an art beloved and cultivated. Nero himself was not only fond of it to the highest degree, but, as most bad poets are, was vain and conceited of his performances in that kind. He valued himself more upon his skill in that art, and in music, than on the purple he wore; and bore it better to be thought a bad emperor, than a bad poet or musician. Now Lucan, though then in favour, was too honest and too open to applaud the bombast stuff that Nero was every day repeating in public. Lucan appears to have been much of the temper of Philoxenus, the philosopher; who, for not approving the verses of Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, was by his order condemned to the mines. Upon the promise of amendment, the philosopher was set at liberty; but Dionysius repeating to him some of his wretched performances in full expectation of having them approved, "Enough," cries out Philoxenus, "carry me back to the mines." But Lucan carried this point further, and had the imprudence to dispute the prize of eloquence with Nero in a solemn public assembly. The judges in that trial were

so just and bold as to adjudge the reward to Lucan which was *fame* and a *wreath of laurel*; but in return he lost for ever the favour of his competitor. He soon felt the effects of the emperor's resentment, for the next day he had an order sent him, never more to plead at the bar, nor repeat any of his performances in public, as all the eminent orators and poets were used to do. It is no wonder that a young man, an admirable poet, and one conscious enough of a superior genius, should be stung to the quick by this barbarous treatment. In revenge, he omitted no occasion to treat Nero's verses with the utmost contempt, and expose them and their author to ridicule.

In this behaviour towards Nero, he was seconded by his friend Persius; and, no doubt, they diverted themselves often alone at the emperor's expence. Persius went so far, that he dared to attack openly some of Nero's verses in his first satire, where he brings in his friend and himself repeating them. I believe a sample of them may not be unacceptable to the reader, as translated thus by Mr. Dryden:

FRIEND. But to raw numbers and unfinish'd verse,

Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse.

'Tis tagg'd with rhyme like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid part chimes with art that never flat is.

"The Dolphin brave,
That cut the liquid wave,
Or he who in his line,
Can chime the long-rib Apennine."

PERSIUS. All this is dogrel stuff.

FRIEND. What if I bring

A nobler verse? "Arms and the man I sing."

PER. Why name you Virgil with such tops as these!

He's truly great, and must for ever please;
Not fierce, but awful in his manly page,
Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

FRIEND. What poems think you soft? and to be read

With languishing regards, and bending head?

PERSIUS. "Their crooked horns the Mima-
lonian crew

With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris, who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Manas, when with ivy bridles bound,
Sheled the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes
found."

The verses marked with commas are Nero's, and it is no wonder that men of so delicate a taste as Lucan and Persius could not digest them, though made by an emperor.

About this time the world was grown weary of Nero for a thousand monstrous cruelties of his life, and the continued abuse of the imperial power. Rome had groaned long under the weight of them, till at length several of the first rank, headed by Piso, formed a conspiracy to rid the world of that abandoned wretch. Lucan hated him upon a double score; as his country's enemy and his own, and went heartily into the design. When it was just ripe for execution, it came to be discovered by some of the accomplices, and Lucan

was found among the first of the conspirators. They were condemned to die, and Lucan had the choice of the manner of his death. Upon this occasion some authors have taxed him with an action, which, if true, had been an eternal stain upon his name, that, to save his life, he informed against his mother. This story seems to me to be a mere calumny, and invented only to detract from his fame. It is certainly the most unlikely thing in the world, considering the whole conduct of his life, and that noble scheme of philosophy and morals he had imbibed from his infancy, and which shines in every page of his *Pharsalia*. It is probable, Nero himself, or some of his flatterers, might invent the story, to blacken his rival to posterity; and some unwary authors have afterwards taken it up on trust, without examining into the truth of it. We have several fragments of his life, where this particular is not to be found; and which makes it still the more improbable to me, the writers that mention it, have tacked to it another calumny yet more improbable, that he accused her unjustly. As this accusation contradicts the whole tenor of his life, so it does the manner of his death. It is universally agreed, that having chose to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in a hot bath, he supped cheerfully with his friends, and then taking leave of them with the greatest tranquillity of mind, and the highest contempt of death, went into the bath and submitted to the operation. When he found the extremities of his body growing cold, and death's last alarm in every part, he called to mind a passage of his own in the IXth book of the *Pharsalia*, which he repeated to the standers-by, with the same grace and accent with which he used to declaim in public, and immediately expired, in the 27th year of his age, and 10th of Nero. The passage was that where he describes a soldier of Cato's dying much after the same manner, being bit by a serpent, and is thus translated by Mr. Rowe:

"So the warm blood at once from every part
Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting
heart.

Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace.
Where'er the liquid juices find a way,
There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray.
His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
And the whole body seems one bleeding wound."

He was buried in his garden at Rome; and there was lately to be seen, in the church of Santo Paulo, an ancient marble with the following inscription:

MARCO ANNAEO LUCANO CORDVBENSI POETAE,
BENEFICIO NERONIS, FAMA SERVATA.

This inscription, if done by Nero's order, shows, that, even in spite of himself, he paid a secret homage to Lucan's genius and virtue, and would have atoned in some measure for the injuries and the death he gave him. But he needed no marble or inscription to perpetuate his memory; his *Pharsalia* will outlive all these.

Lucan wrote several books, that have perished by the injury of time, and of which nothing remains but the titles. The first we are told he wrote, was a poem on the combat between Achilles and Hector, and Priam's redeeming his son's body, which, it is said, he wrote before he had attained eleven years of age. The rest were, The Descent of Orpheus into Hell; The burning of Rome, in which he is said not to have spared Nero that set it on fire; and a poem in praise of his wife Polla Argentaria. He wrote likewise several books of Saturnalia; ten books of *Silvæ*; an imperfect Tragedy of Medea; a Poem upon the burning of Troy, and the fate of Priam; to which some have added the Panegyric to Calphurnius Piso, yet extant, which I can hardly believe is his, but of a later age. But the book he staked his fame on was his *Pharsalia*; the only one that now remains, and which Nero's cruelty has left us imperfect in respect of what it would have been, if he had lived to finish it.

Statius in his *Sylvæ* gives us the catalogue of Lucan's works in an elegant manner, introducing the Muse Calliope accosting him to this purpose: "When thou art scarce past the age of childhood (says Calliope to Lucan) thou shalt play with the valour of Achilles, and Hector's skill in driving of a chariot. Thou shalt draw Priam at the feet of his unrelenting conqueror, begging the dead body of his darling son. Thou shalt set open the gates of hell for Eurydice, and thy Orpheus shall have the preference in a full theatre, in spite of Nero's envy;" alluding to the dispute for the prize between him and Nero, where the piece exhibited by Lucan was Orpheus's descent into hell. "Thou shalt relate (continues Calliope) that flame which the execrable tyrant kindled, to lay in ashes the mistress of the world; nor shalt thou be silent in the praises that are justly due to thy beloved wife; and when thou hast attained to riper years, thou shalt sing, in a lofty strain, the fatal fields of Philippi, white with Roman bones, the dreadful battle of *Pharsalia*, and the thundering wars of that great captain, who, by the renown of his arms, merited to be enrolled among the gods. In that work (continues Calliope) thou shalt paint, in never-fading colours, the austere virtues of Cato, who scorned to outlive the liberties of his country; and the fate of Pompey, once the darling of Rome. Thou shalt, like a true Roman, weep over the crime of the young tyrant Ptolemy; and shalt raise to Pompey, by the power of thy eloquence, a higher monument than the Egyptian pyramids. The poetry of Ennius (adds Calliope) and the learned fire of Lucretius, the one that conducted the Argonauts through such vast seas to the conquest of the golden fleece, the other that could strike an infinite number of forms from the first atoms of matter, both of them shall give place to thee without the least envy, and even the divine *Æneid* shall pay thee a just respect."

Thus far Statius concerning Lucan's work; and even Lucan in two places of the *Pharsalia* has promised himself immortality to his poem. The first is the seventh book, which I beg leave to give in prose, though Mr. Rowe has done it a thousand times better in verse. "One day (says he) when these wars shall be spoken of in ages yet to come,

and among nations far remote from this clime, whether from the voice of fame alone, or the real value I have given them by this my history, those that read it shall alternately hope and fear for the great events therein contained. In vain (continues he) shall they offer up their vows for the righteous cause, and stand thunderstruck at so many various turns of fortune; nor shall they read them as things that are already past, but with that concern as if they were yet to come, and shall range themselves, O Pompey, on thy side."

The other passage, which is in the ninth book, may be translated thus: "Oh! Cæsar, profane thou not through envy the funeral monuments of these great patriots, that fell here sacrifices to thy ambition. If there may be allowed any renown to a Roman muse, while Homer's verses shall be thought worthy of praise, they that shall live after us, shall read his and mine together: My *Pharsalia* shall live, and no time nor age shall consign it to oblivion."

This is all that I can trace from the ancients, or himself, concerning Lucan's life and writings; and indeed there is scarce any one author, either ancient or modern, that mentions him but with the greatest respect and the highest encomiums, of which it would be tedious to give more instances.

I design not to enter into any criticism on the *Pharsalia*, though I had ever so much leisure or ability for it. I hate to oblige a certain set of men, that read the ancients only to find fault with them, and seem to live only on the excrements of authors. I beg leave to tell these gentlemen, that Lucan is not to be tried by those rules of an epic poem, which they have drawn from the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; for if they allow him not the honour to be on the same foot with Homer or Virgil, they must do him the justice at least, as not to try him by laws founded on their model. The *Pharsalia* is properly an historical heroic poem, because the subject is a known true story. Now, with our late critics, truth is an unnecessary trifle for an epic poem, and ought to be thrown aside as a curb to invention. To have every part a mere web of their own brain, is with them a distinguishing mark of a mighty genius in the epic way. Hence it is, these critics observe, that the favourite poems of that kind do always produce in the mind of the reader the highest wonder and surprise; and the more improbable the story is, still the more wonderful and surprising. Much good may this notion of theirs do them; but, to my taste, a fact very extraordinary in its kind, that is attended with surprising circumstances, big with the highest events, and conducted with all the arts of the most consummate wisdom, does not strike the less strong, but leaves a more lasting impression on my mind, for being true.

If Lucan, therefore, wants these ornaments, he might have borrowed from Helicon, or his own invention; he has made us more than ample amends, by the great and true events that fall within the compass of his story. I am of opinion, that, in his first design of writing this poem of the civil wars, he resolved to treat the subject fairly and plainly, and that fable and invention were to have had no share in the work: but the force of custom,

and the design he had to induce the generality of readers to fall in love with liberty, and abhor slavery, the principal design of the poem, induced him to embellish it with some fables, that without them his books would not be so universally read: so much was fable the delight of the Roman people.

If any shall object to his privilege of being examined and tried as an historian, that he has given in to the poetical province of invention and fiction, in the sixth book, where Sixtus inquires of the Thessalian witch Erietho the event of the civil war, and the fate of Rome: it may be answered, that perhaps the story was true, or at least it was commonly believed to be so in his time, which is a sufficient excuse for Lucan to have inserted it. It is true, no other author mentions it. But it is usual to find some one passage in one historian, that is not mentioned in any other, though they treat of the same subject. For though I am fully persuaded that all these oracles and responses, so famous in the pagan world, were the mere cheats of priests; yet the belief of them, and of magic and witchcraft, was universally received at that time. Therefore Lucan may very well be excused for falling in with a popular error, whether he himself believed it or no, especially when it served to enliven and embellish his story. If it be an error, it is an error all the ancients have fallen into, both Greek and Roman: and Livy, the prince of the Latin historians, abounds in such relations. That is not below the dignity and veracity of an historian to mention such things, we have a late instance in a noble author of our time, who has likewise wrote the civil wars of his country, and intermixed in it the story of the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham's father.

In general, all the actions that Lucan relates in the course of his history are true; nor is it any impeachment of his veracity, that sometimes he differs in place, manner, or circumstances of actions, from other writers, any more than it is an imputation on them, that they differ from him. We ourselves have seen, in the course of the late two famous wars, how differently almost every battle and siege has been represented, and sometimes by those of the same side, when at the same time there be a thousand living witnesses, ready to contradict any falsehood, that partiality should impose upon the world. This I may affirm, the most important events, and the whole thread of action in Lucan, are agreeable to the universal consent of all authors, that have treated of the civil wars of Rome. If now and then he differs from them in lesser incidents or circumstances, let the critics in history decide the question: for my part, I am willing to take them for anecdotes first discovered and published by Lucan, which may at least conciliate to him the favour of our late admirers of Secret History.

After all I have said on this head, I cannot but in some measure call in question some parts of Cæsar's character as drawn by Lucan; which seem to me not altogether agreeable to truth, nor to the universal consent of history. I wish I could vindicate him in some of his personal representations of men, and Cæsar in particular, as I can do in the narration of the principal events and series of his story. He is not content only to deliver him down

to posterity, as the subverter of the laws and liberties of his country, which he truly was, and than which, no greater infamy can possibly be cast upon any name: but he describes him as pursuing that abominable end, by the most execrable methods, and some that were not in Cæsar's nature to be guilty of. Cæsar was certainly a man far from revenge, or delight in blood; and he made appear, in the exercise of the supreme power, a noble and generous inclination to clemency upon all occasions: even Lucan, though never so much his enemy, has not omitted his generous usage of Domitius at Corfinium, or of Afranius and Petreius, when they were his prisoners in Spain. What can be then said for Lucan, when he represents him riding in triumph over the field of Pharsalia, the day after the battle, taking delight in that horrid landscape of slaughter and blood, and forbidding the bodies of so many brave Romans to be either buried or burnt? Not any one passage of Cæsar's life gives countenance to a story like this: and how commendable soever the zeal of a writer may be, against the oppressor of his country, it ought not to have transported him to such a degree of malevolence, as to paint the most merciful conqueror that ever was, in colours proper only for the most savage natures. But the effects of prejudice and partiality are unaccountable; and there is not a day of life, in which even the best of men are not guilty of them in some degree or other. How many instances have we in history of the best princes treated as the worst of men, by the pens of authors that were highly prejudiced against them!

Shall we wonder, then, that the Roman people, smarting under the lashes of Nero's tyranny, should exclaim in the bitterest terms against the memory of Julius Cæsar, since it was from him that Nero derived that power to use mankind as he did? Those that lived in Lucan's time, did not consider so much what Cæsar was in his own person, or temper, as what he was the occasion of to them. It is very probable, there were a great many dreadful stories of him handed about by tradition among the multitude; and even men of sense might give credit to them so far as to forget his clemency, and remember his ambition, to which they imputed all the cruelties and devastations committed by his successors. Resentments of this kind in the soul of a man, fond of the ancient constitution of the commonwealth, such as Lucan was, might betray him to believe, upon too slight grounds, whatever was to the disadvantage of one he looked upon as the subverter of that constitution. It was in that quality, and for that crime alone, that Brutus afterwards stabbed him; for personal prejudice against him he had none, and had been highly obliged by him: and it was upon that account alone, that Cato scorned to owe his life to him, though he well knew Cæsar would have esteemed it one of the greatest felicities of his, to have had it in his power to pardon him. I would not be thought to make an apology for Lucan's thus traducing the memory of Cæsar; but would only beg the same indulgence to his partiality, that we are willing to allow to most other authors; for I cannot help believing all historians are more or less guilty of it.

I beg leave to observe one thing further on this head, that it is odd, Lucan should thus mistake this part of Cæsar's character, and yet do him so much justice in the rest. His greatness of mind, his intrepid courage, his indefatigable activity, his magnanimity, his generosity, his consummate knowledge in the art of war, and the power and grace of his eloquence, are all set forth in the best light upon every proper occasion. He never makes him speak, but it is with all the strength of argument and all the flowers of rhetoric. It were tedious to enumerate every instance of this; and I shall only mention the speech to his army before the battle of Pharsalia, which, in my opinion, surpasses all I ever read, for the easy nobleness of expression, the proper topics to animate his soldiers, and the force of an inimitable eloquence.

Among Lucan's few mistakes in matters of fact, may be added those of geography and astronomy; but finding Mr. Rowe has taken some notice of them in his notes, I shall say nothing of them. Lucan had neither time nor opportunity to visit the scenes where the actions he describes were done, as some further historians both Greek and Roman had, and therefore it was no wonder he might commit some minute errors in these matters. As to astronomy, the schemes of that noble science were but very conjectural in his time, and not reduced to that mathematical certainty they have been since.

The method and disposition of a work of this kind, must be much the same with those observed by other historians, with one difference only, which I submit to better judgments: an historian who like Lucan has chosen to write in verse, though he is obliged to have strict regard to truth in every thing he relates, yet perhaps he is not obliged to mention all facts, as other historians are. He is not tied down to relate every minute passage, or circumstance, if they be not absolutely necessary to the main story; especially if they are such as would appear heavy and flat, and consequently encumber his genius, or his verse. All these trifling parts of action would take off from the pleasure and entertainment, which is the main scope of that manner of writing. Thus the particulars of an army's march, the journal of a siege, or the situation of a camp, where they are not subservient to the relation of some great and important event, had better been spared than inserted in a work of that kind. In a prose writer, these perhaps ought, or at least may be properly and agreeably enough mentioned; of which we have innumerable instances in most ancient historians, and particularly in Thucydides and Livy.

There is a fault in Lucan against this rule, and that is his long and unnecessary enumeration of the several parts of Gaul, where Cæsar's army was drawn together, in the first book. It is enlivened, it is true, with some beautiful verses he throws in, about the ancient bards and druids; but still in the main it is dry, and but of little consequence to the story itself. The many different people and cities there mentioned were not Cæsar's confederates, as those in the third book were Pompey's; and these last are particularly named, to express how many nations espoused the side of Pompey. Those reckoned up in Gaul were only

the places where Cæsar's troops had been quartered, and Lucan might with as great propriety have mentioned the different routes by which they marched, as the garrisons from which they were drawn. This, therefore, in my opinion, had been better left out; and I cannot but likewise think, that the digression of Thessaly, and an account of its first inhabitants, is too prolix, and not of any great consequence to his purpose. I am sure, it signifies but little to the civil war in general, or the battle of Pharsalia in particular, to know how many rivers there are in Thessaly, or which of its mountains lies east or west.

But if these be faults in Lucan, they are such as will be found in the most admired poets, nay, and thought excellencies in them; and besides, he has made us most ample amends in the many extraordinary beauties of his poem. The story itself is noble and great; for what can there be in history more worthy of our knowledge and attention, than a war of the highest importance to mankind, carried on between the two greatest leaders that ever were, and by a people the most renowned for arts and arms, and who were at that time masters of the world? What a poor subject is that of the *Æneid*, when compared with this of the Pharsalia! And what a despicable figure does Agamemnon, Homer's King of Kings, make, when compared with chiefs, who, by saying only, "be thou a king," made far greater kings than him! The scene of the *Iliad* contained but Greece, some islands in the *Ægean* and *Ionian* seas, with a very little part of the Lesser Asia: this of the civil war of Rome drew after it almost all the nations of the then known world. Troy was but a little town, of the little kingdom of Phrygia; whereas Rome was then mistress of an empire, that reached from the straits of Hercules, and the Atlantic ocean, to the Euphrates, and from the bottom of the Euxine and the Caspian seas, to Ethiopia and Mount Atlas. The inimitable Virgil is yet more straitened in his subject. *Æneas*, a poor fugitive from Troy, with a handful of followers, settles at last in Italy; and all the empire that immortal pen could give him, is but a few miles upon the banks of the Tiber. So vast a disproportion there is between the importance of the subject of the *Æneid* and that of the Pharsalia, that we find one single Roman, Crassus, master of more slaves on his estate, than Virgil's hero had subjects. In fine, it may be said, nothing can excuse him for his choice, but that he designed his hero for the ancestor of Rome, and the Julian race.

I cannot leave this parallel, without taking notice, to what a height of power the Roman empire was then arrived, in an instance of Cæsar himself, when but proconsul of Gaul, and before it is thought he ever dreamed of what he afterwards attained to: it is one of Cicero's letters to him wherein he repeats the words of Cæsar's letters to him some time before. The words are these: "As to what concerns Marcus Furius, whom you recommended to me, I will, if you please, make him king of Gaul; but, if you would have me advance any other friend of yours, send him to me." It was no new thing for citizens of Rome, such as Cæsar was, to dispose of kingdoms as they pleased; and Cæsar himself had taken

away Deiotarus's kingdom from him, and given it to a private gentleman of Pergamum. But there is one surprising instance more, of the prodigious greatness of the Roman power, in the affair of king Antiochus, and that long before the height it arrived to, at the breaking forth of the civil war. That prince was master of all Egypt; and, marching to the conquest of Phœnicia, Cyprus, and the other appendixes of that empire, Popilius overtakes him in his full march, with letters from the senate, and refuses to give him his hand till he had read them. Antiochus, startled at the command that was contained in them, to stop the progress of his victories, asked a short time to consider of it. Popilius makes a circle about him with a stick he had in his hand. "Return me an answer," says he, "before thou stirrest out of this circle, or the Roman people are no more thy friends." Antiochus, after a short pause, told him with the lowest submission, he would obey the senate's commands. Upon which, Popilius, gives him his hand, and salutes him a friend of Rome. After Antiochus had given up so great a monarchy, and such a torrent of success, upon receiving only a few words in writing, he had indeed reason to send word to the senate, as he did by his ambassadors, that he had obeyed their commands with the same submission as if they had been sent him from the immortal gods.

To leave this digression. It were the height of arrogance to detract ever so little from Homer or Virgil, who have kept possession of the first places, among the poets of Greece and Rome, for so many ages: yet I hope I may be forgiven, if I say there are several passages in both, that appear to me trivial, and below the dignity that shines almost in every page of Lucan. It were to take both the *Iliad* and *Æneid* in pieces, to prove this: but I shall only take notice of one instance, and that is, the different colouring of Virgil's hero, and Lucan's Cæsar, in a storm. *Æneas* is drawn weeping, and in the greatest confusion and despair, though he had assurance from the gods that he should one day settle and raise a new empire in Italy. Cæsar, on the contrary, is represented perfectly sedate, and free from fear. His courage and magnanimity brighten up as much upon this occasion, as afterwards they did at the battles of *Pharsalia* and *Munda*. Courage would have cost Virgil nothing, to have bestowed it on his hero: and he might as easily have thrown him upon the coast of Carthage in a calm temper of mind, as in a panic fear.

St. Evremont is very severe upon Virgil on this account, and has criticised upon his character of *Æneas* in this manner. When Virgil tells us, "*Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra, Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.*" "Seized as he is," says St. Evremont, "with this chillness through all his limbs, the first sign of life we find in him, is his groaning; then he lifts up his hands to heaven, and, in all appearance, would implore its succour, if the condition wherein the good hero finds himself, would afford him strength enough to raise his mind to the gods, and pray with attention. His soul, which could not apply itself to any thing else,

"abandons itself to lamentations; and like those desolate widows, who, upon the first trouble they meet with, wish they were in the grave with their dear husbands, the poor *Æneas* bewails his not having perished before Troy with Hector, and esteems them very happy who left their bones in the bosom of so sweet and dear a country. "Some people," adds he, "may perhaps believe he says so, because he envies their happiness; but I am persuaded," says St. Evremont, "it is for fear of the danger that threatens him." The same author, after he has exposed his want of courage, adds, "The good *Æneas* hardly ever concerns himself in any important or glorious design: it is enough for him that he discharges his conscience in the office of a pious, tender, and compassionate man. He carries his father on his shoulders, he conjugally laments his dear *Creüsa*, he causes his nurse to be interred, and makes a funeral pile for his trusty pilot *Palinurus*, for whom he sheds a thousand tears. Here is (says he) a sorry hero in paganism, who would have made an admirable saint among some Christians." In short, it is St. Evremont's opinion, "he was fitter to make a founder of an order than a state."

Thus far, and perhaps too far, St. Evremont: I beg leave to take notice, that the storm in *Lucan* is drawn in stronger colours, and strikes the mind with greater horror than that of *Virgil*; notwithstanding the first has no supernatural cause assigned for it, and the latter is raised by a god, at the instigation of a goddess, that was both wife and sister of *Jupiter*.

In the *Pharsalia*, most of the transactions and events, that compose the relation, are wonderful and surprising, though true, as well as instructive and entertaining. To enumerate them all, were to transcribe the work itself, and therefore I shall only hint at some of the most remarkable. With what dignity, and justness of character, are the two great rivals, Pompey and Cæsar, introduced in the first book; and how beautifully, and with what a masterly art, are they opposed to one another? add to this, the justest similitudes by which their different characters are illustrated in the second and ninth book. Who can but admire the figure that Cato's virtue makes, in more places than one? And I persuade myself, if *Lucan* had lived to finish his design, the death of that illustrious Roman had made one of the most moving, as well as one of the most sublime episodes of his poem. In the third book, Pompey's dream, Cæsar's breaking open the temple of Saturn, the siege of *Marseilles*, the sea-fight, and the sacred grove, have each of them their particular excellence, that in my opinion come very little short of any thing we find in *Homer* or *Virgil*.

In the fourth book, there are a great many charming incidents, and among the rest, that of the soldiers running out of their camp to meet and embrace one another, and the deplorable story of *Vulteius*. The fifth book affords us a fine account of the oracle of *Delphi*, its origin, the manner of its delivering answers, and the reason of its then silence. Then, upon the occasion of a mutiny in Cæsar's camp near *Placentia*, in his manner of

passing the Adriatic in a small boat, amidst the storm I hinted at, he has given us the noblest and best image of that great man. But what affects me above all, is the parting of Pompey and Cornelia, in the end of the book. It has something in it as moving and tender, as ever was felt, or perhaps imagined.

In the description of the witch *Ericho*, in the sixth book, we have a beautiful picture of horror; for even works of that kind have their beauties in poetry, as well as in painting. The seventh book is most taken up with what relates to the famous battle of *Pharsalia*, which decided the fate of Rome. It is so related, that the reader may rather think himself a spectator of, or even engaged in, the battle, than so remote from the age in which it was fought. There is, towards the end of this book, a noble majestic description of the general conflagration, and of that last catastrophe, which must put an end to this frame of heaven and earth. To this is added, in the most elevated style, his sentiments of the "immortality of the soul," and of rewards and punishments after this life. All these are touched with the nicest delicacy of expression and thought, especially that about the universal conflagration; and agrees with what we find of it in holy writ. In so much that I am willing to believe *Lucan* might have conversed with *St. Peter* at Rome, if it be true he was ever there; or he might have seen that epistle of his, wherein he gives us the very same idea of it.

In the eighth book, our passions are again touched with the misfortunes of *Cornelia* and *Pompey*; but especially with the death, and unworthy funeral, of the latter. In this book is likewise drawn, with the greatest art, the character of young *Ptolemy* and his ministers; particularly that of the villain *Photinus* is exquisitely exposed in his own speech in council.

In the ninth book, after the apotheosis of *Pompey*, *Cato* is introduced as the fittest man after him to head the cause of liberty and Rome. This book is the longest, and, in my opinion, the most entertaining in the whole poem. The march of *Cato* through the deserts of *Lybia*, affords a noble and agreeable variety of matter; and the virtue of his hero, amidst these distresses through which he leads him, seems every where to deserve those raptures of praise he bestows upon him. Add to this, the artful descriptions of the various poisons with which these deserts abounded, and their different effects upon human bodies, than which nothing can be more moving or poetical.

But *Cato's* answer to *Labienus* in this book, upon his desiring him to consult the oracle of *Jupiter Hammon* about the event of the civil war, and the fortune of Rome, is a masterpiece not to be equalled. All the attributes of God, such as his omnipotence, his prescience, his justice, his goodness, and his unsearchable decrees, are painted in the most awful and the strongest colours, and such as may make Christians themselves blush, for not coming up to them in most of their writings upon that subject. I know not but *St. Evremont* has carried the matter too far, when, in mentioning this passage, he concludes, "If all the ancient

poets had spoke as worthy of the oracles of their gods, he should make no scruple to prefer them to the divines and philosophers of our time. We may see," says he, "in the concourse of so many people, that came to consult the oracle of *Hammon*, what effect a public opinion can produce, where zeal and superstition mingle together. We may see in *Labienus*, a pious sensible man, who to his respect for the gods joins the consideration and esteem we ought to preserve for virtue in good men. *Cato* is a religious severe philosopher, weaned from all vulgar opinions, who entertains those lofty thoughts of the gods, which pure undebauched reason and a true elevated knowledge can give us of them; every thing here," says *St. Evremont*, "is poetical, every thing is consonant to truth and reason. It is not poetical upon the score of any ridiculous fiction, or for some extravagant hyperbole, but for the daring greatness and majesty of the language, and for the noble elevation of the discourse. It is thus," adds he, "that poetry is the language of the gods, and that poets are wise; and it is so much the greater wonder to find it in *Lucan*," says he, "because it is neither to be met with in *Homer* nor *Virgil*." I remember *Montaigne*, who is allowed by all to have been an admirable judge in these matters, prefers *Lucan's* character of *Cato* to *Virgil*, or any other of the ancient poets. He thinks all of them flat and languishing, but *Lucan's* much more strong, though overthrown by the extravagancy of his own force.

The tenth book, imperfect as it is, gives us, among other things, a view of the *Ægyptian* magnificence, with a curious account of the then received opinions of the increase and decrease of the river *Nile*. From the variety of the story, and many other particulars I need not mention in this short account, it may easily appear, that a true history may be a romance or fiction, when the author makes choice of a subject that affords so many and so surprising incidents.

Among the faults that have been laid to *Lucan's* charge, the most justly imputed are those of his style; and indeed how could it be otherwise? Let us but remember the imperfect state, in which his sudden and immature death left the *Pharsalia*; the design itself being probably but half finished, and what was writ of it, but slightly, if at all, revised. We are told, it is true, he either corrected the three first books himself, or his wife did it for him, in his own life-time. Be it so: but what are the corrections of a lady, or a young man of six and twenty, to those he might have made at forty, or a more advanced age? *Virgil*, the most correct and judicious poet that ever was, continued correcting his *Æneid* for near as long a series of years together as *Lucan* lived, and yet died with a strong opinion that it was imperfect still. If *Lucan* had lived to his age, the *Pharsalia*, without doubt, would have made another kind of figure, than it now does, notwithstanding the difference to be found in the Roman language, between the times of *Nero* and *Augustus*.

It must be owned he is in many places obscure and hard, and therefore not so agreeable, and

comes short of the purity, sweetness, and delicate propriety of Virgil. Yet it is still universally agreed among both ancients and moderns, that his genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art; and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Pharsalia* to the *Æneid*; but I must say with St. Evremont, that for what purely regards the elevation of thought, Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, and Labienus, shine much more in Lucan, than Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, or Venus, do in Virgil. The ideas which Lucan has given us of these great men are truly greater, and affect us more sensibly, than those which Virgil has given us of his deities: the latter has clothed his gods with human infirmities, to adapt them to the capacity of men: the other has raised his heroes so, as to bring them into competition with the gods themselves. In a word, the gods are not so valuable in Virgil, as the heroes: In Lucan, the heroes equal the gods. After all, it must be allowed, that most things throughout the whole *Pharsalia* are greatly and justly said, with regard even to the language and expression; but the sentiments are every where so beautiful and elevated, that they appear, as he describes Cæsar in Amyclus's cottage in the fifth book, noble and magnificent in any dress. It is in this elevation of thought that Lucan justly excels: this is his *forte*, and what raises him up to an equality with the greatest of the ancient poets.

I cannot omit here the delicate character of Lucan's genius, as mentioned by Strada, in the emblematic way. It is commonly known that Pope Leo the tenth was not only learned himself, but a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the conversations and performances of all the polite writers of his time. The wits of Rome entertained him one day, at his villa on the banks of the Tiber, with an interlude in the nature of a poetical masquerade. They had their Parnassus, their Pegasus, their Helicon, and every one of the ancient poets in their several characters, where each acted the part that was suitable to his manner of writing, and among the rest one acted Lucan. "There was none," says he, "that was placed in a higher station, or had a greater prospect under him, than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain, while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off, insomuch that the spectators often gave him for gone, and cried out now and then, he was tumbling." Thus Strada.

I shall sum up all I have time to say of Lucan, with another character, as it is given by one of the most polite men of the age he lived in, and who, under the protection of the same Pope Leo X. was one of the first restorers of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century: I mean, Johannes Sulpitius Verulanus, who, with the assistance of Beroaldus,

Badius, and some others of the first *form* in the republic of letters, published Lucan with notes at Rome in the year 1514. being the first impression, if I mistake not, that ever was made of him. Poetry and painting, with the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, rose about that time to a prodigious height in a small compass of years; and whatever we may think to the contrary, they have declined ever since. Verulanus, in his dedication to Cardinal Palavacini, prefixed to that edition, has not only given us a delicate sententious criticism on his *Pharsalia*, but a beautiful judicious comparison between him and Virgil, and that in a style which in my opinion comes but little short of Sallust, or the writers of the Augustan age. It is to the following purpose.

I come now to the author I have commented upon, says Sulpitius Verulanus, and shall endeavour to describe him, as well as observe in what he differs from that great poet Virgil. Lucan, in the opinion of Fabius, is no less a pattern for orators than for poets; and always adhering strictly to truth, he seems to have as fair a pretence to the character of an historian; for he equally performs each of these offices. His expression is bold and lively; his sentiments are clear, his fictions within compass of probability, and his digressions proper: his orations artful, correct, manly, and full of matter. In the other parts of his work, he is grave, fluent, copious, and elegant; abounding with great variety, and wonderful erudition. And in unriddling the intricacy of contrivances, designs, and actions, his style is so masterly, that you rather seem to see, than read of those transactions. But as for enterprises and battles, you imagine them not related, but acted: towns alarmed, armies engaged, the eagerness and terror of the several soldiers, seem present to your view. As our author is frequent and fertile in descriptions; and none more skilful in discovering the secret springs of action, and their rise in human passions: as he is an acute searcher into the manners of men, and most dextrous in applying all sorts of learning to his subject: What other cosmographer, astrologer, philosopher, or mathematician, do we stand in need of, while we read him? who has more judiciously handled, or treated with more delicacy, whatever topics his fancy has led him to, or have casually fallen in his way? Maro is, without doubt, a great poet; so is Lucan. In so apparent an equality, it is hard to decide which excels: For both have justly obtained the highest commendations. Maro is rich and magnificent; Lucan sumptuous and splendid: The first is discreet, inventive, and sublime; the latter free, harmonious, and full of spirit. Virgil seems to move with the devout solemnity of a reverend prelate: Lucan to march with the noble haughtiness of a victorious general. One owes most to labour and application; the other to nature and practice: one lulls the soul with the sweetness and music of his verse, the other raises it by his fire and rapture. Virgil is sedate, happy in his conceptions, free from faults; Lucan quick, various, and florid: *He* seems to fight with stronger weapons, *This* with more. The first surpasses all in solid strength; the latter excels in vigour and poignancy. You would

11469

think that the one sounds rather a larger and deeper toned trumpet; the other a less indeed, but clearer. In short, so great is the affinity, and the struggle for precedence between them, that though nobody be allowed to come up to that di-

vinity in Maro; yet had *He* not been possessed of the chief seat on Parnassus, our author's claim to it had been indisputable.

February 26. 7

1718-19. 5

THE PHARSALIA.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the first book, after a proposition of his subject, a short view of the ruins occasioned by the civil wars in Italy, and a compliment to Nero, Lucan gives the principal causes of the civil war, together with the characters of Cæsar and Pompey: after that, the story properly begins with Cæsar's passing the Rubicon, which was the bound of his province towards Rome, and his march to Arminium. Thither the tribunes and Curio, who had been driven out of the city by the opposite party, come to him, and demand his protection. Then follows his speech to his army, and a particular mention of the several parts of Gaul from which his troops were drawn together to his assistance. From Cæsar, the poet turns to describe the general consternation at Rome, and the flight of great part of the senate and people at the news of his march. From hence he takes occasion to relate the foregoing prodigies, which were partly on occasion of those panic terrors, and likewise the ceremonies that were used by the priests for purifying the city, and averting the anger of the gods; and then ends this book with the inspiration and prophecy of a Roman matron, in which she enumerates the principal events which were to happen in the course of the civil war.

EMATHIAN plains with slaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Establish'd violence, and lawless might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;
A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themselves with their own hostile swords;
Piles against piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles against eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, spilt,
One common horror and promiscuous guilt;
A shatter'd world in wild disorder tost,
Leagues, laws, and empire, in confusion lost;
Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I sing,

What blind, detested madness could afford
Such horrid licence to the murdering sword?
Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose,
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?
Could you in wars like these provoke your fate?
Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait!
While Babylon's proud spires yet rise so high,
And rich in Roman spoils invade the sky;
While yet no vengeance is to Crassus paid,
But unatton'd repines the wandering shade!
What tracks of land, what realms unknown be-

fore,
What seas wide-stretching to the distant shore,
What crowns, what empires, might that blood

have gain'd,
With which Emathia's fatal fields were stain'd!
Where Seres in their silken woods reside,
Where swift Araxes rolls his rapid tide:
Where'er (if such a nation can be found)
Nile's secret fountain springing cleaves the ground;
Where southern suns with double ardour rise,
Flame o'er the land, and scorch the mid-day skies;

Where winter's hand the Scythian seas constrains,
And binds the frozen floods in crystal chains:
Where'er the shady night and day-spring come,
All had submitted to the yoke of Rome.

O Rome! if slaughter be thy only care,
If such thy fond desire of impious war;
Turn from thyself, at least, the destin'd wound,
Till thou art mistress of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyself be found.
Thy foes as yet a juster war afford,
And barbarous blood remains to glut thy sword.
But see! her hands on her own vitals seize,
And no destruction but her own can please.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plough!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the massy column lies,
While weeds obscene above the cornice rise.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
There mouldering pillars nodding roots sustain.
The landscape, once in various beauty spread,
With yellow harvests and the flowery mead,
Displays a wild uncultivated face,
Which bushy brakes and brambles vile disgrace;
No human footstep prints th' untrodden green,
No cheerful maid nor villager is seen.
Ev'n in her cities famous once and great,
Where thousands crowded in the noisy street,
No sound is heard of human voices now,
But whistling winds through empty dwellings
blow;

While passing strangers wonder, if they spy
One single melancholy face go by.
Nor Pyrrhus' sword, nor Cannæ's fatal field,
Such universal desolation yield:
Her impious sons have her worst foes surpass'd,
And Roman hands have laid Hesperia waste.

But if our fates severely have decreed
 No way but this for Nero to succeed;
 If only thus our heroes can be gods,
 And earth must pay for their divine abodes;
 If heaven could not the thunderer obtain,
 Till giants wars made room for Jove to reign,
 'Tis just, ye gods, nor ought we to complain:
 Opprest with death though dire Pharsalia groan,
 Though Latian blood the Punic ghosts atone;
 Though Pompey's hapless sons renew the war,
 And Munda view the slaughter'd heaps from far;
 Though meagre famine in Perusia reign,
 Though Mutina with battles fill the plain;
 Though Leuca's isle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
 Record the rage of Actium's fatal day;
 Though servile hands are arm'd to man the fleet,
 And on Sicilian seas the navies meet;
 All crimes, all horrors, we with joy regard,
 Since thou, O Cæsar, art the great reward.

Vast are the thanks thy grateful Rome should pay

To wars, which usher in thy sacred sway.
 When, the great business of the world achiev'd,
 Late by the willing stars thou art receiv'd,
 Through all the blissful seats the news shall roll,
 And heaven resound with joy from pole to pole.
 Whether great Jove resign supreme command,
 And trust his sceptre to thy abler hand;
 Or if thou choose the empire of the day,
 And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey;
 Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
 While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam;
 Where'er thou reign, with one consenting voice,
 The gods and nature shall approve thy choice.
 But, oh! whatever be thy godhead great,
 Fix not in regions too remote thy seat;
 Nor deign thou near the frozen bear to shine,
 Nor where the sultry southern stars decline;
 Less kindly thence thy influence shall come,
 And thy blest rays obliquely visit Rome.
 Press not too much on any part the sphere:
 Hard were the task thy weight divine to bear;
 Soon would the axis feel th' unusual load,
 And groaning bend beneath th' incumbent god:
 O'er the mid orb more equal shalt thou rise,
 And with a juster balance fix the skies.
 Serene for ever be that azure space,
 No blackening clouds the purer heaven disgrace,
 Nor hide from Rome her Cæsar's radiant face.
 Then shall mankind consent in sweet accord,
 And warring nations sheath the wrathful sword;
 Peace shall the world in friendly leagues compose,
 And Janus' dreadful gates for ever close.
 To me thy present godhead stands confess'd,
 Oh let thy sacred fury fire my breast!
 So thou vouchsafe to hear, let Phœbus dwell
 Still uninvok'd in Cyrrha's mystic cell;
 By me uncall'd, let sprightly Bacchus reign,
 And lead the dance on Indian Nyssa's plain.
 To thee, O Cæsar, all my vows belong;
 Do thou alone inspire the Roman song.

And now the mighty task demands our care,
 The fatal source of discord to declare;
 What cause accurst produc'd the dire event,
 Why rage so dire the madding nations rent,
 And peace was driven away by one consent.
 But thus the malice of our fate commands,
 And nothing great to long duration stands;

Aspiring Rome had risen too much in height,
 And sunk beneath her own unwieldy weight.
 So shall one hour at last this globe controul,
 Break up the vast machine, dissolve the whole,
 And time no more through measur'd ages roll.
 Then chaos hoar shall seize his former right,
 And reign with anarchy and eldest night;
 The starry lamps shall combat in the sky,
 And lost and blended in each other die;
 Quench'd in the deep the heavenly fires shall fall,
 And ocean cast abroad o'er spread the ball: [run,
 The moon no more her well-known course shall
 But rise from western waves, and meet the sun;
 Ungovern'd shall she quit her ancient way,
 Herself ambitious to supply the day:
 Confusion wild shall all around be hurl'd,
 And discord and disorder tear the world.
 Thus power and greatness to destruction haste,
 Thus bounds to human happiness are plac'd,
 And Jove forbids prosperity to last.
 Yet fortune, when she meant to wreak her hate,
 From foreign foes preserv'd the Roman state,
 Nor suffer'd barbarous hands to give the blow,
 That laid the queen of earth and ocean low;
 To Rome herself for enemies she sought,
 And Rome herself her own destruction wrought;
 Rome, that ne'er knew three lordly heads before,
 First fell by fatal partnership of power.
 What blind ambition bids your force combine?
 What means this frantic league in which you join?
 Mistaken men! who hope to share the spoil,
 And hold the world within one common toil:
 While earth the seas shall in her bosom bear,
 While earth herself shall hang in ambient air,
 While Phœbus shall his constant task renew;
 While through the Zodiac night shall day pursue;
 No faith, no trust, no friendship, shall be known
 Among the jealous partners of a throne;
 But he who reigns, shall strive to reign alone.
 Nor seek for foreign tales to make this good,
 Were not our walls first built in brother's blood?
 Nor did the feud for wide dominion rise,
 Nor was the world their impious fury's prize;
 Divided power contention still affords,
 And for a village strove the petty lords.

The fierce triumvirate combin'd in peace,
 Perserv'd the bond but for a little space,
 Still with an awkward disagreeing grace.
 'Twas not a league by inclination made,
 But bare agreement, such as friends persuade.
 Desire of war in either chief was seen,
 Though interposing Crassus stood between.
 Such in the midst the parting isthmus lies,
 While swelling seas on either side arise;
 The solid boundaries of earth restrain
 The fierce Ionian and Ægean main;
 But, if the mound gives way, straight roaring loud
 In at the breach the rushing torrents crowd;
 Raging they meet, the dashing waves run high,
 And work their foamy waters to the sky.
 So when unhappy Crassus, sadly slain,
 Dy'd with his blood Assyrian Carre's plain;
 Sudden the seeming friends in arms engage,
 The Parthian sword let loose the Latian rage.
 Ye fierce Arsacidæ! ye foes of Rome,
 Now triumph, you have more than overcome:
 The vanquish'd felt your victory from far,
 And from that field receiv'd their civil war.

The sword is now the umpire to decide,
 And part what friendship knew not to divide.
 'Twas hard, an empire of so vast a size,
 Could not for two ambitious minds suffice;
 The peopled earth, and wide extended main,
 Could furnish room for only one to reign.
 When dying Julia first forsook the light,
 And Hymen's tapers sunk in endless night,
 The tender ties of kindred love were torn,
 Forgotten all, and bury'd in her urn.
 Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd,
 How might the daughter and the wife persuade!
 Like the fam'd Sabine dames she had been seen
 To stay the meeting war, and stand between:
 On either hand had woo'd them to accord,
 Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord,
 To join in peace, and sheath the ruthless sword. }
 But this the fatal sister's doom deny'd;
 The friends were sever'd, when the matron dy'd.
 The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
 Rage fires their souls with jealousy of fame, }
 And emulation fans the rising flame.

Thee Pompey thy past deeds by turns infest,
 And jealous glory burns within thy breast;
 Thy fam'd piratic laurel seems to fade,
 Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade;
 His Gallic wreaths thou view'st with anxious eyes
 Above thy naval crowns triumphant rise,
 Thee, Cæsar, thy long labours past incite,
 Thy use of war, and custom of the fight;
 While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
 And bids thy courage scorn a second place.
 Superior power, fierce faction's dearest care,
 One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.
 Justly to name the better cause were hard,
 While greatest names for either side declar'd:
 Victorious Cæsar by the gods was crown'd,
 The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd.
 Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
 One to increasing years began to yield,
 Old age come creeping in the peaceful gown,
 And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down;
 Disus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
 And pleas'd himself with popular applause;
 With gifts and liberal bounty sought for fame,
 And lov'd to hear the vulgar shout his name;
 In his own theatre rejoic'd to sit,
 Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.
 Careless of future ills that might betide, }
 No aid he sought to prop his failing side,
 But on his former fortune much rely'd.
 Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place;
 But stood the shadow of what once he was.
 So, in the field with Ceres' bounty spread,
 Uprears some ancient oak his reverend head;
 Chaplets and sacred gifts his boughs adorn,
 And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
 But, the first vigour of his root now gone,
 He stands dependent on his weight alone;
 All bare his naked branches are display'd,
 And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade:
 Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
 As every blast would heave him from his seat;
 Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,
 That rich in youthful verdure round him rise;
 Fix'd in his ancient state he yields to none,
 And wears the honours of the grove alone.

But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength, was more
 Than past renown and antiquated power;
 'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
 Or tales in old records and annals seen;
 But 'twas a valour, restless, unconfin'd,
 Which no success could fate, nor limits bind;
 'Twas shame, a soldier's shame untaught to yield,
 That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;
 Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay,
 Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
 Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
 Nor spar'd to stain the guilty sword with blood;
 Urging advantage, he improv'd all odds,
 And made the most of fortune and the gods;
 Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
 And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes. [loud,
 Such while earth trembles, and heaven thunders
 Darts the swift lightning from the rending cloud;
 Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
 The dreadful blast confounds the gazer's sight;
 Resistless in its course delights to rove,
 And cleaves the temples of its master Jove:
 Alike where'er it passes or returns,
 With equal rage the fell destroyer burns;
 Then, with a whirl full in its strength retires,
 And recollects the force of all its scatter'd fires.

Motives like these the leading chiefs inspir'd;
 But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd.
 Those fatal seeds luxurious vices sow,
 Which ever lay a mighty people low.
 To Rome the vanquish'd earth her tribute paid,
 And deadly treasures to her view display'd:
 Then truth and simple manners left the place,
 While riot rear'd her lewd dishonest face;
 Virtue to full prosperity gave way,
 And fled from rapine, and the lust of prey.
 On every side proud palaces arise,
 And lavish gold each common use supplies.
 Their fathers frugal tables stand abhorr'd, }
 And Asia now and Afric are explor'd,
 For high-pric'd dainties, and the citron board.
 In silken robes the minion men appear,
 Which maids and youthful brides should blush to
 That age by honest poverty adorn'd [wear.
 Which brought the manly Romans forth, is
 scorn'd;

Wherever ought pernicious does abound, }
 For luxury all lands are ransack'd round,
 And dear-bought deaths the sinking state con-
 found.

The Curii's and Camilli's little field,
 To vast extended territories yield;
 And foreign tenants reap the harvest now,
 Where once the great dictator held the plough.

Rome, ever fond of war, was tir'd with ease;
 Ev'n liberty had lost the power to please:
 Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
 And want could every wickedness persuade:
 Hence impious power was first esteem'd a good,
 Worth being sought with arms, and bought with
 blood:

With glory, tyrants did their country awe,
 And violence prescrib'd the rule to law.
 Hence pliant servile voices were constrain'd,
 And force in popular assemblies reign'd;
 Consuls and tribunes, with opposing might,
 Join'd to confound and overturn the right:

Hence shameful magistrates were made for gold,
And a base people by themselves were sold:
Hence slaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competitions mourns:
Hence death unthrifty, careless to repay,
And usury still watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's last resort.

Now Cæsar, marching swift with winged haste,
The summits of the frozen Alps had past;
With vast events and enterprises fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When lo? as he survey'd the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to fight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd;
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke.
Presumptuous men! oh, whither do you run?
Oh, whither bear you these my ensigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are you come.
She said; and sunk within the closing shade:
Astonishment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff rose his starting hair, he stood dismay'd,
And on the bank his slacken'd steps were stay'd.
O thou (at length he cry'd) whose hand controls
The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;
Who from thy capitol's exalted height,
Dost o'er the wide-spread city cast thy sight!
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line!
Ye mysteries of Romulus divine!
Thou, Jove! to whom from young Ascanius
came
Thy Alban temple and thy Latian name:
And thou, immortal sacred Vestal flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly, thou, majestic Rome!
My first, my great divinity, to whom
Thy still successful Cæsar am I come;
Nor do thou fear the sword's destructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war shall wage.
On him thy hate, on him thy curse bestow,
Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe;
And since to thee I consecrate my toil,
Oh favour thou my cause, and on thy soldier smile.

He said; and straight, impatient of delay,
Across the swelling flood pursu'd his way.
So when on sultry Libya's desert sand
The lion spies the hunter hard at hand,
Couch'd on the earth the doubtful savage lies,
And waits awhile till all his fury rise;
His lashing tail provokes his swelling sides,
And high upon his neck his mane with horror
Then if at length the flying dart infest, [rides:
Or the broad spear invade his ample breast,
Scorning the wound, he yawns a dreadful roar,
And flies like lightning on the hostile Moor.

While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea,
His bank on either side a limit stands,
Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.

But stronger now the wintery torrent grows,
The wetting winds had thaw'd the Alpine snows,
And Cynthia rising with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team,
A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.
For this, to stem the rapid water's course
First plung'd amidst the flood the bolder horse:
With strength oppos'd against the stream they
lead, [succeed,

While to the smoother ford, the foot with ease
The leader now had pass'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden shore:

Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
Here farewell peace and injur'd laws! (he said.)
Since faith is broke, and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou, goddess fortune, art my guide;
Let fate and war the great event decide.

He spoke; and, on the dreadful task intent,
Speedy to near Ariminum he bent;
To him the Balearic sling is slow,
And the shaft loiters from the Parthian bow.
With eager marches swift he reach'd the town,
As the shades fled, the sinking stars were gone,
And Lucifer the last was left alone.

At length the morn, the dreadful morn arose,
Whose beams the first tumultuous rage disclose:
Whether the stormy south prolong'd the night,
Or the good gods abhor'd the impious fight,
The clouds awhile withheld the mournful light.

To the mid forum on the soldier pass'd,
There halted, and his victor ensigns plac'd:
With dire alarms from band to band around,
The hiss, hoarse horn, and rattling trumpets sound.
The starting citizens uprear their heads;
The lustier youth at once forsake their beds;
Hasty they snatch the weapons, which among
Their household gods in peace had rested long;
Old bucklers of the covering hides bereft,
The mouldering frames disjoin'd and barely left;
Swords with foul rust indented deep they take,
And useless spears with points inverted shake.
Soon as their crests the Roman eagles rear'd,
And Cæsar high above the rest appear'd;
Each trembling heart with secret horror shook,
And silence thus within themselves they spoke:

Oh, hapless city! oh, ill-fated walls!
Rear'd for a curse so near the neighbouring Gauls!
By us destruction ever takes its way,
We first become each bold invader's prey;
Oh, that by fate we rather had been plac'd
Upon the confines of the utmost east!
The frozen north much better might we know,
Mountains of ice, and everlasting snow.
Better with wandering Scythians choose to roam,
Than fix in fruitful Italy our home,
And guard these dreadful passages to Rome.
Through these the Cimbrians laid Hesperia waste;
Through these the swarthy Carthaginian pass'd;
Whenever fortune threatens the Latian states,
War death, and ruin, enter at these gates.

In secret murmurs thus they sought relief,
While no bold voice proclaim'd aloud their grief.
O'er all one deep, one horrid silence reigns;
As when the rigour of the winter's chains
All nature, heaven, and earth at once constrains;
The tuneful feather'd kind forget their lays,
And shivering tremble on the naked sprays;

Ev'n the rude seas compos'd forget to roar,
 And freezing billows stiffen on the shore.
 The colder shades of night forsook the sky,
 When, lo! Bellona lifts her torch on high:
 And, if the chief, by doubt or shame detain'd,
 A while from battle and from blood abstain'd;
 Fortune and fate, impatient of delay,
 Force every soft relenting thought away.
 A lucky chance a fair pretence supplies,
 And justice in his favour seems to rise.
 New accidents new stings to rage suggest,
 And fiercer fires inflame the warrior's breast.
 The senate threatening high, and haughty grown,
 Had driven the wrangling tribunes from the town;
 In scorn of law, had chas'd them through the
 gate,

And urg'd them with the factious Gracchi's fate.
 With these, as for redress their course they sped
 To Cæsar's camp, the busy Curio fled;
 Curio, a speaker turbulent and bold,
 Of venal eloquence, that serv'd for gold,
 And principles that might be bought and sold.
 A tribune once himself, in loud debate,
 He strove for public freedom and the state:
 Essay'd to make the warring nobles bow,
 And bring the potent party-leaders low.
 To Cæsar thus, while thousand cares infest,
 Revolving round the warrior's anxious breast,
 His speech the ready orator address'd:

While yet my voice was useful to my friend;
 While 'twas allow'd me, Cæsar to defend,
 While yet the pleading bar was left me free,
 While I could draw uncertain Rome to thee;
 In vain their force the moody fathers join'd,
 In vain to rob thee of thy power combin'd;
 I lengthen'd out the date of thy command,
 And fix'd thy conquering sword within thy
 hand.

But since the vanquish'd laws in war are dumb,
 To thee, behold, an exil'd band we come;
 For thee, with joy our banishment we take,
 For thee our household hearths and gods forsake;
 Nor hope to see our native city more,
 Till victory and thou the loss restore.
 Th' unready faction, yet confus'd with fear,
 Defenceless, weak, and unresolv'd, appear.
 Haste then thy towering eagles on their way:
 When fair occasion calls, 'tis fatal to delay.
 If twice five years the stubborn Gaul withheld,
 And set thee hard in many a well-fought field;
 A nobler labour now before thee lies,
 The hazard less, yet greater far the prize;
 A province that, and portion of the whole;
 This the vast head that does mankind control.
 Success shall sure attend thee, boldly go
 And win the world at one successful blow.
 No triumph now attends thee at the gate;
 No temples for thy sacred laurel wait:
 But blasting envy hangs upon thy name,
 Denies thee right, and robs thee of thy fame;
 Imputes as crimes, the nations overcome,
 And makes it treason to have fought for Rome:
 Ev'n he who took thy Julia's plighted hand,
 Waits to deprive thee of thy just command.
 Since Pompey then, and those upon his side,
 Forbid thee, the world's empire to divide;
 Assume that sway which best mankind may bear,
 And rule alone what they disdain to share.

He said; his words the listening chief engage,
 And fire his breast, already prone to rage.
 Not peals of loud applause with greater force,
 At Grecian Elis, rouse the fiery horse;
 When eager for the course each nerve he strains,
 Hangs on the bit, and tugs the stubborn reins,
 At every shout erects his quivering ears,
 And his broad breast upon the barrier bears.
 Sudden he bids the troops draw out, and straight
 The thronging legions round their ensigns wait:
 Then thus the crowd composing with a look,
 And, with his hand commanding silence, spoke:

Fellows in arms, who chose with me to bear
 The toils and dangers of a tedious war,
 And conquer to this tenth revolving year;
 See what reward the grateful senate yield,
 For the lost blood which stains yon northern field;
 For wounds, for winter camps, for Alpine snow,
 And all the deaths the brave can undergo.
 See! the tumultuous city is alarm'd,
 As if another Hannibal were arm'd:
 The lusty youth are cull'd to fill the bands,
 And each tall grove falls by the shipwrights hands;
 Fleets are equipp'd, the field with armies spread,
 And all demand devoted Cæsar's head.
 If thus, while fortune yields us her applause,
 While the gods call us on and own our cause,
 If thus returning conquerors they treat,
 How had they us'd us flying from defeat;
 If fickle chance of war had prov'd unkind,
 And the fierce Gauls pursu'd us from behind!
 But let their boasted hero leave his home,
 Let him, dissolv'd, with lazy leisure, come,
 With every noisy talking tongue in Rome:
 Let loud Marcellus troops of gown-men head,
 And their great Cato peaceful burghers lead.
 Shall his base followers, a venal train,
 For ages bid their idol Pompey reign?
 Shall his ambition still be thought no crime,
 His breach of laws, and triumph ere the time?
 Still shall he gather honours and command,
 And grasp all rule in his rapacious hand?
 What need I name the violated laws,
 And famine made the servant of his cause?
 Who knows not how the trembling judge beheld
 The peaceful court with armed legions fill'd;
 When the bold soldier, justice to defy,
 In the mid forum rear'd his ensigns high;
 When glittering swords the pale assembly scar'd,
 When all for death and slaughter stood prepar'd,
 And Pompey's arms were guilty Milo's guard?
 And now, disdaining peace and needful ease,
 Nothing but rule and government can please.
 Aspiring still, as ever, to be great,
 He robs his age of rest to vex the state:
 On war intent, to that he bends his cares,
 And for the field of battle now prepares.
 He copies from his master Sylla well,
 And would the dire example far excel.
 Hyrcanian tigers fierceness thus retain,
 Whom in the woods their horrid mothers train,
 To chase the herds, and surfeit on the slain.
 Such, Pompey, still has been thy greedy thirst,
 In early love of impious slaughter nurs'd;
 Since first thy infant cruelty essay'd
 To lick the curst dictator's reeking blade.
 None ever give the savage nature o'er,
 Whose jaws have once been drench'd in floods of

But whither would a power so wide extend?
 Where will thy long ambition find an end?
 Remember him who taught thee to be great;
 Let him who chose to quit the sovereign seat,
 Let thy own Sylla warn thee to retreat.
 Perhaps, for that too boldly I withstand,
 Nor yield my conquering eagles on command;
 Since the Cilician pirate strikes his sail,
 Since o'er the Pontic king thy arms prevail;
 Since the poor prince, a weary life o'er-past,
 By thee and poison is subdu'd at last;
 Perhaps one latest province yet remains,
 And vanquish'd Cæsar must receive thy chains.
 But though my labours lose their just reward,
 Yet let the senate, these my friends regard;
 Whate'er my lot, my brave victorious bands
 Deserve to triumph, whosoe'er commands.
 Where shall my weary veteran rest? O where
 Shall virtue worn with years and arms repair?
 What town is for his late repose assign'd?
 Where are the promis'd lands he hop'd to find,
 Fields for his plough, a country village seat,
 Some little comfortable safe retreat;
 Where failing age at length from toil may cease,
 And waste the poor remains of life with peace?
 But march! Your long victorious ensigns rear,
 Let valour in its own just cause appear.
 When for redress entreating armies call,
 They who deny just things, permit them all.
 The righteous gods shall surely own the cause,
 Which seeks not spoil, nor empire, but the laws.
 Proud lords and tyrants to depose we come,
 And save from slavery submissive Rome.

He said; a doubtful sullen murmuring sound
 Ran through the unresolving vulgar round;
 The seeds of piety their rage restrain'd,
 And somewhat of their country's love remain'd;
 These the rude passions of their soul withstood,
 Elate to conquest, and inur'd to blood:
 But soon the momentary virtue fail'd,
 And war and dread of Cæsar's frown prevail'd.
 Straight Lelius from amongst the rest stood forth,
 An old centurion of distinguish'd worth;
 The oaken wreath his hardy temples wore,
 Mark of a citizen preserv'd he bore.

If against thee (he cry'd) I may exclaim,
 Thou greatest leader of the Roman name;
 If truth for injur'd honour may be bold,
 What lingering patience does thy arms withhold?
 Canst thou distrust our faith so often try'd?
 In thy long wars not shrinking from thy side?
 While in my veins this vital torrent flows,
 This heaving breath within my bosom blows;
 While yet these arms sufficient vigour yield
 To dart the javelin, and to lift the shield;
 While these remain, my general, wilt thou own
 The vile dominion of the lazy gown?
 Wilt thou the lordly senate choose to bear,
 Rather than conquer in a civil war?
 With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,
 With thee the burning Lybian sands explore,
 And tread the Syrt's inhospitable shore.
 Behold! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,
 For thee the servile oar has not disdain'd,
 For thee the swelling seas were taught to plow,
 Through the Rhine's whirling stream to force
 thy prow,
 That all the vanquish'd world to thee might bow.

Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,
 And inclination ever leads the way.
 No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,
 Whom Cæsar's trumpet once proclaims a foe,
 By the long labours of thy sword, I swear,
 By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,
 By thy past triumphs, and by those to come,
 (No matter where the vanquish'd be, or whom)
 Bid me to strike my dearest brother dead,
 To bring my aged father's hoary head,
 Or stab the pregnant partner of my bed;
 Though nature plead, and stop my trembling
 I swear to execute thy dread command. [hand,
 Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy gods,
 And scatter flames through all their proud abodes?
 See through thy camp our ready torches burn,
 Moneta soon her sinking fane shall mourn.
 Wilt thou yon haughty factious senate brave,
 And awe the Tuscan river's yellow wave?
 On Tiber's banks thy ensigns shall be plac'd,
 And thy bold soldier lay Hesperia waste.
 Dost thou devote some hostile city's walls?
 Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls;
 She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful sentence doom
 The world's imperial mistress, mighty Rome.

He said; the ready legions vow to join
 Their chief belov'd, in every bold design;
 All lift their well-approving hands on high,
 And rend with peals of loud applause the sky.
 Such is the sound when Thracian Boreas spreads
 His weighty wing o'er Ossa's piney heads:
 At once the noisy groves are all inclin'd,
 And, bending, roar beneath the sweeping wind;
 At once their rattling branches all they rear,
 And drive the leafy clamour through the air.

Cæsar with joy the ready bands beheld,
 Urg'd on by fate, and eager for the field;
 Swift orders straight the scatter'd warriors call,
 From every part of wide-extended Gaul;
 And, lest his fortune languish by delay,
 To Rome the moving ensigns speed their way.

Some, at the bidding of the chief, forsake
 Their fix'd encampment near the Leman lake:
 Some from Vogesus' lofty rocks withdraw,
 Plac'd on those heights the Lingones to awe;
 The Lingones still frequent in alarms,
 And rich in many-colour'd painted arms.
 Others from Isara's low torrent came,
 Who winding keeps through many a mead his
 But seeks the sea with waters not his own, [name;
 Lost and confounded in the nobler Rhone.
 Their garrison the Ruthen city send,
 Whose youths long locks in yellow rings depend.
 No more the Varus and the Atax feel
 The lordly burden of the Latian keel.
 Alcides' fane the troops commanded leave,
 Where winding rocks the peaceful flood receive;
 Nor Corus there, nor Zephyrus resort,
 Nor roll rude surges in the sacred port;
 Circius' loud blast alone is heard to roar,
 And vex the safety of Monæchus' shore.
 The legions move from Gallia's farthest side,
 Wash'd by the restless ocean's various tide;
 Now o'er the land flows in the pouring main,
 Now rears the land its rising head again,
 And seas and earth alternate rule maintain.
 If driven by winds from the far distant pole,
 This way and that, the floods revolving roll;

Or if, compell'd by Cynthia's silver beam,
 Obedient Tethys heaves the swelling stream;
 Or if, by heat attracted to the sky,
 Old ocean lifts his heavy waves on high,
 And briny deeps the wafting sun supply;
 What cause foe'er the wondrous motion guide,
 And press the ebb, or raise the flowing tide;
 Be that your task, ye sages, to explore,
 Who search the secret springs of nature's power:
 To me, for so the wiser gods ordain,
 Unrac'd the mystery shall still remain.
 From fair Nemossus moves a warlike band;
 From Atur's banks, and the Tarbellian strand,
 Where winding round the coast pursues its way,
 And folds the sea within a gentle bay.
 The Santones are now with joy releas'd
 From hostile inmates, and their Roman guest;
 Now the Bituriges forget their fears,
 And Sueffons nimble with unwieldy spears:
 Exult the Leuci, and the Remi now,
 Expert in javelins, and the bending bow.
 The Belgæ taught on cover'd wains to ride,
 The Sequani the wheeling horse to guide;
 The bold Averni who from Ilium come,
 And boast an ancient brotherhood with Rome;
 The Nervi oft rebelling, oft subdu'd,
 Whose hands in Gotta's slaughter were imbru'd;
 Vangiones, like loose Sarmatians drest,
 Who with rough hides their brawny thighs invest:
 Batavians fierce, whom brazen trumps delight,
 And with hoarse rattlings animate to fight;
 The nations where the Cinga's waters flow,
 And Pyrenæan mountains stand in snow;
 Those where flow Arar meets the rapid Rhone,
 And with his stronger stream is hurry'd down;
 Those o'er the mountains lofty summit spread,
 Where high Gebenna lifts her hoary head;
 With these the Trevir and Ligurian shorn,
 Whose brow no more long falling locks adorn;
 Though chief amongst the Gauls he went to
 deck,
 With ringlets comely spread, his graceful neck:
 And you where Hesus' horrid altar stands,
 Where dire Teutates human blood demands;
 Where Taranis by wretches is obey'd,
 And vies in slaughter with the Scythian maid:
 All see with joy the war's departing rage,
 Seek distant lands, and other foes engage.
 You too, ye bards! whom sacred raptures fire,
 To chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre;
 Who consecrate in your immortal strain,
 Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain;
 Securely now the tuneful task renew,
 And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.
 The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
 Old mysteries and barbarous rites restore:
 A tribe who singular religion love,
 And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
 To these, and these of all mankind alone,
 The gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown.
 If dying mortals doom they sing aright,
 No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night:
 No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
 Nor seek the dreary silent shades below:
 But forth they fly immortal in their kind,
 And other bodies in new worlds they find,
 Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
 And like a line, death but divides the space,

A stop which can but for a moment last,
 A point between the future and the past.
 Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise;
 Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel;
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
 To spare that life which must so soon return.
 You too tow'rd Rome advance, ye warlike band,
 That wont the shaggy Cauca to withstand;
 Whom once a better order did assign,
 To guard the passes of the German Rhine;
 Now from the fenceless banks you march away,
 And leave the world the fierce barbarians prey.

While thus the numerous troops, from every
 part,
 Assembling, raise their daring leader's heart;
 O'er Italy he takes his warlike way, [obey,
 The neighbouring towns his summons straight }
 And on their walls his ensigns high display.
 Meanwhile the busy messenger of ill,
 Officious fame supplies new terror still:
 A thousand slaughters, and ten thousand fears,
 She whispers in the trembling vulgar's ears.
 Now comes a frightened messenger, to tell
 Of ruins which the country round beset;
 The foe to fair Mevania's walls is past,
 And lays Clitumnus' fruitful pastures waste;
 Where Nar's white waves with Tiber mingling
 fall,

Range the rough German and the rapid Gaul.
 But when himself, when Caesar they would paint,
 The stronger image makes description faint:
 No tongue can speak with what amazing dread
 Wild thought presents him at his army's head;
 Unlike the man familiar to their eyes,
 Horrid he seems, and of gigantic size:
 Unnumber'd eagles rise amidst his train,
 And millions seem to hide the crowded plain.
 Around him all the various nations join,
 Between the snowy Alps and distant Rhine.
 He draws the fierce barbarians from their home, }
 With rage surpassing theirs he seems to come,
 And urge them on to spoil devoted Rome.
 Thus fear does half the work of lying fame,
 And cowards thus their own misfortunes frame;
 By their own feigning fancies are betray'd,
 And groan beneath those ills themselves have
 made.

Nor these alarms the crowd alone infect,
 But ran alike through every beating breast;
 With equal dread the grave patricians shook,
 Their seats abandon'd, and the court forsook.
 The scattering fathers quit the public care,
 And bid the consuls for the war prepare.
 Resolv'd on flight, yet still unknowing where
 To fly from danger, or for aid repair,
 Hasty and headlong differing paths they tread, }
 As blind impulse and wild distraction lead;
 The crowd, a hurrying, heartless train, succeed. }
 Who that the lamentable sight beheld,
 The wretched fugitives that hid the field, [haste
 Would not have thought the flames, with rapid
 Destroying wide, had laid their city waste;
 Or groaning earth had shook beneath their feet,
 While threatening fabrics nodded o'er the street.
 By such unthinking rashness were they led;
 Such was the madness which their fears had bred,

As if, of every other hope bereft,
To fly from Rome were all the safety left.
So when the stormy south is heard to roar,
And rolls huge billows from the Libyan shore;
When rending sails flit with the driving blast,
And with a crash down comes the lofty mast;
Some coward master leaps from off the deck,
And, hasty to despair, prevents the wreck;
And though the bark unbroken hold her way,
His trembling crew all plunge into the sea.
From doubtful thus they run to certain harms,
And flying from the city rush to arms.
Then sons forsook their fires unnerv'd and old,
Nor weeping wives their husbands could withhold;
Each left his guardian Lares unador'd,
Nor with one parting prayer their aid implor'd:
None stop'd, or sighing turn'd for one last view,
Or bid the city of his birth adieu.
The headlong crowd regardless urge their way,
Though ev'n their gods and country ask their
stay?

And pleading nature beg them to delay.

What means, ye gods! this changing in your
doom?

Freely you grant, but quickly you resume.
Vain is the short-liv'd sovereignty you lend;
The pile you raise you deign not to defend.
See where, forsaken by her native bands,
All desolate the once-great city stands!
She whom her swarming citizens made proud,
Where once the vanquish'd nations wont to crowd,
Within the circuit of whose ample space
Mankind might meet at once, and find a place;
A wide defenceless desert now she lies,
And yields herself the victor's easy prize.
The camp intrench'd securest slumbers yields,
Though hostile arms beset the neighbouring fields;
Rude banks of earth the hasty soldier rears,
And in the turfy wall forgets his fears:
While, Rome, thy sons all tremble from afar,
And scatter at the very name of war;
Nor on thy towers depend, nor rampart's height,
Nor trust their safety with thee for a night.

Yet one excuse absolv'd the panic dread;
The vulgar justly fear'd when Pompey fled.
And, lest sweet hope might mitigate their woes,
And expectation better times disclose,
On every breast presaging terror fate,
And threaten'd plain some yet more dismal fate.
The gods declare their menaces around,
Earth, air, and seas, in prodigies abound;
Then stars, unknown before, appear'd to burn,
And foreign flames about the pole to turn;
Unusual fires by night were seen to fly,
And dart obliquely through the gloomy sky.
Then horrid comets shook their fatal hair,
And bade proud royalty for change prepare:
Now dart swift lightnings through the azure clear,
And meteors now in various forms appear:
Some like the javelin shoot extended long,
While some like spreading lamps in heaven are
hung.
And though no gathering clouds the day control,
Through skies serene portentous thunders roll;
Fierce blasting bolts from northern regions come,
And aim their vengeance at imperial Rome.
The stars, that twinkled in the lonely night,
Now lift their bolder head in day's broad light.

VOL. XII.

The moon, in all her brother's beams array'd,
Was blotted by the earth's approaching shade:
The sun himself, in his meridian race,
In sable darkness veil'd his brighter face:
The trembling world beheld his fading ray,
And mourn'd despairing for the loss of day.
Such was he seen, when backward to the east
He fled, abhorring dire Thyestes' feast.
Sicilian Ætna then was heard to roar,
While Mulciber let loose his fiery store;
Nor rose the flames, but with a downward tide
Tow'rd Italy their burning torrent guide;
Charybdis' dogs howl doleful o'er the flood,
And all her whirling waves run red with blood;
The vestal fire upon the altar dy'd,
And o'er the sacrifice the flames divide;
The parting points with double streams ascend,
To show the Latian festivals must end:
Such from the Theban brethren's pile arose,
Signal of impious and immortal foes.
With openings fast the gaping earth gave way,
And in her inmost womb receiv'd the day.
The swelling seas o'er lofty mountains flow,
And nodding Alps shook off their ancient snow.
Then wept the demi-gods of mortal birth,
And sweating Lares trembled on the hearth.
In temples then, recording stories tell,
Untouch'd the sacred gifts and garlands fell.
Then birds obscene, with inauspicious flight,
And screamings dire, profan'd the hallow'd
light.

The savage kind forsook the desert wood,
And in the streets disclos'd their horrid brood.
Then speaking beasts with human sounds were
heard,
And monstrous births the teeming mothers scar'd.
Among the crowd, religious fears disperse
The faws of Sibyls, and foreboding verse.
Bellona's priests, a barbarous frantic train,
Whose mangled arms a thousand wounds disdain,
Toss their wild locks, and, with a dismal yell,
The wrathful gods and coming woes foretell.
Lamenting ghosts amidst their ashes mourn,
And groanings echo from the marble urn.
The rattling clank of arms is heard around,
And voices loud in lonely woods resound.
Grim spectres everywhere affright the eye,
Approaching glare, and pass with horror by.
A fury fierce about the city walks,
Hell-born, and horrible of size, she stalks:
A flaming pine she brandishes in air,
And hissing loud uprise her snaky hair;
Where'er her round accurst the monster takes,
The pale inhabitant his house forsakes.
Such to Lycurgus was the phantom seen,
Such the dire visions of the Theban queen;
Such, at his cruel stepmother's command,
Before Alcides, did Megæra stand:
With dread, till then unknown, the hero shook,
Though he had dar'd on hell's grim king to look.
Amidst the deepest silence of the night,
Shrill sounding clarions animate the fight;
The shouts of meeting armies seem to rise,
And the loud battle shakes the gloomy skies.
Dead Sylla in the Martian field ascends,
And mischiefs mighty as his own portends.
Near Anio's stream old Marius rears his head;
The hinds beheld his grisly form, and fled.

3 B

The state thus threaten'd, by old custom taught,
For counsel to the Tuscan prophets sought:
Of these the chief for learning fam'd, and age,
Aruns by name, a venerable sage,
At Luna liv'd; none better could descry
What bodes the lightning's journey through the
sky;

Prefaging veins and fibres well he knew,
And omens read aright, from every wing that flew.
First he commands to burn the monstrous breed,
Sprung from mix'd species, and discordant seed;
Forbidden and accursed births, which come
Where nature's laws design'd a barren womb.
Next, the remaining trembling tribes he calls,
To pass with solemn rites about their walls,
In holy march to visit all around,
And with lustrations purge the utmost bound.
The sovereign priests the long procession lead,
Inferior orders in the train succeed,
Array'd all duly in the Sabine weed.
There the chaste head of Vesta's choir appears,
A sacred fillet binds her reverend hairs;
To her, in sole pre-eminence, is due,
Phrygian Minerva's awful shrine to view.
Next the fifteen in order pass along,
Who guard the fatal Sibyls' secret song:
To Almon's stream Cybele's form they bear,
And wash the goddess each returning year.
The Titian brotherhood, the Augurs band,
Observing flights on the left lucky hand;
The seven ordain'd Jove's holy feast to deck;
The Saki blithe, with bucklers on the neck;
All marching in their order just appear:
And last the generous Flamens close the rear.
While these through ways uncouth, and tiresome
ground,

Patient perform their long laborious round,
Aruns collects the marks of heaven's dread
flame;

In earth he hides them with religious hand,
Murmurs a prayer, then gives the place a name,
And bids the fix'd bidental hallow'd stand.
Next from the herd a chosen male is sought,
And soon before the ready altar brought.
And now the seer the sacrifice began,
The pouring wine upon the victim ran;
The mingled meal upon his brow was plac'd;
The crooked knife the destin'd line had trac'd;
When with reluctant rage th' impatient beast
The rites unpleasing to the god confess'd.
At length compell'd his stubborn head to bow,
Vanquish'd he yields him to the fatal blow;
The gushing veins no cheerful crimson pour,
But stain with poisonous black the sacred floor.
The paler prophet stood with horror struck;
Then with a hasty hand the entrails took,
And sought the angry gods again; but there
Prognostics worse, and sadder signs, appear;
The pallid guts with spots were marbled o'er,
With thin cold serum stain'd, and livid gore;
The liver wet with putrid streams he spy'd,
And veins that threaten'd on the hostile side:
Part of the heaving lungs is nowhere found,
And thinner films the sever'd entrails bound;
No usual motion stirs the panting heart;
The chinky vessels ouze on every part;
The cawl, where wrapt the close intestines lie,
Betrays its dark recesses to the eye.

One prodigy superior threaten'd still,
The never-failing harbinger of ill:
Lo! by the fibrous liver's rising head,
A second rival prominence is spread;
All sunk and poor the friendly part appears,
And a pale, sickly, withering visage wears;
While high and full the adverse vessels ride,
And drive, impetuous, on their purple tide.
Amaz'd, the sage foresaw th' impending fate;
Ye gods! (he cry'd) forbid me to relate
What woes on this devoted people wait.
Nor dost thou, Jove, in these our rites partake,
Nor smile propitious on the prayer we make;
The dreadful Stygian gods this victim claim,
And to our sacrifice the furies came.
The ills we fear command us to be dumb;
Yet somewhat worse than what we fear shall come.
But may the gods be gracious from on high,
Some better prosperous event supply,
Fibres may err, and augury may lie;
Arts may be false, by which our fires divin'd,
And Tages taught them, to abuse mankind.
Thus darkly he the prophecy express'd,
And riddling sung the double-dealing priest.

But Figulus exclaims (to science bred,
And in the gods mysterious secrets read;
Whom nor Egyptian Memphis' sons excell'd,
Nor with more skill the rolling orbs beheld:
Well could he judge the labours of the sphere,
And calculate the just revolving year).
The stars (he cries) are in confusion hurl'd,
And wandering error quite misguides the world;
Or, if the laws of nature yet remain,
Some swift destruction now the fates ordain.
Shall earth's wide opening jaws for ruin call,
And sinking cities to the centre fall?
Shall raging drought infest the sultry sky?
Shall faithless art the promis'd crop deny?
Shall poisonous vapours o'er the waters brood,
And taint the limpid spring and silver flood?
Ye gods! what ruin does your wrath prepare!
Comes it from heaven, from earth, from seas, or
The lives of many to a period haste, fair?
And thousands shall together breathe their last.
If Saturn's sullen beams were lifted high,
And baneful reign'd ascendant o'er the sky,
Then moist Aquarius deluges might rain,
And earth once more lie sunk beneath the main:
Or did thy glowing beams, O Phoebus, shine
Malignant in the Lion's scorching sign,
Wide o'er the world consuming fires might roll,
And heaven be seen to flame from pole to pole:
Through peaceful orbits these unangry glide,
But, God of Battles! what dost thou provide?
Who in the threatening Scorpion dost preside?
With potent wrath around thy influence streams,
And the whole monster kindles at thy beams:
While Jupiter's more gentle rays decline,
And Mercury with Venus faintly shine;
The wandering lights are darken'd all and gone,
And Mars now lords it o'er the heavens alone.
Orion's starry falchion blazing wide,
Refulgent glitters by his dreadful side.
War comes, and savage slaughter must abound,
The sword of violence shall right confound:
The blackest crimes fair virtue's name shall
wear,
And impious fury rage for many a year,

Yet ask not thou an end of arms, O Rome,
Thy peace must with a lordly master come.
Protract destruction, and defer thy chain,
The sword alone prevents the tyrant's reign,
And civil wars thy liberty maintain.

The heartless vulgar to the sage give heed,
New rising fears his words foreboding breed.
When, lo! more dreadful wonders strike their eyes,
For through the streets a Roman matron flies,
Mad as the Thracian dames that bound along,
And chant Lyæus in their frantic song:
Enthusiastic heavings swell'd her breast,
And thus her voice the Delphic god confest:

Where dost thou snatch me, Pæan! wherefore
bear

Through cloudy heights and tracts of pathless air?
I see Pangean mountains white with snow,
Æmeus and wide Philippi's fields below.
Say, Phœbus, wherefore does this fury rise?
What mean these spears and shields before my eyes?

I see the Roman battles crowd the plain!
I see the war, but seek the foe in vain.
Again I fly, I seek the rising day,
Where Nile's Egyptian waters take their way:
I see, I know upon the guilty shore,
The hero's headless trunk besmear'd with gore.
The Syrts and Libyan sands beneath me lie,
Thither Emathia's scatter'd relics fly.
Now o'er the cloudy Alps I stretch my flight,
And soar above Pyrene's airy height:
To Rome, my native Rome, I turn again,
And see the senate reeking with the slain.
Again the moving chiefs their arms prepare;
Again I follow through the world the war.
Oh, give me, Phœbus! give me to explore,
Some region new, some undiscover'd shore;
I saw Philippi's fatal fields before.

She said: the weary rage began to cease,
And left the fainting prophets in peace.

B O O K II.

THE ARGUMENT.

AMIDST the general consternation that foreran the civil war, the poet introduces an old man giving an account of the miseries that attended on that of Marius and Sylla; and comparing their present circumstances to those in which the commonwealth was when that former war broke out. Brutus consults with Cato, whether it were the duty of a private man to concern himself in the public troubles; to which Cato replies in the affirmative: Then follows his receiving Marcia again from the tomb of Hortensius. While Pompey goes to Capua, Cæsar makes himself master of the greatest part of Italy, and among the rest of Corfinium, where Domitius, the governor for Pompey, is seized by his garrison, and delivered to Cæsar, who pardons and dismisses him.

Pompey, in an oration to his army, makes a trial of their disposition to a general battle; but not finding it to answer his expectation, he sends his son to solicit the assistance of his friends and allies; then marches himself to Brundisium, where he is like to be shut up by Cæsar, and escapes at length with much difficulty.

Now manifest the wrath divine appear'd,
And nature through the world the war declar'd;
Teeming with monsters, sacred law she broke,
And dire events in all her works bespoke,
Thou Jove, who dost in heaven supremely reign,
Why does thy providence these signs ordain,
And give us prescience to increase our pain!
Doubly we bear thy dread-inflicting doom,
And feel our miseries before they come.
Whether the great creating parent soul,
When first from Chaos rude he form'd the whole,
Dispos'd futurity with certain hand,
And bade the necessary causes stand;
Made one decree for ever to remain,
And bound himself in fate's eternal chain;
Or whether fickle fortune leads the dance,
Nothing is fix'd, but all things come by chance;
Whate'er thou shalt ordain, thou ruling power,
Unknown and sudden be the dreadful hour:
Let mortals to their future fate be blind,
And hope relieve the miserable mind.

While thus the wretched citizens behold
What certain ills the faithful gods foretold;
Justice suspends her course in mournful Rome,
And all the noisy courts at once are dumb;

No honours shine in the distinguish'd weed,
No rods the purple magistrate precede:
A dismal silent sorrow spreads around,
No groan is heard, nor one complaining sound.
So when some generous youth resigns his breath,
And parting sinks in the last pangs of death;
With ghastly eyes, and many a lift-up hand,
Around his bed the still attendants stand;
No tongue as yet presumes his fate to tell,
Nor speaks aloud the solemn last farewell;
As yet the mother by her darling lies;
Nor breaks lamenting into frantic cries;
And though he stiffens in her fond embrace,
His eyes are set, and livid pale his face;
Horror a while prevents the swelling tear,
Nor is her passion grief, as yet, but fear;
In one fix'd posture motionless she keeps,
And wonders at her woe before she weeps.
The matrons sad, their rich attire lay by,
And to the temples madly crowding fly:
Some on the shrines their gushing sorrows pour,
Some dash their breasts against the marble floor,
Some on the sacred thresholds rend their hair,
And howling seek the gods with horrid prayer.

Nor Jove receiv'd the wailing suppliants all,
In various fanes on various powers they call.
No altar then, no god was left alone,
Unvex'd by some impatient parent's moan.
Of these, one wretch her grief, above the rest,
With visage torn, and mangled arms confest.
Ye mothers! beat (she cry'd) your bosoms now;
Now tear the curling honours from your brow;
The present hour ev'n all your tears demands,
While doubtful fortune yet suspended stands.
When one shall conquer, then for joy prepare,
The victor chief, at least, shall end the war.
Thus, from renew'd complaints they seek relief,
And only find fresh causes out for grief.

The men too, as to different camps they go,
Join their sad voices to the public woe;
Impatient to the gods they raise their cry,
And thus expostulate with those on high:

Oh hapless times! oh that we had been born,
When Carthage made our vanquish'd country
mourn!

Well had we then been number'd with the slain
On Trebia's banks, or Cannæ's fatal plain.
Nor ask we peace, ye powers, nor soft repose;
Give us new wars, and multitudes of foes;
Let every potent city arm for fight,
And all the neighbour nations round unite;
From Median Susa let the Parthians come,
And Massagetes beyond their Ister roam:
Let Elbe and Rhine's unconquer'd springs send
forth

The yellow Suevi from the farthest north;
Let the conspiring world in arms engage,
And save us only from domestic rage.
Here let the hostile Dacian inroads make,
And there his way the Gete invader take.
Let Cæsar in Iberia tame the foe;
Let Pompey break the deadly eastern bow,
And Rome no hand unarm'd for battle know.
But if Hesperia stand condemn'd by fate,
And ruin on our name and nation wait;
Now dart thy thunder, dread almighty fire,
Let all thy flaming heavens descend in fire;
On chiefs and parties hurl thy bolts alike,
And, ere their crimes have made them guilty,
strike.

Is it a cause so worthy of our care,
That power may fall to this, or that man's
share?

Do we for this the gods and conscience brave,
That one may rule, and make the rest a slave?
When thus ev'n liberty we scarce should buy,
But think a civil war a price too high.

Thus groan they at approaching dire events,
And thus expiring piety laments.
Meanwhile the hoary fire his years deplores,
And age that former miseries restores:
He hates his weary life prolong'd for woe,
Worse days to see, more impious rage to know.
Then fetching old examples from afar,
'Twas thus (he cries) fate usher'd in the war:
When Cimbrians fierce, and Libya's swarthy
lord,

Had fall'n before triumphant Marius' sword;
Yet to Minturnæ's marsh the victor fled,
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head.
The faithless soil the hunted chief reliev'd,
And sedgy waters fortune's pledge receiv'd,

Deep in a dungeon plung'd at length he lay,
Where gyves and rankling fetters eat their way,
And noisome vapours on his vitals prey.
Ordain'd at ease to dine in wretched Rome,
He suffer'd then, for wickedness to come.
In vain his foes had arm'd the Cimbrian's hand,
Death will not always wait upon command;
About to strike, the slave with horror shook.
The useless steel his loosening gripe forsook;
Thick flashing flames a light unusual gave,
And sudden shone around the gloomy cave;
Dreadful the gods of guilt before him stood,
And Marius terrible in future blood;
When thus a voice began: Rash man forbear,
Nor touch that head which fate resolves to spare;
Thousands are doom'd beneath his arm to bleed,
And countless deaths before his own decreed;
Thy wrath and purpose to destroy is vain:
Would'st thou avenge thee for thy nation slain?
Preserve this man; and in some coming day
The Cimbrian slaughter well he shall repay.
No pitying god, no power to mortals good,
Could save a savage wretch who joy'd in blood:
But fate reserv'd him to perform its doom,
And be the minister of wrath to Rome.
By swelling seas too favourably tost,
Safely he reach'd Numidia's hostile coast;
There, driven from man, to wilds he took his
way;

And on the earth, where once he conquer'd, lay;
There in the lone unpeopled desert field,
Proud Carthage in her ruins he beheld;
Amidst her ashes pleas'd he sat him down,
And joy'd in the destruction of the town.
The genius of the place, with mutual hate,
Rear'd its sad head, and smil'd at Marius' fate;
Each with delight survey'd their fallen foe,
And each forgave the gods, that laid the other low.
There with new fury was his soul possess'd,
And Libyan rage collected in his breast.
Soon as returning fortune own'd his cause,
Troops of revolting bond-men forth he draws;
Cut-throats and slaves resort to his command,
And arms were given to every baser hand.
None worthily the leader's standard bore,
Unstain'd with blood or blackest crimes before:
Villains of fame, to fill his bands, were sought,
And to his camp increase of crimes they brought.
Who can relate the horrors of that day,
When first these walls became the victor's prey!
With what a stride devouring slaughter past,
And swept promiscuous orders in her haste!
O'er noble and plebeian rang'd the sword;
Nor pity or remorse one pause afford.
The sliding streets with blood were clotted o'er,
And sacred temples flood in pools of gore.
The ruthless steel, impatient of delay,
Forbade the fire to linger out his day:
It struck the bending father to the earth,
And cropt the wailing infant at his birth.
(Can innocents the rage of parties know,
And they who ne'er offended find a foe?)
Age is no plea, and childhood no defence,
To kill is all the murderer's pretence.
Rage stays not to inquire who ought to die,
Numbers must fall, no matter which, or why;
Each in his hand a grievously visage bears,
And as the trophy of his virtue wears,

Who wants a prize, straight rushes thro' the streets,
 And undistinguish'd mows the first he meets;
 The trembling crowd with fear officious strive,
 And those who kiss the tyrant's hand survive.
 Oh could you fall so low, degenerate race!
 And purchase safety at a price so base?
 What though the sword was master of your doom,
 Though Marius could have given you years to
 Can Romans live by infamy so mean? [come,
 But soon your changing fortune shifts the scene;
 Short is your date: you only live to mourn
 Your hopes deceiv'd, and Sylla's swift return.
 The vulgar falls, and none laments his fate,
 Sorrow has hardly leisure for the great.
 What tears could Bæbius' hasty death deplore!
 A thousand hands his mangled carcase tore;
 His scatter'd entrails round the streets were tost,
 And in a moment all the man was lost.
 Who wept, Antonius' murder to behold,
 Whose moving tongue the mischief oft foretold?
 Spite of his age and eloquence he bled;
 The barbarous soldier snatch'd his hoary head;
 Dropping he bore it to his joyful lord,
 And while he feasted plac'd it on the board.
 The Crassi both by Fimbria's hand were slain,
 And bleeding magistrates the pulpit stain.
 Then did the doom of that neglecting hand,
 Thy fate, O holy Scævola, command;
 In vain for succour to the gods he flies,
 The priest before the vestal altar dies:
 A feeble stream pour'd forth the exhausted fire,
 And spar'd to quench the everliving fire.
 The seventh returning fasces now appear,
 And bring stern Marius' latest destin'd year:
 Thus the long toils of charging life o'erpass,
 Hoary and full of days he breath'd his last.
 While fortune frown'd, her fiercest wrath he bore,
 And while she smil'd enjoy'd her amplest power:
 All various turns of good and bad he knew,
 And prov'd the most that chance or fate could do.
 What heaps of slain the Colline gate did yield!
 What bodies strew'd the Sacriportan field,
 When empire was ordain'd to change her seat,
 To leave her Rome, and make Præneste great!
 When the proud Samnite's troops the state defy'd,
 In terms beyond their Caudine treaty's pride.
 Nor Sylla with less cruelty returns,
 With equal rage the fierce avenger burns:
 What blood the feeble city yet retain'd,
 With too severe a healing hand he drain'd:
 Too deeply was the searching steel employ'd,
 What maladies had hurt, the leach destroy'd.
 The guilty only were of life bereft:
 Alas! the guilty only then were left.
 Dissembled hate and rancour rang'd at will,
 All as they pleas'd took liberty to kill;
 And while revenge no longer fear'd the laws,
 Each private murder was the public cause.
 The leader bade destroy: and at the word,
 The master fell beneath the servant's sword.
 Brothers on brothers were for gifts bestow'd,
 And sons contended for their father's blood.
 For refuge some to caves and forests fled;
 Some to the lonely mansions of the dead;
 Some, to prevent the cruel victor, die;
 These strangled hang from fatal beams on high;
 While those, from tops of lofty turrets thrown,
 Came headlong on the dashing pavement down.

Some for their funerals the wood prepare,
 And build the sacred pile with hasty care:
 Then bleeding to the kindling flames they press,
 And Roman rites, while yet they may, possess.
 Pale heads of Marian chiefs are borne on high,
 And heap'd together in the forum lie;
 There join the meeting slaughters of the town,
 There each performing villain's deeds are known.
 No sight like this the Thracian stables knew,
 Antæus' Libyan spoils to these were few:
 Nor Greece beheld so many suitors fall,
 To grace the Pisan tyrant's horrid hall.
 At length, when putrid gore, with foul disgrace,
 Hid the distinguish'd features of the face,
 By night the miserable parents came,
 And bore their sons to some forbidden flame.
 Well I remember, in that woful reign,
 How I my brother sought amongst the slain;
 Hopeful by stealth his poor remains to burn,
 And close his ashes in a peaceful urn;
 His visage in my trembling hand I bore,
 And turn'd pacific Sylla's trophies o'er;
 Full many a mangled trunk I try'd, to see
 Which carcase with the head would best agree.
 Why should my grief to Catulus return,
 And tell the victim offer'd at his urn;
 When, struck with horror, the relenting shade
 Beheld his wrongs too cruelly repaid?
 I saw where Marius' hapless brother stood,
 With limbs all torn, and cover'd o'er with blood;
 A thousand gaping wounds increas'd his pain,
 While weary life a passage sought in vain;
 That mercy still his ruthless foes deny,
 And, whom they mean to kill, forbid to die.
 This from the wrist the suppliant hands divides,
 That hews his arms from off his naked sides;
 One crops his breathing nostrils, one his ears,
 While from the roots his tongue another tears;
 Panting a while upon the earth it lies,
 And with mute motion trembles ere it dies:
 Last, from the sacred caverns where they lay,
 The bleeding orbs of sight are rent away
 Can late posterity believe, whene'er
 This tale of Marius and his foes they hear,
 They could inflict so much, or he could bear?
 Such is the broken carcase seen to lie,
 Crush'd by some tumbling turret from on high;
 Such to the shore the shipwreck'd corse is borne,
 By rending rocks and greedy monsters torn.
 Mistaken rage! thus mangling to disgrace,
 And blot the lines of Marius' hated face!
 What joy can Sylla take, unless he know
 And mark the features of his dying foe?
 Fortune beheld, from her Prænestine fane,
 Her helpless worshippers around her slain:
 One hour of fate was common to them all,
 And like one man she saw a people fall.
 Then dy'd the lusty youth in manly bloom,
 Hesperia's flower, and hope for times to come;
 Their blood, Rome's only strength, distains the
 fold,
 Ordain'd th' assembling centuries to hold.
 Numbers have oft been known, on sea and land,
 To sink of old by death's destructive hand;
 Battles with multitudes have strown the plain,
 And many perish on the stormy main:
 Earthquakes destroy, malignant vapours blast,
 And plagues and famines lay whole nations waste;

But justice, sure, was never seen, till now,
 To massacre her thousands at a blow.
 Satiety of death the victors prove,
 And slowly through th' encumbering ruin move:
 So many fall, there scarce is room for more,
 The dying nod on those who fell before;
 Crowding in heaps their murderers they aid,
 And, by the dead, the living are o'erlaid.
 Meanwhile the stern dictator, from on high,
 Beholds the slaughter with a fearless eye;
 Nor sighs to think his dread commands ordain
 So many thousand wretches to be slain.
 Amidst the Tiber's waves the load is thrown,
 The torrent rolls the guilty burden down;
 Till rising mounds obstruct his watery way,
 And carcases their gliding vessels stay.
 But soon another stream to aid him rose,
 Swift o'er the fields a crimson deluge flows:
 The Tuscan river swells above his shores,
 And floating bodies to the land restores:
 Struggling at length he drives his rushing flood,
 And dyes the Tyrrhene ocean round with blood.
 Could deeds like these the glorious style demand
 Of prosperous, and saviour of the land?
 Could this renown, could these achievements build
 A tomb for Sylla in the Martian field?
 Again behold the circling woes return,
 Again the curse of civil wars we mourn;
 Battles and blood, and vengeance shall succeed,
 And Rome once more by Roman hands shall bleed.
 Or if, for hourly thus our fears presage, [rage,
 With wrath more fierce the present chiefs shall
 Mankind shall some unheard-of plagues deplore,
 And groan for miseries unknown before.
 Marius an end of exile only fought;
 Sylla to crush a hated faction fought;
 A larger recompence these leaders claim,
 And higher is their vast ambition's aim:
 Could these be satisfied with Sylla's power;
 Nor, all he had possessing, ask for more;
 Neither had force and impious arms employed,
 Or fought for that which guiltless each enjoy'd.

Thus wept lamenting age o'er hapless Rome,
 Remembering evils past, and dreading those to
 come.

But Brutus' temper fail'd not with the rest,
 Nor with the common weakness was oppress'd;
 Safe and in peace he kept his manly breast.
 'Twas when the solemn dead of night came on,
 When bright Calisto with her shining son
 Now half their circle round the pole had run;
 When Brutus, on the busy times intent,
 To virtuous Cato's humble dwelling went.
 Waking he found him, careful for the state,
 Grieving and fearing for his country's fate;
 For Rome, and wretched Rome, along he fear'd;
 Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd.

To him thus Brutus spoke: O thou, to whom
 Forsaken virtue flies, as to her home,
 Driv'n out, and by an impious age oppress'd,
 She finds no room on earth but Cato's breast;
 There, in her one good man, she reigns secure,
 Fearless of vice, or fortune's hostile power.
 Then teach my soul, to doubt and error prone,
 Teach me a resolution like thy own.

Let partial favour, hopes, or interest guide,
 By various motives, all the world beside,
 To Pompey's, or ambitious Cæsar's side;

Thou, Cato, art my leader. Whether peace
 And calm repose amidst these storms shall please:
 Or whether war thy ardour shall engage,
 To gratify the madness of this age,
 Herd with the factious chiefs, and urge the peo-
 ple's rage.

The ruffian, bankrupt, loose adulterer,
 All who the power of laws and justice fear,
 From guilt learn specious reasons for the war.
 By starving want and wickedness prepar'd,
 Wisely they arm for safety and reward. [find?

But, oh! what cause, what reason, canst thou
 Art thou to arms for love of arms inclin'd?

Hast thou the manners of this age withstood,
 And for so many years been singly good,
 To be repay'd with civil wars and blood?

Let those to vice inur'd for arms prepare,
 In thee 'twill be impiety to dare;

Preserve at least, ye gods, these hands from war.

Nor do thou meanly with the rabble join,

Nor grace their cause with such an arm as thine.

To thee, the fortune of the fatal field

Inclining, un auspicious fame shall yield;

Each to thy sword should press, and wish to be

Imputed as thy crime, and charg'd on thee.

Happy thou wert, if with retirement blest,

Which noise and faction never should molest,

Nor break the sacred quiet of thy breast;

Where harmony and order ne'er should cease,

But every day should take its turn in peace.

So, in eternal steady motion, roll

The radiant spheres around the starry pole:

Fierce lightnings, meteors, and the winter's storm,

Earth and the face of lower heav'n deform,

Whilst all by nature's laws is calm above;

No tempest rages in the court of Jove.

Light particles and idle atoms fly,

Toss'd by the winds, and scatter'd round the sky;

While the more solid parts the force resist,

And fix'd and stable on the centre rest.

Cæsar shall hear with joy, that thou art join'd

With fighting factions, to disturb mankind:

Though sworn his foe, he shall applaud thy choice,

And think his wicked war approv'd by Cato's

voice.

See! how to swell their mighty leader's state

The consuls and the servile senate wait:

Ev'n Cato's self to Pompey's yoke must bow,

And all mankind are slaves but Cæsar now.

If war, however, be at last our doom,

If we must arm for liberty and Rome:

While undecided yet their fate depends,

Cæsar and Pompey are alike my friends;

Which party I shall choose, is yet to know,

That let the war decide; who conquers is my foe.

Thus spoke the youth. When Cato thus express'd

The sacred counsels of his inmost breast:

Brutus! with thee, I own the crime is great;

With thee, this impious civil war I hate;

But virtue blindly follows, led by fate.

Answer yourselves, ye gods, and set me free;

If I am guilty, 'tis by your decree.

If yon fair lamps above should lose their light,

And leave the wretched world in endless night;

If chaos should in heaven and earth prevail,

And universal nature's frame should fail:

What Stoic would not the misfortune share,

And think that desolation worth his care?

Princes and nations whom wide seas divide,
 Where other stars far distant heavens do guide,
 Have brought their ensigns to the Roman side.
 Forbid it, gods! when barbarous Scythians come
 From their cold north, to prop declining Rome,
 That I should see her fall, and sit secure at home.
 As some unhappy sire by death undone,
 Robb'd of his age's joy, his only son,
 Attends the funeral with pious care,
 To pay his last paternal office there;
 Takes a sad pleasure in the crowd to go,
 And be himself part of the pompous woe;
 Then waits till every ceremony past,
 His own fond hand may light the pile at last.
 So fix'd, so faithful to thy cause, O Rome,
 With such a constancy and love I come,
 Resolv'd for thee and liberty to mourn,
 And never! never from your sides be torn;
 Resolv'd to follow still your common fate,
 And on your very names, and last remains to wait.
 Thus let it be, since thus the gods ordain;
 Since hecatombs of Romans must be slain,
 Assist the sacrifice with every hand,
 And give them all the slaughter they demand.
 O! were the gods contented with my fall,
 If Cato's life could answer for you all,
 Like the devoted Decius would I go,
 To force from either side the mortal blow,
 And for my country's sake wish to be thought
 her foe.

To me, ye Romans, all your rage confine,
 To me, ye nations from the barbarous Rhine,
 Let all the wounds this war shall make be mine.
 Open my vital streams, and let them run,
 Oh, let the purple sacrifice atone
 For all the ills offending Rome has done.
 If slavery be all the faction's end,
 If chains the prize for which the fools contend,
 To me convert the war, let me be slain;
 Me, only me, who fondly strive, in vain,
 Their useless laws and freedom to maintain:
 So may the tyrant safely mount his throne,
 And rule his slaves in peace, when I am gone.
 Howe'er, since free as yet from his command,
 For Pompey and the commonwealth we stand.
 Nor he, if fortune should attend his arms,
 Is proof against ambition's fatal charms;
 But, urg'd with greatness, and desire of sway,
 May dare to make the vanquish'd world his prey.
 Then, lest the hopes of empire swell his pride,
 Let him remember I was on his side;
 Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,
 To make the harvest of the war his own,
 Where half the toil was ours. So spoke the sage.
 His words the listening eager youth engage
 Too much to love of arms, and heat of civil rage.

Now 'gan the sun to lift his dawning light,
 Before him fled the colder shades of night;
 When lo! the sounding doors are heard to turn,
 Chaste Martia comes from dead Hortensius' urn.
 Once to a better husband's happier bed,
 With bridal rites, a virgin was she led:
 When, every debt of love and duty paid,
 And thrice a parent by Lucina made,
 The teeming matron, at her lord's command,
 To glad Hortensius gave her plighted hand;
 With a fair stock his barren house to grace;
 And mingle by the mother's side the race.

At length this husband in his ashes laid,
 And every rite of due religion paid,
 Forth from his monument the mournful dame,
 With beaten breasts, and locks dishevell'd, came:
 Then with a pale dejected rueful look,
 Thus pleasing, to her former lord she spoke:

While nature yet with vigour fed my veins,
 And made me equal to a mother's pains,
 To thee obedient, I thy house forsook,
 And to my arms another husband took:
 My powers at length with genial labours worn,
 Weary to thee, and wasted, I return.

At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
 Give me the name, without the joys of love;
 No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
 That Cato's wife may live upon my tomb.
 So shall my truth to latest times be read,
 And none shall ask if guiltily I fled,
 Or thy command estrang'd me from thy bed.

Nor ask I now thy happiness to share,
 I seek thy days of toil, thy nights of care:
 Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,
 Thy weary marches and thy camps to know;
 Nor let posterity with shame record,
 Cornelia follow'd, Martia left her lord.

She said: The hero's manly heart was mov'd,
 And the chaste matron's virtuous suit approv'd.
 And though the times far differing thoughts de-
 mand,

Though war dissents from Hymen's holy band;
 In plain unsolemn wise his faith he plights,
 And calls the gods to view the lonely rites.
 Nor garlands gay the cheerful portal crown'd,
 Nor woolly fillets wove the posts around;
 No genial bed with rich embroidery grac'd,
 On ivory steps in lofty state was plac'd;
 No Hymeneal torch preceeding shone,
 No matron put the towery frontlet on,
 Nor bade her feet the sacred threshold shun.
 No yellow veil was loosely thrown to hide
 The rising blushes of the trembling bride;
 No glittering zone her flowing garments bound,
 Nor sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round;
 No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn,
 Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn:
 But, as she was, in funeral attire,
 With all the sadness sorrow could inspire,
 With eyes dejected, with a joyless face,
 She met her husband's, like a son's embrace.
 No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
 Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.
 No friends, not ev'n their children grace the feast,
 Brutus attends, their only nuptial guest:
 He stands a witness of the silent rite,
 And sees the melancholy pair unite.

Nor he, the chief, his sacred visage cheer'd,
 Nor smooth'd his matted locks, or horrid beard;
 Nor deigns his heart one thought of joy to know,
 But met his Martia with the same stern brow.
 (For when he saw the fatal factions arm,
 The coming war, and Rome's impending harm;
 Regardless quite of every other care,
 Unshorn he left his loose neglected hair;
 Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
 And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erspread.
 No stings of private hate his peace infest,
 Nor partial favour grew upon his breast:

But, safe from prejudice, he kept his mind
 Free, and at leisure to lament mankind).
 Nor could his former love's returning fire,
 The warmth of one connubial wish inspire,
 But strongly he withstood the just desire.
 These were the stricter manners of the man,
 And this the stubborn course in which they ran;
 The golden mean unchanging to pursue,
 Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view;
 Religiously to follow nature's laws,
 And die with pleasure in his country's cause,
 To think he was not for himself design'd,
 But born to be of use to all mankind.
 To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress;
 And home-spun garments were his costly dress:
 No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
 'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky:
 He sought no end of marriage, but increase,
 Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace:
 That took up all the tenderest parts of life,
 His country was his children and his wife.
 From justice's righteous lore he never swerv'd,
 But rigidly his honesty preserv'd.
 On universal good his thoughts were bent,
 Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant;
 And while his benefits the public share,
 Cato was always last in Cato's care.

Meantime, the trembling troops, by Pompey led,
 Hastly to Phrygian Capua were fled.
 Resolving here to fix the moving war,
 He calls his scatter'd legions from afar;
 Here he decrees the daring foe to wait,
 And prove at once the great event of fate;
 Where Apennine's delightful shades arise,
 And lift Hesperia lofty to the skies.
 Between the higher and inferior sea,
 The long extended mountain takes his way;
 Pisa and Ancon bound his sloping sides,
 Wash'd by the Tyrrhene and Dalmatic tides;
 Rich in the treasure of his watery stores,
 A thousand living springs and streams he pours,
 And seeks the different seas by different shores.
 From his left falls Crustumium's rapid flood,
 And swift Metaures red with Punic blood;
 There gentle Sapis with Isaurus joins,
 And Sena there the Senones confines;
 Rough Ausidus the meeting ocean braves,
 And lashes on the lazy Adria's waves;
 Hence vast Eridanus with matchless force,
 Prince of the streams, directs his regal course;
 Proud with the spoils of fields and woods he flows,
 And drains Hesperia's rivers as he goes,
 His sacred banks, in ancient tales renown'd,
 First by the spreading poplar's shade were crown'd:
 When the sun's fiery steeds forsook their way,
 And downward drew to earth the burning day:
 When every flood and ample lake was dry,
 The Po alone his channel could supply.
 Hither rash Phaeton was headlong driven,
 And in these waters quench'd the flames of heaven.
 Nor wealthy Nile a fuller stream contains,
 Though wide he spreads o'er Ægypt's flatter
 Nor Ister rolls a larger torrent down, [plains;
 Sought he the sea with waters all his own;
 But meeting floods to him their homage pay,
 And heave the blendid river on his way.

These from the left; while from the right there
 The Rutuba and Tiber dear to Rome; [come
 Thence slides Vulturis' swift descending flood,
 And Sarnus hid beneath his misty cloud;
 Thence Liris, whom the Vestin fountains aid,
 Winds to the sea through close Marica's shade;
 Thence Siler through Salernian pastures falls,
 And shallow Macra creeps by Luna's walls.
 Bordering on Gaul the loftiest ridges rise,
 And the low Alps from cloudy heights despise;
 Thence his long back the fruitful mountain bows,
 Beneath the Umbrian and the Sabine ploughs;
 The race primæval, natives all of old,
 His woody rocks within their circuit hold;
 Far as Hesperia's utmost limits pass,
 The hilly father runs his mighty mass;
 Where Juno rears her high Lacinian fane,
 And Scylla's raging dogs molest the main.
 Once, farther yet ('tis said) his way he took,
 Till through his side the seas conspiring broke;
 And still we see on fair Sicilia's sands
 Where, part of Apennine, Pelorus stands.

But Cæsar for destruction eager burns,
 Free passages and bloodless ways he scorns;
 In fierce conflicting fields his arms delight,
 He joys to be oppos'd, to prove his might,
 Resolute through the widening breach to go,
 To burst the gate, to lay the bulwark low,
 To burn the villages, to waste the plains,
 And massacre the poor laborious swains.
 Abhorring law, he chooses to offend,
 And blushes to be thought his country's friend.
 The Latian cities now, with busy care,
 As various they inclin'd, for arms prepare.
 Though doom'd before the war's first rage to yield,
 Trenches they dig, and ruin'd walls rebuild;
 Huge stone and darts their lofty towers supply,
 And guarded bulwarks menace from on high.
 To Pompey's part the prouder people lean,
 Though Cæsar's stronger terrors stand between.
 So when the blasts of sounding Auster blow,
 The waves obedient to his empire flow;
 And though the stormy god fierce Eurus frees,
 And sends him rushing cross the swelling seas;
 Spite of his force, the billows yet retain
 Their former course, and that way roll the main;
 The lighter clouds with Eurus driving sweep,
 While Auster still commands the watery deep.
 Still fear too sure o'er vulgar minds prevails,
 And faith before successful fortune fails.
 Etruria vainly trusts in Libo's aid,
 And Umbria by Thermus is betray'd;
 Sylla, unmindful of his father's fame,
 Fled at the dreadful sound of Cæsar's name.
 Soon as the horse near Auximon appear,
 Retreating Varus owns his abject fear,
 And with a coward's haste neglects his rear;
 On flight alone intent, without delay,
 Through rocks and devious woods he wings his way.
 Th' Erculean fortress Lentulus forsakes,
 A swift pursuit the speedy victor makes;
 All arts of threats and promises apply'd,
 He wins the faithless cohorts to his side.
 The leader with his ensigns fled alone,
 To Cæsar fell the soldier, and the town.
 Thou, Scipio, too dost for retreat prepare;
 Thou leav'st Luceria, trusted to thy care;

Though troops well try'd attend on thy command,
 (The Roman power can boast no braver band)
 By wily arts of old from Cæsar rent,
 Against the hardy Parthians were they sent;
 But their first chief the legion now obeys,
 And Pompey thus the Gallic loss repays;
 Aid to his foe too freely he affords,
 And lends his hostile father Roman swords.

But in Corfinium bold Domitius lies,
 And from his walls th' advancing power defies;
 Secure of heart, for all events prepar'd,
 He heads the troops once bloody Milo's guard.
 Soon as he sees the cloudy dust arise,
 And glittering arms reflect the sunny skies:
 Away, companions of my arms! he cry'd,
 And haste to guard the river's sedgy side:
 Break down the bridge. And thou that dwell'st

below,

Thou watery god, let all thy fountains go,
 And rushing bid thy foamy torrent flow;
 Swell to the utmost brink thy rapid stream,
 Bear down the planks, and every floating beam;
 Upon thy banks the ling'ring war delay,
 Here let the headlong chief be taught to stay;
 'Tis victory to stop the victor's way.

He ceas'd; and, shooting swiftly cross the plain,
 Drew down the soldier to the flood in vain.
 For Cæsar early from the neighbouring field,
 The purpose to obstruct his march beheld:
 Kindling to wrath, oh basest fear! (he cries)
 To whom nor towers, nor sheltering walls suffice,
 Are these your coward stratagems of war?
 Hope you with brooks my conquering arms to bar?
 Though Nile and Ister should my way control,
 Though swelling Ganges should to guard you roll,
 What streams, what floods foe'er athwart me fall,
 Who pass'd the Rubicon shall pass them all.
 Haste to the passage then, my friends. He said;
 Swift as a storm the nimble horse obey'd;
 Across the stream their deadly darts they throw,
 And from their station drive the yielding foe:
 The victors at their ease the ford explore,
 And pass the undefended river o'er.
 The vanquish'd to Corfinium's strength retreat,
 Where warlike engines round the ramparts threat.
 Close to the wall the creeping vinea lies,
 And mighty towers in dread approaches rise.

But see the stain of war! the soldier's shame!
 And vile dishonour of the Latian name!
 The faithless garrison betray the town,
 And captive drag their valiant leader down.
 The noble Roman, fearless, though in bands,
 Before his haughty fellow-subject stands,
 With looks erect, and with a daring brow,
 Death he provokes, and courts the fatal blow:
 But Cæsar's arts his inmost thoughts descry,
 His fear of pardon, and desire to die.
 From me thy forfeit life (he said) receive,
 And, though repining, by my bounty live;
 Thou all, by thy example taught, may know,
 How Cæsar's mercy treats a vanquish'd foe:
 Still arm against me, keep thy hatred still,
 And if thou conquer'st, use thy conquest, kill.
 Returns of love, or favour, seek I none;
 Nor give thy life to bargain for my own.
 So saying, on the instant he commands
 To loose the galling fetters from his hands.

Oh fortune! better were it, he had dy'd,
 And spar'd the Roman shame, and Cæsar's pride.
 What greater grief can on a Roman seize,
 Than to be forc'd to live on terms like these!
 To be forgiven fighting for the laws,
 And need a pardon in his country's cause!
 Struggling with rage, undaunted he repress
 The swelling passions in his labouring breast;
 Thus murmuring to himself: wilt thou to Rome,
 Base as thou art, and seek thy lazy home?
 To war, to battle, to destruction fly,
 And haste, as it becomes thee well, to die;
 Provoke the worst effects of deadly strife,
 And rid thee of this Cæsar's gift, this life.

Meanwhile, unknowing of the captivated chief,
 Pompey prepares to march to his relief.
 He means the scattering forces to unite,
 And with increase of strength expect the fight.
 Resolving with the following sun to move,
 First he decrees the soldier's heart to prove:
 Then into words like these, rever'd, he broke,
 The silent legions listening while he spoke:

Ye brave avengers of your country's wrong,
 You who to Rome and liberty belong;
 Whose breasts our fathers virtue truly warms,
 Whose hands the senate's sacred order arms;
 With cheerful ardour meet the coming fight,
 And pray the gods to smile upon the right.
 Behold the mournful view Hesperia yields,
 Her flaming villages and wasted fields!
 See where the Gauls a dreadful deluge flow,
 And scorn the boundaries of Alpine snow.
 Already Cæsar's sword is stain'd in blood,
 Be that, ye gods, to us an omen good;
 That glory still be his peculiar care,
 Let him begin, while we sustain the war.
 Yet call it not a war to which we go;
 We seek a malefactor, not a foe;
 Rome's awful injur'd majesty demands
 The punishment of traitors at our hands.
 If this be war, then war was wag'd of old,
 By curst Cethegus, Cataline the bold,
 By ev'ry villain's hand who durst conspire
 In murder, robbery, or midnight fire.
 Oh wretched rage! thee, Cæsar, fate design'd
 To rank amongst the patrons of mankind;
 With brave Camillus to enroll thy fame,
 And mix thee with the great Metelli's name:
 While to the Cinna's thy fierce soul inclines,
 And with the slaughter-loving Marii joins.
 Since then thy crimes, like theirs, for justice call,
 Beneath our axe's vengeance shalt thou fall:
 Thee rebel Carbo's sentence, thee the fate
 Of Lepidus and bold Sertorius wait.
 Believe me yet (if yet I am believ'd),
 My heart is at the talk unpleasing griev'd:
 I mourn to think that Pompey's hand was chose,
 His Julia's hostile father to oppose,
 And mark thee down amongst the Roman foes.

O that, return'd in safety from the east,
 This province victor Crassus had possess'd;
 New honours to his name thou might'st afford,
 And die like Spartacus beneath his sword:
 Like him had fall'n a victim to the laws,
 The same th' avenger, and the same the cause.
 But since the gods do otherwise decree,
 And give thee, as my latest palm, to me;

Again my veins confess the fervent juice,
 Nor has my hand forgot the javelin's use.
 And thou shalt learn, that those who humbly know
 To peace and just authority to bow,
 Can, when their country's cause demands their care,
 Resume their ardour, and return to war.
 But let him think my former vigour fled;
 Distrust not, you, your general's hoary head;
 The marks of age and long declining years,
 Which I your leader, his whole army wears:
 Age still is fit to counsel, or command,
 But falters in an unperforming hand.
 Whate'er superior power a people free
 Could to their fellow-citizens decree,
 All lawful glories have my fortunes known,
 And reach'd all heights of greatness but a crown;
 Who to be more, than Pompey was, desires,
 To kingly rule, and tyranny aspires.
 Amidst my ranks, a venerable band,
 The conscript fathers and the consuls stand.
 And shall the senate and the vanquish'd state
 Upon victorious Cæsar's triumph wait?
 Forbid it, gods, in honour of mankind!
 Fortune is not so shameless, nor so blind.
 What fame achiev'd, what unexampled praise,
 To these high hopes the daring hero raise?
 Is it his age of war, for trophies calls
 His two whole years spent on the rebel Gauls?
 Is it the hostile Rhine forsook with haste?
 Is it the shoaly channel which he pass'd,
 That ocean huge he talks of? does he boast
 His flight on Britain's new-discover'd coast?
 Perhaps abandon'd Rome new pride supplies,
 He views the naked town with joyful eyes,
 While from his rage an armed people flies. }
 But know, vain man, no Roman fled from thee;
 They left their walls, 'tis true; but 'twas to fol-
 low me,
 Me, who ere twice the moon her orb renew'd,
 The pirates formidable fleet subdu'd:
 Soon as the sea my shining ensigns bore,
 Vanquish'd they fled, and sought the safer shore;
 Humbly content their forfeit lives to save,
 And take the narrow lot my bounty gave.
 By me the mighty Mithridates chas'd
 Through all the windings of his Pontus pass'd.
 He who the fate of Rome delay'd so long,
 While in suspense uncertain empire hung;
 He who to Sylla's fortune scorn'd to yield,
 To my prevailing arms resign'd the field:
 Driv'n out at length, and press'd where'er he
 fled,
 He sought a grave to hide his vanquish'd head.
 O'er the wide world my various trophies rise,
 Beneath the vast extent of distant skies;
 Me the cold Bear, the northern climates know,
 And Phasis' waters through my conquests flow;
 My deeds in Egypt and Syene live,
 Where high meridian suns no shadow give.
 Hesperian Bætis my commands obeys,
 Who rolls remote to seek the western seas.
 By me the captive Arabs hands were bound,
 And Colchians for their ravish'd fleece renown'd;
 O'er Asia wide my conquering ensigns spread,
 Armenia me, and lofty Taurus dread;
 To me submit Cilicia's warlike powers,
 And proud Sophene veils her wealthy towers:

The Jews I tam'd, who with religion bow
 To some mysterious name, which none beside
 them know.

Is there a land, to sum up all at last,
 Through which my arms with conquest have
 not pass'd?

The world, by me, the world is overcome,
 And Cæsar finds no enemy but Rome.

He said. The crowd in dull suspension hung,
 Nor with applauding acclamations rung;
 No cheerful ardour waves the list'd hand,
 Nor military cries the fight demand.
 The chief perceiv'd the soldier's fire to fail,
 And Cæsar's fame forerunning to prevail;
 His eagles he withdraws with timely care,
 Nor trusts Rome's fates to such uncertain war;
 As when, with fury stung and jealous rage,
 Two mighty bulls for sovereignty engage;
 The vanquish'd far to banishment removes,
 To lonely fields and unfrequented groves;
 There, for a while, with conscious shame he
 burns,

And tries on every tree his angry horns:
 But when his former vigour stands confess'd,
 And larger muscles shake his ample breast,
 With better chance he seeks the fight again,
 And drives his rival bellowing o'er the plain;
 Then uncontroul'd the subject herd he leads,
 And reigns the master of the fruitful meads.
 Unequal thus to Cæsar, Pompey yields
 The fair dominion of Hesperia's fields:
 Swift through Apulia march his flying powers,
 And seek the safety of Brundisium's towers.
 This city a Dictæan people hold,
 Here plac'd by tall Athenian barks of old;
 When with false omens from the Cretan shore,
 Their sable sails victorious Theseus bore.
 Here Italy a narrow length extends,
 And in a scanty slip projected ends.
 A crooked mole around the waves she winds,
 And in her folds the Adriatic binds.
 Nor yet the bending shores could form a bay, }
 Did not a barrier isle the winds delay,
 And breaks the seas tempestuous in their way. }
 Huge mounds of rocks are plac'd by Nature's
 hand,

To guard around the hospitable strand;
 To turn the storm, repulse the rushing tide,
 And bid the anchoring bark securely ride.
 Hence Nereus wide the liquid main displays,
 And spreads to various ports his watery ways;
 Whether the pilot from Corcyra stand,
 Or for Illyrian Epidamnus' strand.
 Hither when all the Adriatic roars,
 And thundering billows vex the double shores;
 When sable clouds around the welkin spread,
 And frowning storms involve Ceraunia's head;
 When white with froth Calabrian Saron lies,
 Hither the tempest-beaten vessel flies.
 Now Pompey, on Hesperia's utmost coast
 Sadly survey'd how all behind was lost;
 Nor to Iberia could he force his way;
 Long interposing Alps his passage stay.
 At length amongst the pledges of his bed,
 He chose his eldest-born; and thus he said:

Haste thee, my son! to every distant land,
 And bid the nations rouse at my command:

Where fam'd Euphrates flows, or where the Nile

With muddy waves improves the fattening soil;
Where'er diffus'd by victory and fame,
Thy father's arms have borne the Roman name.
Bid the Cilician quit the shore again,
And stretch the swelling canvas on the main:
Bid Ptolemy with my Tigranes come,
And bold Pharnaces lend his aid to Rome,
Through each Armenia spread the loud alarm,
And bid the cold Riphean mountains arm.
Pontus and Scythia's wandering tribes explore,
The Euxine and Mæotis' icy shore;
Where heavy-loaded wains slow journeys take,
And print with groaning wheels the frozen lake.
But wherefore should my words delay thy haste?
Scatter my wars around through all the east.
Summon the vanquish'd world to share my fate,
And let my triumphs on my ensigns wait.
But you whose names the Roman annals bear,
You who distinguish the revolving year;
Ye consuls! to Epirus straight repair,
With the first northern winds that wing the air;
From thence the powers of Greece united raise,
While yet the wintry year the war delays.

So spoke the chief; his bidding all obey;
Their ships forsake the port without delay,
And speed their passage o'er the yielding way.

But Cæsar, never patient long in peace,
Nor trusting in his fortune's present face;
Closely pursues his flying son behind,
While yet his fate continued to be kind.
Such towns, such fortresses, such hostile force,
Swept in the torrent of one rapid course;
Such trains of long success attending still,
And Rome herself abandon'd to his will;
Rome, the contending parties noblest prize,
To every wish but Cæsar's might suffice.
But he with empire fir'd and vast desires,
To all, and nothing less than all, aspires;
He reckons not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty, to be gain'd.
Though Italy obey his wide command,
Though Pompey linger on the farthest strand,
He grieves to think they tread one common

land;

His heart disdains to brook a rival power,
Ev'n on the utmost margin of the shore;
Nor would he leave, or earth, or ocean free;
The foe he drives from lands, he bars from sea.
With moles the opening flood he would restrain,
Would block the port, and intercept the main;
But deep-devouring seas his toil deride,
The plunging quarries sink beneath the tide,
And yielding sands the rocky fragments hide.
Thus, if huge Gaurus headlong should be thrown,
In fathomless Avernus' deep to drown;
Or if from fair Sicilia's distant strand,
Eryx uprooted by some giant hand,
If, ponderous with his rocks, the mountain vast,
Amidst the wide Ægean should be cast;
The rolling waves o'er either mass would flow,
And each be lost within the depths below.
When no firm basis for his work he found,
But still it sail'd in ocean's faithless ground,
Huge trees and barks in massy chains he

bound.

For planks and beams he ravages the wood,
And the tough boom extends across the flood.
Such was the road by haughty Xerxes made,
When o'er the Hellespont his bridge he laid.
Vast was the task, and daring the design,
Europe and Asia's distant shores to join,
And make the world's divided parts combine.
Proudly he pass'd the flood tumultuous o'er,
Fearless of waves that beat, and winds that roar:
Then spread his sails, and bid the land obey,
And through mid Athos find his fleet a way.
Like him bold Cæsar yok'd the swelling tide,
Like him the boisterous elements defy'd;
This floating bank the straitening entrance bound,
And rising turrets trembled on the mound.
But anxious cares revolve in Pompey's breast,
The new surrounding shores his thoughts molest;
Secret he meditates the means, to free
And spread the war wide-ranging o'er the sea.
Oft driving on the work with well-fill'd sails,
The cordage stretching with the freshening gales,
Ships with a thundering shock the mole divide,
And through the watery breach securely glide.
Huge engines oft by night their vengeance pour,
And dreadful shoot from far a fiery shower;
Through the black shade the darting flame de-

scends,

And kindling o'er the wooden wall extends.
At length arriv'd with the revolving night,
The chosen hour appointed for his flight;
He bids his friends prevent the seamen's roar,
And still the deafening clamours on the shore;
No trumpets may the watch by hours renew,
Nor sounding signals call aboard the crew.
The heavenly maid her course had almost run,
And Libra waited on the rising sun;
When hush'd in silence deep they leave the

land:

[mand,

No loud-mouth'd voices call with hoarse com-
To heave the floaky anchors from the sand.
Lowly the careful master's orders pass,
To brace the yards, and rear the lofty mast;
Silent they spread the sails, and cables haul,
Nor to their mates for aid tumultuous call.
The chief himself to fortune breath'd a prayer,
At length to take him to her kinder care;
That swiftly he might pass the liquid deep,
And lose the land which she forbade to keep.
Hardly the boon his niggard fate allow'd,
Unwillingly the murmuring seas were plow'd;
The foamy furrows roar'd beneath his prow,
And sounding to the shore alarm'd the foe.
Straight through the town their swift pursuit
they sped,

(For wide her gates the faithless city spread)
Along the winding port they took their way,
But griev'd to find the fleet had gain'd the sea.
Cæsar with rage the lessening sails descries,
And thinks the conquest mean, though Pompey
flies.

A narrow pass the horned mole divides,
Narrow as that where Euripus' strong tides
Beat on Eubœan Chalcis' rocky fides:
Here two tall ships become the victor's prey:
Just in the strait they stuck; the foes belay;
The crooked grappling's steely hold they cast,
Then drag them to the hostile shore with haste.

Here civil slaughter first the sea profanes,
 And purple Nereus blush'd in guilty stains.
 The rest pursue their course before the wind,
 These of the rear-most only left behind.
 So when the Pegasus Argos bore
 The Grecian heroes to the Colchian shore;
 Earth her Cyanean islands floating sent,
 The bold adventurers passage to prevent;
 But the fam'd bark a fragment only lost,
 While swiftly o'er the dangerous gulf she coast:
 Thundering the mountains met, and shook the
 main,
 But move no more, since that attempt was vain.
 Now through night's shade the early dawning
 broke,
 And changing skies the coming sun bespoke;
 As yet the morn was dress'd in dusky white,
 Nor purpled o'er the east with ruddy light;
 At length the Pleiads fading beams gave way,
 And dull Boötes languish'd into day;
 Each larger star withdrew his fainting head,
 And Lucifer from stronger Phœbus fled;
 When Pompey, from Hesperia's hostile shore
 Escaping for the azure offing bore.

O hero, happy once, once styl'd the Great!
 What turns prevail in thy uncertain fate!
 How art thou chang'd since sovereign of the
 main,
 Thy natives cover'd o'er the liquid plain!
 When the fierce pirates fled before thy prow,
 Wherever waves could waft, or winds could
 blow!
 But fortune is grown weary of thee now.
 With thee, thy sons, and tender wife, prepare
 The toils of war and banishment to bear;
 And holy household-gods thy sorrows share.
 And yet a mighty exile shalt thou go,
 While nations follow to partake thy woe.
 Far lies the land in which thou art decreed,
 Unjustly, by a villain's hand to bleed.
 Nor think the gods a death so distant doom,
 To rob thy ashes of an urn in Rome:
 But fortune favourably remov'd the crime,
 And forc'd the guilt on Egypt's cursed clime;
 The pitying powers to Italy were good,
 And sav'd her from the stain of Pompey's
 blood.

B O O K III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE third book begins with the relation of Pompey's dream in his voyage from Italy. Cæsar, who had driven him from thence, after sending Curio to provide corn in Sicily, returns to Rome: there disdaining the single opposition of L. Metellus, then tribune of the people, he breaks open the temple of Saturn, and seizes on the public treasure. Then follows an account of the several different nations that took part with Pompey. From Rome Cæsar passes into Gaul, where the Massilians, who were inclinable to Pompey, send an embassy to propose a neutrality; this Cæsar refuses, and besieges the town. But meeting with more difficulties than he expected, he leaves C. Trebonius his lieutenant before Massilia, and marches himself into Spain, appointing at the same time D. Brutus admiral of a navy which he had built and fitted out with great expedition. The Massilians likewise send out their fleet, but are engaged and beaten at sea by Brutus.

THROUGH the mid ocean now the navy sails,
 Their yielding canvas stretch'd by southern gales.
 Each to the vast Ionian turns his eye,
 Where seas and skies the prospect wide supply:
 But Pompey backward ever bent his look,
 Nor to the last his native coast forsook.
 His watery eyes the lessening objects mourn,
 And parting shores that never shall return;
 Still the lov'd land attentive they pursue,
 Till the tall hills are veil'd in cloudy blue,
 Till all is lost in air, and vanish'd from his view.
 At length the weary chieftain sunk to rest,
 And creeping slumbers sooth'd his anxious breast:
 When, lo! in that short moment of repose,
 His Julia's shade a dreadful vision rose;
 Through gaping earth her ghastly head she
 rear'd,
 And by the light of livid flames appear'd.
 Thy impious arms (she cry'd) my peace infest,
 And drive me from the mansions of the blest:
 No more Elysium's happy fields I know,
 Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian shades below:

I saw the Fury's horrid hands prepare
 New rage, new flames to kindle up thy war.
 The fire no longer trusts his single boat,
 But navies on the joyless river float.
 Capacious hell complains for want of room,
 And seeks new plagues for multitudes to come.
 Her nimble hands each fatal sister plies,
 The sisters scarcely to the task suffice. [head!
 When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy
 Now thou hast chang'd thy fortune with thy bed.
 In an ill hour thy second choice was made,
 To slaughter thou, like Crassus, art betray'd.
 Death is the dower Cornelia's love affords,
 Ruin still waits upon her potent lords:
 While yet my ashes glow'd, she took my place,
 And came a harlot to thy loose embrace.
 But let her partner of thy warfare go,
 Let her by land and sea thy labours know;
 In all thy broken sleeps I will be near,
 In all thy dreams sad Julia shall appear.
 Your loves shall find no moment for delight,
 The day shall all be Cæsar's, mine the night.

Not the dull stream, where long oblivions roll,
Shall blot thee out, my husband, from my soul.
The powers beneath my constancy approve,
And bid me follow wherefoe'er you rove.
Amidst the joining battles will I stand,
And still remind thee of thy plighted hand.
Nor think those sacred ties no more remain;
The sword of war divides the knot in vain,
That very war shall make thee mine again.

The phantom spoke, and, gliding from the place,

Deluded her astonish'd lord's embrace.
But he, though gods forewarn him of his fate,
And furies with destruction threatening wait,
With new resolves his constant bosom warms,
And fire of ruin rushes on to arms.
What mean these terrors of the night? he cries;
Why dance these visions vain before our eyes?
Or endless apathy succeeds to death,
And sense is lost with our expiring breath;
Or, if the soul some future life shall know,
To better worlds immortal shall she go:
Whate'er event the doubtful question clears,
Death must be still unworthy of our fears.

Now headlong to the west the sun was fled,
And half in seas obscur'd his beamy head;
Such seems the moon, while, growing yet, she shines,

Or waning from her fuller orb declines:
When hospitable shores appear at hand,
Where fair Dyrrachium spreads her friendly strand.
The seamen furl the canvas, strike the mast,
Then dip their nimble oars, and landward haste.

Thus, while they fled, and lessening by degrees,
The navy seem'd to hide beneath the seas;
Cæsar, though left the master of the field,
With eyes unpleas'd, the foes escape beheld:
With fierce impatience victory he scorns,
And, viewing Pompey's flight, his safety mourns.
To vanquish seems unworthy of his care,
Unless the blow decides the lingering war.
No bounds his headlong vast ambition knows,
Nor joys in ought, though fortune all bestows.
At length his thoughts from arms and vengeance cease,

And for a while revolve the arts of peace;
Careful to purchase popular applause,
And gain the lazy vulgar to his cause,
He knew the constant practice of the great,
That those who court the vulgar bid them eat.
When pinch'd with want, all reverence they withdraw;

For hungry multitudes obey no law:
Thus therefore factions make their parties good,
And buy authority and power with food.
The murmurs of the many to prevent,
Curio to fruitful Sicily is sent.
Of old the swelling seas impetuous tide
Tore the fair island from Hesperia's side:
Still foamy wars the jealous waves maintain,
For fear the neighbouring lands should join again.
Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast:
Not Libya more abounds in wealthy grain,
Nor with a fuller harvest spreads the plain;

Though northern winds their cloudy treasures bear,

To temper well the soil and sultry air,
And fattening rains increase the prosperous year.

This done, to Rome his way the leader took:
His train the rougher shows of war forsook;
No force, no fears their hands unarmed bear,
But looks of peace and gentleness they wear.
Oh! had he now his country's friend return'd,
Had none but barbarous foes his conquest mourn'd;
What swarming crowds had issued at the gate,
On the glad triumph's lengthening train to wait!
How might his wars in various glories shine,
The ocean vanquish'd, and in bonds the Rhine!
How would his lofty chariot roll along,
Through loud applauses of the joyful throng!
How might he view from high his captive thralls,
The beauteous Britons, and the noble Gauls;
But, oh! what fatal honours has he won!
How is his fame by victory undone!

No cheerful citizens the victor meet,
But hush'd with awful dread his passage greet.
He too the horrors of the crowd approv'd,
Joy'd in their fears, and wish'd not to be lov'd.

Now sleepy Anxur past, and the moist way,
Which o'er the faithless Pomtine marshes lay;
Through Scythian Dian's Aricinian grove,
Cæsar approach'd the fane of Alban Jove.
Thither with yearly rites the consuls come,
And thence the chief survey'd his native Rome:
Wondering a while, he view'd her from afar,
Long from his eyes withheld by distant war.
Fled they from thee, thou seat of gods! (he cry'd)
Ere yet the fortune of the fight was try'd?
If thou art left, what prize can earth afford,
Worth the contention of the warrior's sword?
Well for thy safety now the gods provide,
Since Parthian inroads spare thy naked side;
Since yet no Scythians and Pannonians join,
Nor warlike Daci with the Getes combine;
No foreign armies are against thee led,
While thou art curst with such a coward head.
A gentler fate the heavenly powers bestow,
A civil war, and Cæsar for thy foe.

He said; and straight the frighted city sought:
The city with confusion wild was fraught,
And labouring shook with every dreadful thought.

They think he comes to ravage, sack, and burn;
Religion, gods, and temples to o'erturn.
Their fears suggest him willing to pursue
Whatever ills unbounded power can do.
Their hearts by one low passion only move,
Nor dare show hate, nor can dissemble love.
The lurking fathers, a dishearten'd band,
Drawn from their houses forth, by proud command,

In Palatine Apollo's temple meet,
And sadly view the consul's empty seat;
No rods, no chairs curule, adorn the place,
Nor purple magistrates th' assembly grace.
Cæsar is all things in himself alone,
The silent court is but a looker-on;
With humble votes obedient they agree,
To what their mighty subject shall decree:
Whether as king or god, he will be fear'd.
If royal thrones, or altars, shall be rear'd.

Ready for death, or banishment, they stand,
 And wait their doom from his disposing hand;
 But he, by secret shame's reproaches staid,
 Blush'd to command, what Rome would have
 Yet liberty, thus slighted and betray'd, [obey'd.
 One last effort with indignation made;
 One man she chose to try th' unequal fight,
 And prove the power of justice against might.
 While with rude uproar armed hands essay
 To make old Saturn's treasuring fane their prey;
 The bold Metellus, careless of his fate.
 Rush'd through, and stood to guard the holy gate.
 So daring is the sordid love of gold!
 So fearless death and dangers can behold!
 Without a blow defenceless fell the laws;
 While wealth, the basest, most inglorious cause,
 Against oppressing tyranny makes head,
 Finds hands to fight, and eloquence to plead.
 The bustling tribune, struggling in the crowd,
 Thus warns the victor of the wrong aloud:
 Through me, thou robber! force thy horrid way,
 My sacred blood shall stain thy impious prey.
 But there are gods, to urge thy guilty fate;
 Sure vengeance on thy sacrilege shall wait.
 Remember, by the tribunes curse pursued,
 Crassus, too late, the violation rued. [please,
 Pierce then my breast, nor shall the crime dis-
 This crowd is us'd to spectacles like these.
 In a forsaken city are we left,
 Of virtue, with her noblest sons bereft.

Why seek'st thou ours? Is there not foreign
 Towns to be sack'd, and people to be sold? [gold?
 With those reward the ruffian's soldier's toil;
 Nor pay him with thy ruin'd country's spoil.
 Hast thou not war? Let war thy wants provide.

He spoke. The victor, high in wrath, reply'd:
 Sooth not thy soul with hopes of death so vain,
 No blood of thine my conqu'ring sword shall stain.
 Thy titles and thy popular command,
 Can never make thee worthy Cæsar's hand.
 Art thou thy country's sole defender! thou!
 Can liberty and Rome be fall'n so low!
 Nor time, nor chance breed such confusions yet,
 Nor are the mean so rais'd, nor sunk the great;
 But laws themselves would rather choose to be
 Suppress'd by Cæsar, than preserv'd by thee.

He said. The stubborn tribune kept his place,
 While anger redden'd on the warrior's face;
 His wrathful hand descending grasp'd his blade,
 And half forgot the peaceful part he play'd.
 When Cotta, to prevent the kindling fire,
 Thus sooth'd the rash Metellus to retire:

Where kings prevail, all liberty is lost,
 And none but he who reigns can freedom boast;
 Some shadow of the bliss thou shalt retain,
 Choosing to do what sovereign powers ordain:
 Vanquish'd and long accusom'd to submit,
 With patience underneath our load we sit;
 Our chains alone our slavish fears excuse,
 While we bear ill, we know not to refuse.
 Far hence the fatal treasures let him bear,
 The seeds of mischief, and the cause of war.
 Free states might well a loss like this deplore;
 In servitude none miss the public store,
 And 'tis the curse of kings for subjects to be poor.

The tribune with unwilling steps withdrew,
 While impious hands the rude assault renew:

The brazen gates with thundering strokes resound,
 And the Tarpeian mountain rings around.
 At length the sacred store-house, open laid,
 The hoarded wealth of ages past display'd;
 There might be seen the sums proud Carthage
 Her long impending ruin to prevent. [sent,
 There heap'd the Macedonian treasures shone,
 What great Flaminius and Æmilius won }
 From vanquish'd Philip, and his hapless son.
 There lay, what flying Pyrrhus lost, the gold
 Scorn'd by the patriot's honesty of old:
 Whate'er our parsimonious fires could save,
 What tributary gifts rich Syria gave;
 The hundred Cretan cities ample spoil;
 What Cato gathered from the Cyprian isle.
 Riches of captive kings by Pompey borne, }
 In happier days his triumph to adorn,
 From utmost India and the rising morn;
 Wealth infinite, in one rapacious day,
 Became the needy soldiers lawless prey:
 And wretched Rome, by robbery laid low,
 Was poorer than the bankrupt Cæsar now.

Meanwhile the world, by Pompey's fate
 alarm'd,

Nations ordain'd to share his fall had arm'd.
 Greece first with troops the neighbouring war
 supply'd,

And sent the youth of Phocis to his side;
 From Cyrrha and Amphisa's towers they mov'd,
 And high Parnassus by the muse belov'd;
 Cephissus' sacred flood assistance lends,
 And Dirce's spring his Theban leaders sends,
 Alphæus too affords his Pisa's aid: }
 By Pisa's wall the stream is first convey'd,
 Then seeks through seas the lov'd Sicilian maid.

From Mænalus Arcadian shepherds swarm,
 And warriors in Herculean Trachyn arm;
 The Dryopes Chaonia's hills forsook,
 And Seliæ left Dodona's silent oak.

Though Athens now had drain'd her naval store,
 And the Phœbean arsenal was poor,
 Three ships of Salamis to Pompey came,
 To vindicate their isle's contested name, }
 And justify the ancient Attic claim.

Jove's Cretan people hastening to the war,
 The Gnosian quiver and the shaft prepare;
 The bending bow they drew with deadly art,
 And rival ev'n the flying Parthian's dart.
 With Athamans who in the woods delight,
 With Dardan Oriconians unite;
 With these th' Enchelise who the name partake,
 Since Theban Cadmus first became a snake:
 The Colchians planted on Illyrian shores,
 Where rushing down Abfyrto's foamy roars;
 With those where Peneus runs, and hardy swains,
 Whose ploughs divide Iolcos' fruitful plains.
 From thence, ere yet the seaman's art was taught,
 Rude Argo through the deep a passage sought:
 She first explor'd the distant foreign land,
 And show'd her strangers to the wondering strand:
 Then nations nations knew, in leagues were
 join'd,

And universal commerce mix'd mankind.
 By her made bold, the daring race defy'd
 The winds tempestuous, and the swelling tide:
 Much she enlarg'd destruction's ample power,
 And open'd ways to death unknown before.

Then Pholœ's heights, that fabled Centaurs boast,
And Thracian Hæmus then his warriors lost.
Then Strymon was forsook, whose wintry flood
Commits to warmer Nile his feather'd brood;
Then bands from Cone and from Peuce came,
Where Ister loses his divided stream;
From Idalis where cold Caicus flows,
And where Arisbe, thin, her sandy surface strows;
From Pytane, and sad Celenæ's walls,
Where now in streams the vanquish'd Marfyas
falls:

Still his lamenting progeny deplore
Minerva's tuneful gift, and Phœbus' power;
While through steep banks his torrent swift he
leads,

And with Mæander winds among the meads.
Proud Lydia's plains send forth her wealthy sons,
Pactolus there, and golden Hermus runs:
From earth's dark womb hid treasures they con-
vey:

And rich in yellow waters rise to day.
From Ilium too ill-omen'd ensigns move,
Again ordain'd their former fate to prove:
Their arms they rang'd on Pompey's hapless side,
Nor sought a chief to Dardan kings ally'd:
Though tales of Troy proud Cæsar's lineage grace,
With great Æneas and the Julian race.

The Syrians swift Orontes' banks forsake,
And from Idume's plains their journey take;
Damascus obvious to the driving wind,
With Ninos' and with Gaza's force is join'd.
Unstable Tyre now knit to firmer ground,
With Sidon for her purple shells renown'd,
Safe in the Cynosure, their glittering guide,
With well-directed navies stem the tide.

Phœnicians first, if ancient fame be true,
The sacred mystery of letters knew;
They first, by sound in various lines design'd,
Express the meaning of the thinking mind;
The power of words by figures rude convey'd,
And useful science everlasting made.

Then Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known,
Engrav'd her precepts and her arts in stone;
While animals in various order plac'd,
The learned hieroglyphic column grac'd.

Then left they lofty Taurus' spreading grove,
And Tarfos, built by Perseus, born of Jove;
Then Mallian, and Corycian towers they leave,
Where mouldering rocks disclose a gaping cave.

The bold Cilicians, pirates now no more,
Unfurl a juster sail, and ply the oar;
To Egæ's port they gather all around,
The shores with shouting mariners resound.

Far in the east war spreads the loud alarm,
Where worshippers of distant Ganges arm;
Right to the breaking day his waters run,
The only stream that braves the rising sun.

By this strong flood, and by the ocean bound,
Proud Alexander's arms a limit found;
Vain in his hopes the youth had grasp'd at all,
And his vast thought took in the vanquish'd ball;
But own'd, when forc'd from Ganges to retreat,
The world too mighty, and the task too great.

Then on the banks of Indus nations rose,
Where unperceiv'd the mix'd Hydaspes flows:
In numbers vast they coast the rapid flood,
Strange in their habit, manners, and their food.

With saffron dyes their dangling locks they stain,
With glittering gems their flowing robes con-
strain,

And quaff rich juices from the luscious cane.
On their own funerals and death they smile,
And living leap amidst the burning pile;
Heroic minds! that can ev'n fate command,
And bid it wait upon a mortal hand;
Who full of life forsake it as a feast,
Take what they like and give the gods the rest.
Descending then fierce Capadocian swains,
From rude Amanus' mountains fought the plains,
Armenians from Niphates' rolling stream,
And from their lofty woods Coastrians came.
Then wondering Arabs from the sultry line
For ever northward saw the shade incline.

Then did the madness of the Roman rage
Carmanian and Olostrian chiefs engage:
Beneath far distant southern heavens they lie,
Where half the setting Bear forsakes the sky,
And swift our slow Boötes seems to fly.

These furies to the sun-burn'd Æthiops spread,
And reach the great Euphrates' rising head.
One spring the Tigris and Euphrates know,
And join'd awhile the kindred rivers flow;
Scarce could we judge between the doubtful claim,
If Tigris, or Euphrates, give the name:

But soon Euphrates' parting waves divide,
Covering like fruitful Nile the country wide;
While Tigris, sinking from the sight of day,
Through subterranean channels cuts his way;
Then from a second fountain springs again,
Shoots swiftly on, and rushing seeks the main.
The Parthian powers, to neither chief a friend,
The doubtful issue in suspense attend;
With neutral ease they view the strife from far,
And only lend occasion to the war.

Not so the Scythians where cold Bactros flows,
Or where Hircania's wilder forest grows,
Their baneful shafts they dip, and string their
deadly bows.

Th' Heniochi of Sparta's valiant breed,
Skilful to press, and rein the fiery steed.
Sarmatians with the fiercer Moschi join'd,
And Colchians rich where Phasis' waters wind,
To Pompey's side their aid assembling bring,
With Halys, fatal to the Lydian king;
With Tanais falling from Riphæan fnows,
Who forms the world's division as he goes:
With noblest names his rising banks are crown'd,
This stands for Europe's, that for Asia's bound;
While, as they wind, his waves with full com-
mand,

Diminish, or enlarge th' adjacent land.
Then arm'd the nations on Cimmerian shores,
Where through the Bosphorus Mæotis roars,
And her full lake amidst the Euxine pours.
This strait, like that of Hercules, supplies
The midland seas, and bids th' Ægean rise,
Sithonians fierce, and Arimaspians bold,
Who bind their plaited hair in shining gold.
The Genon nimble, and the Areian strong,
March with the hardy Massagete along:
The Massagete, who at his savage feast
Feeds on the generous steed which once he press'd.

Not Cyrus when he spread his eastern reign,
And hid with multitudes the Lydian plain;

Not haughty Xerxes, when, his power to boast,
By shafts he counted all his mighty host;
Not he who drew the Grecian chiefs along,
Bent to revenge his injur'd brother's wrong;
Or with such navies plow'd the foamy main,
Or led so many kings, amongst their warlike train.
Sure in one cause such numbers never yet,
Various in countries, speech, and manners, met;
But fortune gather'd o'er the spacious ball,
These spoils, to grace her once-lov'd favourite's
Nor then the Lybian Moor withheld his aid, [fall.
Where sacred Ammon lifts his horned head:
All Afric, from the western ocean's bound;
To eastern Nile, the cause of Pompey own'd.
Mankind assembled for Pharsalia's day,
To make the world at once the victor's prey.

Now trembling Rome forsook, with swiftest
Cæsar the cloudy Alps he had past. [haste,
But while the nations, with subjection tame,
Yield to the terrors of his mighty name;
With faith uncommon to the changing Greeks,
What duty bids, Massilia bravely seeks:
And, true to oaths, their liberty and laws,
To stronger fate prefer the juster cause,
But first to move his haughty soul they try,
Entreaties and persuasion oft apply;

Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear:

When foreign wars molest the Roman state,
With ready arms our glad Massilians wait,
To share your dangers, and partake your fate. }
This our unshaken friendship vouches well,
And your recording annals best can tell.
Ev'n now we yield our still devoted hands,
On foreign foes to wreak your dread commands;
Would you to worlds unknown your triumphs
spread?

Behold! we follow wheresoe'er you lead.
But if you rouse at discord's baleful call,
If Romans fatally on Romans fall;
All we can offer is a pitying tear,
And constant refuge for the wretched here.
Sacred to us you are: oh, may no stain
Of Lucian blood our innocence profane!
Should heaven itself be rent with civil rage,
Should giants once more with the gods engage;
Officious piety would hardly dare
To proffer Jove assistance in the war.

Man unconcern'd and humble should remain,
Nor seek to know whose arms the conquest gain, }
Jove's thunder will convince them of his reign.
Nor can your horrid discords want our swords,
The wicked world its multitudes affords;
Too many nations at the call will come,
And gladly join to urge the fate of Rome.
Oh, had the rest like us their aid deny'd,
Yourself must then the guilty strife decide;
Then, who but should withhold his lifted hand,
When for his foe he saw his father stand?
Brothers their rage had mutually repress,
Nor driven their javelins on a brother's breast.
Your war had ended soon; had you not chose
Hands for the work, which nature meant for foes:
Who, strangers to your blood, in arms delight,
And rush remorseless to the cruel fight.
Briefly, the sum of all that we request
Is, to receive thee as our honour'd guest;

Let those thy dreadful ensigns shine afar,
Let Cæsar come, but come without the war.
Let this one place from impious rage be free;
That, if the gods the peace of Rome decree,
If your relenting angers yield to treat,
Pompey and thou, in safety, here may meet.
Then, wherefore dost thou quit thy purpos'd way?
Why, thus, Iberia's nobler wars delay?
Mean, and of little consequence we are,
A conquest much unworthy of thy care.
When Phocis' towers were laid in ashes low,
Hither we fled for refuge from the foe;
Here, for our plain integrity renown'd,
A little town in narrow walls we bound:
No name in arms nor victories we boast,
But live poor exiles on a foreign coast.
If thou art bent on violence at last,
To burst our gates, and lay our bulwarks waste,
Know we are equally resolv'd, whate'er
The victor's fury can inflict, to bear.
Shall death destroy, shall flames the town o'er-
turn?

Why—let our people bleed, our buildings burn.
Wilt thou forbid the living stream to flow?
We'll dig, and search the watery stores below.
Hunger and thirst with patience will we meet,
And, what offended nature nauseates, eat.
Like brave Saguntum daring to be free,
Whate'er they suffer'd, we'll expect from thee.
Babes, ravish'd from the fainting mother's breast,
Shall headlong in the burning pile be cast.
Matrons shall bare their bosoms to their lords,
And beg destruction from their pitying swords;
The brother's hand the brother's heart shall wound,
And universal slaughter rage around.
If civil wars must waste this hapless town,
No hands shall bring that ruin but our own.

Thus said the Grecian messengers. When lo!
A gathering cloud involv'd the Roman's brow;
Much grief, much wrath, his troubled visage
spoke;

Then into these disdainful words he broke:

This trusting in our speedy march to Spain,
These hopes, this Grecian confidence is vain;
Whate'er we purpose, leisure will be found
To lay Massilia level with the ground:
This bears, my valiant friends, a sound of joy;
Our useless arms, at length, shall find employ.
Winds lose their force, that unresisted fly,
And flames, unfed by fuel, sink and die.
Our courage thus would soften in repose,
But fortune and rebellion yield us foes.
Yet mark! what love their friendly speech express!
Unarm'd and single, Cæsar is their guest.
Thus, first they dare to stop me on my way,
Then seek with fawning treason to betray.
Anon, they pray that civil rage may cease:
But war shall scourge them for those hopes of
peace;

And make them know the present times afford,
At least while Cæsar lives, no safety like the sword.

He said; and to the city bent his way:
The city, fearless all, before him lay,
With armed hands her battlements were crown'd,
And lusty youth the bulwarks mann'd around.

Near to the walls, a rising mountain's head
Flat with a little level plain is spread:
Upon this height the wary chief designs
His camp to strengthen with surrounding lines.

Lofty alike, and with a warlike mien,
 Messilia's neighbouring citadel is seen;
 An humble valley fills the space between.
 Straight he decrees the middle vale to fill,
 And run a mole athwart from hill to hill,
 But first a lengthening work extends its way,
 Where open to the land this city lay,
 And from the camp projecting joins the sea.
 Low sinks the ditch, the turfy breast-works rise,
 And cut the captive town from all supplies.
 While, gazing from their towers, the Greeks be-
 moan

[own.
 The meads, the fields, and fountains once their
 Well have they thus acquir'd the noblest name,
 And consecrated these their walls to fame.

Fearless of Cæsar and his arms they stood,
 Nor drove before the headlong rushing flood:
 And while he swept whole nations in a day,
 Massilia bade th' impatient victor stay,
 And clogg'd his rapid conquest with delay.
 Fortune a master for the world prepar'd,
 And these th' approaching slavery retard.
 Ye times to come record the warrior's praise,
 Who lengthen'd out expiring freedom's days.
 Now while with toil unwearied rose the mound,
 The founding axe invades the groves around;
 Light earth and shrubs the middle banks supply'd,
 But firmer beams must fortify the side;
 Left when the tow'rs advance their ponderous
 height,

[weight.
 The mouldering mafs should yield beneath the
 Not far away for ages past had stood

An old inviolated sacred wood;
 Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
 A chilly cheerless everlasting shade:
 There, not the rustic gods, nor satyrs sport,
 Nor fawns and sylvans with the nymphs resort:
 But barbarous priests some dreadful power adore,
 And lustrate every tree with human gore.

If mysteries in times of old receiv'd,
 And pious ancientry be yet believ'd,
 There not the feather'd songster builds her nest,
 Nor lonely dens conceal the savage beast:
 There no tempestuous winds presume to fly, [by.
 Even lightnings glance aloof, and shoot obliquely
 No wanton breezes toss the dancing leaves,
 But shivering horror in the branches heaves.
 Black springs with pitchy streams divide the ground,
 And bubbling tumble with a sullen sound.

Old images of forms mishapen stand,
 Rude and unknowing of the artist's hand;
 With hoary filth begrim'd, each ghastly head
 Strikes the astonish'd gazer's soul with dread.
 No gods, who long in common shapes appear'd,
 Were e'er with such religious awe rever'd:
 But zealous crowds in ignorance adore,
 And still the less they know, they fear the more.
 Oft (as fame tells) the earth in sounds of woe
 Is heard to groan from hollow depths below;
 The baleful yew, though dead, has oft been seen
 To rise from earth, and spring with dusky green;
 With sparkling flames the trees unburning shine,
 And round their boles prodigious serpents twine.
 The pious worshippers approach not near,
 But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear:
 The priest himself, when, or the day or night,
 Rolling have reach'd their full meridian height,

VOL. XII.

Refrains the gloomy paths with wary feet,
 Dreading the dæmon of the grove to meet;
 Who, terrible to fight, at that fix'd hour,
 Still treads the round about his dreary bower.

This wood near neighb'ring to th' encompass'd
 town

Untouch'd by former wars remain'd alone;
 And since the country round it naked stands,
 From hence the Latian chief supplies demands.
 But lo! the bolder hands, that should have struck,
 With some unusual horror trembling shook:
 With silent dread and reverence they survey'd
 The gloom majestic of the sacred shade.
 None dares with impious steel the bark to rend,
 Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend.
 Cæsar perceiv'd the spreading fear to grow,
 Then, eager, caught an axe, and aim'd a blow.
 Deep sunk within a violated oak
 The wounding edge, and thus the warrior spoke.
 Now, let no doubting hand the task decline;
 Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.
 The trembling bands unwillingly obey'd;
 Two various ills were in the balance laid,
 And Cæsar's wrath against the gods was
 weigh'd.

Then Jove's Dodonian tree was forc'd to bow;
 The lofty ash and knotty holm lay low;
 The floating alder by the current borne,
 The cypress by the noble mourner worn,
 Veil their aerial summits, and display
 Their dark recesses to the golden day;
 Crowding they fall, each o'er the other lies,
 And heap'd on high the leafy piles arise.
 With grief, and fear, the groaning Gauls beheld
 Their holy grove by impious soldiers fell'd;
 While the Massilians, from th' encompass'd wall,
 Rejoic'd to see the sylvan honours fall:
 They hope such power can never prosper long,
 Nor think the patient gods will bear the wrong.
 But, ah! too oft success to guilt is given,
 And wretches only stand the mark of heaven.
 With timber largely from the wood supply'd,
 For wains the legions search the country wide;
 Then from the crooked plough unyoke the steer,
 And leave the swain to mourn the fruitless year.

Meanwhile, impatient of the lingering war,
 The chieftain to Iberia bends afar,
 And gives the leaguer to Trebonius' care.
 With diligence the destin'd task he plies;
 Huge works of earth with strengthening beams
 arise:

High tottering towers, by no fix'd basis bound,
 Roll nodding on along the stable mound.
 The Greeks with wonder on the movement look,
 And fancy earth's foundations deep are shook;
 Fierce winds they think the beldame's entrails tear,
 And anxious for their walls and city fear:
 The Roman from the lofty top looks down,
 And rains a winged war upon the town.
 Nor with less active rage the Grecians burn,
 But larger ruin on their foes return;
 Nor hands alone the missile deaths supply,
 From nervous cross-bows whistling arrows fly;
 The steely corslet and the bone they break,
 Through multitudes their fatal journeys take;
 Nor wait the lingering Parca's slow delay,
 But wound, and to new slaughter wing their way.

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Now by some vast machine a ponderous stone,
 Pernicious, from the hostile wall is thrown;
 At once, on many, swift the shock descends,
 And the crush'd carcasses confounding blends.
 So rolls some falling rock by age long worn,
 Loose from its root by raging whirlwinds torn,
 And thundering down the precipice is born,
 O'er crashing woods the mass is seen to ride,
 To grind its way, and plain the mountain's side.
 Gall'd with the shot from far, the legions join,
 Their bucklers in the warlike shell combine;
 Compact and close the brazen roof they bear,
 And in just order to the town draw near:
 Safe they advance, while with unweary'd pain
 The wrathful engines waste their stores in vain;
 High o'er their heads the destin'd deaths are tost,
 And far behind in vacant earth are lost;
 Nor sudden could they change their erring aim,
 Slow and unwieldy moves the cumbrous frame.

This seen, the Greeks their brawny arms employ,
 And hurl a stony tempest from on high:
 The clattering shower the sounding fence assails;
 But vain, as when the stormy winter hails,
 Nor on the solid marble roof prevails:
 Till tir'd at length the warriors fall their shields;
 And, spent with toil, the broken phalanx yields.
 Now other stratagems the war supplies,
 Beneath the Vinea close th' assailant lies.
 The strong machine, with planks and turf bespread,
 Moves to the walls its well-defended head;
 Within the covert safe the miners lurk,
 And to the deep foundation urge their work.
 Now justly pois'd the thundering ram they sling,
 And drive him forceful with a launching spring;
 Haply to loose some yielding part at length,
 And shake the firm cemented bulwark's strength.
 But from the town the Grecian youth prepare
 With hardy vigour to repel the war:
 Crowding they gather on the rampart's height,
 And with tough staves and spears maintain the
 fight; [throw,
 Darts, fragments of the rock, and flames they
 And tear the planky shelter fix'd below;
 Arround by all the warring tempest beat,
 The baffled Romans sullenly retreat.

Now by success the brave Missilians fir'd,
 To fame of higher enterprise aspir'd;
 Nor longer with their walls defence content,
 In daring sallies they the foe prevent.
 Nor arm'd with swords, nor pointed spears they go,
 Nor aim the shaft, nor bend the deadly bow:
 Fierce Mulciber supplies the bold design,
 And for their weapons kindling torches shine.
 Silent they issue through the gloomy night,
 And with broad shields restrain the beamy light:
 Sudden the blaze on every side began,
 And o'er the Latian works resistless ran;
 Catching, and driving with the wind it grows,
 Fierce through the shade the burning deluge glows;
 Nor earth, nor greener planks its force delay,
 Swift o'er the hissing beams it rolls away:
 Embrown'd with smoke the wavy flames ascend,
 Shiver'd with heat the crackling quarries rend;
 Till with a roar at last, the mighty mound,
 Towers, engines, all, come thundering to the
 ground.
 Wide spread the discontinuous ruins lie,
 And vast confusion fills the gazer's eye.

Vanquish'd by land, the Romans seek the main,
 And prove the fortune of the watery plain:
 Their navy, rudely built, and rigg'd in haste,
 Down through the rapid Rhone descending past.
 No golden gods protect the shining prow,
 Nor silken streamers lightly dancing flow;
 But rough in stable floorings lies the wood,
 As in the native forest once it stood.
 Rearing above the rest her towery head,
 Brutus' tall ship the floating squadron led.
 To sea soon wafted by the hasty tide,
 Right to the Stæchades their course they guide.
 Resolv'd to urge their fate, with equal cares,
 Massilia for the naval war prepares;
 All hands the city for the task requires,
 And arms her striplings young, and hoary fires.
 Vessels of every sort and size she fits,
 And speedy to the briny deep commits
 The crazy hulk, that, worn with winds and
 tides,

Safe in the dock, and long neglected, rides,
 She planks anew, and calks her leaky sides.
 Now rose the morning, and the golden sun
 With beams refracted on the ocean shone;
 Clear was the sky, the waves from murmur cease,
 And every ruder wind was hush'd in peace:
 Smooth lay the glassy surface of the main,
 And offer'd to the war its ample plain:
 When to the destin'd stations all repair;
 Here Cæsar's powers, the youth of Phocis there.
 Their brawny arms are bar'd, their oars they dip,
 Swift o'er the water glides the nimble ship;
 Feels the strong blow the well-compact oak,
 And trembling springs at each repeated stroke.
 Crooked in front the Latian navy stood,
 And wound a bending crescent o'er the flood.
 With four full banks of oars advancing high,
 On either wing the larger vessels ply,
 While in the centre safe the lesser galliots lie.
 Brutus the first, with eminent command,
 In the tall admiral is seen to stand;
 Six rows of lengthening pines the billows sweep,
 And heave the burden o'er the groaning deep.

Now prow to prow advance each hostile fleet,
 And want but one concurring stroke to meet,
 When peals of shouts and mingling clamours
 roar,
 And drown the brazen trump and plunging oar.
 The brushing pine the frothy surface plies,
 While on their banks the lusty rowers rise:
 Each brings the stroke back on his ample chest,
 Then firm upon his seat he lights repress.
 With clashing beaks the launching vessels meet,
 And from the mutual shock alike retreat.
 Thick clouds of flying shafts the welkin hide,
 Then fall, and floating strow the ocean wide.
 At length the stretching wings their order leave,
 And in the line the mingling foe receive:
 Then might be seen, how, dash'd from side to side,
 Before the stemming vessel drove the tide;
 Still as each keel her foamy furrow plows,
 Now back, now forth, the surge obedient flows.
 Thus warring winds alternate rule maintain,
 And this, and that way, roll the yielding main.
 Massilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,
 With best advantage seek or shun the fight;
 With ready ease all answer to command,
 Obey the helm, and feel the pilot's hand.

Not so the Romans; cumbrous hulks they lay,
 And slow and heavy hung upon the sea;
 Yet strong, and for the closer combat good,
 They yield firm footing on th' unstable flood.
 Thus Brutus saw, and to the master cries
 (The master in the lofty poop he spies,
 Where streaming the Prætorian ensign flies),
 Still wilt thou bear away, still shift thy place,
 And turn the battle to a wanton chase?
 Is this a time to play so mean a part,
 To tack, to veer, and boast thy trifling art?
 Bring to. The war shall hand to hand be try'd;
 Oppose thou to the foe our ample side,
 And let us meet like men. The chieftain said;
 The ready master the command obey'd,
 And side-long to the foe the ship was laid.
 Upon his waste fierce fall the thundering Greeks,
 Fast in his timber stick their brazen beaks;
 Some lie by chains and grapplings strong compell'd,
 While others by the tangling oars are held:
 The seas are hid beneath the closing war,
 Nor need they cast the javelin now from far;
 With hardy strokes the combatants engage,
 And with keen faulchions deal their deadly rage:
 Man against man, and board by board they lie,
 And on those decks their arms defended die.
 The rolling furge is stain'd around with blood,
 And foamy purple swells the rising flood;
 The floating carcases the ships delay,
 Hang on each keel, and intercept her way;
 Helpless beneath the deep the dying sink,
 And gore, with briny ocean mingling, drink.
 Some, while amidst the tumbling waves they strive,
 And struggling with destruction float alive,
 Or by some ponderous beam are beaten down,
 Or sink transfix'd by darts at random thrown.
 That fatal day no javelin flies in vain,
 Missing their mark, they wound upon the main.
 It chanc'd, a warrior ship on Cæsar's side,
 By two Massilian foes was warmly ply'd;
 But with divided force she meets th' attack,
 And bravely drives the bold assailants back:
 When from the lofty poop, where fierce he fought,
 Tagus to seize the Grecian ancient sought.
 But double death his daring hand repress'd,
 One spear transfix'd his back, and one his breast,
 And deadly met within his heaving chest.
 Doubtful awhile the flood was seen to stay,
 At length the steely shafts at once gave way;
 The fleeting life a twofold passage found,
 And ran divided from each streaming wound.
 Hither his fate unhappy Telon led,
 To naval arts from early childhood bred;
 No hand the helm more skilfully could guide,
 Or stem the fury of the boisterous tide;
 He knew what winds should on the morrow blow,
 And how the sails for safety to bestow;
 Celestial signals well he could descry,
 Could judge the radiant lights that shine on high,
 And read the coming tempest of the sky.
 Full on a Latian bark his beak he drives,
 The brazen beak the shivering elder rives;
 When from some hostile hand, a Roman dart,
 Deep piercing, trembled in his panting heart:
 Yet still his careful hand its task supplies,
 And turns the guiding rudder as he dies.
 To fill his place bold Gyareus essay'd,
 But passing from a neighbouring ship was stay'd;

Swift through his loins a flying javelin struck,
 And nail'd him to the vessel he forsook.

Friendlike, and side by side, two brethren fought,
 Whom, at a birth, their fruitful mother brought:
 So like the lines of each resembling face,
 The same the features, and the same the grace,
 That fondly erring oft their parents look,
 And each, for each, alternately mistook:
 But death, too soon, a dire distinction makes,
 While one, untimely snatch'd, the light forsakes.
 His brother's form the sad survivor wears,
 And still renews his hapless parents tears:
 Too sure they see their single hope remain,
 And while they bless the living, mourn the slain.
 He, the bold youth, as board and board they
 stand,

Fix'd on a Roman ship his daring hand;
 Full on his arm a mighty blow descends,
 And the torn limb from off the shoulder rends;
 The rigid nerves are cramp'd with stiffening cold,
 Convulsive grasp, and still retain their hold.
 Nor sunk his valour by the pain depress'd,
 But nobler rage inflam'd his mangled breast:
 His left remaining hand the combat tries,
 And fiercely forth to catch the right he flies;
 The same hard destiny the left demands,
 And now a naked helpless trunk he stands.
 Nor deigns he, though defenceless to the foe,
 To seek the safety of the hold below;
 For every coming javelin's point prepar'd,
 He steps between, and stands his brother's guard;
 Till fix'd, and horrid with a wood of spears,
 A thousand deaths at others aim'd he wears.
 Resolv'd at length his utmost force to exert,
 His spirits gather'd to his fainting heart,
 And the last vigour rous'd in every part;
 Then nimble from the Grecian deck he rose,
 And with a leap sprung fierce amidst his foes:
 And when his hands no more could wreak his
 hate,

His sword no more could minister to fate,
 Dying he prest them with his hostile weight.
 O'ercharg'd the ship with carcases and blood,
 Drunk fast at many a leak the briny flood;
 Yielding at length the waters wide gave way,
 And fold her in the bosom of the sea;
 Then o'er her head returning rolls the tide,
 And covering waves the sinking hatches hide.

That fatal day was slaughter seen to reign,
 In wonders various, on the liquid plain.

On Lycidas a steely grappling struck;
 Struggling he drags with the tenacious hook,
 And deep had drown'd beneath the greedy wave,
 But that his fellows strove their mate to save;
 Clung to his legs, they clasp him all they can,
 The grappling tugs, afunder flies the man.
 No single wound the gaping rupture seems,
 Where trickling crimson wells in slender streams;
 But from an opening horrible and wide,
 A thousand vessels pour the bursting tide:
 At once the winding channel's course was broke,
 Where wandering life her mazy journey took;
 At once the currents all forgot their way,
 And lost their purple in the azure sea.
 Soon from the lower parts the spirits fled,
 And motionless th' exhausted limbs lay dead:
 Not so the nobler regions, where the heart
 And heaving lungs their vital powers exert;

There lingering late, and long conflicting, life,
Rose against fate, and still maintain'd the strife:
Driven out at length, unwillingly and slow,
She left her mortal house, and fought the shades
below.

While, eager for the fight, an hardy crew
To one sole side their force united drew,
The bark, unapt the unequal poise to bear,
Turn'd o'er, and rear'd her lowest keel in air;
In vain his active arms the swimmer tries,
No aid the swimmers useless art supplies;
The covering vast o'erwhelming shuts them down,
And helpless in the hollow hold they drown.

One slaughter terrible above the rest,
The fatal horror of the fight express'd.
As o'er the crowded surface of the flood
A youthful swimmer swift his way pursued;
Two meeting ships, by equal fury prest,
With hostile prows transfix'd his ample breast;
Suspended by the dreadful shock he hung;
The brazen beaks within his bosom rung:
Blood, bones and entrails, mashing with the blow,
From his pale lips a hideous mixture flow.
At length the backing oars the fight restrain,
The lifeless body drops amidst the main;
Soon enter at the breach the rushing waves,
And the salt stream the mangled carcase laves.

Around the watery champain wide dispread,
The living shipwrecks float amidst the dead:
With active arms the liquid deep they ply,
And panting to their mates for succour cry:
Now to some social vessel press they near,
Their fellows pale the crowding numbers fear;
With ruthless hearts their well-known friends
withstand,

And with keen faulchions lop each grasping hand;
The dying fingers cling and clench the wood,
The heavy trunk sinks helpless in the flood.

Now spent was all the warriors steely store;
New darts they seek, and other arms explore,
This wields a flag-staff, that a ponderous oar. }
Wrath's ready hands are never at a loss:
The fragments of the shatter'd ship they toss.
The useless rower from his seat is cast,
Then fly the benches and the broken mast.
Some seizing, as it sinks, the breathless corse,
From the cold grasp the blood-stain'd weapon force.
Some from their own fresh bleeding bosoms take,
And at the foe the dropping javelin flake:
The left-hand stays the blood, and soothes the pain,
The right sends back the reeking spear again.

Now gods of various elements conspire;
To Nereus, Vulcan joins his hostile fire;
With oils and living sulphur, darts they frame,
Prepar'd to spread afar the kindling flame;
Around the catching mischiefs swift succeed,
The floating hulks their own destruction feed;
The smeary wax the bright'ning blaze supplies,
And wavy fires from pitchy planks arise:
Amidst the flood the ruddy torrent strays,
And fierce upon the scattering shipwrecks preys.
Here one with haste a flaming vessel leaves: }
Another, spent and beaten by the waves,
As eager to the burning ruin cleaves. }
Amidst the various ways of death to kill, }
Whether by seas, by fires, or wounding steel, }
The dreadfulest is that, whose present force we }
feel.

Nor valour less her fatal rage maintains,
In daring breasts that swim the liquid plains:
Some gather up the darts that floating lie,
And to the combatants new deaths supply.
Some struggling in the deep the war provoke,
Rise o'er the surge, and aim a languid stroke.
Some with strong grasp the foe conflicting join,
Mix limbs with limbs, and hostile wreathings
twine,

Till plunging, pressing to the bottom down,
Vanquish'd, and vanquishers, alike they drown.

One, chief above the rest, is mark'd by fame,
For watery fight, and Phoeus was his name:
The heaving breath of life he knew to keep;
While long he dwelt within the lowest deep;
Full many a fathom down he had explor'd,
For treasures lost, old ocean's oozy hoard;
Oft when the flooky anchor stuck below,
He sunk, and bade the captive vessel go.
A foe he seiz'd close cleaving to his breast,
And underneath the tumbling billows prest:
But when the skilful victor would repair
To upper seas, and fought the freer air;
Hapless beneath the crowding keels he rose,
The crowding keels his wonted way oppose;
Back beaten, and astonish'd with the blow,
He sinks, to bide for ever now below.

Some hang upon the oars with weighty
force,

To intercept the hostile vessel's course;
Some to the last the cause they love defend,
And valiant lives by useful deaths would end;
With breasts oppos'd the thundering beaks they
brave.

And what they fought for living, dying save.

As Tyrrhen, from a Roman poop on high,
Ran o'er the various combat with his eye;
Sure aiming, from his Balearic thong,
Bold Ligdamus a ponderous bullet slung;
Through liquid air the ball shrill whistling flies,
And cuts its way through hapless Tyrrhen's eyes.
Th' astonish'd youth stands struck with sudden
night,

While bursting start the bleeding orbs of sight.
At first he took the darkness to be death,
And thought himself amidst the shades beneath;
But soon recovering from the stunning sound,
He liv'd, unhappily he liv'd, he found.

Vigour at length, and wonted force returns,
And with new rage his valiant bosom burns:
To me, my friends (he cry'd), your aid supply,
Nor useless let your fellow soldier die;
Give me, oppos'd against the foe to stand,
While like some engine you direct my hand.
And thou, my poor remaining life, prepare
To meet each hazard of the various war;
At least my mangled carcase shall pretend
To interpose, and shield some valiant friend:
Plac'd like a mark their darts I may sustain,
And, to preserve some better man, be slain.

Thus said, unaiming he a javelin threw,
The javelin wing'd with sure destruction flew;
In Argus the descending steel takes place,
Argus, a Grecian of illustrious race.
Deep sinks the piercing point, where to the loins
Above the navel high the belly joins:
The staggering youth falls forward on his fate,
And helps the goring weapon with his weight.

It chanc'd, to ruthless destiny design'd,
 To the same ship his aged fire was join'd :
 While young, for high achievements was he
 The first in fair Massilia for renown; [known,
 Now an example merely, and a name, }
 Willing to rouse the younger sort he came,
 And fire their souls to emulate his fame.
 When from the prow, where distant far he stood,
 He saw his son lie weltering in his blood,
 Soon to the poop, oft stumbling in his haste,
 With faltering steps the feeble father past.
 No falling tears his wrinkled cheeks bedew,
 But stiffening cold and motionless he grew :
 Deep night and deadly shades of darkness rise,
 And hide his much-lov'd Argus from his eyes.
 As to the dizzy youth the fire appears,
 His dying, weak, unwieldy head he rears ;
 With lifted eyes he cast a mournful look,
 His pale lips mov'd, and fain he would have spoke ;
 But unexpress'd th' imperfect accent hung,
 Lost in his falling jaws and murmuring tongue :
 Yet in his speechless visage seems express'd,
 What, had he words, would be his last request,
 That aged hand to seal his closing eye,
 And in his father's fond embrace to die ;
 But he, when grief with keenest sense revives,
 With nature's strongest pangs conflicting strives ;
 Let me not lose this hour of death, he cries,
 Which my indulgent destiny supplies ;
 And thou forgive, forgive me, oh my son,
 If thy dear lips and last embrace I shun.
 Warm from thy wound the purple current flows,
 And vital breath yet heaving comes and goes :

Yet my sad eyes behold thee yet alive,
 And thou shalt, yet, thy wretched fire survive,
 He said, and fierce, by frantic sorrow prest,
 Plung'd his sharp sword amidst his aged breast :
 And though life's gushing streams the weapon
 Headlong he leaps amidst the greedy main ; [stain,
 While this last wish ran ever in his mind,
 To die, and leave his darling son behind ;
 Eager to part, his soul disdain'd to wait,
 And trust uncertain to a single fate.

And now Massilia's vanquish'd force gives way,
 And Cæsar's fortune claims the doubtful day.
 The Grecian fleet is all dispers'd around,
 Some in the bottom of the deep lie drown'd ;
 Some, captives made, their haughty victors bore,
 While some, but those a few, fled timely to the
 shore.

But, oh ! what verse, what numbers, can express,
 The mournful city, and her sore distress !
 Upon the beach lamenting matrons stand,
 And wailings echo o'er the lengthening strand ;
 Their eyes are fix'd upon the waters wide,
 And watch the bodies driving with the tide.
 Here a fond wife, with pious error, prest
 Some hostile Roman to her throbbing breast ;
 There to a mangled trunk two mothers run,
 Each grasps, and each would claim it for her son ;
 Each, what her boding heart persuades, believes,
 And for the last sad office fondly strives.

But Brutus, now victorious on the main,
 To Cæsar vindicates the watery plain ;
 First to his brow he binds the naval crown,
 And bids the spacious deep the mighty master own,

B O O K IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

CÆSAR having joined Fabius, whom he had sent before him to Spain, encamps upon a rising ground near Ilerda, and not far from the river Sicoris ; there, the waters being swollen by great rains, endanger his camp ; but the weather turning fair, and the floods abating, Pompey's lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius, who lay over against him, decamp suddenly. Cæsar follows, and encamps so as to cut off their passage, or any use of the river Iberus. As both armies lay now very near to each other, the soldiers on both sides knew, and saluted one another ; and forgetting the opposite interests and factions they were engaged in, ran out from their several camps, and embraced one another with great tenderness. Many of Cæsar's soldiers were invited into the enemy's camp, and feasted by their friends and relations. But Petreius apprehending this familiarity might be of ill consequence to his party, commanded them all (though against the rules of humanity and hospitality) to be killed. After this, he attempts in vain to march back towards Ilerda ; but is prevented, and enclosed by Cæsar : to whom, both himself and Afranius, after their army had suffered extremely for want of water and other necessaries, are compelled to surrender, without asking any other conditions than that they might not be compelled to take-on in his army ; this Cæsar, with great generosity, grants, and dismisses them. In the mean while, C. Antonius, who commanded for Cæsar near Salonæ, on the coast of Dalmatia being shut up by Octavius, Pompey's admiral, and destitute of provisions, had attempted, by help of some vessels, or floating machines of a new invention, to pass through Pompey's fleet : two of them by advantage of the tide found means to escape, but the third, which carried a thousand Opitergians commanded by Vulteius, was intercepted by a boom laid under the water. Those, when they found it impossible to get off, at the persuasion, and by the example of their leader, ran upon one another's swords and died. In Africa the poet introduces Curio inquiring after the story of Hercules and Antæus, which is recounted to him by one of the natives, and afterwards relates the particulars of his being circumvented, defeated, and killed by Juba.

BUT Cæsar in Iberian fields afar,
 Ev'n to the western ocean spreads the war;
 And though no hills of slaughter heap the plain,
 No purple deluge leaves a guilty stain,
 Vast is the prize, and great the victor's gain.
 For Pompey, with alternative command,
 The brave Petreius and Afranius stand:
 The chiefs in friendship's just conditions join,
 And, cordial to the common cause, combine;
 By turns they quit, by turns resume the sway,
 The camp to guard, or battle to array;
 To these their aid the nimble Vectons yield,
 With those who till Asturia's hilly field;
 Nor wanted then the Celtiberians bold,
 Who draw their long descent from Celtic Gauls
 of old.

Where rising grounds the fruitful champain end,
 And unperceiv'd by soft degrees ascend;
 An ancient race their city chose to found,
 And with Ilerda's walls the summit crown'd.
 The Sicoris, of no ignoble name,
 Fast by the mountain pours his gentle stream.
 A stable bridge runs cross from side to side,
 Whose spacious arch transmits the passing tide,
 And jutting piers the wintry floods abide.
 Two neighbouring hills their heads distinguish'd
 raise;

The first great Pompey's ensigns high displays;
 Proud Cæsar's camp upon the next is seen;
 The river interposing glides between.
 Wide spread beyond, an ample plain extends,
 Far as the piercing eye its prospect sends;
 Upon the spacious level's utmost bound,
 The Cinga rolls his rapid waves around.
 But soon in full Iberus' channel lost,
 His blended waters seek Iberia's coast;
 He yields to the superior torrent's fame,
 And with the country takes his nobler name.

Now 'gan the lamp of heaven the plains to gild,
 When moving legions hid th' embattled field;
 When front to front oppos'd in just array,
 The chieftians each their hostile powers display:
 But whether conscious shame their wrath repress,
 And soft reluctance rose in every breast;
 Or virtue did a short liv'd rule resume,
 And gain'd one day for liberty and Rome;
 Suspended rage yet linger'd for a space,
 And to the west declin'd the sun in peace.
 Night rose, and black'ning shades involv'd the sky,
 When Cæsar, bent war's wily arts to try,
 Through his extended battle gives command,
 The foremost lines in order fixt shall stand;
 Meanwhile the last, low lurking from the foe,
 With secret labour sink a trench below:
 Successful they the destin'd task pursue,
 While closing files prevent the hostile view.

Soon as the morn renew'd the dawning gray,
 He bids the soldier urge his speedy way,
 To seize a vacant height that near Ilerda lay.
 This saw the foe, and wing'd with fear and shame,
 Through secret paths with swift prevention came.
 Now various motives various hopes afford,
 To these the place, to those the conquering sword:
 Oppress'd beneath their armour's cumbrous weight,
 Th' assailants labouring tempt the steepy height;
 Half bending back they mount with panting pain,
 The following crowd their foremost mates sustain;

Against the shelving precipice they toil,
 And prop their hands upon the steely pile:
 On cliffs and shrubs, their steps, some climbing
 stay,

With cutting swords some clear the woody way;
 Nor death, nor wounds, their enemies annoy,
 While other uses now their arms employ.
 Their chief the danger from afar survey'd,
 And bade the horse fly timely to their aid.
 In order just the ready squadrons ride,
 Then wheeling to the right and left divide,
 To flank the foot, and guard each naked side.
 Safe in the middle space retire the foot,
 Make good the rear, and scorn the foes pursuit;
 Each side retreat, though each disdain to yield,
 And claim the glory of the doubtful field.

Thus far the cause of Rome by arms was try'd,
 And human rage alone the war supply'd;
 But now the elements new wrath prepare,
 And gathering tempests vex the troubled air.
 Long had the earth by wintry frosts been bound,
 And the dry north had numb'd the lazy ground.
 No furrow'd fields were drench'd with drizzly rain,
 Snow hid the hills, and hoary ice the plain.
 All desolate the western climes were seen,
 Keen were the blasts, and sharp the blue serene,
 To parch the fading herb, and dip the springing
 green.

At length the genial heat began to shine,
 With stronger beams in Aries' vernal sign;
 Again the golden day resum'd its right,
 And rul'd in just equation with the night:
 The moon her monthly course had now begun,
 And with increasing horns forsook the sun;
 When Boreas, by night's silver empress driven,
 To softer airs resign'd the western heaven.
 Then with warm breezes gentler Eurus came,
 Glowing with India's and Arabia's flame.
 The sweeping wind the gathering vapours press,
 From every region of the farthest east;
 Nor hang they heavy in the midway sky,
 But speedy to Hesperia driving fly:
 To Calpe's hills the sluicy rains repair,
 From north, and south, the clouds assemble there,
 And darkening storms lour in the sluggish air.
 Where western skies the utmost ocean bound,
 The watery treasures heap the welkin round;
 Thither they crowd, and, scant in the space,
 Scarce between heaven and earth can find a place.
 Condens'd at length the spouting torrents pour,
 Earth smokes, and rattles with the gushing shower;
 Jove's forked fires are rarely seen to fly,
 Extinguish'd in the deluge soon they die;
 Nor e'er before did dewy Iris show
 Such sady colours, or so maim'd a bow;
 Unvary'd by the light's refracting beam,
 She stoop'd to drink from oceans briny stream;
 Then to the dropping sky restor'd the rain:
 Again the falling waters sought the main.
 Then first the covering snows began to flow
 From off the Pyrenean's hoary brow;
 Huge hills of frost, a thousand ages old,
 O'er which the summer suns had vainly roll'd,
 Now melting, rush from every side amain,
 Swell every brook, and deluge all the plain.
 And now o'er Cæsar's camp the torrents sweep,
 Bear down the works, and fill the trenches deep.

Here men and arms in mix'd confusion swim,
 And hollow tents drive with th' impetuous stream;
 Lost in the spreading floods the land-marks lie,
 Nor can the forager his way descry.
 No beasts for food the floating pastures yield,
 Nor herbage rises in the watery field.
 And now, to fill the measure of their fears,
 Her baleful visage meagre famine rears:
 Seldom alone, she troops among the fiends,
 And still on war and pestilence attends.
 Unpress'd, unstraiten'd by besieging foes,
 All miseries of want the soldier knows.
 Gladly he gives his little wealth, to eat,
 And buys a morsel with his whole estate.
 Curs'd merchandise! where life itself is sold,
 And avarice consents to starve for gold!
 No rock, no rising mountain, rears his head,
 No single river winds along the mead,
 But one vast lake o'er all the land is spread.
 No lofty grove, no forest haunt is found,
 But in his den deep lies the savage drown'd:
 With headlong rage resistless in its course,
 The rapid torrent whirls the snorting horse;
 High o'er the sea the foamy freshets ride,
 While backward Tethys turns her yielding tide.
 Meantime continued darkness veils the skies,
 And suns with unavailing ardour rise;
 Nature no more her various face can boast,
 But form is huddled up in night and lost.
 Such are the climes beneath the frozen zone,
 Where cheerless winter plants her dreary throne;
 No golden stars their gloomy heavens adorn,
 Nor genial seasons to their earth return:
 But everlasting ice and snows appear,
 Bind up the summer signs, and curse the barren
 year.

Almighty Sire who dost supremely reign,
 And thou great ruler of the raging main!
 Ye gracious gods! in mercy give command,
 This desolation may for ever stand.
 Thou Jove! for ever cloud thy stormy sky;
 Thou Neptune! bid thy angry waves run high:
 Heave thy huge trident for a mighty blow,
 Strike the strong earth, and bid her fountains flow;
 Bid every river god exhaust his urn,
 Nor let thy own alternate tides return;
 Wide let their blended waters waste around,
 These regions, Rhine, and those of Rhone confound.
 Melt, ye hoar mountains of Riphæan snow;
 Brooks, streams, and lakes, let all your sources go;
 Your spreading floods the guilt of Rome shall
 spare,

And save the wretched world from civil war.

But fortune stay'd her short displeasure here,
 Nor urg'd her minion with too long a fear;
 With large increase her favours full return'd,
 As if the gods themselves his anger mourn'd;
 As if his name were terrible to heaven,
 And Providence could sue to be forgiven.

Now 'gan the welkin clear to shine serene,
 And Phœbus potent in his rays was seen.
 The scattering clouds disclos'd the piercing light,
 And hung the firmament with fleecy white;
 The troublous storm had spent his wrathful store,
 And clattering rains were heard to rush no more.
 Again the woods their leafy honours raise,
 And herds upon the rising mountains graze.

Day's genial heat upon the damps prevails,
 And ripens into earth the slimy vales.
 Bright glittering stars adorn night's spangled air,
 And ruddy evening skies foretel the morning fair.
 Soon as the falling Sicoris begun
 A peaceful stream within his banks to run,
 The bending willow into barks they twine,
 Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine:
 Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,
 Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po;
 On such to neighbouring Gaul, allur'd by gain,
 The bolder Britons cross the swelling main;
 Like these, when fruitful Egypt lies afloat,
 The Memphian artist builds his reedy boat,
 On these embarking bold with eager haste,
 Across the stream his legions Cæsar past:
 Straight the tall woods with sounding strokes are
 fell'd,

And with strong piles a beamy bridge they build;
 Then, mindful of the flood so lately spread,
 They stretch the lengthening arches o'er the mead.
 And, lest his bolder waters rise again,
 With numerous dikes they canton out the plain,
 And by a thousand streams the suffering river
 drain.

Petreius now a fate superior saw,
 While elements obey proud Cæsar's law;
 Then straight Ilerda's lofty walls forsook,
 And to the farthest west his arms betook;
 The nearer regions faithless all around,
 And basely to the victor bent, he found.
 When with just rage and indignation fir'd,
 He to the Celtiberians fierce retir'd;
 There fought, amidst the world's extremest parts,
 Still daring hands, and still unconquer'd hearts.

Soon as he view'd the neighbouring mountain's
 head

No longer by the hostile camp o'erspread,
 Cæsar commands to arm. Without delay
 The soldier to the river bends his way;
 None then with cautious care the bridge explor'd,
 Or sought the shallows of the safer ford;
 Arm'd at all points, they plunge amidst the flood,
 And with strong sinews make the passage good:
 Dangers they scorn that might the bold affright,
 And stop ev'n panting cowards in their flight.
 At length the farther bank attaining safe, [chafe;
 Chill'd by the stream, their dropping limbs they
 Then with fresh vigour urge the foes pursuit,
 And in the sprightly chafe the powers of life re-
 cruit.

Thus they; till half the course of life was run,
 And lessening shadows own'd the noon-day sun;
 The fliers now a doubtful fight maintain,
 While the fleet horse in squadrons scour the plain;
 The stragglers scattering round they force to yield,
 And gather up the gleanings of the field.

'Midst a wide plain two lofty rocks arise,
 Between the cliffs an humble valley lies;
 Long rows of ridgy mountains run behind,
 Where ways obscure and secret passes wind.
 But Cæsar, deep within his thought, foresees
 The foes attempt the covert strong to seize:
 So may their troops at leisure range afar,
 And to the Celtiberians lead the war.
 Be quick (he cries) nor minding just array,
 Swift, to the combat, wing your speedy way.

See! where you cowards to the fastness haste,
But let your terrors in their way be plac'd:
Pierce not the fearful backs of those that fly,
But on your meeting javelins let them die.
He said. The ready legions took the word,
And hastily obey their eager lord;
With diligence the coming foe prevent,
And stay their marches, to the mountains bent.
Near neighbouring now the camps intrench'd
are seen,

With scarce a narrow interval between.

169
Soon as their eyes o'ershoot the middle space,
From either host, fires, sons, and brothers trace
The well-known features of some kindred face. }
Then first their hearts with tenderness were struck,
First with remorse for civil rage they shook;
Stiffening with horror cold, and dire amaze,
A while in silent interviews they gaze:
Anon with speechless signs their swords salute,
While thoughts conflicting keep their masters
mute.

At length, disdaining still to be repress'd,
Prevailing passion rose in every breast,
And the vain rules of guilty war transgress'd.
As at a signal both their trenches quit,
And spreading arms in close embraces knit:
Now friendship runs o'er all her ancient claims,
Guest and companion are their only names;
Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind,
And how their boyish years in leagues were join'd.
With grief each other mutually they know,
And find a friend in every Roman foe.
Their falling tears their steely arms bedew,
While interrupting sighs each kiss pursue;
And though their hands are yet unstain'd by guilt,
They tremble for the blood they might have spilt.
But speak, unhappy Roman! speak thy pain,
Say for what woes thy streaming eyes complain?
Why dost thou groan? why beat thy sounding
breast?

Why is this wild fantastic grief express'd?
Is it, that yet thy country claims thy care?
Dost thou the crimes of war unwilling share?
Ah! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd?
How canst thou dread that power thyself hast
made?

Do Cæsar's trumpets call thee? scorn the sound.
Does he bid, march? dare thou to keep thy
ground.

So rage and slaughter shall to justice yield,
And fierce Erinnyes quit the fatal field:
Cæsar in peace a private state shall know,
And Pompey be no longer call'd his foe.

Appear, thou heavenly Concord! blest appear!
And shed thy better influences here.

Thou who the warring elements dost bind,
Life of the world, and safety of mankind, }
Infuse thy sovereign balm, and heal the wrath-
ful mind.

But if the same dire fury rages yet,
Too well they know what foes their swords shall
meet;

No blind pretence of ignorance remains,
The blood they shed must flow from Roman veins.
Oh! fatal truce! the brand of guilty Rome!
From thee worse wars and redder slaughters
come.

See! with what free and unsuspecting love,
From camp to camp the jocund warriors rove;
Each to his turfy table bids his guest,
And Bacchus crowns the hospitable feast.
The grassy fires refulgent lend their light,
While conversation sleepless wastes the night:
Of early feats of arms, by turns they tell,
Of fortunes that in various fields befell,
With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate:
At length their unauspicious hands are join'd,
And sacred leagues with faith renew'd they bind.
But oh! what worse could cruel fate afford!
The furies smil'd upon the curst accord, }
And dy'd with deeper stains the Roman sword.

By busy fame Petreus soon is told,
His camp, himself, to Cæsar all are sold;
When straight the chief indignant calls to arm,
And bids the trumpet spread the loud alarm.
With war encompass'd round he takes his way,
And breaks the short-liv'd truce with fierce as-
fray;

He drives th' unarm'd and unsuspecting guest,
Amaz'd, and wounded, from th' unfinished feast;
With horrid steel he cuts each fond embrace,
And violates with blood the new-made peace.
And lest the fainting flames of wrath expire,
With words like these he fans the deadly fire:
Ye herd! unknowing of the Roman worth,
And lost to the great cause which led you forth;
Though victory and captive Cæsar were
Honours too glorious for your swords to share;
Yet something, abject as you are, from you,
Something to virtue and the laws is due:
A second praise ev'n yet you may partake!
Fight, and be vanquish'd for your country's sake.
Can you, while fate as yet suspends our doom,
While you have blood and lives to lose for Rome,
Can you with tame submission seek a lord;
And own a cause by men and gods abhorr'd?
Will you in lowly wise his mercy crave?
Can soldiers beg to wear the name of slave?
Would you for us your suit to Cæsar move?
Know we disdain his pardoning power to prove:
No private bargain shall redeem this head:
For Rome, and not for us, the war was made.
Though peace a specious poor pretence afford,
Baseness and bondage lurk beneath the word.
In vain the workmen search the steely mine
To arm the field, and bid the battle shine;
In vain the fortress lifts her towery height;
In vain the warlike steed provokes the fight;
In vain our oars the foamy ocean sweep;
In vain our floating castles hide the deep;
In vain by land, in vain by sea we fought,
If peace shall e'er with liberty be bought.
See! with what constancy, what gallant pride,
Our steadfast foes defend an impious side!
Bound by their oaths, though enemies to good,
They scorn to change from what they once have
vow'd.

While each vain breath your slackening faith
withdraws, }
Yours! who pretend to arm for Rome and laws,
Who find no fault, but justice in your cause.
And yet, methinks, I would not give you o'er,
A brave repentance still is in your power:

While Pompey calls the utmost east from far,
And leads the Indian monarchs on to war,
Shall we (oh shame!) prevent his great success,
And bind his hands by our inglorious peace?

He spoke; and civil rage at once returns,
Each breast the fonder thought of pity scorns,
And ruthless with redoubled fury burns.
So when the tyger, or the spotted pard,
Long from the woods and savage haunts de-
barr'd,

From their first fierceness for a while are won,
And seem to put a gentler nature on;
Patient their prison, and mankind they bear,
Fawn on their lords, and looks less horrid wear:
But let the taste of slaughter be renew'd,
And their fell jaws again with gore imbru'd;
Then dreadfully their wakening furies rise,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;

With wrathful roar their echoing dens they
tear,
And hardly ev'n the well-known keeper spare;
The shuddering keeper shakes, and stands
aloof for fear.

From friendship freed, and conscious nature's tie,
To undistinguish'd slaughters loose they fly;
With guilt avow'd their daring crimes advance,
And scorn th' excuse of ignorance and chance.

Those whom so late their fond embraces prest,
The bosom's partner, and the welcome guest;
Now at the board unhospitable bleed,
While streams of blood the flowing bowl suc-
ceed.

With groans at first each draws the glittering
And lingering death stops in th' unwilling hand:
Till urg'd at length returning force they feel,
And catch new courage from the murdering
steel:

Vengeance and hatred rise with every blow,
And blood paints every visage like a foe.
Uproar and horror through the camp abound,
While impious sons their mangled fathers wound,
And, lest the merit of the crime be lost,
With dreadful joy the parricide they boast;
Proud to their chiefs the cold pale heads they
bear,

The gore yet dropping from the silver hair.

But thou, O Cæsar! to the gods be dear!
Thy pious mercy well becomes their care;
And though thy soldier falls by treacherous
peace,

Be proud, and reckon this thy great success.
Not all thou ow'st to bounteous Fortune's smile,
Not proud Massilia, nor the Pharian Nile;
Not the full conquest of Pharsalia's field,
Could greater fame, or nobler trophies yield;
Thine and the cause of justice now are one,
Since guilty slaughter brands thy foes alone.

Nor dare the conscious leaders longer wait,
Or trust to such unhallow'd hands their fate:
Astonish'd and dismay'd they shun the fight,
And to Ilorda turn their hasty flight.

But, ere their march atchieves its destin'd course,
Preventing Cæsar sends the winged horse:
The speedy squadrons seize th' appointed ground,
And hold their foes on hills encompass'd round.
Pent up in barren heights, they strive in vain
Refreshing springs and flowing streams to gain;

Strong hostile works their camp's extension stay,
And deep-funk trenches intercept their way.

Now deaths in unexpected forms arise,
Thirst and pale famine stalk before their eyes.
Shut up and close besieg'd, no more they need
The strength or swiftness of the warlike steed;
But doom the generous couriers all to bleed.
Hopeless at length, and barr'd around from
flight,

Headlong they rush to arms, and urge the fight:
But Cæsar, who with wary eyes beheld,
With what determin'd rage they fought the field,
Restrain'd his eager troops. Forbear, he cry'd,
Nor let your sword in madmen's blood be dy'd.
But, since they come devoted by despair,
Since life is grown unworthy of their care,
Since 'tis their time to die, 'tis ours to spare.
Those naked bosoms that provoke the foe,
With greedy hopes of deadly vengeance glow;
With pleasure shall they meet the pointed steel,
Nor smarting wounds, nor dying anguish feel,
If, while they bleed, your Cæsar shares the pain,
And mourns his gallant friends among the slain.
But wait awhile, this rage shall soon be past,
This blaze of courage is too fierce to last;
This ardour for the fight shall faint away,
And all this fond desire of death decay.

He spoke; and at the word the war was
stay'd,

Till Phœbus fled from night's ascending shade.
Ev'n all the day, embattled on the plain,
The rash Petreians urge to arms in vain:
At length the weary fire began to cease,
And wasting fury languish'd into peace;
Th' impatient arrogance of wrath declin'd,
And slackening passions cool'd upon the mind.
So when, the battle roaring loud around,
Some warrior warm receives a fatal wound;
While yet the griding sword has newly past,
And the first pungent pains and anguish last:
While full with life the turgid vessels rise,
And the warm juice the spritely nerve supplies;
Each sinewy limb with fiercer force is prest,
And rage redoubles in the burning breast:
But if, as conscious of th' advantage gain'd,
The cooler victor stays his wrathful hand;
Then sinks his thrall with ebbing spirits low,
The black blood stiffens and forgets to flow;
Cold damps and numbness close the deadly fount,
And stretch him pale and fainting on the ground;

For water now on every side they try,
Alike the sword and delving spade employ;
Earth's bosom dark, laborious they explore,
And search the sources of her liquid store;
Deep in the hollow hill the well descends,
Till level with the moister plain it ends.
Not lower down from cheerful day decline
The pale Assyrians, in the golden mine.
In vain they toil, no secret streams are found
To roll their murmuring tides beneath the
ground.

No bursting springs repay the workman's stroke,
Nor glittering gush from out the wounded rock;
No sweating caves in dewy droppings stand,
Nor smallest rills run gurgling o'er the sand.
Spent and exhausted with the fruitless pain,
The fainting youth ascend to light again.

And now less patient of the drought they grow,
Than in those cooler depths of earth below;
No savoury viands crown the cheerful board,
E'en food for want of water stands abhorr'd;
To hunger's meagre refuge they retreat,
And, since they cannot drink, refuse to eat.
Where yielding clods a moister clay confess,
With griping hands the clammy glebe they
press;

Where'er the standing puddle loathsome lies,
Thither in crowds the thirsty soldier flies;
Horrid to sight, the miry filth they quaff,
And drain with dying jaws the deadly draff.
Some seek the bestial mothers for supply,
And draw the herds extended udders dry;
Till thirst, unsated with the milky store,
With labouring lips drinks in the putrid gore.
Some strip the leaves, and suck the morning
dews;

Some grind the bark, the woody branches }
And squeeze the sapling's unconcocted juice. } [bruise,

Oh happy those, to whom the barbarous kings
Left their envenom'd floods, and tainted springs!
Cæsar be kind, and every bane prepare,
Which Cretan rocks, or Lybian serpents bear:
The Romans to thy poisonous streams shall fly,
And, conscious of the danger, drink, and die.
With secret flames their withering entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from their lungs return;
The shrinking veins contract their purple flood,
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood;
The heaving sighs through straiter passages blow,
And scorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapours
draws,
And restless rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want those floods that lately spread the
plain.

Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,
And fix them on the dry relentless skies.
Nor here by sandy Afric are they curst,
Nor Cancer's sultry line inflames their thirst;
But to enhance their pain, they view below,
Where lakes stand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two streams expires the panting host,
And in a land of water are they lost.

Now prest by pinching want's unequal weight,
The vanquish'd leaders yield to adverse fate:
Rejecting arms, Afranius seeks relief,
And sues submissive to the hostile chief.
Foremost himself, to Cæsar's camp he leads
His famish'd troops, a fainting band succeeds.
At length, in presence of the victor plac'd,
A fitting dignity his gesture grac'd,
That spoke his present fortunes, and his past. }
With decent mixture in his manly mien,
The captive and the general were seen:
Then, with a free, secure, undaunted breast,
For mercy thus his pious suit he prest.

Had Fate and my ill fortune laid me low,
Beneath the power of some ungenerous foe;
My sword hung ready to protect my fame,
And this right-hand had sav'd my soul from
shame:

But now with joy I bend my suppliant knee,
Life is worth asking, since 'tis given by thee.

No party-zeal our factious arms inclines,
No hate of thee, or of thy bold designs,
War with its own occasions came unsought,
And found us on the side for which we fought:
True to our cause as best becomes the brave,
Long as we could, we kept that faith we gave.
Nor shall our arms thy stronger fate delay,
Behold! our yielding paves thy conquering way:
The western nations all at once we give,
Securely these behind thee shalt thou leave;
Here while thy full dominion stands confest,
Receive it as an earnest of the east.
Nor this thy easy victory disdain,
Bought with no seas of blood, nor hills of
slain;

Forgive the foes that spare thy sword a pain.
Nor is the boon for which we sue too great,
The weary soldier begs a last retreat;
In some poor village, peaceful at the plough,
Let them enjoy the life thou dost bestow.
Think, in some field, among the slain we lie,
And lost to thy remembrance cast us by.
Mix not our arms in thy successful war,
Nor let thy captives in thy triumph share.
These unprevailing bands their fate have try'd,
And prov'd that fortune fights not on their side.
Guiltless to cease from slaughter we implore,
Let us not conquer with thee, and we ask no more.

He said. The victor, with a gentler grace,
And mercy softening his severer face,
Bade his attending foes their fears dismiss,
Go free from punishment, and live in peace.
The truce on equal terms at length agreed,
The waters from the watchful guard are freed:
Eager to drink, down rush the thirsty crowd,
Hang o'er the banks, and trouble all the flood.
Some, while too fierce the fatal draughts they
drain,

Forget the gasping lungs that heave in vain;
No breathing airs the choking channels fill,
But every spring of life at once stands still.
Some drink, nor yet the fervent pest assuage,
With wonted fires their bloated entrails rage;
With bursting sides each bulk enormous heaves,
While still for drink th' insatiate fever craves.
At length returning health dispers'd the pain,
And lusty vigour strung the nerves again.

Behold! ye sons of luxury, behold!
Who scatter in excess your lavish gold;
You who the wealth of frugal ages waste,
T' indulge a waston supercilious taste:
For whom all earth, all ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous board:
Behold! how little thrifty nature craves,
And what a cheap relief the lives of thousands
saves!

No costly wines these fainting legions know,
Mark'd by old consuls many a year ago;
No waiting slaves the precious juices pour,
From myrrhine goblets, or the golden ore:
But with pure draughts they cool the boiling
blood,

And seek their succour from the crystal flood.
Who, but a wretch, would think it worth his care,
The toils and wickedness of war to share,
When all we want thus easily we find?
The field and river can supply mankind,

Dismiss'd, and safe from danger and alarms,
The vanquish'd to the victor quits his arms;
Guiltless from camps, to cities he repairs,
And in his native land forgets his cares.
There in his mind he runs, repenting o'er
The tedious toils and perils once he bore;
His spear and sword of battle stand accurst,
He hates the weary march, and parching thirst;
And wonders much that e'er with pious pain
He pray'd so oft for victory in vain:
For victory! the curse of those that win,
The fatal end where still new woes begin.
Let the proud masters of the horrid field
Count all the gains their dire successes yield;
Then let them think what wounds they yet must
feel,

Ere they can fix revolving fortune's wheel,
As yet th' imperfect task by halves is done,
Blood, blood remains, more battles must be won,
And many a heavy labour undergone:
Still conquering, to new guilt they shall succeed,
Wherever restless fate and Cæsar lead.
How happier lives the man to peace assign'd,
Amidst this general storm that wrecks man-
kind!

In his own quiet house ordain'd to die,
He knows the place in which his bones shall lie.
No trumpet warns him 'put his harness on,
Though faint, and all with weariness foredone:
But when night falls he lies securely down,
And calls the creeping slumber all his own.
His kinder fates the warrior's hopes prevent,
And ere the time, the wish'd dismissal sent;
A lowly cottage, and a tender wife,
Receive him in his early days of life;
His boys, a rustic tribe, around him play,
And homely pleasures wear the vacant day.
No factious parties here the mind engage,
Nor work th' imbitter'd passions up to rage;
With equal eyes the hostile chiefs they view,
To this their faith, to that their lives are due:
To both oblig'd alike, no part they take,
Nor vows for conquest, nor against it, make.
Mankind's misfortunes they behold from far,
Pleas'd to stand neuter, while the world's at war.

But fortune, bent to check the victor's pride,
In other lands forsook her Cæsar's side;
With changing cheer the fickle goddess frown'd,
And for a while her favourite cause disown'd.
Where Adria's swelling surge Salonæ laves,
And warm Iader rolls his gentle waves,
Bold in the brave Curiat's warlike band,
Antoni'us camps upon the utmost strand:
Begirt around by Pompey's floating power,
He braves the navy from his well-fenc'd shore.
But while the distant war no more he fears,
Famine, a worse, resistless, foe, appears:
No more the meads their grassy pasture yield,
Nor waving harvests crown the yellow field.
On every verdant leaf the hungry feed,
And snatch the forage from the fainting steed;
Then ravenous on their camp's defence they fall,
And grind with greedy jaws the turfy wall.
Near on the neighbouring coast at length they spy
Where Basilus with social sails draws nigh;
While, led by Dolabella's bold command,
Their Cæsar's legions spread th' Illyrian strand:

Straight with new hopes their hearts recovering
beat,

Aim to elude the foe, and meditate retreat.

Of wondrous form a vast machine they build,
New, and unknown upon the floating field.
Here, nor the keel its crooked length extends,
Nor o'er the waves the rising deck ascends;
By beams and grappling chains compacted strong,
Light skiffs, and casks, two equal rows prolong:
O'er these, of solid oak securely made,
Stable and tight a flooring firm is laid;
Sublime, from hence, two plucky towers run
high,

And nodding battlements the foe defy.
Securely plac'd, each rising range between,
The lusty rower plies his task unseen.
Meanwhile nor oars upon the sides appear,
Nor swelling sails receive the driving air;
But living seems the mighty mass to sweep,
And glide self-mov'd athwart the yielding deep.
Three wond'rous floats of this enormous size,
Soon by the skilful builder's craft arise;
The ready warriors all aboard them ride,
And wait the turn of the retiring tide.
Backward at length revolving Tethys flows,
And ebbing waves the naked sands disclose:
Straight by the stream the launching piles are borne,
Shields, spears, and helms, their nodding towers
adorn;

Threatening they move in terrible array,
And to the deeper ocean bend their way.

Octavius now, whose naval powers command
Adria's rude seas, and wide Illyria's strand,
Full in their course his fleet advancing stays,
And each impatient combatant delays:
To the blue offing wide he seems to bear,
Hopeful to draw th' unwary vessels near;
Aloof he rounds them, eager on his prey,
And tempts them with an open roomy sea.
Thus, when the wily huntsman spreads his nets,
And with his ambient toil the woods besets;
While yet his busy hands, with skilful care,
The meshy hayes and forked props prepare;
Ere yet the deer the painted plumage spy,
Snuff the strong odour from afar, and fly;
His mates, the Cretan hound and Spartan bind,
And muzzle all the loud Molossian kind;
The quarry only to the wood they loose,
Who silently the tainted track pursues:
Mute signs alone the conscious haunt betray,
While fix'd he points, and trembles to the prey.

'Twas at the season when the fainting light,
Just in the evening's close brought on the night:
When the tall towery floats their isle forsook,
And to the sea their course, adventurous, took.
But now the fam'd Sicilian pirates, skill'd
In arts and and warfare of the liquid field,
Their wonted wiles and stratagems provide,
To aid their great acknowledg'd victor's side.
Beneath the glassy surface of the main,
From rock to rock they stretch a ponderous chain;
Loosely the slacker links suspended flow,
T' enwrap the driving fabrics as they go.
Urg'd from within, and wafted by the tide,
Smooth o'er the boom the first and second glide;
The third the guileful latent chain enfolds,
And in his stealthy grasp entwining holds:

From the tall rocks the shouting victors roar,
And drag the resty captive to the shore.
For ages past an ancient cliff there stood, [flood ;
Whose bending brow hung threatening o'er the
A verdant grove was on the summit plac'd,
And o'er the waves a gloomy shadow cast ;
While near the base wild hollows sink below,
There roll huge seas, and bellowing tempests
blow :

Thither whate'er the greedy waters drown,
The shipwreck, and the driving corpse are thrown:
Anon the gaping gulf the spoil restores,
And from his lowest depths loud-spouting pours.
Not rude Charybdis roars in sounds like these,
When thundering, with a burst, she spews the
foamy seas.

Hither, with warlike Opitergians fraught,
The third ill-fated prisoner float was brought ;
The foe, as at a signal, speed their way,
And haste to compass in the destin'd prey ;
The crowding sails from every station press,
While armed bands the rocks and shores possess.
Too late the chief, Vulteius, found the snare,
And strove to burst the toil with fruitless care :
Driv'n by despair at length, nor thinking yet
Which way to fight, or whither to retreat,
He turns upon the foe ; and though distress'd,
By wiles entangled, and by crowds oppress'd,
With scarce a single cohort to his aid,
Against the gathering host a stand he made.
Fierce was the combat fought, with slaughter
great,

Though thus an odds unequally they meet,
One with a thousand match'd, a ship against a
fleet.

But soon on dusky wings arose the night,
And with her friendly shade restrains the fight ;
The combatants from war consenting cease,
And pass the hours of darkness o'er in peace.

When to the soldier, anxious for his fate,
And doubtful what success the dawn might wait,
The brave Vulteius thus his speech address'd,
And thus compos'd the cares of every beating
breast.

My gallant friends ! whom our hard fates de-
This night, this short night only, to be free ;
Think what remains to do, but think with haste,
Ere the brief hour of liberty be past.
Perhaps, reduc'd to this so hard extreme,
Too short, to some, the date of life may seem ;
Yet know, brave youths, that none untimely fall,
Whom death obeys, and comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighbouring danger waits us
nigh ;

We meet but that from which we cannot fly ;
Yet think not but with equal praise we die.
Dark and uncertain is man's future doom,
If years, or only moments, are to come :
All is but dying ; he who gives an hour, [power.
Or he who gives an age, gives all that's in his
Sooner, or late, all mortals know the grave,
But to choose death distinguishes the brave.
Behold, where waiting round, yon hostile band,
Our fellow-citizens, our lives demand.
Prevent we then their cruel hands, and bleed ;
'Tis but to do what is too sure decreed,
And where our fate would drag us on, to lead.

A great conspicuous slaughter shall we yield,
Nor lie the carnage of a common field :
Where one ignoble heap confounds the slain,
And men, and beasts, promiscuous strow the plain,
Plac'd on this float by some diviner hand,
As on a stage, for public view we stand.
Illyria's neighbouring shores, her isles around,
And every cliff, with gazers shall be crown'd ;
The seas, and earth, our virtue shall proclaim,
And stand eternal vouchers for our fame ;
Alike the foes and fellows of our cause,
Shall mark the deed, and join in vast applause.
Blest be thou, fortune, that has mark'd us forth,
A monument of unexampled worth ;
To latest times our story shall be told,
Ev'n rais'd beyond the noblest names of old.
Distinguish'd praise shall crown our daring youth,
Our pious honour, and unshaken truth.
Mean is our offering, Cæsar, we confess :
For such a chief, what soldier can do less ?
Yet oh ! this faithful pledge of love receive !
Take it, 'tis all that captives have to give.
Oh ! that to make the victim yet more dear,
Our aged fires, our children had been here :
Then with full horror should the slaughter rise,
And blast our paler foes astonish'd eyes ;
Till, aw'd beneath that scorn of death we wear,
They bless the time our fellows 'scap'd their
snare :

Till with mean tears our fate the cowards mourn,
And tremble at the rage with which we burn.
Perhaps they mean our constant souls to try,
Whether for life and peace we may comply.
Oh ! grant, ye gods ! their offers may be great,
That we may gloriously disdain to treat,
That this last proof of virtue we may give,
And show we die not now, because we could not
live.

That valour to no common heights must rise,
Which he, our godlike chief himself shall prize,
Immortal shall our truth for ever stand,
If Cæsar thinks this little faithful band
A loss, amidst the host of his command.
For me, my friends, my fix'd resolve is ta'en,
And fate, or chance, may proffer life in vain ;
I scorn whatever safety they provide,
And cast the worthless trifling thought aside.
The sacred rage of death devours me whole,
Reigns in my heart, and triumphs in my soul :
I see, I reach the period of my woe,
And taste those joys the dying only know.
Wisely the gods conceal the wondrous good,
Lest man no longer should endure his load ;
Lest every wretch like me from life should fly,
Seize his own happiness himself, and die.

He spoke. The band his potent tongue confess'd,
And generous ardour burn'd in every breast.
No longer now they view, with watery eyes,
The swift revolving circle of the skies ;
No longer think the setting stars in haste,
Nor wonder slow Boötes moves so fast ;
But with high hearts exulting all, and gay,
They wish for light, and call the tardy day.
Yet, nor the heavenly axis long delays,
To roll the radiant signs beneath the seas ;
In Leda's twins now rose the warmer sun,
And near the lofty Crab exalted shone ;

Swiftly night's shorter shades began to move,
 And to the west Thessalian Chiron drove.
 At length the morning's purple beams disclose
 The wide horizon cover'd round with foes;
 Each rock and shore the crowding Istrians keep,
 While Greeks and fierce Liburnians spread the
 When yet, ere fury lets the battle loose, [deep:
 Octavius woes them with the terms of truce;
 If haply Pompey's chains they choose to wear,
 And captive life to instant death prefer.
 But the brave youth, regardless of his might,
 Fierce in the scorn of life, and hating light,
 Fearless, and careless of what'er may come,
 Resolv'd, and self-determin'd to their doom;
 Alike disdain the threatening of the war,
 And all the flattering wiles their foes prepare.
 Calmly the numerous legions round they view,
 At once by land and sea the fight renew;
 Relief, or friends, or aid, expect they none,
 But fix one certain truth in death alone.

In opposition firm awhile they stood,
 But soon were satisfy'd with hostile blood.
 Then turning from the foe, with gallant pride.
 Is there a generous youth (Vulsteius cry'd)
 Whose worthy sword may pierce your leader's
 side?

He said; and at the word, from every part,
 A hundred pointed weapons reach'd his heart;
 Dying he prais'd them all, but him the chief,
 Whose eager duty brought the first relief:
 Deep in his breast he plung'd his deadly blade,
 And with a grateful stroke the friendly gift re-
 pay'd.

At once all rush, at once to death they fly,
 And on each others sword alternate die,
 Greedy to make the mischief all their own,
 And arrogate the guilt of war alone.
 A fate like this did Cadmus' harvest prove,
 When mortally the earth-born brethren strove;
 When by each other's hands of life bereft,
 An omen dire to future Thebes they left.
 Such was the rage inspir'd the Colchian foes,
 When from the dragon's wondrous teeth they rose;
 When urg'd by charms, and magic's mystic power,
 They dy'd their native field with streaming gore;
 Till ev'n the fell enchantress stood dismay'd,
 And wonder'd at the mischiefs which she made.
 Furies more fierce the dying Romans feel,
 And with brave breasts provoke the lingering
 steel;

With fond embraces catch the deadly darts,
 And press them plunging to their panting hearts.
 No wound imperfect, for a second calls;
 With certain aim the sure destruction falls.
 This last best gift, this one unerring blow,
 Sires, sons, and brothers, mutually bestow;
 Nor piety, nor fond remorse prevail,
 And if they fear, they only fear to fail. [stain,
 Here with red streams the blushing waves they
 Here dash their mingled entrails in the main.
 Here with a last disdain they view the skies,
 Shut out heaven's hated light with scornful eyes,
 And, with insulting joy, the victor foe despise. }
 At length the heapy slaughter rose on high,
 The hostile chiefs the purple pile descry;
 And while the last accustom'd rites they give,
 Scarcely the unexampled deed believe;

Much they admire a faith by death approv'd,
 And wonder lawless power could e'er be thus be-
 lov'd.

Wide through mankind eternal fame displays
 This harpy crew, this single vessel's praise.
 But, oh! the story of the godlike rage
 Is lost, upon a vile, degenerate age;
 The base, the slavish world will not be taught,
 With how much ease their freedom may be
 bought.

Still arbitrary power on thrones commands,
 Still liberty is gall'd by tyrants bands, }
 And swords in vain are trusted to our hands.
 Oh! death! thou pleasing end of human woe,
 Thou cure for life, thou greatest good below;
 Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
 And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

Nor war's pernicious god less havoc yields,
 Where swarthy Lybia spreads her sun-burnt
 fields.

For Curio now the stretching canvas spread,
 And from Sicilian shores his navy led;
 To Afric's coast he cuts the foamy way,
 Where low the once victorious Carthage lay.
 There landing, to the well-known camp he hies,
 Where from afar the distant seas he spies;
 Where Bagrada's dull waves the sands divide,
 And slowly downward roll their sluggish tide.
 From thence he seeks the heights renown'd by
 fame,

And hallow'd by the great Cornelian name:
 The rocks and hills which long, traditions say,
 Were held by huge Antæus' horrid sway.
 Here, as, by chance, he lights upon the place,
 Curious he tries the reverend tale to trace.
 When thus, in short, the ruder Libyans tell,
 What from their fires they heard, and how the
 case befel:

The teeming earth, forever fresh and young,
 Yet, after many a giant son, was strong;
 When labouring, here, with the prodigious birth,
 She brought her youngest-born Antæus forth.
 Of all the dreadful brood which erst she bore,
 In none the fruitful beldame glory'd more:
 Happy for those above she brought him not,
 Till after Phlegra's doubtful field was fought.
 That this, her darling, might in force excel,
 A gift she gave: whene'er to earth he fell,
 Recruited strength he from his parent drew,
 And every slackening nerve was strung anew.
 Yon cave his den he made; where oft for food,
 He snatch'd the mother lion's horrid brood.
 Nor leaves, nor shaggy hides, his couch prepar'd,
 Torn from the tiger, or the spotted pard;
 But stretch'd along the naked earth he lies:
 New vigour still the native earth supplies.
 Whate'er he meets, his ruthless hands invade
 Strong in himself, without his mother's aid.
 The strangers that unknowing seek the shore,
 Soon a worse shipwreck on the land deplore.
 Dreadful to all, with matchless might he reigns, }
 Robs, spoils, and massacres the simple swains,
 And all unpeopled lie the Libyan plains. }
 At length, around the trembling nations spread,
 Fame of the tyrant to Alcides fled.
 The godlike hero, born, by Jove's decree,
 To set the seas, and earth, from monsters free;

Hither in generous pity bent his course,
And set himself to prove the giant's force.

Now met, the combatants for fight provide,
And either doffs the lion's yellow hide.
Bright in Olympic oil Alcides shone,
Antæus with his mother's dust is strown,
And seeks her friendly force to aid his own.
Now seizing fierce their grasping hands they mix,
And labour on the swelling throat to fix;
Their sinewy arms are writh'd in many a fold,
And, front to front, they threaten stern and bold.
Unmatch'd before, each bends a sullen frown,
To find a force thus equal to his own.
At length the godlike victor Greek prevail'd,
Nor yet the foe with all his force assail'd,
Faint dropping sweats bedew the monster's brows,
And panting thick with heaving sides he blows;
His trembling head the slackening nerves confess'd,

And from the hero shrunk his yielding breast.
The conqueror pursues, his arms entwine,
Infolding gripe, and strain his crashing chine,
While his broad knee bears forceful on his groin.
At once his faulteting feet from earth he rends,
And on the sands his mighty length extends.
The parent earth her vanquish'd son deploras,
And with a touch his vigour lost restores:
From his faint limbs the clammy dew she drains,
And with fresh streams recruits his ebbing veins;
The muscles swell, the hardening sinews rise,
And bursting from th' Herculean grasp he flies.
Astonish'd at the sight Alcides stood:
Nor more he wonder'd, when in Lerna's flood
The dreadful snake her falling heads renew'd.
Of all his various labours, none was seen
With equal joy by heav'n's unrighteous queen;
Pleas'd she beheld, what toil, what pains he prov'd,

He who had borne the weight of heaven unmov'd.
Sudden again upon the foe he flew,
The falling foe to earth for aid withdrew;
The earth again her fainting son supplies,
And with redoubled forces bids him rise:
Her vital powers to succour him she sends,
And earth herself with Hercules contends.
Conscious at length of such unequal fight,
And that the parent touch renew'd his might,
No longer shalt thou fall, Alcides cry'd,
Henceforth the combat standing shall be try'd;
If thou wilt lean, to me alone incline,
And rest upon no other breast but mine.
He said; and as he saw the monster stoop,
With mighty arms aloft he rears him up:
No more the distant earth her son supplies,
Lock'd in the hero's strong embrace he lies;
Nor thence dismiss'd, nor trusted to the ground,
Till death in every frozen limb was found.

Thus, fond of tales, our ancestors of old
The story to their children's children told;
From thence a title to the land they gave,
And call'd this hollow rock Antæus' cave.
But greater deeds this rising mountain grace,
And Scipio's name ennobles much the place;
While, fixing here his famous camp, he calls
Fierce Hannibal from Rome's devoted walls.
As yet the mouldering works remain in view,
Where dreadful once the Latian eagles flew.

Fond of the prosperous victorious name,
And trusting fortune would be still the same,
Hither his hapless ensigns Curio leads,
And here his inauspicious camp he spreads.
A fierce superior foe his arms provoke,
And rob the hills of all their ancient luck.
O'er all the Roman pow'rs in Libya's land,
Then Atius Varus bore supreme command;
Nor trusting in the Latian strength alone,
With foreign force he fortify'd his own;
Summon'd the swarthy monarchs all from far,
And call'd remotest Juba forth to war.
O'er many a country runs his wide command;
To Atlas huge, and Gades' western strand;
From thence to horned Ammon's fane renown'd,
And the waste Syrts unhospitable bound:
Southward as far he reigns, and rules alone
The sultry regions of the burning zone.
With him, unnumber'd nations march along,
Th' Autololes with wild Numidians throng;
The rough Getulian, with his ruder steed;
The Moab, resembling India's swarthy breed;
Poor Nasamons, and Garamantines join'd,
With swift Marmaridans that match'd the wind;

The Mazax, bred the trembling dart to throw,
Sure as the shaft that leaves the Parthian bow;
With these Massilia's nimble horsemen ride,
They, not the bit, nor curbing rein provide,
But with light rods the well-taught courser guide.

From lonely cots the Libyan hunters came,
Who still unarm'd invade the savage game,
And with spread mantles tawny lions tame.

But not Rome's fate, nor civil rage alone,
Incite the monarch Pompey's cause to own;
Stung by resenting wrath, the war he sought,
And deep displeasures past by Curio wrought.
He, when the tribune's sacred power he gain'd,
When justice, laws, and gods were all profan'd,
At Juba's ancient sceptre aim'd his hate,
And strove to rob him of his royal seat:
From a just prince would tear his native right,
While Rome was made a slave to lawless might.
The king, revolving causes from afar,
Looks on himself as party to the war.
That grudge, too well remembering, Curio knew;
To this he joins, his troops to Cæsar new,
None of those old experienc'd faithful bands,
Nurs'd in his fear, and bred to his commands;
But a loose, neutral, light, uncertain train,
Late with Corfinium's captive fortress ta'en,
That wavering pause, and doubt for whom to strike,

Sworn to both sides, and true to both alike,
The careful chief beheld, with anxious heart,
The faithless centinels each night desert:
Then thus, resolving, to himself he cry'd,
By daring shows our greatest fears we hide:
Then let me haste to bid the battle join,
And lead my army, while it yet is mine;
Leisure and thinking still to change incline.
Let war, and action, busy thought controul,
And find a full employment for the soul.
When with drawn swords determin'd soldiers stand,

When shame is lost, and fury prompts the hand,

What reason then can find a time to pause,
To weigh the differing chiefs, and juster cause?
That cause seems only just for which they fight,
Each likes his own, and all are in the right.
On terms like these, within th' appointed space,
Bold gladiators, gladiators face:
Unknowing why, like fiercest foes they greet,
And only hate, and kill, because they meet.

He said; and rang'd his troops upon the plain,
While Fortune met him with a semblance vain,
Covering her malice keen, and all his future
pain.

Before him Varus' vanquish'd legions yield,
And with dishonest flight forsake the field;
Expos'd to shameful wounds their backs he views,
And to their camp the fearful rout pursues.

Juba with joy the mournful news receives,
And haughty in his own success believes.
Careful his foes in error to maintain,
And still preserve them confident, and vain;
Silent he marches on in secret fort,
And keeps his numbers close from loud report.
Saburra, great in the Numidian race,
And second to their swarthy king in place,
First with a chosen slender band precedes,
And seemingly the force of Juba leads:
While hidden he, the prince himself, remains,
And in a secret vale his host constrains.

Thus oft th' ichneumon, on the banks of Nile,
Invades the deadly aspic by a wile;

While artfully his slender tail is play'd,
The serpent darts upon the dancing shade;
Then turning on the foe with swift surprise,
Full at his throat the nimble seizer flies:

The gasping snake expires beneath the wound,
His gushing jaws with poisonous floods abound,
And shed the fruitless mischief on the ground.

Nor fortune fail'd to favour his intent,
But crown'd the fraud with prosperous event.

Curio, unknowing of the hostile power,
Commands his horse the doubtful plain to scour,
And ev'n by night the regions round explore.

Himself, though oft forewarn'd by friendly care,
Of Punic frauds, and danger to beware,
Soon as the dawn of early day was broke,
His camp, with all the moving foot, forsook.

It seem'd, necessity inspir'd the deed,
And fate requir'd the daring youth should bleed.

War, that curst war which he himself begun,
To death and ruin drove him headlong on.

O'er devious rocks, long time, his way he takes,
Through rugged paths, and rude encumbering
brakes;

Till, from afar, at length the hills disclose,
Assembling on their heights, his distant foes.

Oft hasty flight with swift retreat they feign,
To draw th' unwary leader to the plain.

He, rash and ignorant of Libyan wiles,
Wide o'er the naked champain spreads his files;

When, sudden, all the circling mountains round
With numberless Numidians thick are crown'd;

At once the rising ambush stands confess'd,
And dread strikes cold on every Roman breast.

Helpless they view th' impending danger nigh,
Nor can the valiant fight, nor coward fly.

The weary horse neglects the trumpet's sound,
Nor with impatient ardour paws the ground;

No more he champs the bit, nor tugs the rein,
Nor pricks his ears, nor shakes his flowing mane:
With foamy sweat his smoking limbs are spread,
And all o'erlabour'd hangs his heavy head;
Hoarse, and with pantings thick, his breath he
draws,

While ropy filth begrimes his clammy jaws;
Careless the rider's heartening voice he hears,
And motionless the wounding spur he bears.
At length, by swords and goading darts com-
pell'd,

Dronish he drags his load across the field;
Nor once attempts to charge but drooping goes,
To bear his dying lord amidst his foes.

Not so the Libyans fierce their onset make;
With thundering hoofs the sandy soil they shake;
Thick o'er the battle wavy clouds arise,
As when through Thrace, Bistonian Boreas flies,
Involves the day in dust, and darkens all the
skies.

And now the Latian foot encompass'd round,
Are massacred, and trodden to the ground;
None in resistance vainly prove their might,
But death is all the business of the fight.

Thicker than hail the steely showers descend;
Beneath the weight the falling Romans bend.

On every side the shrinking front grows less,
And to the centre madly all they press:

Fear, uproar, and dismay, increase the cry,
Crushing, and crush'd, an armed crowd they die;
Ev'n thronging on their fellows swords they run,
And the foe's business by themselves is done.

But the fierce Moors disdain a crowd should share
The praise of conquest, or the task of war:

Rivers of blood they wish, and hills of slain,
With mangled carcases to strow the plain.

Genius of Carthage! rear thy drooping head,
And view thy fields with Roman slaughter spread.

Behold, oh Hannibal, thou hostile shade!

A large amends by fortune's hand is made,
And the lost Punic blood is well repaid.

Thus do the gods the cause of Pompey bless?
Thus, is it thus they give our arms success?

Take, Afric, rather take the horrid good,
And make thy own advantage of our blood.

The dust, at length, in crimson floods was laid,
And Curio now the dreadful field survey'd.

He saw 'twas lost, and knew in vain to strive,
Yet bravely scorn'd to fly, or to survive;

And though thus driven to death, he met it well,
And in a crowd of dying Romans fell.

Now what avail thy popular arts and fame,
Thy restless mind that shook thy country's frame;

Thy moving tongue that knew so well to charm,
And urge the madding multitude to arm?

What boots it, to have sold the senate's right,
And driven the furious leaders on to fight?

Thou the first victim of thy war art slain,
Nor shalt thou see Pharsalia's fatal plain.

Behold ye potent troublers of the state,
What wretched ends on curst ambition wait!

See! where a prey, unburied Curio lies,
To every fowl that wings the Libyan skies.

Oh! were the gods as gracious as severe,
Were liberty, like vengeance, still their care;

Then, Rome! what days, what people might'st
thou see,

If Providence would equally decree,
To punish tyrants, and preserve thee free.

Nor yet, oh generous Curio! shall my verse
 Forget, thy praise, thy virtues, to rehearse:
 Thy virtues which with envious time shall
 strive,
 And to succeeding ages long survive.
 In all our pregnant mother's tribe's, before,
 A son of nobler hope she never bore:
 A soul more bright, more great, she never knew,
 While to thy country's interest thou wert true.
 But thy bad fate o'er-rul'd thy native worth,
 And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth;
 When vice in triumph through the city pass'd,
 And dreadful wealth and power laid all things
 waste.

The sweeping stream thy better purpose cross'd,
 And in the headlong torrent wert thou lost.
 Much to the ruin of the state was done,
 When Curio by the Gallic spoils was won;
 Curio, the hope of Rome, and her most worthy
 son.
 Tyrants of old whom former times record,
 Who rul'd, and ravag'd with the murdering sword;
 Sylla whom such unbounded power made proud;
 Marius, and Cinna, red with Roman blood;
 Ev'n Cæsar's mighty race who lord it now,
 Before whose throne the subject nations bow,
 All bought that power which lavish Curio sold,
 Curio, who barter'd liberty for gold.

B O O K V.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN Epirus the consuls assemble the senate, who unanimously appoint Pompey general of the war against Cæsar, and decree public thanks to the several princes and states who assisted the commonwealth. Appius, at that time prætor of Achaia, consults the oracle of Delphos, concerning the event of the civil war. And, upon this occasion, the poet goes into a digression concerning the origin, the manner of the delivery, and the present silence of that oracle. From Spain, Cæsar returns into Italy, where he quells a mutiny in his army, and punishes the offenders. From Placentia, where this disorder happened, he orders them to march to Brundisium; where, after a short turn to Rome, and assuming the consulship, or rather the supreme power, he joins them himself. From Brundisium, though it was then the middle of winter, he transports part of his army by sea to Epirus, and lands at Palæste. Pompey who then lay about Candavia, hearing of Cæsar's arrival, and being in pain for Dyrrachium, marched that way: on the banks of the river Apfus, they met and encamped close together. Cæsar was not yet joined by that part of his troops which he had left behind him at Brundisium, under the command of Mark Anthony; and, being uneasy at his delays, leaves his camp by night, and ventures over a tempestuous sea in a small bark to hasten the transport. Upon Cæsar joining his forces together, Pompey perceived that the war would now probably be soon decided by a battle; and upon that consideration, resolved to send his wife to expect the event at Lesbos. Their parting, which is extremely moving, concludes this book.

Thus, equal fortune holds awhile the scale,
 And bids the leading chiefs by turns prevail;
 In doubt the goddess, yet, their fate detains,
 And keeps them for Emathia's fatal plains.
 And now the setting Pleiades grew low,
 The hills stood hoary in December's snow;
 The solemn season was approaching near,
 When other names renew'd the Fasti wear,
 And double Janus leads the coming year.
 The consuls, while their rods they yet retain'd,
 While yet some show of liberty remain'd,
 With missives round the scatter'd fathers greet,
 And in Epirus bid the senate meet.
 There the great rulers of the Roman state,
 In foreign seats, consulting meanly fate.
 No face of war the grave assembly wears,
 But civil power in peaceful pomp appears:
 The purple order to their place resort,
 While waiting lictors guard the crowded court.
 No faction these, nor party, seem to be,
 But a full senate, legal, just, and free.
 Great, as he is, here Pompey stands confest
 A private man, and one among the rest. [cease,
 Their mutual groans, at length, and murmurs
 And every mournful sound is hush'd in peace:
 When from the consular distinguish'd throne,
 Sublimely rais'd, thus Lentulus begun.

If yet our Roman virtue is the same,
 Yet worthy of the race from which we came,
 And emulates our great forefathers name,
 Let not our thoughts, by sad remembrance led,
 Bewail those captive walls from whence we
 fled.
 This time demands that to ourselves we turn,
 Nor, fathers, have we leisure now to mourn;
 But let each early care, each honest heart,
 Our senate's sacred dignity assert.
 To all around proclaim it, wide, and near,
 That power which kings obey, and nations fear,
 That only legal power of Rome, is here.
 For whether to the northern Bear we go,
 Where pale she glitters o'er eternal snow;
 Or whether in those sultry climes we burn,
 Where night and day with equal hours return;
 The world shall still acknowledge us its head.
 And empire follow wherefoe'er we lead.
 When Gallic flames the burning city felt,
 At Veia Rome with her Camillus dwelt.
 Beneath forsaken roofs proud Cæsar reigns,
 Our vacant courts, and silent laws constrains;
 While slaves obedient to his tyrant will,
 Outlaws, and profligates, his senate fill;
 With him a banish'd guilty crowd appear,
 All that are just and innocent are here.

Dispers'd by war, though guiltless of its crimes,
 Our order yielded to these impious times;
 At length returning each from his retreat,
 In happy hour the scatter'd members meet.
 The gods and fortune greet us on the way,
 And with the world lost Italy repay.
 Upon Illyria's favourable coast,
 Vulteius with his furious band are lost;
 While in bold Curio, on the Libyan plain,
 One half of Cæsar's senators lie slain.
 March then, ye warriors! second fate's design,
 And to the leading gods your ardour join,
 With equal constancy to battle come,
 As when you shun'd the foe, and left your native
 Rome.

The period of the consuls power is near,
 Who yield our fasces with the ending year:
 But you, ye fathers, whom we still obey,
 Who rule mankind with undetermin'd sway,
 Attend the public weal, with faithful care,
 And bid our greatest Pompey lead the war.

In loud applause the pleas'd assembly join,
 And to the glorious task the chief assign:
 His country's fate they trust to him alone,
 And bid him fight Rome's battles and his own.
 Next, to their friends their thanks are dealt around,
 And some with gifts, and some with praise are
 crown'd:

Of these the chief are Rhodes, by Phœbus lov'd,
 And Sparta rough, in virtue's lore approv'd.
 Of Athens much they speak; Massilia's aid
 Is with her parent Phocis' freedom paid.
 Deiotarus his truth they much commend,
 Their still unshaken faithful Asian friend.
 Brave Cotys and his valiant son they grace,
 With bold Rhafipolis from stormy Thrace.
 While gallant Juba justly is decreed
 To his paternal sceptre to succeed.

And thou too, Ptolemy (unrighteous fate!)
 Wert rais'd unworthy to the regal state;
 The crown upon thy perjur'd temples shone,
 That once was borne by Philip's godlike son.
 O'er Egypt shakes the boy his cruel sword:
 Oh! that he had been only Egypt's lord!
 But the dire gift more dreadful mischiefs wait,
 While Lago's sceptre gives him Pompey's fate:
 Preventing Cæsar's and his sister's hand,
 He seiz'd his parricide, and her command.

Th' assembly rose, and all on war intent
 Bustle to arms, and blindly wait th' event.
 Appius alone, impatient to be taught [fraught,
 With what the threat'ning future times were
 With busy curiosity explores

The dreadful purpose of the heavenly powers.
 To Delphos straight he flies, where long the god
 In silence had possess'd his close abode;
 His oracles had long been known to cease
 And the prophetic virgin liv'd in peace.

Between the ruddy west and eastern skies,
 In the mid-earth Parnassus' tops arise:
 To Phœbus, and the cheerful god of wine,
 Sacred in common stands the hill divine.
 Still as the third revolving year comes round,
 The Mænades, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
 The double deity in solemn songs resound.
 When, o'er the world, the deluge wide was
 spread,

This only mountain rear'd his lofty head;

VOL. XII.

One rising rock, preserv'd, a bound was given,
 Between the vasty deep, and ambient heaven.
 Here, to revenge long-vex'd Latona's pain,
 Python by infant Pæan's darts was slain,
 While yet the realm was held by Themis'
 righteous reign.

But when the god perceiv'd, how from below
 The conscious caves diviner breathings blow,
 How vapours could unfold th' inquirer's doom,
 And talking winds could speak of things to come;
 Deep in the hollows plunging he retir'd,
 There, with foretelling fury first inspir'd,
 From thence the prophet's art and honours he
 acquir'd.

So runs the tale. And oh! what god indeed
 Within this gloomy cavern's depth is hid?
 What power divine forsakes the heaven's fair light,
 To dwell with earth, and everlasting night?
 What is this spirit, potent, wise, and great,
 Who deigns to make a mortal frame his seat;
 Who the long chain of secret causes knows,
 Whose oracles the years to come disclose;
 Who through eternity at once foresees,
 And tells that fate which he himself decrees?
 Part of that soul, perhaps, which moves in all,
 Whose energy informs the pendent ball,
 Through this dark passage seeks the realms above,
 And strives to re-unite itself to Jove.

Whate'er the demon, when he stands confess'd
 Within his raging priestless' panting breast,
 Dreadful his godhead from the virgin breaks,
 And thundering from her foamy mouth he speaks.
 Such is the burst of bellowing Ætna's sound,
 When fair Sicilia's pastures shake around;
 Such from Inarime Typhœus roars,
 While rattling rocks bestrew Campania's shores.

The listening god, still ready with replies,
 To none his aid, or oracle, denies;
 Yet, wise and righteous ever, scorns to hear
 The fool's fond wishes, or the guilty's prayer;
 Though vainly in repeated vows they trust,
 None e'er find grace before him, but the just.
 Oft to a banish'd, wandering, houseless race,
 The sacred dictates have assign'd a place.
 Oft from the strong he saves the weak in war:
 This truth, ye Salaminian seas, declare!
 And heals the barren land, and pestilential air.
 Of all the wants with which this age is curst,
 The Delphic silence surely is the worst.

But tyrants, justly fearful of their doom,
 Forbid the gods to tell us what's to come.
 Meanwhile, the prophetess may well rejoice,
 And bless the ceasing of the sacred voice:
 Since death too oft her holy task attends,
 And immature her dreadful labour ends.
 Torn by the fierce distracting rage she springs,
 And dies beneath the god for whom she sings.

These silent caves, these tripods long unmov'd,
 Anxious for Rome, inquiring Appius prov'd:
 He bids the guardian of the dread abode
 Send in the trembling priestess to the god.
 The reverend sire the Latian chief obey'd,
 And sudden seiz'd the unsuspecting maid,
 Where careless in the peaceful grove she stray'd.
 Dismay'd, aghast, and pale, he drags her on;
 She stops, and strives the fatal task to shun:
 Subdu'd by force, to fraud and art she flies,
 And thus to turn the Roman's purpose tries;

What curious hopes thy wandering fancy move,
The silent Delphic oracle to prove?
In vain, Ausonian Appius, art thou come:
Long has our Phœbus and his cave been dumb.
Whether, disdaining us, the sacred voice
Has made some other distant land its choice;
Or whether, when the fierce barbarians' fires
Lay in the dust had laid our lofty spires,
In heaps the mouldering ashes heavy ro'd,
And chok'd the channels of the breathing god:
Or whether heaven no longer gives replies,
But bids the Sibyls mystic verse suffice;
Or, if he deigns not this bad age to bear,
And holds the world unworthy of his care;
Whate'er the cause, our god has long been mute,
And answers not to any suppliant's suit.

But, ah! too well her artifice is known,
Her fears confess the god, whom they disown.
Howe'er each rite she seemingly prepares;
A fillet gathers up her foremost hairs;
While the white wreath and bays her temples bind,
And knit the looser locks which flow behind.
Sudden, the stronger priest, though yet she strives,
The lingering maid within the temple drives:
But still she fears, still shuns the dreadful shrine,
Lags in the outer space, and feigns the rage divine.
But far unlike the god, her calmer breast
No strong enthusiastic throes confest;
No terrors in her starting hairs were seen
To cast from off her brow the wreathing green;
No broken accents half obstructed hung,
Nor swelling murmurs roll her labouring tongue.
From her fierce jaws no sounding horrors come,
No thunders bellow through the working foam,
To rend the spacious cave, and shake the vaulted
dome.

Too plain, the peaceful groves and fane betray'd
The wily, fearful, god-dissembling maid.
The furious Roman soon the fraud espy'd,
And, hope not thou to 'scape my rage, he cry'd;
Sore shalt thou rue thy fond deceit, profane,
(The gods and Appius are not mock'd in vain)
Unless thou cease thy mortal sounds to tell,
Unless thou plunge thee in the mystic cell,
Unless the gods themselves reveal the doom,
Which shall befall the warring world and Rome.

He spoke, and, aw'd by the superior dread,
The trembling priestess to the tripod fled:
Close to the holy breathing vent she cleaves,
And largely the unwonted god receives.
Nor age the potent spirit had decay'd,
But with full force he fills the heaving maid;
Nor e'er so strong inspiring Pæan came,
Nor stretch'd, as now, her agonizing frame?
The mortal mind driv'n out forsook her breast,
And the sole godhead every part possess'd.
Now swell her veins, her turgid sinews rise,
And bounding frantic through the cave she flies;
Her bristling locks the wreathy fillet scorn.
And her fierce feet the tumbling tripods spurn.
Now wild she dances o'er the vacant fane, [pain.
And whirls her giddy head, and bellows with the
Nor yet the less th' avenging wrathful god
Pours in his fires, and shakes his sounding rod:
He lashes now, and goads her on amain;
And now she checks her stubborn to the rein,
Curbs in her tongue, just labouring to disclose,
And speak that fate which in her bosom glows.

Ages on ages throng, a painful load,
Myriads of images, and myriads crowd;
Men, times, and things, or present, or to come,
Work labouring up and down, and urge for
room.

Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been,
Rolls in her thought, and to her sight is seen.
The ocean's utmost bounds her eyes explore,
And number every sand on every shore;
Nature, and all her works, at once they see,
Know when she first begun, and when her end
shall be.

And as the Sibyl once in Cumæ's cell,
When vulgar fates she proudly ceas'd to tell,
The Roman destiny distinguish'd took,
And kept it careful in her sacred book;
So now, Phemonœ, in crowds of thought,
The single doom of Latian Appius fought.
Nor in that mass, where multitudes abound,
A private fortune can with ease be found.
At length her foamy mouth begins to flow,
Groans more distinct, and plainer murmurs go:
A doleful howl the roomy cavern shook,
And thus the calmer maid in fainting accents
spoke:

While guilty rage the world tumultuous rends,
In peace for thee, Eubœa's vale attends;
Thither, as to thy refuge shalt thou fly,
There find repose, and unmolested lie.
She said; the god her labouring tongue suppress'd,
And in eternal darkness veil'd the rest,

Ye sacred tripods, on whose doom we wait!
Ye guardians of the future laws of fate!
And thou, oh! Phœbus, whose prophetic skill
Reads the dark counsels of the heavenly will;
Why did your wary oracles refrain,
To tell what kings, what heroes must be slain,
And how much blood the blushing earth should
stain?

Was it that, yet, the guilt was undecree'd?
That yet our Pompey was not doom'd to bleed?
Or chose you wisely, rather, to afford
A just occasion to the patriot's sword?
As if you fear'd t' avert the tyrant's doom,
And hinder Brutus from avenging Rome?

'Through the wide gates at length by force dis-
play'd,

Impetuous sallies the prophetic maid;
Nor yet the holy rage was all suppress'd,
Part of the god still heaving in her breast:
Urg'd by the demon, yet she rolls her eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the spacious skies.
Now horrid purple flushes in her face,
And now a livid pale supplies the place;
A double madness paints her cheeks by turns,
With fear she freezes, and with fury burns:
Sad breathing sighs with heavy accent go,
And doleful from her fainting bosom blow.
So when no more the storm sonorous sings,
But noisy Boreas hangs his weary wings;
In hollow groans the falling winds complain,
And murmur o'er the hoarse-resounding main.

Now by degrees the fire ethereal fail'd,
And the dull human sense again prevail'd;
While Phœbus sudden, in a murky shade,
Hid the past vision from the mortal maid.
Thick clouds of dark oblivion rise between,
And snatch away at once the wondrous scene;

Stretch'd on the ground the fainting priestess lies,
While to the tripod, back, th' informing spirit flies.

Meanwhile, fond Appius, erring in his fate,
Dream'd of long safety, and a neutral state;
And, ere the great event of war was known,
Fix'd on Eubœan Chalcis for his own.
Fool! to believe that power could ward the blow,
Or snatch thee from amidst the general woe!
In times like these, what god but death can save?
The world can yield no refuge, but the grave.
Where struggling seas Charybdis rude constrains,
And, dreadful to the proud, Rhannusia reigns;
Where by the whirling current barks are tost
From Chalcis to unlucky Aulis' coast;
There shall thou meet the gods appointed doom,
A private death, and long remember'd tomb.

To other wars the victor now succeeds,
And his proud eagles from Iberia leads:
When the chang'd gods his ruin seem'd to threat,
And cross the long successful course of fate.
Amidst his camp, and fearless of his foes,
Sudden he saw where inborn dangers rose,
He saw those troops that long had faithful stood,
Friends to his cause, and enemies to good,
Grown weary of their chief, and satiated with
blood.

Whether the trumpet's sound too long had ceas'd,
And slaughter slept in unaccustomed rest:
Or whether, arrogant by mischief made,
The soldier held his guilt but half repay'd:
Whilst avarice and hope of bribes prevail,
Turn against Cæsar, and his cause, the scale,
And set the mercenary sword to sale.

Nor, e'er before, so truly could he read
What dangers strow those paths the mighty tread.
Then, first he found, on what a faithless base
Their nodding towers ambition's builders place:
He who so late, a potent faction's head,
Drew in the nations, and the legions led;
Now stript of all, beheld in every hand
The warriors weapons at their own command;
Nor service now, nor safety they afford,
But leave him single to his guardian sword.
Nor is this rage the grumbling of a crowd,
That shun to tell their discontents aloud;
Where all with gloomy looks suspicious go,
And dread of an informer chokes their woe:
But, bold in numbers, proudly they appear,
And scorn the bashful mean restraints of fear.
For laws, in great rebellions, lose their end,
And all go free, when multitudes offend.

Among the rest, one thus: At length 'tis time
To quit thy cause, oh Cæsar! and our crime:
The world around for foes thou hast explor'd,
And lavishly expos'd us to the sword;
To make thee great, a worthless crowd we fall,
Scatter'd o'er Spain, o'er Italy, and Gaul;
In every clime beneath the spacious sky,
Our leader conquers, and his soldiers die.
What boots our march beneath the frozen zone,
Or that lost blood which stains the Rhine and
Rhône?

When scar'd with wounds, and worn with la-
bours hard,

We come with hopes of recompence prepar'd,
Thou giv'st us war, more war, for our reward.
Though purple rivers in thy cause we spilt,
And stain'd our horrid hands in every guilt;

With unavailing wickedness we toil'd,
In vain the gods, in vain the senate spoil'd;
Of virtue, and reward, alike bereft,
Our pious poverty is all we've left.
Say to what height thy daring arms would rise?
If Rome's too little, what can e'er suffice?
Oh, see at length! with pity, Cæsar, see
These withering arms, these hairs grown white
for thee.

In painful wars our joyless days have past,
Let weary age lie down in peace at last:
Give us, on beds, our dying limbs to lay,
And sigh, at home, our parting souls away.
Nor think it much we make the bold demand;
And ask this wondrous favour at thy hand:
Let our poor babes and weeping wives be by,
To close our drooping eyelids when we die.

Be merciful, and let disease afford
Some other way to die, beside the sword;
Let us no more a common carnage burn,
But each be laid in his own decent urn.

Still wilt thou urge us, ignorant and blind,
To some more monstrous mischief yet behind?

Are we the only fools, forbid to know

How much we may deserve by one sure blow?

Thy head, thy head is ours, whene'er we please;

Well has thy war inspir'd such thoughts as these:

What laws, what oaths, can urge their feeble bands;

To hinder these determin'd daring hands?

That Cæsar, who was once ordain'd our head,

When to the Rhine our lawful arms he led,

Is now no more our chieftain, but our mate;

Guilt equal, gives equality of state.

Nor shall his foul ingratitude prevail,

Nor weigh our merits in his partial scale;

He views our labours with a scornful glance,

And calls our victories the works of chance:

But his proud heart, henceforth, shall learn to
own,

His power, his fate, depends on us alone.

Yes, Cæsar, spite of all those rods that wait,

With mean obsequious service, on thy state;

Spite of thy gods, and thee, the war shall cease,

And we thy soldiers will command a peace.

He spoke, and fierce tumultuous rage inspir'd,

The kindling legions round the camp were fir'd,

And with loud cries their absent chief requir'd.

Permit it thus, ye righteous gods, to be;

Let wicked hands fulfil your great decree;

And, since lost faith and virtue are no more,

Let Cæsar's hands the public peace restore.

What leader had not now been chill'd with fear,

And heard this tumult with the last despair?

But Cæsar, form'd for perils hard and great,

Headlong to drive, and brave opposing fate,

While yet with fiercest fires their furies flame,

Secure, and scornful of the danger, came.

Nor was he wroth to see the madness rise,

And mark the vengeance threatening in their eyes;

With pleasure could he crown their curst designs,

With rapes of matrons and the spoils of shrines;

Had they but ask'd it, well he could approve
The waste and plunder of Tarpeian Jove:

No mischief he, no sacrilege, denies,

But would himself bestow the horrid prize.

With joy he sees their souls by rage possess'd,

Sooths and indulges every frantic breast,

And only fears what reason may suggest.

Still, Cæsar, wilt thou tread the paths of blood?
Wilt thou, thou singly, hate thy country's good?
Shall the rude soldier first of war complain,
And teach thee to be pitiful in vain?

Give o'er at length, and let thy labours cease,
Nor vex the world, but learn to suffer peace.

Why shouldst thou force each, now, unwilling
hand,

And drive them on to guilt, by thy command?

When ev'n relenting rage itself gives place,

And fierce Enyo seems to shun thy face.

High on a turf bank the chief was rear'd,

Fearless, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;

Around the crowd he cast an angry look,

And, dreadful, thus with indignation spoke:

Ye noisy herd! who in so fierce a strain

Against your absent leader dare complain;

Behold! where naked and unarm'd he stands,

And braves the malice of your threatening hands.

Here find your end of war, your long-sought
rest,

And leave your useless swords in Cæsar's breast.

But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?

To rail is all your feeble rage can do.

In grumbling factions are you bold and loud,

Can sow sedition, and increase a crowd;

You! who can lothe the glories of the great,

And poorly meditate a base retreat.

But, hence, be gone from victory and me,

Leave to me what my better fates decree:

New friends, new troops, my fortune shall afford,

And find a hand for every vacant sword.

Behold, what crowds on flying Pompey wait,

What multitudes attend his abject state!

And shall success, and Cæsar, droop the while!

Shall I want numbers to divide the spoil,

And reap the fruits of your forgotten toil?

Legions shall come to end the bloodless war,

And shouting follow my triumphal car.

While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,

Shall view our honours with a downward face,

And curse yourselves in secret as we pass.

Can your vain aid, can your departing force,

Withhold my conquest, or delay my course?

So trickling brooks their waters may deny,

And hope to leave the mighty ocean dry;

The deep shall still be full, and scorn the poor

supply.

Nor think such vulgar souls as yours were given,

To be the task of fate, and care of heaven:

Few are the lordly, the distinguish'd great,

On whom the watchful gods, like guardians, wait:

The rest for common use were all design'd,

An unregarded rabble of mankind:

By my auspicious name, and fortune, led,

Wide o'er the world your conquering arms were

spread, [your head?

But say, what had you done, with Pompey at

Vast was the same by Labienus won,

When, rank'd amidst my warlike friends, he shone:

Now mark what follows on his faithful change,

And see him with his chief new-chosen range;

By land, and sea, where'er my arms he spies,

An ignominious runagate he flies.

Such shall you prove. Nor is it worth my care,

Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear:

Who quits his leader, wherefoe'er he go,

Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.

Yes, ye great gods! your kinder care I owe,
You made the faith of these false legions known:
You warn me well to change these coward bands,
Nor trust my fate to such betraying hands.

And thou too, fortune, point't me out the way,
A mighty debt, thus, cheaply to repay;

Henceforth my care regards myself alone,
War's glorious gain shall now be all my own.

For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,

My ensigns shall by manly hands be borne.

Some few of you my sentence here shall wait,

And warn succeeding factions by your fate.

Down! groveling down to earth, ye traitors,
bend,

And with your prostrate necks, my doom attend.

And you, ye younger striplings of the war,

You, whom I mean to make my future care;

Strike home! to blood, to death, inure your hands,

And learn to execute my dread commands.

He spoke; and, at the impious sound dismay'd,

The trembling unresisting crowd obey'd:

No more their late equality they boast,

But bend beneath his frown a suppliant host.

Singly secure, he stands confess'd their lord,

And rules, in spite of him, the soldier's sword.

Doubtful, at first, their patience he surveys,

And wonders why each haughty heart obeys;

Beyond his hopes he sees the stubborn bow,

And bare their breasts obedient to the blow;

Till ev'n his cooler thoughts the deed disclaim,

And would not find their fiercer souls so tame.

A few, at length, selected from the rest,

Bled for example; and the tumult ceas'd;

While the consenting host the victims view'd,

And, in that blood, their broken faith renew'd.

Now to Brundisium's walls he bids them tend,

Where ten long days their weary marches end;

There he commands assembling barks to meet,

And furnish from the neighbouring shores his fleet.

Thither the crooked keels from Leuca glide,

From Taras old, and Hydrus' winding tide;

Thither with swelling sails their way they take,

From lowly Sipus, and Salapia's lake;

From where Apulia's fruitful mountains rise,

Where high along the coast Garganus lies,

And beating seas and fighting winds defies.

Meanwhile the chief to Rome directs his way,

Now fearful, aw'd, and fashion'd to his sway.

There, with mock pray'rs, the suppliant vulgar

And urge on him the great dictator's state. [wait,

Obedient he, since thus their wills ordain,

A gracious tyrant condescends to reign.

His mighty name the joyful Fasti wear,

Worthy to usher in the curst Pharsalian year.

Then was the time, when sycophants began

To heap all titles on one lordly man;

Then learn'd our fires that sawning lying strain,

Which we, their slavish sons, so well retain:

Then, first, were seen to join, an ill-match'd pair,

The axe of justice with the sword of war;

Fasces, and eagles, mingling, march along,

And in proud Cæsar's train promiscuous throng.

And while all powers in him alone unite,

He mocks the people with the shows of right.

The Martian field th' assembling tribes receives,

And each his unregarded suffrage gives;

Still with the same solemnity of face,

The reverend augur seems to fill his place:

Though now he hears not when the thunders roll,
Nor sees the flight of the ill-boding owl.
Then sunk the state and dignity of Rome,
Thence monthly consuls nominally come:
Just as the sovereign bids, their names appear,
To head the calendar, and mark the year.
Then too, to finish out the pageant show,
With formal rites to Alban Jove they go;
By night the festival was huddled o'er,
Nor could the god, unworthy, ask for more;
He who look'd on, and saw such foul disgrace,
Such slavery befall his Trojan race.

Now Cæsar, like the flame that cuts the skies,
And swifter than the vengeful tigers, flies
Where waste and overgrown Apulia lies;
O'er-passing soon the rude abandon'd plains,
Brundisium's crooked shores, and Cretan walls he
Loud Boreas there his navy close confines, [gains.
While wary seamen dread the wintry signs.
But he, th' impatient chief disdains to spare
Those hours that better may be spent in war:
He grieves to see his ready fleet withheld,
While others boldly plow the watery field.
Eager to rouse their sloth, behold (he cries)
The constant wind that rules the wintry skies,
With what a settled certainty it flies!
Unlike the wanton fickle gales that bring
The cloudy changes of the faithless spring.
Nor need we now to shift, to tack, and veer:
Steady the friendly north commands to steer.
Oh! that the fury of the driving blast
May swell the sail, and bend the lofty mast!
So shall our navy soon be wafted o'er,
E'er yon Phæacian gallies dip the oar,
And intercept the wish'd-for Grecian shore.
Cut every cable then, and haste away;
The waiting winds and seas upbraid our long de-
lay.

Low in the west the setting sun was laid,
Up rose the night in glittering stars array'd,
And silver Cynthia cast a lengthening shade;
When loosing from the shore the moving fleet,
All hands at once unfurl the spreading sheet;
The flacker tacklings let the canvas flow,
To gather all the breath the winds can blow.
Swift for a while they scud before the wind,
And leave Hesperia's lessening shores behind;
When, lo! the dying breeze begins to fail,
And flutters on the mast the flagging sail:
The duller waves with slower heavings creep,
And a dead calm benumbs the lazy deep.
As when the winter's potent breath constrains
The Scythian Euxine in her icy chains;
No more the Bosphori their streams maintain,
Nor rushing Ister heaves the languid main;
Each keel enclos'd, at once forgets its course,
While o'er the new-made champaign bounds the
horse:

Bold on the crystal plains the Thracians ride,
And print with sounding keels the stable tide.
So still a form th' Ionian waters take,
Dull as the muddy marsh and standing lake:
No breezes o'er the curling surface pass,
Nor sun-beams tremble in the liquid glass;
No usual turns revolving Tethys knows,
Nor with alternate rollings ebbs and flows:
But sluggish ocean sleeps in stupid peace,
And weary nature's motions seem to cease.

With differing eyes the hostile fleets beheld
The falling winds, and useless watery field.
There Pompey's daring powers attempt in vain
To plow their passage through th' unyielding
main;
While, pinch'd by want, proud Cæsar's legions
The dire distress of meagre famine fear.
With vows unknown before they reach the skies,
That waves may dash, and mounting billows rise;
That storms may with returning fury reign,
And the rude ocean be itself again.
At length the still, the sluggish darkness fled,
And cloudy morning rear'd its louring head:
The rolling flood the gliding navy bore,
And hills appear'd to pass upon the shore.
Attending breezes waft them to the land,
And Cæsar's anchors bite Palæste's strand.

In neighbouring camps the hostile chiefs sit
down,
Where Genusus the swift and Apfus run;
Among th' ignobler crowd of rivers, these
Soon lose their waters in the mingling seas:
No mighty streams nor distant springs they know,
But rise from muddy lakes and melting snow.
Here meet the rivals, who the world divide,
Once by the tenderest bands of kindred ty'd.
The world with joy their interview beheld,
Now only parted by a single field.
Fond of the hopes of peace, mankind believe,
Whene'er they come thus near, they must forgive.
Vain hopes! for soon they part to meet no more,
Till both shall reach the curst Egyptian shore;
Till the proud father shall in arms succeed,
And see his vanquish'd son untimely bleed;
Till he beholds his ashes on the strand,
Views his pale head within a villain's hand;
Till Pompey's fate shall Cæsar's tears demand.

The latter yet his eager hand restrains,
While Antony the lingering troops detains.
Repining much, and griev'd at war's delay,
Impatient Cæsar often chides his stay,
Oft he is heard to threaten, and humbly oft to pray.
Still shall the world (he cries) thus anxious wait?
Still wilt thou stop the gods, and hinder fate?
What could be done before was done by me:
Now ready fortune only stays for thee. [stand,
What holds thee then? Do rocks thy course with-
Or Lybian Syrts oppose their faithless strand?
Or dost thou fear new dangers to explore?
I call thee not, but where I pass'd before.
For all those hours thou lovest, I complain,
And sue to heaven for prosperous winds in vain.
My soldiers (often has their faith been try'd),
If not withheld, had hasten'd to my side.
What toil, what hazards will they not partake?
What seas and shipwrecks scorn for Cæsar's sake?
Nor will I think the gods so partial are,
To give thee fair Aufonia for thy share;
While Cæsar, and the senate, are forgot,
And in Epirus bound their barren lot.

In words like these, he calls him oft in vain,
And thus the hasty millives oft complain.
At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
What vast success his rasher darings crown'd;
Who saw how much the favouring gods had done,
Nor would be wanting, when they urg'd him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious stay,
Resolves by night to prove the doubtful way:

Bold, in a single skiff he means to go,
 And tempt those seas that navies dare not plow.
 'Twas now the time when cares and labour
 cease,
 And ev'n the rage of arms was hush'd to peace:
 Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched
 lay,
 And slept the founder for the painful day.
 Through the still camp the night's third hour re-
 sounds,
 And warns the second watches to their rounds;
 When through the horrors of the murky shade,
 Secret the careful warriors footsteps tread.
 His train unknowing, slept within his tent,
 And fortune only follow'd where he went.
 With silent anger he perceiv'd around,
 The sleepy centinels bestrew the ground:
 Yet, unrepining, now, he pass'd them o'er,
 And fought with eager haste the winding shore.
 There through the gloom his searching eyes ex-
 plor'd,
 Where to the mouldering rock a bark was moor'd.
 The mighty master of this little boat
 Securely slept within a neighbouring cot:
 No massy beams support his humble hall,
 But reeds and marshy rushes wove the wall;
 Old shatter'd planking for a roof was spread,
 And cover'd in from rain the needy shed.
 Thrice on the feeble door the warrior struck,
 Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling shook.
 What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
 Driven by the raging seas, and stormy skies,
 To my poor lowly roof for shelter flies?
 He spoke; and hasty left his homely bed,
 With oozy flags and withering sea-weed spread.
 Then from the hearth the smoking match he takes,
 And in the tow the drowsy fire awakes;
 Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel he supplies,
 Till kindling sparks and glittering flames arise.
 O happy poverty! thou greatest good,
 Bestow'd by heaven, but seldom understood!
 Here nor the cruel spoiler seeks his prey,
 Nor ruthless armies take their dreadful way;
 Security thy narrow limits keeps,
 Safe are thy cottages, and sound thy sleeps.
 Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great,
 Where gods and godlike princes choose their seat;
 See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
 Nor starts, though Cæsar's call commands to rise.
 What terrors had you felt, that call to hear!
 How had your towers and ramparts shook with
 fear,
 And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
 The door unbarr'd: Expect (the leader said)
 Beyond thy hopes, or wishes, to be paid;
 If in this instant hour thou wast me o'er,
 With speedy haste to yon Hesperian shore.
 No more shall want thy weary hand constrain,
 To work thy bark upon the boisterous main;
 Henceforth good days and plenty shall betide;
 The gods and I will for thy age provide.
 A glorious change attends thy low estate,
 Sudden and mighty riches round thee wait;
 Be wise, and use the lucky hour of fate.
 Thus he; and though in humble vestments
 dress'd,
 Spite of himself, his words his power express'd,
 And Cæsar in his bounty stood confess'd.

To him the wary pilot thus replies:
 A thousand omens threaten from the skies;
 A thousand boding signs my soul affright,
 And warn me not to tempt the seas by night.
 In clouds the setting sun obscur'd his head,
 Nor painted o'er the ruddy west with red:
 Now north, now south, he shot his parted beams,
 And tipp'd the sullen black with golden gleams:
 Pale shone his middle orb with faintish rays,
 And suffer'd mortal eyes at ease to gaze.
 Nor rose the silver queen of night serene,
 Supine and dull her blunted horns were seen,
 With foggy stains and cloudy blots between.
 Dreadful a while she shone all fiery red,
 Then sicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.
 Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow roar,
 In leafy gooves, and on the sounding shore.
 In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
 And thwart, and run across, and mix their way.
 The cormorants the watery deep forsake,
 And soaring herons avoid the plashy lake;
 While waddling on the margin of the main,
 The crow bewets her, and prevents the rain.
 Howe'er, if some great enterprise demand,
 Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand:
 My venturous bark the troubled deep shall try,
 To thy wish'd port her plunging prow shall ply,
 Unless the seas resolve to beat us by.

He spoke; and spread his canvas to the wind,
 Unmoor'd his boat, and left the shore behind.
 Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they past,
 Long trails of light the shooting meteors cast;
 Ev'n the fix'd fires above in motion seem,
 Shake through the blast, and dart a quivering
 beam;
 Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
 And in long ridges rolls the threatening flood;
 While loud and louder murmuring winds arise,
 And growl from every quarter of the skies.
 When thus the trembling master, pale with fear,
 Behold what wrath the dreadful gods prepare;
 My art is at a loss; the various tide
 Beats my unstable bark on every side:
 From the north-west the setting current swells,
 While southern storms the driving rack foretells.
 Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is lost,
 Nor can one relic of our wreck be tost
 By winds, like these, on fair Hesperia's coast.
 Our only means of safety is to yield,
 And measure back with haste the foamy field;
 To give our unsuccessful labour o'er, [shore.
 And reach, while yet we may, the neighbouring
 But Cæsar, still superior to distress,
 Fearless, and confident of sure success,
 Thus to the pilot loud—The seas despise,
 And the vain threatening of the noisy skies.
 Though gods deny thee yon Ausonian strand;
 Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
 Thy ignorance alone can cause thy fears,
 Thou know'st not what a freight thy vessel bears;
 Thou know'st not I am he, to whom 'tis given
 Never to want the care of watchful heaven.
 Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
 And always ready comes before I call.
 Let winds, and seas, loud wars at freedom wage,
 And waste upon themselves their empty rage;
 A stronger, mightier demon is thy friend,
 Thou, and thy bark, on Cæsar's fate depend.

Thou stand'st amaz'd to view this dreadful scene;
 And wonder'st what the gods and fortune mean!
 But artfully their bounties thus they raise,
 And from my dangers arrogate new praise;
 Amidst the fears of death they bid me live,
 And still enhance what they are sure to give.
 Then leave yon shore behind with all thy haste,
 Nor shall this idle fury longer last.
 Thy keel auspicious shall the storm appease,
 Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer seas,
 And reach Brundisium's safer port with ease.
 Nor can the gods ordain another now,
 'Tis what I want, and what they must bestow.

Thus while in vaunting words the leader spoke;
 Full on his bark the thundering tempest struck;
 Off rips the rending canvas from the mast,
 And whirling flits before the driving blast;
 In every joint the groaning alder sounds,
 And gapes wide-opening with a thousand wounds.
 Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,
 From every quarter roars the rushing wind:
 First from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed
 Tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful head;
 Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
 And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
 Him the north-east encountering fierce defy'd,
 And back rebuffed the yielding tide.
 The curling surges loud conflicting meet,
 Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
 While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian strand,
 Plows up the waves, and scoops the lowest sand:
 Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
 Nor showery Notus in th' Æolian cell;
 But each from every side, his power to boast,
 Rang'd his proud forces, to defend his coast.
 Equal in might, alike they strive in vain,
 While in the midst the seas unmov'd remain:
 In lesser wars they yield to stormy heaven,
 And captive waves to other deeps are driven;
 The Tyrrhene billows dash Ægean shores,
 And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
 How then must earth the swelling ocean dread,
 When floods ran higher than each mountain's head!
 Subject and low the trembling beldame lay,
 And gave herself for lost, the conquering water's
 prey.

What other worlds, what seas unknown before,
 Then drove their billows on our beaten shore!
 What distant deeps, their prodigies to boast,
 Heav'd their huge monsters on th' Ausonian coast!
 So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
 And tir'd his thunders on a harden'd world:
 New wrath, the god, new punishment display'd,
 And call'd his watery brother to his aid:
 Offending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
 And bade his floods no longer stand confin'd;
 At once the surges o'er the nations rise,
 And seas are only bounded by the skies.
 Such now the spreading deluge had been seen,
 Had not th' Almighty Ruler stood between;
 Proud waves the cloud-compelling fire obey'd,
 Confess'd his hand suppressing, and were stay'd.

Nor was that gloom the common shade of night,
 The friendly darkness that relieves the light;
 But fearful black and horrible to tell,
 A murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell;
 So thick the mingling seas and clouds were hung,
 Scarce could the struggling lightning gleam along.

Through nature's frame the dire convulsion struck,
 Heav'n groan'd, the labouring pole and axis
 shook:

Uproar, and Chaos old, prevail'd again,
 And broke the sacred elemental chain:
 Black fiends, unhallow'd, fought the blest abodes,
 Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods.
 One only hope when every other fail'd,
 With Cæsar, and with nature's self, prevail'd;
 The storm that fought their ruin, prov'd them
 strong,

Nor could they fall who stood that shock so long.
 High as Leucadia's lessening cliffs arise,
 On the tall billow's top the vessel flies;
 While the pale master, from the surge's brow,
 With giddy eyes surveys the depth below.
 When straight the gaping main at once divides,
 On naked sands the rushing bark subsides,
 And the low liquid vale the topmast hides.
 The trembling shipman all distraught with fear,
 Forgets his course, and knows not how to steer;
 No more the useless rudder guides the prow,
 To meet the rolling swell or shun the blow.
 But, lo! the storm itself assistance lends,
 While one assaults, another wave defends:
 This lays the sidelong alder on the main,
 And that restores the leaning bark again.
 Obedient to the mighty winds she plies,
 Now seeks the depths, and now invades the skies;
 There born aloft, she apprehends no more,
 Or shoaly Saron, or Thessalia's shore;
 High hills she dreads, and promontories now,
 And fears to touch Ceraunia's airy brow.

At length the universal wreck appear'd,
 To Cæsar's self, ev'n worthy to be fear'd.
 Why all these pains, this toil of fate (he cries)
 This labour of the seas, and earth, and skies?
 All nature, and the gods, at once alarm'd,
 Against my little boat and me are arm'd.
 If, oh ye Powers Divine! your will decrees
 The glory of my death to these rude seas;
 If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
 If that, my first of wishes, you deny;
 My soul no longer at her lot repines,
 But yields to what your providence assigns.
 Though immature I end my glorious days,
 Cut short my conquest, and prevent new praise;
 My life, already, stands the noblest theme,
 To fill long annals of recording fame.
 Far northern nations own me for their lord,
 And envious factions crouch beneath my sword;
 Inferior Pompey yields to me at home,
 And only fills a second place in Rome.
 My country has my high behests obey'd,
 And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
 All sovereignty, all honours are my own,
 Consul, dictator, I am all alone.
 But thou, my only goddess, and my friend,
 Thou, on whom all my secret prayers attend,
 Conceal, oh fortune! this inglorious end.
 Let none on earth, let none beside thee, know
 I sunk thus poorly to the shades below.
 Dispose, ye gods! my carcase as you please,
 Deep let it drown beneath these raging seas;
 I ask no urn my ashes to infold,
 Nor marble monuments, nor shrines of gold.
 Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
 Expect me still, and think I am to come;

So shall my name with terror still be heard,
And my return in every nation fear'd.

He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
Nor sunk again, alternate, as before,
But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the shore.
Rome and his fortune were at once restor'd,
And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.

Now, through the camp his late arrival told,
The warriors crowd, their leader to behold;
In tears, around, the murmuring legions stand,
And welcome him, with fond complaints, to land.

What means too-daring Cæsar (thus they cry)
To tempt the ruthless seas, and stormy sky!
What a vile helpless herd had we been left,
Of every hope at once in thee bereft?
While on thy life so many thousands wait,
While nations live dependent on thy fate,
While the whole world on thee, their head, rely,
'Tis cruel in thee to consent to die.

And couldst thou not one faithful soldier find,
One equal to his mighty master's mind,
One that deserv'd not to be left behind?
While tumbling billows tost thee on the main,
We slept at ease, unknowing of thy pain.
Were we the cause, oh shame! unworthy we,
That urg'd thee on to brave the raging sea?
Is there a slave whose head thou hold'st so light,
To give him up to this tempestuous night?
While Cæsar, whom the subject earth obeys,
To seasons such as these, his sacred self betrays.
Still wilt thou weary out indulgent heaven,
And scatter all the lavish gods have given?
Dost thou the care of Providence employ,
Only to save thee when the seas run high?
Auspicious Jove thy wishes would promote;
Thou ask'st the safety of a leaky boat.

He proffers thee the world's supreme command;
Thy hopes aspire no farther than to land,
And cast thy shipwreck on th' Hesperian strand.

In kind reproaches thus they waste the night,
Till the gray east disclos'd the breaking light:
Serene the sun his beamy face display'd,
While the tir'd storm and weary waves were laid.
Speedy the Latian chiefs unfurl their sails,
And catch the gently-rising northern gales:
In fair appearance the tall vessels glide,
The pilots and the wind conspire to guide,
And waft them fitly o'er the smoother tide:
Decent they move, like some well-order'd band,
In rang'd battalions marching o'er the land.
Night fell at length, the winds the sails forsook,
And a dead calm the beauteous order broke.
So when, from Strymon's wintry banks, the
cranes,

In feather'd legions cut th' ethereal plains;
To warmer Nile they bend their airy way,
Form'd in long lines, and rank'd in just array:
But if some rushing storm the journey cross,
The wingy leaders all are at a loss:
Now close, now loose, the breaking squadrons fly,
And scatter in confusion o'er the sky.
The day return'd, with Phœbus Auster rose,
And hard upon the straining canvas blows.
Scudding afore him swift the fleet he bore,
O'er-passing Lylius, to Nympeum's shore;
There safe from northern winds, within the port
they moor.

While thus united Cæsar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great decision near;
Sad Pompey's soul uneasy thoughts infest,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breast:
To distant Lesbos fain he would remove,
Far from the war, the partner of his love.
Oh, who can speak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderness which pious lovers feel?
Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell,
With all the crowd of cares that in their bosoms
dwell?

See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome and the world he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife.
Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And, lingering, puts off fate from day to day.
The fleeting shades began to leave the sky,
And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia prest
Her lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast:
Wondering, she found he shunn'd her just em-
brace,

And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
Heart-wounded with the sudden woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd,
When, with a groan, thus he: My truest wife,
To say how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expresses what my heart would show,
Since life, alas! is grown my burden now;
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæsar calls me to the fight.
Haste then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
The Lesbian isle attends thy peaceful seat:
Nor seek, oh! seek not to increase my cares,
Seek not to change my purpose with thy prayers;
Myself, in vain, the fruitless suit have try'd,
And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
Think not, thy distance will increase thy fear:
Ruin, if ruin comes, will soon be near,
Too soon the fatal news shall reach thy ear.
Nor burns thy heart with just and equal fires,
Nor dost thou love as virtue's law requires;
If those soft eyes can ev'n thy husband bear,
Red with the stains of blood, and guilty war.
When horrid trumpets sound their dire alarms,
Shall I indulge my sorrows with thy charms,
And rise to battle from these tender arms?
Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
And join thy absence to the public woe.
But thou be hid, be safe from every fear,
While kings and nations in destruction share:
Shun thou the crush of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
Then if the gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce victor chase me o'er the plain,
Thou shalt be left me still, my better part,
To soothe my cares, and heal my broken heart;
Thy open arms I shall be sure to meet,
And fly with pleasure to the dear retreat.

Stunn'd and astonish'd at the deadly stroke,
All sense, at first, the matron sad forsook.
Motion, and life, and speech, at length returns,
And thus in words of heaviest woe she mourns:

No, Pompey! 't is not that my lord is dead,
 'Tis not the hand of fate has robb'd my bed;
 But like some base plebeian I am curs'd,
 And by my cruel husband stand divorce'd.
 But Cæsar bids us part! thy father comes!
 And we must yield to what that tyrant dooms!
 Is thy Cornelia's faith so poorly known,
 That thou shouldst think her safer whilst alone? }
 Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one? }
 Canst thou, inhuman, drive me from thy side,
 And bid my single head the coming storm abide?
 Do I not read thy purpose in thy eye!
 Dost thou not hope, and wish, ev'n now to die?
 And can I then be safe? Yet death is free,
 That last relief is not deny'd to me;
 Though banish'd by thy harsh command I go,
 Yet I will join thee in the realms below.
 Thou bid'st me with the pangs of absence strive,
 And, till I hear thy certain loss, survive.
 My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear;
 But, oh! my heart's a woman, and I fear.
 If the good gods, indulgent to my prayer,
 Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their
 In distant climes I may prolong my woe, [care;
 And be the last thy victory to know.
 On some bleak rock that frowns upon the deep,
 A constant watch thy weeping wife shall keep;
 There from each sail misfortune shall I guess,
 And dread the bark that brings me thy success.
 Nor shall those happier tidings end my fear,
 The vanquish'd foe may bring new danger near;
 Defenceless I may still be made a prize,
 And Cæsar snatch me with him as he flies:
 With ease my known retreat he shall explore,
 While thy great name distinguishes the shore:
 Soon shall the Lesbian exile stand reveal'd,
 The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
 But if th' o'er-ruling powers thy cause forsake,
 Grant me this only last request I make;
 When thou shalt be of troops and friends bereft,
 And wretched flight is all thy safety left;
 Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
 But choose a refuge in some distant part.

Where'er thy un auspicious bark shall steer,
 Thy sad Cornelia's fatal shore forbear,
 Since Cæsar will be sure to seek thee there.

So saying, with a groan the matron fled,
 And wild with sorrow, left her holy bed:
 She sees all lingering, all delays are vain,
 And rushes headlong to possess the pain;
 Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
 One last embrace from her forsaken lord.
 Uncommon cruel was the fate for two,
 Whose lives had lasted long, and been so true, }
 To lose the pleasure of one last adieu.

In all the woeful days that cross'd their blifs,
 Sure never hour was known so sad as this;
 By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
 They met all after-sorrows with disdain, }
 And fortune shot her envious shafts in vain.

Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
 Her train officious hasten to her aid:
 Then gently rearing, with a careful hand,
 Support her, flow-descending, o'er the strand.
 There, while with eager arms she grasp'd the
 shore,

Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
 Not half this grief of heart, these pangs, she knew,
 When from her native Italy she flew:
 Lonely and comfortless she takes her flight.
 Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night,
 In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
 She wants the tender partner of her side.
 When weary oft in heaviness she lies,
 And dozy slumber steals upon her eyes;
 Fain, with fond arms, her lord she would have
 prest,

But weeps to find the pillow at her breast.
 Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
 Painful she lies, and restless oft she turns.
 She shuns his sacred side with awful fear,
 And would not be convinc'd he is not there.
 But, oh! too soon the want shall be supply'd,
 The gods too cruelly for that provide:
 Again the circling hours bring back her lord,
 And Pompey shall be fatally restor'd.

B O O K VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

CÆSAR and Pompey lying now near Dyrrhachium, after several marches and counter-marches, the former with incredible diligence runs a vast line, or work, round the camp of the latter. This, Pompey, after suffering for want of provisions, and a very gallant resistance of Scæva, a centurion of Cæsar's, at length breaks through. After this, Cæsar makes another unsuccessful attempt upon a part of Pompey's army, and then marches away into Thessaly: And Pompey, against the persuasion and counsel of his friends, follows him. After a description of the ancient inhabitants, the boundaries, the mountains, and rivers of Thessaly; the poet takes occasion, from this country being famous for witchcraft, to introduce Sextus Pompeius, inquiring the event of the civil war from the forcereis Erichtho.

Now, near encamp'd, each on a neighbouring
 The Latian chiefs prepare for suddenfight. [height,
 The rival pair seem hither brought by fate,
 As if the gods would end the dire debate, }
 And here determine of the Roman state.
 Cæsar, intent upon his hostile son,
 Demands a conquest here, and here alone;

Neglects what laurels captive towns must yield,
 And scorns the harvest of the Grecian field.
 Impatient he provokes the fatal day,
 Ordain'd to give Rome's liberties away, }
 And leave the world the greedy victor's prey.
 Eager, that last, great chance of war he waits,
 Where either's fall determines both their fates.

Thrice, on the hills, all drawn in dread array,
 His threatening eagles wide their wings display;
 Thrice, but in vain, his hostile arms he show'd,
 His ready rage, and thirst of Latian blood.
 But when he saw, how cautious Pompey's care,
 Safe in his camp, declin'd the proffer'd war;
 Through woody paths he bent his secret way,
 And meant to make Dyrrhachium's towers his
 This Pompey saw; and swiftly shot before, [prey.
 With speedy marches on the sandy shore:
 Till on Taulantian Petra's top he stay'd,
 Sheltering the city with his timely aid.
 This place, nor walls, nor trenches deep can boast,
 The works of labour, and expensive cost.
 Vain prodigality! and labour vain!
 Lost is the lavish wealth, and lost the fruitless pain!
 What walls, what towers e'er they rear sublime,
 Must yield to wars, or more destructive time;
 While fences like Dyrrhachium's fortrefs made,
 Where nature's hand the sure foundation laid,
 And with her strength the naked town array'd,
 Shall stand secure against the warrior's rage,
 Nor fear the ruinous decays of age.
 Guarded, around, by steepy rocks it lies,
 And all access from land, but one, denies.
 No venturous vessel there in safety rides,
 But foaming surges break, and swelling tides
 Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy sides:
 Or when contentious winds more rudely blow,
 Then mounting o'er the topmast cliff they flow,
 Burst on the lofty domes, and dash the town
 below.

Here Cæsar's daring heart vast hopes conceives,
 And high with war's vindictive pleasures heaves;
 Much he revolves within his thoughtful mind,
 How, in this camp, the foe may be confin'd,
 With ample lines from hill to hill design'd.
 Secret and swift he means the task to try,
 And runs each distance over with his eye.
 Vast heaps of sod and verdant turf are brought,
 And stones in deep laborious quarries wrought;
 Each Grecian dwelling round the work supplies,
 And sudden ramparts from their ruins rise.
 With wond'rous strength the stable mound they
 rear,
 Such as th' impetuous ram can never fear,
 Nor hostile might o'erturn, nor forceful engine
 tear.

Through hills, resistless, Cæsar plains his way,
 And makes the rough unequal rocks obey.
 Here deep, beneath, the gaping trenches lie,
 There forts advance their airy turrets high.
 Around vast tracts of land the labours wind,
 Wide fields and forests in the circle bind,
 And hold as in a toil the savage kind.
 Nor ev'n the foe too strictly pent remains,
 At large he forages upon the plains;
 The vast enclosure gives free leave around,
 Oft to decamp, and shift the various ground.
 Here, from far fountains, streams their channels
 trace, [space,
 And, while they wander through the tedious
 Run many a mile their long-extended race:
 While some, quite worn and weary of the way,
 Sink, and are lost before they reach the sea:
 Ev'n Cæsar's self, when through the works he goes,
 Tires in the midst, and stops to take repose.

Let fame no more record the walls of Troy,
 Which gods alone could build, and gods destroy;
 Nor let the Parthian wonder, to have seen
 The labours of the Babylonian queen:
 Behold this large, this spacious tract of ground:
 Like that, which Tigris or Orontes bound;
 Behold this land! that majesty might bring,
 And form a kingdom for an eastern king;
 Behold a Latian chief this land enclose,
 Amidst the tumult of impending foes: [rose.
 He bade the walls arise, and as he bade they }
 But ah! vain pride of power! ah! fruitless boast!
 Ev'n these, these mighty labours are all lost!
 A force like this what barriers could withstand?
 Seas must have fled, and yielded to the land;
 The lovers shores united might have stood,
 Spite of the Hellespont's opposing flood;
 While the Ægean and Ionian tide,
 Might meeting o'er the vanquish'd Isthmus ride, }
 And Argive realms from Corinth's walls divide;
 This power might change unwilling nature's face,
 Unfix each order, and remove each place.
 Here, as if clos'd within a list, the war
 Does all its valiant combatants prepare;
 Here ardent glows the blood, which fate ordains
 To dye the Libyan and Emathian plains;
 Here the whole rage of civil discord join'd,
 Struggles for room, and scorns to be confin'd.
 Nor yet, while Cæsar his first labours try'd,
 The warlike toil by Pompey was descry'd,
 So, in mid Sicily's delightful plain, }
 Safe from the horrid sound, the happy swain
 Dreads not loud Scylla barking o'er the main.
 So, northern Britons never hear the roar
 Of seas, that break on the far Cantian shore.
 Soon as the rising ramparts hostile height,
 And towers advancing, struck his anxious sight,
 Sudden from Petra's iaser camp he led,
 And wide his legions on the hills dispread;
 So, Cæsar, forc'd his numbers to extend,
 More feebly might each various strength defend.
 His camp far o'er the large enclosure reach'd,
 And guarded lines along the front were stretch'd;
 Far as Rome's distance from Aricia's groves,
 (Aricia which the chaste Diana loves)
 Far as from Rome old Tiber seeks the sea,
 Did he not wander in his winding way.
 While yet no signals for the fight prepare, }
 Unbidden, some the javelin dart from far,
 And, skirmishing, provoke the lingering war.
 But deeper cares the thoughtful chiefs distress,
 And move, the soldiers ardour to repress.
 Pompey, with secret anxious thought, beheld,
 How trampling hoofs the rising grass repell'd;
 Waste lie the russet fields, the generous steed
 Seeks on the naked soil, in vain, to feed:
 Loathing from racks of husky straw he turns,
 And, pining, for the verdant pasture mourns.
 No more his limbs their dying load sustain, }
 Aiming a stride, he falters in the strain,
 And sinks a ruin on the withering plain.
 Dire maladies upon his vitals prey,
 Dissolve his frame, and melt the mass away.
 Thence deadly plagues invade the lazy air,
 Reek to the clouds, and hang malignant there,
 From Nefis such, the Stygian vapours rise,
 And with contagion taint the purer skies;

Such do Typhæus' steamy caves convey,
 And breathe blue poisons on the golden day.
 Thence liquid streams the mingling plague re-
 And deadly potions to the thirsty give: {ceive,
 To man the mischief spreads, the fell disease
 In fatal draughts does on his entrails seize.
 A rugged scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
 Spreads, like a bark, upon his silken skin;
 Malignant flames his swelling eye-balls dart,
 And seem with anguish from their seats to start;
 Fires o'er his glowing cheeks and visage stray,
 And mark, in crimson streaks, their burning way;
 Low droops his head, declining from its height,
 And nods, and totters with the fatal weight.
 With winged haste the swift destruction flies,
 And scarce the soldier sickens ere he dies;
 Now falling crowds at once resign their breath,
 And doubly taint the noxious air with death.
 Careless their putrid carcases are spread; {bed,
 And on the earth, their dank unwholesome
 The living rest in common with the dead. }
 Here none the last funereal rites receive;
 To be cast forth the camp, is all their friends
 can give.

At length kind heaven their sorrows bade to cease,
 And staid the pestilential foe's increase;
 Fresh breezes from the sea begin to rise,
 While Boreas through the lazy vapour flies, }
 And sweeps, with healthy wings, the rank
 polluted skies.

Arriving vessels now their freight unload,
 And furnish plenteous harvests from abroad:
 Now sprightly strength, now cheerful health,
 returns,

And life's fair lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.
 But Cæsar, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
 Feels not the mischief of the sluggish sky:
 On hills sublime he breathes the purer air,
 And drinks no damps, nor poisonous vapours, there.
 Yet hunger keen an equal plague is found;
 Famine and meagre want besiege him round;
 The fields, as yet, no hopes of harvest wear,
 Nor yellow stems disclose the bearded ear.
 The scatter'd vulgar search around the fields,
 And pluck whate'er the doubtful herbage yields;
 Some strip the trees in every neighbouring wood,
 And with the cattle share their grassy food.
 Whate'er the softening flame can pliant make,
 Whate'er the teeth, or labouring jaws, can break;
 What flesh, what roots, what herbs foe'er they }
 get,

Though new, and strange to human taste as yet, }
 At once the greedy soldiers seize and eat.
 What want, what pain foe'er they undergo,
 Still they persist in arms, and close beset the foe.

At length, impatient longer to be held
 Within the bounds of one appointed field,
 O'er every bar which might his passage stay,
 Pompey resolves to force his warlike way;
 Wide o'er the world the ranging war to lead,
 And give his loosen'd legions room to spread.
 Nor takes he mean advantage from the night,
 Nor steals a passage, nor declines the fight;
 But bravely dares, disdainful of the foe, {to go.
 Through the proud towers and ramparts breach
 Where shining spears, and crested helms are seen,
 Embattled thick to guard the walls within;

Where all things death, where ruin all afford,
 There Pompey marks a passage for his sword.
 Near to the camp a woody thicket lay, [way }
 Close was the shade, nor did the greenward
 With smoky clouds of dust, the march betray. }
 Hence, sudden they appear in dread array,
 Sudden their wide-extended ranks display;
 At once the foe beholds with wondering eyes }
 Where on broad wings Pompeian eagles rise;
 At once the warriors shouts and trumpet-sounds }
 surprise.

Scarce was the sword's destruction needful here,
 So swiftly ran before preventing fear;
 Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant some
 Stood, but to meet in arms a nobler doom.
 Where'er they stood, now scatter'd lie the slain, }
 Scarce yet a few for coming deaths remain,
 And clouds of flying javelins fall in vain. }
 Here swift consuming flames the victors throw,
 And here the ram impetuous aims a blow;
 Aloft the nodding turrets feel the stroke,
 And the vast rampart groans beneath the shock.
 And now propitious fortune seem'd to doom
 Freedom and peace, to Pompey, and to Rome;
 High o'er the vanquish'd works his eagles tower,
 And vindicate the world from Cæsar's power.

But (what nor Cæsar, nor his fortune con'd)
 What not ten thousand warlike hands withstood,
 Scæva resists alone; repels the force,
 And stops the rapid victor in his course.
 Scæva! a name erewhile to fame unknown,
 And first distinguish'd on the Gallic Rhone;
 There seen in hardy deeds of arms to shine,
 He reach'd the honours of the Latian vine.
 Daring and bold, and ever prone to ill, }
 Inur'd to blood, and active to fulfil
 The dictates of a lawless tyrant's will;
 Nor virtue's love, nor reason's laws he knew,
 But, careless of the right, for hire his sword he
 Thus courage by an impious cause is curst, [drew.
 And he that is the bravest, is the worst.
 Soon as he saw his fellows shun the fight,
 And seek their safety in ignoble flight,
 Whence does, he said, this coward's terror grow,
 This shame, unknown to Cæsar's arms till now?
 Can you, ye slavish herd, thus tamely yield?
 Thus fly, unwounded, from the bloody field?
 Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd heaps on high,
 Firm to the last, your brave companions lie;
 Then blush to think what wretched lives you save,
 From what renown you fly, from what a glorious
 grave.

Though sacred fame, though virtue yield to fear,
 Let rage, let indignation, keep you here.
 We! we the weakest, from the rest are chose,
 To yield a passage to our scornful foes!
 Yet, Pompey, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,
 And stain thy victor's laurel deep in blood,
 With pride, 'tis true, with joy I should have }
 If haply I had fall'n by Cæsar's side; [dy'd,
 But fortune has the noble death deny'd. }
 Then Pompey, thou, thou on my fame shall wait,
 Do thou be witness, and applaud my fate.
 Now push we on, disdain we now to fear, }
 A thousand wounds let every bosom bear,
 Till the keen sword be blunt, be broke the }
 pointed spear.

And see the clouds of dusty battle rise ! [skies !
Hark how the shout runs rattling through the
The distant legions catch the sounds from far,
And Cæsar listens to the thundering war.
He comes, he comes, yet ere his soldier dies,
Like lightning swift the winged warrior flies:
Haste then to death, to conquest haste away ;
Well do we fall, for Cæsar wins the day. [sound,

He spoke, and straight, as at the trumpet's
Rekindled warmth in every breast was found ;
Recall'd from flight, the youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring fellow-soldier's fate,
To see if haply virtue might prevail,
And, ev'n beyond their hopes, do more than
greatly fail.

High on the tottering wall he rears his head,
With slaughter'd carcases around him spread ;
With nervous arms uplifting these he throws,
These rolls oppressive, on ascending foes.
Each where materials for his fury lie,
And all the ready ruins arms supply :
Even his fierce self he seems to aim below,
Headlong to shoot, and dying dart a blow.
Now his tough staff repels the fierce attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold assailants back :
Now heads, now hands he lops, the carcase falls,
Whilst the clench'd fingers gripe the topmost walls:
Here stones he heaves ; the mass descending full,
Crushes the brain, and shivers the frail skull.
Here burning-pitchy brands he whirls around ;
Infix'd, the flames hiss in the liquid wound,
Deep drench'd in death, in flowing crimson
drown'd.

And now the swelling heaps of slaughter'd foes,
Sublime and equal to the fortrefs rose ;
Whence, forward, with a leap, at once he sprung,
And shot himself amidst the hostile throng.
So daring, fierce with rage, so void of fear,
Bounds forth the spotted pard, and scorns the hunt-
er's spear.

The closing ranks the warrior straight enfold,
And, compass'd in their steely circle, hold.
Undaunted still, around the ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and every where o'ercomes ;
Till, clogg'd with blood, his sword obeys but ill
The dictates of its vengeful master's will ;
Edgeless it falls, and though it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd bones, and bruises sore.
Meantime, on him the crowding war is bent,
And darts from every hand to him are sent ;
It look'd as fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel sport ordain'd the fight ;
A wondrous match of war she seem'd to make,
Her thousands here, and there her one to stake ;
As if on nightly terms in lists they ran,
And armies were but equal to the man.
A thousand darts upon his buckler ring,
A thousand javelins round his temples sing ;
Hard bearing on his head, with many a blow,
His steely helm is inward taught to bow,
The missile arms, fix'd all around he wears,
And ev'n his safety in his wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal wood, a deadly grove of spears.
Cease, ye Pompeian warriors ! cease the strife,
Nor, vainly, thus attempt this single life ;
Your darts, your idle javelins cast aside,
And other arms for Scæva's death provide ;

he forceful rams resistless horns prepare,
With all the ponderous vast machines of war ;
Let dreadful flames, let massy rocks be thrown,
With engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this Cæsar's soldier, like a town.
At length, his fate disdaining to delay,
He hurls his shield's neglected aid away,
Resolves no part whatever from death to hide,
But stands unguarded now on every side.
Encumber'd sore with many a painful wound,
Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile round ;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the crowds survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.
Such, by Getulian hunters compass'd in,
The vast unwieldy elephant is seen :
All cover'd with a steely shower from far,
Rousing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd war ;
In vain the distant troops the fight renew,
And with fresh rage the stubborn foe pursue ;
Unconquer'd still the mighty savage stands,
And scorns the malice of a thousand hands.
Not all the wounds a thousand darts can make,
Though all find place, a single life can take.
When lo ! address'd with some successful vow,
A shaft, sure flying from a Cretan bow,
Beneath the warrior's brow was seen to light,
And sunk, deep piercing the left orb of sight.
But he (so rage inspir'd, and mad disdain)
Remorseless fell, and senseless of the pain,
Tore forth the bearded arrow from the wound,
With stinging nerves besmear'd and wrapp'd a-
round,

And stamp'd the gory jelly on the ground.
So in Pannonian woods the growling bear,
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the hunter's spear,
Turns on her wound, runs maddening round with
And catches at the flying shaft in vain. [pain,
Down from his eyeless hollow ran the blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled visage flow'd ;
Deform'd each awful, each severer grace,
And veil'd the manly terrors of his face.
The victors raise their joyful voices high,
And with loud triumph strike the vaulted sky :
Not Cæsar thus a general joy had spread,
Though Cæsar's self like Scæva thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded soldier, in his breast,
The rising indignation deep repress'd,
And thus, in humble vein his haughty foes ad-
dress'd :

Here let your rage, ye Romans, cease, he said,
And lend your fellow-citizen your aid ;
No more your darts nor useless javelins try,
These, which I bear, will deaths enow supply,
Draw forth your weapons, and behold I die.
Or rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My doom beneath the mighty Pompey's feet :
'Twere great, 'twere brave, to fall in arms, 'tis
true,

But I renounce that glorious fate for you.
Fain would I yet prolong this vital breath,
And quit ev'n Cæsar, so I fly from death.
The wretched Aulus listen'd to the wile,
Intent and greedy of the future spoil ;
Advancing fondly on, with heedless ease,
He thought the captive and his arms to seize,
When, ere he was aware, his thundering sword
Deep in his throat the ready Scæva gor'd.

Warm'd with the slaughter, with fresh rage he
burns,

And vigour with the new success returns.

So may they fall (he said) by just deceit,
Such be their fate, such as this fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am vanquish'd yet!
If you would stop the vengeance of my sword,
From Cæsar's mercy be your peace implor'd,
There let your leader kneel, and humbly own
his lord.

Me! could you meanly dare to fancy me
Base, like yourselves, and fond of life to be!
But know, not all the names which grace your
cause,

Your reverend senate, and your boasted laws,
Not Pompey's self, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like death to Scæva, dear.

Thus while he spoke, a rising dust betray'd
Cæsarian legions marching to his aid.
Now Pompey's troops with prudence seem to yield,
And to increasing numbers quit the field;
Dissembling shame, they hide their foul defeat,
Nor vanquish'd by a single arm retreat.

Then fell the warrior, for till then he stood;
His manly mind supply'd the want of blood.
It seem'd as rage had kindled life anew,
And courage to oppose, from opposition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of foes, the victor fell.
Straight with officious haste his friends draw near,
And, raising, joy the noble load to bear:

To reverence and religious awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty mind,
That god within his mangled breast enshrin'd.
The wounding weapons, stain'd with Scæva's
blood,

Like sacred relics to the gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from every part with care,
And kept to dress the naked god of war.

Oh, happy soldier! had thy worth been try'd,
In pious daring, on thy country's side!

Oh! had thy sword Iberian battles known,
Or purple with Cantabrian slaughter grown;
How had thy name in deathless annals shone!
But now no Roman Pæan shalt thou sing,
Nor peaceful triumphs to thy country bring,
Nor loudly blest in solemn pomp shalt move,
Through crowding streets, to Capitolian Jove,
The laws defender, and the people's love:
Oh, hapless victor thou! oh, vainly brave!
How hast thou fought, to make thyself a slave!

Nor Pompey, thus repuls'd, the fight declines,
Nor rests encompass'd round by Cæsar's lines;
Once more he means to force his warlike way,
And yet retrieve the fortune of the day.

So when fierce winds with angry ocean strive,
Full on the beach the beating billows drive;
Stable a while the lofty mounds abide,
Check the proud surge, and stay the swelling
tide:

Yet restless still the waves unwearied roll,
Work underneath at length, and sap the sinking
mole.

With force renew'd the baffled warrior bends,
Where to the shore the jutting wall extends:
There proves, by land and sea, his various might,
And wins his passage by the double fight.

Wide o'er the plains diffus'd his legions range,
And their close camp for freer fields exchange.
So, rais'd by melting streams of Alpine snow,
Beyond his utmost margin swells the Po,
And loosely lets the spreading deluge flow:
Where'er the weaker banks oppress retreat,
And sink beneath the heapy waters weight,
Forth gushing at the breach, they burst their way,
And wasteful o'er the drowned country stray:
Far distant fields and meads they wander o'er,
And visit lands they never knew before;
Here, from its seat the mouldering earth is torn,
And by the flood to other masters borne;
While gathering there it heaps the growing soil,
And loads the peasant with his neighbour's spoil.

Soon as ascending high, a rising flame,
To Cæsar's sight, the combat's signal came,
Swift to the place approaching near, he found
The ruins scatter'd by the victor round,
And his proud labours humbled to the ground.
Thence to the hostile camp his eyes he turns,
Where for their peace, and sleep secure, he
mourns, [burns.]

With rancorous despite, and envious anguish,
At length resolv'd (so rage inspir'd his breast)
He means to break the happy victor's rest:

Once more to kindle up the fatal strife,
And dash their joys with hazard of his life.
Straight to Torquatus fierce he bends his way
(Torquatus near a neighbouring castle lay),
But he, by prudent caution taught to yield,
Trusts to his walls, and quits the open field;
There, safe within himself, he stands his ground,
And lines the guarded ramparts strongly round.

So when the seamen from afar descry
The clouds grow black upon the lowering sky,
Hear the winds roar, and mark the seas run high,
They furl the fluttering sheet with timely care,
And wisely for the coming storm prepare.

But now the victor, with resistless haste,
Proud o'er the ramparts of the fort had past;
When swift descending from the rising grounds,
Pompey with lengthening files the foe surrounds.
As when in Ætna's hollow caves below,
Round the vast furnace kindling whirlwinds
blow;

Rous'd in his baleful bower the giant roars,
And with a burst the burning deluge pours;
Then pale with horror shrieks the shuddering
swain,

To see the fiery ruin spread the plain.
Nor with less horror Cæsar's bands behold
Huge hostile dusty clouds their rear infold;
Unknowing whom to meet, or whom to shun,
Blind with their fear, full on their fates they run.
Well, on that day, the world repose had gain'd,
And bold rebellion's blood had all been drain'd,
Had not the pious chief the rage of war restrain'd.

Oh, Rome, how free, how happy hadst thou been!
Thy own great mistress, and the nations queen!
Had Sylla then thy great avenger stood,
And dy'd his thirty sword in traitors blood.

But, oh! for ever shalt thou now bemoan
The two extremes, by which thou wert undone,
The ruthless father, and too tender son.

With fatal pity, Pompey, hast thou spar'd,
And given the blackest crime the best reward:

How had that one, one happy day, withheld
The blood of Utica, and Munda's field!
The Pharian Nile had known no crime more
great

Than some vile Ptolemy's untimely fate;
Nor Afric then, nor Juba had bemoan'd,
Nor Scipio's blood the Punic ghosts aton'd;
Cato had for his country's good surviv'd,
And long in peace a hoary patriot liv'd;
Rome had not worn a tyrant's hated chain,
And fate had undecreed Pharsalia's plain.

But Cæsar, weary of th' unlucky land,
Swift to Æmathia leads his shatter'd band;
While Pompey's wary friends, with caution wife,
To quit the baffled foe's pursuit advise.

To Italy they point his open way,
And bid him make the willing land his prey.
Oh! never (he replies) shall Pompey come,
Like Cæsar arm'd, and terrible to Rome;
Nor need I from those sacred walls have fled,
Could I have borne our streets with slaughter'd,
And seen the Forum pil'd with heaps of dead. }
Much rather let me pine in Scythia's frost;
Or burn on swarthy Libya's sultry coast;
No clime, no distant region, is too far,
Where I can banish, with me, fatal war.
I fled, to bid my country's sorrows cease;
And shall my victories invade her peace?
Let her but safe and free from arms remain,
And Cæsar still shall think she wears his chain.

He spoke, and eastward sought the forest wide,
That rising clothes Gandavia's shady side;
Thence to Æmathia took his destin'd way,
Reserv'd by fate for the deciding day.

Where Eurus blows, and wint'ry suns arise,
Thessalia's boundary proud Ossa lies;
But when the god protracts the longer day,
Pelion's broad back receives the dawning ray.
Where through the Lion's fiery sign he flies,
Othrys his leafy groves for shades supplies.
On Pindus strikes the fady western light,
When glittering Vesper leads the starry night.
Northward, Olympus hides the lamps, that roll
Their paler fires around the frozen pole.
The middle space, a valley low depress'd,
Once a wide, lazy, standing lake possess'd;
While growing still the heapy waters stood,
Nor down through Tempe ran the rushing flood:
But when Alcides to the task apply'd,
And cleft a passage through the mountains wide;
Gushing at once the thundering torrent flow'd,
While Nereus groan'd beneath th' increasing load.
Then rose (oh, that it still a lake had lain!) }
Above the waves Pharsalia's fatal plain,
Once subject to the great Achilles' reign. }
Then Phylace was built, whose warriors boast
Their chief first landed on the Trojan coast;
Then Pteleos ran her circling wall around,
And Dorion, for the muses' wrath renown'd;
Then Trachin high, and Melibœa stood,
Where Hercules his fatal shafts bestow'd;
Larissa strong arose, and Argos, now
A plain, submitted to the labouring plough.
Here stood the town, if there be truth in fame,
That from Bœotian Thebes receiv'd its name.
Here sad Agave's wandering sense return'd,
Here for her murder'd son the mother mourn'd;

With streaming tears she wash'd his ghastly head,
And on the funeral pile the precious relic laid.

The gushing waters various soon divide,
And every river rules a separate tide;
The narrow Æas runs a limpid flood,
Evenos blushes with the Centaur's blood;
That gently mingles with th' Ionian sea,
While this through Caledonia cuts his way.
Slowly fair Io's aged father falls,
And in hoarse murmurs his lost daughter calls.
Thick Achelous rolls his troubled waves,
And heavily the neighbour isles he laves;
While pure Amphryfus winds along the mead,
Where Phœbus once was wont his flocks to
feed:

Oft on the banks he sat a shepherd swain,
And watch'd his charge upon the grassy plain.
Swift to the main his course Sperchios bends,
And, sounding, to the Malian gulf descends.
No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
No dewy mists, nor fleecy clouds arise.
Here Phœnix, Melas, and Asopus run,
And strong Apidanus drives slow Enipeus on.
A thousand little brooks, unknown to fame,
Are mix'd, and lost in Peneus' nobler name:
Bold Titaresus scorns his rule, alone,
And, join'd to Peneus, still himself is known:
As o'er the land his haughty waters glide,
And roll, unmingling, a superior tide.
'Tis said, through secret channels winding forth,
Deep as from Styx he takes his hallow'd birth:
Thence, proud to be rever'd by gods on high,
He scorns to mingle with a mean ally.

When rising grounds uprear'd at length their
heads,

And rivers shrunk within their oozy beds;
Bebrycians first are said, with early care,
In furrows deep to sink the shining share.
The Lelegians next, with equal toil,
And Dolopes, invade the mellow soil.
To these the bold Æolidæ succeed;
Magnetes, taught to reign the fiery steed, }
And Minyæ, to explore the deep decreed. }
Here pregnant by Ixion's bold embrace,
The mother cloud disclos'd the Centaur's race:
In Pelethronian caves she brought them forth,
And fill'd the land with many a monstrous birth.
Here dreadful Monychus first saw the light,
And prov'd on Pholoe's rending rocks his might;
Here tallest trees uprooting Rhœcus bore,
Which baffled storms had try'd in vain before.
Here Pholus, of a gentler human breast,
Receiv'd the great Alcides for his guest.
Here, with brute-fury, lustful Nessus try'd }
To violate the hero's beauteous bride, }
'Tis justly by the fatal shaft he dy'd.
This parent land the pious leach confess,
Chiron, of all the double race the best:
'Midst golden stars he stands refulgent now,
And threatens the Scorpion with his bended bow.

Here love of arms and battle reign'd of old,
And form'd the first Thessalians fierce and bold:
Here, from rude rocks, at Neptune's potent
stroke,

Omen of war, the neighing courser broke;
Here, taught by skilful riders to submit,
He champ'd indignant on the foamy bit.

From fair Thessalia's Pegasæan shore,
 The first bold pine the daring warriors bore,
 And taught the sons of earth wide oceans to
 explore.
 Here, when Itonus held the regal seat,
 The stubborn steel he first subdu'd with heat,
 And the tough bars on sounding anvils beat:
 In furnaces he ran the liquid bras,
 And cast in curious works the molten mass:
 He taught the ruder artist to refine,
 Explor'd the silver and the golden mine,
 And stamp'd the costly metal into coin.
 From that old era avarice was known,
 Then all the deadly seeds of war was sown;
 Wide o'er the world, by tale, the mischief ran,
 And those curst pieces were the bane of man.
 Huge Python, here, in many a scaly fold,
 To Cyrrha's cave a length enormous roll'd:
 Hence, Pythian games the hardy Greeks renown,
 And laurel wreaths the joyful victor crown.
 Here proud Alæus durst the gods defy,
 And taught his impious brood to scale the sky:
 While mountains pil'd on mountains interfere
 With heaven's bright orbs, and stop the circling
 sphere.

To this curst land, by fate's appointed doom,
 With one consent the warring leaders come;
 Their camps are fix'd, and now the vulgar fear,
 To see the terrible event so near.

A few, and but a few, with souls serene,
 Wait the disclosing of the dubious scene.
 But Sextus, mix'd among the vulgar herd,
 Like them was anxious, and unmanly fear'd:
 A youth unworthy of the hero's race,
 And born to be his nobler sire's disgrace.

A day shall come, when this inglorious son
 Shall stain the trophies all by Pompey won:
 A thief, and spoiler, shall he live confess'd,
 And act those wrongs his father's arm redress'd,
 Vex'd with a coward's fond impatience now,
 He pries into that fate he fears to know;
 Nor seeks he, with religious vows, to move
 The Delphic tripod, or Dodonian Jove;
 No priestly Augur's arts employ his cares,
 Nor Babylonia seers, who read the stars;
 He not by fibres, birds, or lightning's fires,
 Nor any just, though secret, rites inquires;
 But horrid altars, and infernal powers,
 Dire mysteries of magic he explores,
 Such as high heaven and gracious Jove abhors.
 He thinks, 'tis little those above can know,
 And seeks accurst assistance from below.
 The place itself the impious means supplies,
 While near Hæmonian hags incamp'd he lies:
 All dreadful deeds, all monstrous forms of old,
 By fear invented, and by falsehood told,
 Whate'er transcends belief, and reason's view,
 Their art can furnish, and their power make true.

The pregnant fields a horrid crop produce,
 Noxious, and fit for witchcraft's deadly use:
 With baleful weeds each mountain's brow is
 hung,

And listening rocks attend the charmer's song.
 There, potent and mysterious plants arise,
 Plants that compel the gods, and awe the skies;
 There, leaves unfolded to Medea's view,
 Such as her native Colchos never knew.

Soon as the dread Hæmonian voice ascends,
 Through the whole vast expanse, each power at-
 Ev'n all those fullen deities, who know [tends;
 No care of heaven above, or earth below,
 Hear and obey. Th' Assyrian then, in vain,
 And Memphian priests, their local gods detain;
 From every altar loose at once they fly,
 And with the stronger foreign call comply,

The coldest hearts Thessalian numbers warm,
 And ruthless bosoms own the potent charm;
 With monstrous power they rouse perverse desire,
 And kindle into lust the wint'ry fire:

Where noxious cups, and poisonous philtres fail,
 More potent spells and mystic verse prevail.
 No draughts so strong the knots of love prepare,
 Cropt from her younglings by the parent mare.
 Off, fullen bridegrooms, who unkindly fled
 From blooming beauty, and the genial bed,
 Melt, as the thread runs on, and sighing, feel
 The giddy whirling of the magic wheel.

Whene'er the proud enchantress gives command,
 Eternal motion stops her active hand;
 No more heaven's rapid circles journey on,
 But universal nature stands foredone:

The lazy god of day forgets to rise,
 And everlasting night pollutes the skies.
 Jove wonders, to behold her shake the pole,
 And, unconsenting, hears his thunders roll.
 Now, with a word, she hides the sun's bright face,
 And blots the wide ethereal azure space;
 Loosely, anon, she shakes her flowing hair,
 And straight the stormy lowering heavens are fair:
 At once, she calls the golden light again,
 The clouds fly swift away, and stops the drizly rain.
 In stillest calms, she bids the waves run high, [sky;
 And smooths the deep, though Boreas shakes the
 When winds are hush'd, her potent breath pre-
 vails,

Wafts on the bark, and fills the flagging sails.
 Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,
 And torrents from the rock suspended hung.
 No more the Nile his wonted seasons knows,
 And in a line the straight Mæander flows.
 Arar has rush'd with headlong waters down,
 And driven unwillingly the sluggish Rhone.
 Huge mountains have been levell'd with the plain,
 And far from heaven has tall Olympus lain.
 Riphæan crystal has been known to melt,
 And Scythian snows a sudden summer felt.
 No longer prest by Cynthia's moister beam,
 Alternate Tethys heaves her swelling stream;
 By charms forbid, her tides revolve no more,
 But shun the margin of the guarded shore.
 The ponderous earth, by magic numbers struck,
 Down to her inmost centre deep has shook;
 Then rending with a yawn, at once made way,
 To join the upper, and the nether day;
 While wondering eyes, and dreadful cleft between,
 Another starry firmament have seen.
 Each deadly kind, by nature form'd to kill,
 Fear the dire hags, and execute their will.
 Lions, to them their nobler rage submit,
 And fawning tigers couch beneath their feet;
 For them, the snake foregoes her wintery hold,
 And on the hoary frost untwines her fold:
 The poisonous race they strike with stronger death,
 And blasted vipers die by human breath.

What law the heavenly natures thus constrains,
And binds ev'n godheads in resistless chains?
What wondrous power do charms and herbs im-
ply,

And force them thus to follow, and to fly?
What is it can command them to obey?
Does choice incline, or awful terror sway?
Do secret rites their deities atone,
Or mystic piety to man unknown?
Do strong enchantments all immortals brave?
Or is there one determin'd god their slave?
One, whose command obedient nature awes,
Who, subject still himself to magic laws,
Acts only as a servile second cause?
Magic the starry lamps from heaven can tear,
And shoot them gleaming through the dusky air;
Can blot fair Cynthia's countenance serene,
And poison with foul spells the silver queen:
Now pale the ghastly goddess shrinks with dread,
And now black smoky fires involve her head;
As when earth's envious interposing shade
Cuts off her beamy brother from her aid;
Held by the charming song, she strives in vain,
And labours with the long pursuing pain;
Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,
On hallow'd herbs she sheds her fatal foam.

But these, as arts too gentle, and too good,
Nor yet with death, or guilt enough embrued,
With haughty scorn the fierce Erichtho view'd.
New mischief she, new monsters durst explore,
And dealt in horrors never known before.
From towns and hospitable roofs she flies,
And every dwelling of mankind defies;
Through unfrequented deserts lonely roams,
Drives out the dead, and dwells within their
tombs.

Spite of all laws, which heaven or nature know,
The rule of gods above, and man below;
Grateful to hell the living hag descends,
And sits in black assemblies of the fiends.
Dark matted elf-locks dangling on her brow,
Filthy, and foul, a loathsome burden grow;
Ghastly, and frightful pale her face is seen,
Unknown to cheerful day, and skies serene:
But when the stars are veil'd, when storms arise,
And the blue forked flame at midnight flies,
Then, forth from graves, she takes her wicked
way,

And thwarts the glancing lightnings as they play.
Where'er she breathes, blue poisons round her
spread.

The withering grass avows her fatal tread.
And drooping Ceres hangs her blasted head.
Nor holy rites, nor suppliant prayer she knows,
Nor seeks the gods with sacrifice, or vows:
Whate'er she offers is the spoil of urns,
And funeral fire upon her altars burns;
Nor needs she send a second voice on high,
Scar'd at the first, the trembling gods comply.

Oft in the grave the living has she laid,
And bid reviving bodies leave the dead:
Oft at the funeral pile she seeks her prey,
And bears the smoking ashes warm away;
Snatches some burning bone, or flaming brand,
And tears the torch from the sad father's hand;
Seizes the shroud's loose fragments as they fly,
And picks the coal where clammy juices fry.

But when the dead in marble tombs are plac'd,
Where the moist carcase by degrees shall waste,
There, greedily on every part she flies,
Strips the dry nails, and digs the gory eyes.
Her teeth from gibbets gnaw the strangling noose,
And from the cross dead murderers unloose:
Her charms the use of sun-dry'd marrow find,
And husky entrails wither'd in the wind;
Oft drops the ropy gore upon her tongue,
With corny sinews oft her jaws are strung,
And thus suspended oft the filthy hag has hung.
Where'er the battle bleeds, and slaughter lies,
Thither, preventing birds and beasts, she hies;
Nor then content to seize the ready prey,
From their fell jaws she tears their food away:
She marks the hungry wolf's pernicious tooth,
And joys to rend the morsel from his mouth.
Nor ever yet remorse could stop her hand,
When human gore her cursed rites demand.
Whether some tender infant, yet unborn,
From the lamenting mother's side is torn:
Whether her purpose asks some bolder shade,
And by her knife, the ghost she wants, is made;
Or whether, curious in the choice of blood,
She catches the first gushing of the flood;
All mischief is of use, and every murder good.
When blooming youths in early manhood die,
She stands a terrible attendant by;
The downy growth from off their cheeks she tears,
Or cuts left-handed some selected hairs.
Oft when in death her gasping kindred lay,
Some pious office would she feign to pay;
And while close hovering o'er the bed she hung,
Bit the pale lips, and cropt the quivering tongue;
Then, in hoarse murmurs, ere the ghost could go,
Mutter'd some message to the shades below.

A fame like this around the region spread.
To prove her power, the younger Pompey led.
Now half her sable course the night had run,
And low beneath us roll'd the beamy sun;
When the vile youth in silence cross'd the plain,
Attended by his wonted worthless train.
Through ruins waste and old, long wandering
round,

Lonely upon a rock, the hag they found.
There, as it chanc'd, in sullen mood she sat.
Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:
At that same hour, she ran new numbers o'er,
And spells unheard by hell itself before;
Fearful, lest wavering destiny might change,
And bid the war in distant regions range.
She charm'd Pharsalia's field with early care,
To keep the warriors and the slaughter there.
So may her impious arts in triumph reign,
And riot in the plenty of the slain:
So, many a royal ghost she may command,
Mangle dead heroes with a ruthless hand,
And rob of many an urn Hesperia's mourning
land.

Already she enjoys the dreadful field,
And thinks what spoils the rival chiefs shall yield;
With what fell rage each corpse she shall invade,
And fly rapacious on the prostrate dead.

To her, a lowly suppliant, thus begun
The noble Pompey's much unworthy son:

Hail! mighty mistress of Hæmonian arts,
To whom stern fate her dark decrees imparts;

At thy approving, bids her purpose stand,
Or alters it at thy rever'd command.
From thee, my humbler awful hopes presume
To learn my father's, and my country's doom :
Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,
When thou shalt know me for great Pompey's son ;
With him all fortunes am I bound to share,
His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir.
Let not blind chance for ever wavering stand,
And awe us with her unresolving hand :
I own my mind unequal to the weight,
Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate :
Let it be certain what we have to fear,
And then—no matter—Let the time draw near.
Oh let thy charms this truth from heaven compel,
Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell
Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,
And from herself her fatal purpose know ;
Constrain'd by thee, the phantom shall declare
Whom she decrees to strike and whom to spare.
Nor ever can thy skill divine foresee,
Through the blind maze of long futurity,
Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee.

Pleas'd that her magic fame diffusely flies,
Thus, with a horrid smile, the hag replies :
Hadst thou, oh noble youth, my aid implor'd,
For any less decision of the sword ;
The gods, unwilling, should my power confess,
And crown thy wishes with a full success.
Hadst thou desir'd some single friend to save,
Long had my charms withheld him from the
grave :

Or would thy hate some foe this instant doom,
He dies, though heaven decrees him years to come.
But when effects are to their causes chain'd,
From everlasting, mightily, ordain'd ;
When all things labour for one certain end,
And on one action centre and depend :
Then far behind we own our arts are cast,
And magic is by fortune's power surpass'd.
Howe'er, if yet thy soul can be content,
Only to know that undisclos'd event ;
My potent charms o'er nature shall prevail,
And from a thousand mouths extort the tale :
This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks, shall
tell :

he thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell :
Though, still, more kindly oracles remain,
Among the recent deaths of yonder plain.
Of these a corse our mystic rites shall raise,
As yet unshrunk by Titan's parching blaze ;
So shall no maim the vocal pipes confound,
But the sad shade shall breathe, distinct in human
sound.

While yet she spoke, a double darkness spread,
Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,
While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footstepstread,
Wolves howl'd, and fled where'er she took her way,
And hungry vultures left the mangled prey :
The savage race, abash'd, before her yield,
And while she culls her prophet, quit the field.
To various carcases by turns she flies,
And, griping with her gory fingers, tries ;
Till one of perfect organs can be found,
And fibrous lungs uninjur'd by a wound.
Of all the flitting shadows of the slain,
False doubts which ghost shall turn to life again.

VOL. XII.

At her strong bidding (such is her command)
Armies at once had left the Stygian strand ;
Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms,
And legions of the dead had ris'n to arms.
Among the dreadful carnage strew'd around,
One, for her purpose fit, at length she found ;
In his pale jaws a rusty hook she hung,
And dragg'd the wretched lifeless load along :
Anon, beneath a craggy cliff she staid,
And in a dreary delve her burden laid ;
There evermore the wicked witch delights,
To do her deeds accurs'd, and practice hellish
rites.

Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is
crown'd,

Subsides the gloomy vale within the ground ;
A downward grove, that never knew to rise,
Or shoot its leafy honours to the skies.
From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,
And covers in the cave with dreadful shade ;
Within dismay, and fear, and darkness dwell,
And filth obscene besmears the baleful cell.
There, lasting night no beamy dawning knows,
No light but such as magic flames disclose ;
Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns, there
In dull stagnation sleeps the lazy air.
There meet the boundaries of life and death,
The borders of our world, and that beneath ;
Thither the rulers of th' infernal court
Permit their airy vassals to resort ;
Thence with like ease the sorcerers could tell,
As if descending down, the deeds of hell.

And now she for the solemn task prepares,
A mantle patch'd with various threads she
wears,

And binds with twining snakes her wilder hairs,
All pale, for dread, the dastard youth she spy'd,
Heartless his mates stood quivering by his side.
Be bold ! (she cries) dismiss this abject fear ;
Living and human shall the form appear, [hear.
And breathe no sounds but what even you may
How had your vile, your coward souls been
quell'd,

Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld ;
Heard the loud floods of rolling sulphur roar,
And burst in thunder on the burning shore ?
Had you survey'd yon prison-house of woe,
And giants bound in adamant below ?
Seen the vast dog with curling vipers swell,
Heard screaming furies, at my coming, yell,
Double their rage, and add new pains to hell ?

This said, she runs the mangled carcase o'er,
And wipes from every wound the crusty gore ;
Now with hot blood the frozen breast she warms,
And with strong lunar dews confirms her charms.
Anon she mingles every monstrous birth,
Which nature, wayward and perverse, brings forth,
Nor entrails of the spotted lynx she lacks,
Nor bony joints from fell hyænas' backs ;
Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with snaky food ;
Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.
Her store the tardy Remora supplies,
With stones from eagles warm and dragon's eyes ;
Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way,
And nimbly o'er Arabian deserts prey ;
The viper bred in Erythræan streams,
To guard in costly shells the growing gems ;

3 E

The slough by Libya's horned serpent cast,
 With ashes by the dying phoenix plac'd
 On odorous altars in the fragrant east.
 To these she joins dire drugs without a name,
 A thousand poisons never known to fame:
 Herbs, o'er whole leaves the hag her spells had

lung,
 And wet with curst spittle as they sprung;
 With every other mischief most abhorr'd,
 Which hell, or worse Erichtho, could afford.

At length, in murmurs hoarse her voice was
 heard,

Her voice, beyond all plants, all magic fear'd,
 And by the lowest Stygian gods rever'd.
 Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
 Discordant, and unlike to human sounds:
 It seem'd, of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl,
 The doleful screeching of the midnight owl;
 The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar,
 The bound of billows beating on the shore;
 The groan of winds amongst the leafy wood,
 And burst of thunder from the rending cloud:
 'Twas these, all these in one. At length she
 breaks

Thus into magic verse, and thus the gods bespeak:

Ye furies! and thou black accursed hell!
 Ye woes! in which the damn'd for ever dwell;
 Chaos, the world, and form's eternal foe!
 And thou sole arbiter of all below,
 Pluto! whom ruthless fates a god ordain,
 And doom to immortality of pain;
 Ye fair Elysian mansions of the blest,
 Where no Thessalian charmer hopes to rest;
 Styx! and Persephone, compell'd to fly
 Thy fruitful mother, and the cheerful sky!
 Third Hecate! by whom my whispers breathe
 My secret purpose to the shades beneath;
 Thou greedy dog, who at th' infernal gate,
 In everlasting hunger, still dost wait!
 And thou old Charon, horrible and hoar!
 For ever labouring back from shore to shore:
 Who murmuring dost in weariness complain,
 That I so oft demand thy dead again;
 Hear, all ye powers! If e'er your hell rejoice
 In the lov'd horrors of this impious voice;
 If still with human flesh I have been fed,
 If pregnant mothers have, to please you, bled;
 If from the womb these ruthless hands have torn
 Infants, mature, and struggling to be born;
 Hear and obey! nor do I ask a ghost,
 Long since receiv'd upon your Stygian coast;
 But one that, new to death, for entrance waits,
 And loiters yet before your gloomy gates.
 Let the pale shade these herbs, these numbers
 hear,

And in his well-known warlike form appear.
 Here let him stand, before his leader's son,
 And say what dire events are drawing on;
 If blood be your delight, let this be done.

Foaming she spoke: then rear'd her hateful
 head,

And hard at hand beheld th' attending shade.
 Too well the trembling sprite the carcase knew,
 And fear'd to enter into life anew;
 Fain from those mangled limbs it would have
 run,

And, loathing, strove that house of pain to shun.

Ah! wretch! to whom the cruel fates deny
 That privilege of human kind, to die!
 Wroth was the hag at lingering death's delay;
 And wonder'd hell could dare to disobey;
 With curling snakes the senseless trunk she beats,
 And curses dire, at every lash, repeats;
 With magic numbers cleaves the groaning ground,
 And, thus, barks downwards to th' abyss profound:

Ye fiends hell-born, ye sisters of despair!
 Thus? is it thus my will becomes your care?
 Still sleep those whips within your idle hands,
 Nor drive the loitering ghost this voice demands?
 But mark me well! my charms, in fate's despite,
 Shall prag you forth, ye Stygian dogs, to light;
 Through vaults and tombs, where now secure you
 roam,

My vengeance shall pursue, and chace you home.
 And thou, oh! Hecate! that dar'st to rise,
 Various and alter'd to immortal eyes,
 No more shalt veil thy horrors in disguise;
 Still in thy form accursed shalt thou dwell,
 Nor change the face that nature made for hell.
 Each mystery beneath I will display,
 And Stygian loves shall stand confess'd to day.
 Thee, Proserpine! thy fatal feast I'll show,
 What leagues detain thee in the realms below,
 And why thy once-fond mother lothes thee now.
 At my command, earth's barrier shall remove,
 And piercing Titan vex infernal Jove;
 Full on his throne the blazing beams shall beat,
 And light abhorr'd afflict the gloomy seat.
 Yet, am I yet, ye fullen fiends, obey'd?
 Or must I call your master to my aid?
 At whose dread name the trembling furies quake,
 Hell stands abash'd, and earth's foundations shake?
 Who views the Gorgons with intrepid eyes,
 And your unviolable flood defies?

She said; and, at the word, the frozen blood
 Slowly began to roll its creeping flood;
 Through the known channels stole the purple tide,
 And warmth and motion through the members
 glide;

The nerves are stretch'd, the turgid muscles swell,
 And the heart moves within its secret cell;
 The haggard eyes their stupid lights disclose,
 And heavy by degrees the corpse arose.
 Doubtful and faint th' uncertain life appears,
 And death, all-o'er, the livid visage wears.
 Pale, stiff, and mute, the ghastly figure stands,
 Nor knows to speak, but at her dread commands,
 When thus the hag: Speak what I wish to know,
 And endless rest attends thy shade below;
 Reveal the truth, and to reward thy pain,
 No charms shall drag thee back to life again;
 Such hallow'd wood shall feed thy funeral fire,
 Such numbers to thy last repose conspire,
 No sister of our art thy ghost shall wrong,
 Or force thee listen to her potent song.
 Since the dark gods in mystic tripods dwell,
 Since doubtful truths ambiguous prophets tell;
 While each event aright and plain is read,
 To every bold inquirer of the dead:
 Do thou unfold what end these wars shall wait,
 Persons, and things, and time, and place relate,
 And be the just interpreter of fate.

She spoke, and, as she spoke, a spell she made,
 That gave new prescience to th' unknowing shade,

When thus the spectre, weeping all for woe:
 Seek not from me the Parcae's will to know.
 I saw not what their dreadful looms ordain,
 Too soon recall'd to hated life again;
 Recall'd, ere yet my waiting ghost had pass'd
 The silent stream, that wafts us all to rest.
 All I could learn, was from the loose report
 Of wandering shades, that to the banks resort.
 Uproar, and discord, never known till now,
 Distract the peaceful realms of death below;
 From blissful plains of sweet Elysium some,
 Others from doleful dens, and torments, come;
 While in the face of every various shade,
 The woes of Rome too plainly might be read.
 In tears lamenting, ghosts of patriots stood,
 And mourn'd their country in a falling flood;
 Sad were the Decii, and the Curii seen,
 And heavy was the great Camillus' mien:
 On fortune loud indignant Sylla rail'd,
 And Scipio his unhappy race bewail'd;
 The Censor sad foresaw his Cato's doom,
 Resolv'd to die for liberty, and Rome.
 Of all the shades that haunt the happy field,
 Thee only, Brutus! smiling I beheld;
 Thee, thou first consul, haughty Tarquin's
 dread,
 From whose just wrath the conscious tyrant fled,
 When freedom first uprear'd her infant head.
 Meanwhile the damn'd exult amidst their pains,
 And Catiline audacious breaks his chains.
 There the Cethegan naked race I view'd,
 The Marii fierce, with human gore imbrued,
 The Gracchi, fond of mischief-making laws,
 And Drusi, popular in faction's cause;
 All clapp'd their hands in horrible applause.
 The crash of brazen fetters rung around,
 And hell's wide caverns trembled with the
 found.
 No more the bounds of fate their guilt constrain,
 But proudly they demand th' Elysian plain.
 Thus they, while dreadful Dis, with busy cares,
 New torments for the conquerors prepares;
 New chains of adamant he forms below,
 And opens all his deep reserves of woe:
 Sharp are the pains for tyrants kept in store,
 And flames yet ten times hotter than before.

But thou, oh noble youth! in peace depart,
 And sooth, with better hopes, thy doubtful heart;
 Sweet is the rest, and blissful is the place,
 That wait thy fire, and his illustrious race.
 Nor fondly seek to lengthen out thy date,
 Nor envy the surviving victor's fate;
 The hour draws near when all alike must yield,
 And death shall mix the fame of every field.
 Haste then, with glory, to your destin'd end,
 And proudly from your humbler urns descend;
 Bold in superior virtue shall you come,
 And trample on the demigods of Rome.
 Ah! what shall it import the mighty dead,
 Or by the Nile or Tiber to be laid?
 'Tis only for a grave your wars are made.
 Seek not to know what for thyself remains,
 That shall be told in fair Sicilia's plains;
 Prophetic there, thy father's shade shall rise,
 In awful vision to thy wondering eyes:
 He shall thy fate reveal though doubting yet,
 Where he may best advise thee to retreat.
 In vain to various climates shall you run,
 In vain pursuing Fortune strive to shun,
 In Europe, Afric, Asia, still undone.
 Wide as your triumphs shall your ruins lie,
 And all in distant regions shall you die.
 Ah, wretched race! to whom the world can yield
 No safer refuge, than Emathia's field.
 He said, and with a silent, mournful look,
 A last dismissal from the hag bespoke.
 Nor can the sprite, discharg'd by death's cold
 hand,
 Again be subject to the same command;
 But charms and magic herbs must lend their aid,
 And render back to rest the troubled shade.
 A pile of hollow'd wood Erietho builds,
 The soul with joy its mangled carcase yields;
 She bids the kindling flames ascend on high,
 And leaves the weary wretch at length to die.
 Then, while the secret dark their footsteps hides,
 Homeward the youth, all pale for fear, she guides;
 And, for the light began to streak the east,
 With potent spells the dawning she repress'd;
 Commanded night's obedient queen to stay,
 And, till they reach'd the camp, withheld the
 rising day.

B O O K VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN the seventh book is told, first, Pompey's dream the night before the battle of Pharsalia; after that, the impatient desire of his army to engage, which is reinforced by Tully. Pompey, though against his own opinion and inclination, agrees to a battle. Then follows the speech of each general to his army, and the battle itself: the flight of Pompey; Cæsar's behaviour after his victory; and an invective against him, and the very country of Theffaly, for being the scene (according to this and other authors) of so many misfortunes to the people of Rome.

LATE, and unwilling, from his watery bed,
 Uprear'd the mournful sun his cloudy head;
 He sicken'd to behold Emathia's plain,
 And would have fought the backward east
 again:

Full oft he turn'd him from the destin'd race,
 And wish'd some dark eclipse might veil his ra-
 dian face.

Pompey, meanwhile, in pleasing v^si^sit part
 The night, of all his happy nights the last.

It seem'd, as if, in all his former state,
 In his own theatre secure he fate:
 About his side unnumber'd Romans crowd,
 And, joyful, shout his much lov'd name aloud:
 The echoing benches seem to ring around,
 And his charm'd ears devour the pleasing sound.
 Such both himself, and such the people seem,
 In the false prospect of the feigning dream;
 As when in early manhood's beardless bloom,
 He stood the darling hope and joy of Rome.
 When fierce Sertorius by his arms suppress'd,
 And Spain subdu'd, the conqueror confest:
 When rais'd with honours never known before,
 The consuls purple, yet a youth, he wore:
 When the pleas'd senate sat with new delight,
 To view the triumph of a Roman knight.

Perhaps, when our good days no longer last,
 The mind runs backward, and enjoys the past:
 Perhaps, the riddling visions of the night
 With contrarieties delude our sight;
 And when fair scenes of pleasure they disclose,
 Pain they foretel, and sure ensuing woes.
 Or was it not, that, since the fates ordain
 Pompey should never see his Rome again,
 One last good office yet they meant to do,
 And gave him in a dream this parting view?

Oh, may no trumpet bid the leader wake!
 Long, let him long the blissful slumber take!
 Too soon the morrow's sleepless night will come,
 Full fraught with slaughter, misery, and Rome;
 With horror, and dismay, those shades shall rise,
 And the lost battle live before his eyes.

How blest his fellow-citizens had been,
 Though but in dreams, their Pompey to have seen!
 Oh! that the gods, in pity, would allow,
 Such long-try'd friends their destiny to know;
 So each to each might their sad thoughts convey,
 And make the most of their last mournful day.
 But now, unconscious of the ruin nigh,
 Within his native land he thinks to die:
 While her fond hopes with confidence presume,
 Nothing so terrible from fate can come,
 As to be robb'd of her lov'd Pompey's tomb.
 Had the sad city fate's decree foreknown,
 What floods, fast falling, should her loss bemoan!
 Then should the lusty youth, and fathers hoar,
 With mingling tears, their chief renown'd de-
 plore;

Maids, matrons, wives, and babes, a helpless train,
 As once for godlike Brutus, should complain;
 Their tresses should they tear, their bosoms beat,
 And cry loud-wailing in the doleful street.
 Nor shalt thou, Rome, thy gushing sorrows keep,
 Though aw'd by Cæsar, and forbid to weep;
 Though, while he tells thee of thy Pompey dead,
 He shakes his threatening faulchion o'er thy head.
 Lamenting crowds the conqueror shall meet,
 And with a peal of groans his triumph greet;
 In sad procession, sighing shall they go,
 And stain his laurels with the streams of woe.

But now, the fainting stars at length give way,
 And hid their vanquish'd fires in heavy day;
 When round the leader's tent the legions crowd,
 And, urg'd by fate, demand the fight aloud.
 Wretches! that long their little life to waste,
 And hurry on those hours that fly too fast!
 Too soon, for thousands, shall the day be done,
 Whose eyes no more shall see the setting sun.

Tumultuous speech th' impulsive rage confest,
 And Rome's bad genius rose in every breast.
 With vile disgrace they blot their leader's name,
 Pronounce ev'n Pompey fearful, slow, and tame,
 And cry, He sinks beneath his father's fame.
 Some charge him with ambition's guilty views,
 And think 'tis power and empire he pursues;
 That, fearing peace, he practises delay,
 And would, for ever, make the world obey.
 While eastern kings of lingering wars complain,
 And wish to view their native realms again.
 Thus when the gods are pleas'd to plague man-
 kind,

Our own rash hands are to the task assign'd;
 By them ordain'd the tools of fate to be,
 We blindly act the mischiefs they decree,
 We call the battle, we the sword prepare,
 And Rome's destruction is the Roman prayer.

The general voice, united, Tully takes,
 And for the rest the sweet persuader speaks;
 Tully, for happy eloquence renown'd,
 With every Roman grace of language crown'd;
 Beneath whose rule and government rever'd,
 Fierce Catiline the peaceful axes fear'd:
 But now, detain'd amidst an armed throng,
 Where lost his arts, and useless was his tongue,
 The orator had borne the camp too long.
 He to the vulgar side his pleading draws,
 And thus enforces much their feeble cause:

For all that fortune for thy arms has done,
 For all thy fame acquir'd, thy battles won;
 This only boon her suppliant vows implore,
 That thou wouldst deign to use her aid once more:
 In this, O Pompey! kings and chiefs unite,
 And, to chastise proud Cæsar, ask the fight.
 Shall he, one man against the world combin'd,
 Protract destruction, and embroil mankind?
 What will the vanquish'd nations murmuring say,
 Where once thy conquests cut their winged way;
 When they behold thy virtue lazy now,
 And see thee move thus languishing and slow?
 Where are those fires that warm'd thee to be great?
 That stable soul, and confidence in fate?
 Canst thou the gods ungratefully mistrust?
 Or think the senate's sacred cause unjust?
 Scarce are th' impatient ensigns yet withheld:
 Why art thou thus to victory compell'd?
 Dost thou Rome's chief, and in her cause, appear?
 'Tis hers to choose the field, and she appoints it
 Why is this ardor of the world withstood, [here
 The injur'd world, that thirsts for Cæsar's blood?
 See! where the troops with indignation stand,
 Each javelin trembling in an eager hand,
 And wait, unwillingly, the last command.
 Resolve the senate then, and let them know,
 Are they thy servants, or their servant thou?

Sore sigh'd the listening chief, who well could
 Some dire delusion by the gods decreed; [read
 He saw the fates malignantly inclin'd,
 To thwart his purpose and perplex his mind.

Since thus (he cry'd) it is by all decreed,
 Since my impatient friends and country need
 My hand to fight, and not my head to lead;
 Pompey no longer shall your fate delay,
 But let pernicious fortune take her way,
 And waste the world on one devoted day.
 But, oh, be witness thou, my native Rome,
 With what a sad foreboding heart I come;

To thy hard fate unwillingly I yield,
 While thy rash sons compel me to the field.
 How easily had Cæsar been subdu'd,
 And the blest victory been free from blood!
 But the fond Romans cheap renown disdain,
 They wish for deaths to purple o'er the plain,
 And recking gore their guilty swords to stain.
 Driv'n by my fleets, behold the flying foe
 At once the empire of the deep forego;
 Here by necessity they seem to stand,
 Coop'd up within a corner of the land.
 By famine to the last extremes compell'd,
 They snatch green harvests from th' unripen'd
 And wish we may this only grace afford, [field;
 To let them die like soldiers, by the sword.
 'Tis true, it seems an earnest of success,
 That thus our bolder youth for action press:
 But let them try their inmost hearts with care,
 And judge betwixt true valour and rash fear;
 Let them be sure this eagerness is right,
 And certain fortitude demands the fight.
 In war, in dangers, oft it has been known,
 That fear has driven the headlong coward on.
 Give me the man, whose cooler soul can wait,
 With patience for the proper hour of fate.
 See what a prosperous face our fortunes bear!
 Why should we trust them to the chance of war?
 Why must we risk the world's uncertain doom,
 And rather choose to fight than overcome?
 Thou goddess Chance! who to my careful hand
 Hast given this wearisome supreme command;
 If I have, to the task of empire just,
 Enlarg'd the bounds committed to my trust;
 Be kind, and to thyself the rule resume,
 And in the fight defend the cause of Rome:
 To thy own crowns the wreath of conquest join:
 Nor let the glory, nor the crime, be mine.
 But see! thy hopes, unhappy Pompey! fail:
 We fight; and Cæsar's stronger vows prevail.
 Oh, what a scene of guilt this day shall show!
 What crowds shall fall, what nations be laid low!
 Red shall Enipeus run with Roman blood,
 And to the margin swell his foamy flood.
 Oh! if our cause my aid no longer need,
 Oh! may my bosom be the first to bleed:
 Me let the thrilling javelin foremost strike,
 Since death and victory are now alike.
 To-day, with ruin shall my name be join'd,
 Or stand the common curse of all mankind;
 By every woe the vanquish'd shall be known,
 And every infamy the victor crown.

He spoke; and yielding to th' impetuous crowd,
 The battle to his frantic bands allow'd.
 So, when long vex'd by stormy Corus' blast,
 The weary pilot quits the helm at last;
 He leaves his vessel to the winds to guide,
 And drive unsteady with the tumbling tide.

Loud through the camp the rising murmurs
 And one tumultuous hurry runs around; [sound,
 Sudden their busy hearts began to beat,
 And each pale visage wore the marks of fate.
 Anxious, they see the dreadful day is come,
 That must decide the destiny of Rome.
 This single vast concern employs the host,
 And private fears are in the public lost.
 Should earth be rent, should darkness quench the
 sun,
 Should swelling seas above the mountains run,

Should universal nature's end draw near,
 Who could have leisure for himself to fear?
 With such consent his safety each forgot,
 And Rome and Pompey took up every thought.
 And now the warriors all, with busy care,
 Whet the dull sword, and point the blunted spear;
 With tougher nerves they string the bended bow,
 And in full quivers steely shafts bestow;
 The horseman sees his furniture made fit,
 Sharpens the spur, and burnishes the bit;
 Fixes the rein, to check or urge his speed,
 And animates to fight the snorting steed.
 Such once the busy gods employments were,
 If mortal men to gods we may compare,
 When earth's bold sons began their impious war. }
 The Lemnian power, with many a stroke, restor'd
 Blue Neptune's trident, and stern Mars's sword;
 In terrible array, the blue-ey'd maid
 The horrors of her Gorgon shield display'd;
 Phœbus his once victorious shafts renew'd,
 Difus'd, and rusty with the Python's blood;
 While, with unwearied toil, the Cyclops strove
 To forge new thunders for imperial Jove.

Nor wanted then dire omens, to declare
 What curst events Thessalia's plains prepare;
 Black storms oppos'd against the warriors lay,
 And lightnings thwarted their forbidden way;
 Full in their eyes the dazzling flashes broke,
 And with amaze their troubled senses stroke:
 Tall fiery columns in the skies were seen,
 With watery Typhons interwove between.
 Glancing along the bands swift meteors shoot,
 And from the helm the plumed honours cut;
 Sudden the flame dissolves the javelin's head,
 And liquid runs the shining steely blade.
 Strange to behold! their weapons disappear,
 While sulphurous odour taints the smoking air.
 The standard, as unwilling to be borne,
 With pain from the tenacious earth is torn;
 Anon, black swarms hang clustering on its height,
 And press the bearer with unwonted weight.
 Big drops of grief each sweating marble wears,
 And Parian gods and heroes stand in tears.
 No more th' auspicious victim tamely dies,
 But furious from the hallow'd fane he flies;
 Breaks off the rites with prodigies profane,
 And bellowing seeks Emathia's fatal plain:

But who, O Cæsar! who were then thy gods?
 Whom didst thou summon from their dark abodes?
 The furies listen'd to thy grateful vows,
 And dreadful to the day the powers of hell arose.
 Did then the monsters, fame records, appear?
 Or were they only phantoms form'd by fear?
 Some saw the moving mountains meet like foes,
 And rending earth new gaping caves disclose.
 Others beheld a sanguine torrent take
 Its purple course through fair Bœbeis' lake;
 Heard each returning night, portentous, yield
 Loud shouts of battle on Pharsalia's field.
 While others thought they saw the light decay,
 And sudden shades oppress the fainting day;
 Fancy'd wild horrors in each other's face,
 And saw the ghosts of all their bury'd race;
 Beheld them rise and glare with pale affright,
 And stalk around them, in the new-made night.
 Whate'er the cause, the crowd, by fate decreed,
 To make their brothers, sons, and fathers bleed, }
 Consenting, to the prodigies agreed;

And, while they thirst impatient for that blood,
Bless these nefarious omens all as good

But wherefore should we wonder, to behold
That death's approach by madness was foretold?
Wild are the wandering thoughts which last survive;

And these had not another day to live.
These shook for what they saw; while distant climes,

Unknowing, trembled for Emathia's crimes.
Where Tyrian Gades sees the setting sun,
And where Araxes' rapid waters run,
From the bright orient to the glowing west,
In every nation, every Roman breast
The terrors of that dreadful day confess.

Where Aponus first springs in smoky steam;
And full Timavus rolls his nobler stream;
Upon a hill that day, if fame be true,
A learned augur sat the skies to view:
'Tis come, the great event is come (he cry'd)
Our impious chiefs their wicked war decide.
Whether the seer observ'd Jove's forked flame,
And mark'd the firmament's discordant frame;
Or whether, in that gloom of sudden night,
The struggling sun declar'd the dreadful fight:
From the first birth of morning in the skies,
Sure never day like this was known to rise;
In the blue vault, as in a volume spread,
Plain might the Latian destiny be read.

Oh Rome! oh people, by the gods assign'd
To be the worthy masters of mankind!
On thee the heavens with all their signals wait,
And suffering nature labours with thy fate.
When thy great name's to latest times convey'd,
By fame, or by my verse immortal made,
In free-born nations justly shall prevail,
And rouse their passions with this noblest tale;
How shall they fear for thy approaching doom,
As if each past event were yet to come!
How shall their bosoms swell with vast concern,
And long the doubtful chance of war to learn!
Ev'n then the favouring world with thee shall join,
And every honest heart to Pompey's cause incline.

Descending, now, the bands in just array,
From burnish'd arms reflect the beamy day;
In an ill hour they spread the fatal field,
And with portentous blaze the neighbouring mountains gild.

On the left wing, bold Lentulus, their head,
The first and fourth selected legions led:
Luckless Domitius, vainly brave, in war,
Drew forth the right with un auspicious care.
In the mid battle daring Scipio fought,
With eight full legions from Cilicia brought.
Submissive here to Pompey's high command,
The warrior undistinguish'd took his stand,
Reserv'd to be the chief on Lybia's burning sand.

Near the low marshes and Enipens' flood.
The Pontic horse and Cappadocian stood.
While kings and tetrarchs proud, a purple train,
Liegemen, and vassals to the Latian reign,
Possess'd the rising grounds and drier plain.
Here troops of black Numidians scour the field,
And bold Iberians narrow bucklers wield;
Here twang the Syrian and the Cretan bow,
And the fierce Gauls provoke their well-known foe.

Go, Pompey, lead to death th' unnumber'd host,
Let the whole human race at once be lost.
Let nations upon nations, heap the plain,
And tyranny want subjects for its reign.

Cæsar, as chance ordain'd, that morn decreed
The spoiling bands of foragers to lead;
When, with a sudden, but a glad surprise,
The foe descending struck his wondering eyes.
Eager, and burning for unbounded sway,
Long had he borne the tedious war's delay;
Long had he struggled with protracting time,
That sav'd his country, and deferr'd his crime:
At length he sees the wish'd-for day is come:
To end the strife for liberty and Rome:
Fate's dark mysterious threatenings to explain,
And ease th' impatience of ambition's pain.
But, when he saw the vast event so nigh,
Unusual horror damp'd his impious joy;
For one cold moment sunk his heart suppress'd,
And doubt hung heavy on his anxious breast.
Though his past fortunes promise now success,
Yet Pompey, from his own, expects no less.
His changing thoughts revolve with various cheer,
While these forbid to hope and those to fear.

At length his wonted confidence returns,
With his first fires his daring bosom burns;
As if secure of victory, he stands,
And fearless thus bespeaks the listening bands:

Ye warriors! who have made your Cæsar great,
On whom the world, on whom my fortunes wait,
To-day, the gods, whate'er you wish, afford,
And fate attends on the deciding sword.
By your firm aid alone your leader stands,
And trusts his all to your long-faithful hands.
This day shall make our promis'd glories good,
The hopes of Rubicon's distinguish'd flood.
For this blest morn we trusted long to fate,
Deferr'd our fame, and bade the triumph wait.
This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Shall the long labours of your arms repay;
Shall give you back to every joy of life,
To the lov'd offspring and the tender wife;
Shall find my veteran out a safe retreat,
And lodge his age within a peaceful seat.
The long dispute of guilt shall now be clear'd,
And conquest shall the juster cause reward.
Have you for me, with sword and fire laid waste
Your country's bleeding bosom as you pass?
Let the same swords as boldly strike to-day,
And the last wounds shall wipe the first away.
Whatever faction's partial notions are,
No hand is wholly innocent in war.
Yours is the cause to which my vows are join'd,
I seek to make you free, and masters of mankind.
I have no hopes, no wishes of my own,
But well could hide me in a private gown:
At my expence of fame exalt your powers,
Let me be nothing, so the world be yours.
Nor think the task too bloody shall be found,
With easy glory shall our arms be crown'd:
Yon host come learn'd in academic rules,
A band of disputants from Grecian schools.
To these, luxuriant eastern crowds are join'd,
Of many a tongue, and many a different kind:
Their own first shouts shall fill each soul with fears,
And their own trumpets shock their tender ears.
Unhappily this, a civil war, we call,
Where none but foes of Rome, barbarians, fall.

On then, my friends, and end it at a blow;
 Lay these soft, lazy, worthless nations low.
 Show Pompey, that subdu'd them, with what ease
 Your valour gains such victories as these:
 Show him, if justice still the palm confers,
 One triumph was too much for all his wars.
 From distant Tigris shall Armenians come,
 To judge between the citizens of Rome?
 Will fierce barbarian aliens waste their blood,
 To make the cause of Latian Pompey good?
 Believe me, no. To them we are all the same,
 They hate alike the whole Aufonian name;
 But most those haughty masters whom they know,
 Who taught their servile vanquish'd necks to bow.
 Meanwhile, as round my joyful eyes are roll'd,
 None but my try'd companions I behold;
 For years in Gaul we made our hard abode,
 And many a march in partnership have trod.
 Is there a soldier to your chief unknown?
 A sword, to whom I trust not, like my own?
 Could I not mark each javelin in the sky,
 And say from whom the fatal weapons fly?
 Ev'n now I view auspicious furies rise,
 And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.
 With joy those omens of success I read,
 And see the certain victory decreed;
 I see the purple deluge float the plain,
 Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain:
 Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs, I survey,
 And the pale senate crowns the glorious day.
 But, oh! forgive my tedious lavish tongue,
 Your eager virtue I withhold too long;
 My soul exults with hopes too fierce to bear,
 I feel good fortune and the gods draw near.
 All we can ask, with full consent they yield,
 And nothing bars us but this narrow field.
 The battle o'er what boon can I deny?
 The treasures of the world before you lie.
 Oh, Theffaly! what stars, what powers divine,
 To thy distinguish'd land this great event assign?
 Between extremes to-day our fortune lies,
 The vilest punishment, and noblest prize.
 Consider well the captive's lost estate,
 Chains, racks, and crosses, for the vanquish'd wait.
 My limbs are each allotted to its place,
 And my pale head the rostrum's height shall grace:
 But that's a thought unworthy Cæsar's care,
 More for my friends than for myself I fear.
 On my good sword securely I rely,
 And, if I conquer not, am sure to die.
 But, oh! for you my anxious soul foresees,
 Pompey shall copy Sylla's curst decrees;
 The Martian field shall blush with gore again,
 And massacres once more the peaceful Septa stain.
 Hear, oh! ye gods, who in Rome's strugglings
 share,
 Who leave your heaven, to make our earth your
 care;
 Hear, and let him the happy victor live,
 Who shall with mercy use the power you give;
 Whose rage for slaughter with the war shall cease,
 And spare his vanquish'd enemies in peace.
 Nor is Dyrrhachium's fatal field forgot,
 Nor what was then our brave companions lot;
 When, by advantage of the straiter ground,
 Successful Pompey compass'd us around;
 When quite disarm'd your useless valour stood,
 Till his fell sword was satiated with blood.

But gentler hands, but nobler hearts you bear,
 And, oh! remember 'tis your leader's prayer,
 Whatever Roman flies before you, spare. }
 But, while oppos'd and menacing they stand,
 Let no regard withhold the lifted hand:
 Let friendship, kindred, all remorse, give place,
 And mangling wounds deform the reverend face:
 Still let resistance be repaid with blood,
 And hostile force by hostile force subdued;
 Stranger, or friend, whatever be the name,
 Your merit, still, to Cæsar, is the same.
 Fill then the trenches, break the ramparts round,
 And let our works lie level with the ground;
 So shall no obstacles our march delay,
 Nor stop one moment our victorious way.
 Nor spare your camp; this night we mean to lie
 In that from whence the vanquish'd foe shall fly.
 Scarce had he spoke, when, sudden at the word,
 They seize the lance, and draw the shining sword:
 At once the turfey fences all lie waste, [haste;
 And through the breach the crowding legions
 Regardless all of order and array
 They stand, and trust to fate alone the day.
 Each had propos'd an empire to be won,
 Had each once known a Pompey for his son;
 Had Cæsar's soul inform'd each private breast,
 A fiercer fury could not be express'd.
 With sad presages, Pompey, now, beheld
 His foes advancing o'er the neighbouring field:
 He saw the gods had fix'd the day of fate,
 And felt his heart hang heavy with new weight.
 Dire is the omen when the valiant fear, [cheer:
 Which yet he strove to hide with well-dissembled
 High on his warrior-steed the chief o'er-ran
 The wide array, and thus at length began:
 The time to ease your groaning country's pain,
 Which long your eager valour sought in vain;
 The great deciding hour at length is come,
 To end the strivings of distracted Rome:
 For this one last effort exert your power,
 Strike home to-day, and all your toils are o'er.
 If the dear pledges of connubial love, [move,
 Your household gods, and Rome, your souls can
 Hither by fate they seem together brought,
 And for that prize, to-day, the battle shall be
 fought.
 Let none the favouring gods' assistance fear;
 They always make the juster cause their care.
 The flying dart to Cæsar shall they guide,
 And point the sword at his devoted side:
 Our injur'd laws shall be on him made good,
 And liberty establish'd in his blood.
 Could heaven, in violence of wrath, ordain
 The world to groan beneath a tyrant's reign,
 It had not spar'd your Pompey's head so long,
 Nor lengthen'd out my age to see the wrong.
 All we can wish for, to secure success,
 With large advantage, here, our arms possess:
 See, in the ranks of every common band,
 Where Rome's illustrious names for soldiers stand,
 Could the great dead revisit life again,
 For us, once more, the Decii would be slain;
 The Curii, and Camilli, might we boast,
 Proud to be mingled in this noblest host.
 If men, if multitudes, can make us strong,
 Behold what tribes unnumber'd march along!
 Where'er the Zodiac turns its radiant round,
 Wherever earth, or people can be found;

To us the nations issue forth in swarms,
 And in Rome's cause all human nature arms.
 What then remains, but that our wings enclose,
 Within their ample folds our shrinking foes?
 Thousands, and thousands, useless may we spare;
 Yon handful will not half employ our war.
 Think, from the summit of the Roman wall,
 You hear our loud lamenting matrons call;
 Think with what tears, what lifted hands they
 sue,

And place their last, their only hopes in you.
 Imagine kneeling age before you spread,
 Each hoary reverend majestic head;
 Imagine, Rome herself your aid implor'd,
 To save her from a proud imperious lord.
 Think how the present age, how that to come,
 What multitudes, from you expect their doom:
 On your success dependant all rely:
 These to be born in freedom those to die.
 Think (if there be a thought can move you more,
 A pledge more dear than those I nam'd before)
 Think you behold (were such a posture meet)
 Ev'n me, your Pompey, prostrate at your feet.
 Myself, my wife, my sons, a suppliant band,
 From you our lives and liberties demand;
 Or conquer you, or I, to exile borne,
 My last dishonourable years shall mourn,
 Your long reproach, and my proud father's
 scorn.

From bonds, from infamy, your general save,
 Nor let his hoary head descend to earth a slave.

Thus while he spoke, the faithful legions round,
 With indignation caught the mournful sound;
 Falsely, they think, his fears those dangers view,
 But vow to die, ere Cæsar proves them true.
 What differing thoughts the various hosts incite,
 And urge their deadly ardour for the fight!
 Those bold ambition kindles into rage,
 And these their fears for liberty engage.
 How shall this day the peopled earth deface,
 Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!
 Though all the years to come should roll in peace,
 And future ages bring their whole increase;
 Though nature all her genial powers employ,
 All shall not yield what these curst hands destroy.
 Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name,
 To unbelieving ears, be told by fame;
 Low shall the mighty Latian towers be laid,
 And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head;
 While yearly magistrates, in turns compell'd
 To lodge by night upon th' uncover'd field,
 Shall at old doting Numa's laws repine,
 Who could to such bleak wilds his Latine rites assign.
 Ev'n now behold! where waste Hesperia lies,
 Where empty cities shock our mournful eyes;
 Untouch'd by time, our infamy they stand,
 The marks of civil discord's murderous hand.
 How is the stock of human-kind brought low!
 Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plow.
 Our fathers fertile fields by slaves are till'd,
 And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd:
 Such were the heaps, the millions of the slain,
 As't were the purpose of Emathia's plain,
 That none for future mischiefs should remain.
 Well may our annals less misfortunes yield,
 Mark Allia's flood, and Cannæ's fatal field;
 But let Pharsalia's day be still forgot,
 Be raz'd at once from every Roman thought.

'Twas there, that fortune, in her pride, display'd,
 The greatness her own mighty hands had made;
 Forth in array the powers of Rome she drew,
 And set her subject nations all to view;
 As if she meant to show the haughty queen,
 Ev'n by her ruins, what her height had been.
 Oh countless loss! that well might have supply'd
 The desolation of all deaths beside.
 Though famine with blue pestilence conspire,
 And dreadful earthquakes with destroying fire;
 Pharsalia's blood the gaping wounds had join'd,
 And built again the ruins of mankind.
 Immortal gods! with what resistless force,
 Our growing empire ran its rapid course!
 Still every year with new success was crown'd,
 And conquering chiefs enlarge the Latian bound;
 Till Rome stood mistress of the world confess'd,
 From the gray orient to the ruddy west;
 From pole to pole, her wide dominions run
 Where'er the stars, or brighter Phœbus shone;
 As heaven and earth were made for her alone.
 But now, behold, how fortune tears away
 The gift of ages in one fatal day!
 One day shakes off the vanquish'd Indians chain,
 And turns the wandering Dææ loose again:
 No longer shall the victor consul now
 Trace our Sarmatian cities with the plow:
 Exulting Parthia shall her slaughters boast,
 Nor feel the vengeance due to Crassus ghost.
 While liberty long wearied by our crimes,
 Forakes us for some better barbarous climes;
 Beyond the Rhine and Tanais she flies,
 To snowy mountains and to frozen skies;
 While Rome, who long pursu'd that chiefest good,
 O'er fields of slaughter, and through seas of blood,
 In slavery her abject state shall mourn,
 Nor dare to hope the goddess will return.
 Why were we ever free? Oh why has heaven
 A short-liv'd transitory blessing given?
 Of thee, first Brutus, justly we complain! [chain,
 Why didst thou break thy groaning country's
 And end the proud lascivious tyrant's reign?
 Why did thy patriot hand on Rome bestow
 Laws, and her consuls righteous rule to know?
 In servitude more happy had we been,
 Since Romulus first wall'd his refuge in,
 Ev'n since the twice six vultures bade him build,
 To this curst period of Pharsalia's field.
 Medes and Arabians of the slavish East
 Beneath eternal bondage may be blest;
 While, of a differing mold and nature, we,
 From sire to son accusom'd to be free,
 Feel indignation rising in our blood,
 And blush to wear the chains that make them
 proud,
 Can there be gods, who rule yon azure sky?
 Can they behold Emathia from on high,
 And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly?
 Is it the business of a thundering Jove,
 To rive the rocks, and blast the guiltless grove
 While Cassius holds the balance in his stead,
 And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
 The sun ran back from Atreus' monstrous feast,
 And his fair beams in murky clouds suppress'd;
 Why shines he now? why lends his golden light
 To these worse parricides, this more accursed fight
 But chance guides all; the gods their task forego,
 And providence no longer reigns below.

Yet are they just, and some revenge afford
While their own heavens are humbled by the
sword,
And the proud victors, like themselves, ador'd :
With rays adorn'd, with thunders arm'd they stand,
And incense, prayers, and sacrifice demand ;
While trembling, slavish, superstitious Rome,
Swears by a mortal wretch, that moulders in a
tomb.

Now either host the middle plain had pass'd,
And front to front in threatening ranks were plac'd ;
Then every well-known feature stood to view,
Brothers their brothers, sons their fathers knew.
Then first they feel the curse of civil hate,
Mark where there mischiefs are assign'd by fate,
And see from whom themselves destruction wait.
Stupid a while, and at a gaze, they stood,
While creeping horror froze the lazy blood :
Some small remains of piety withstand,
And stop the javelin in the lifted hand ;
Remorse for one short moment stepp'd between,
And motionless as statues all were seen.
And oh ! what savage fury could engage,
While lingering Cæsar yet suspends his rage ?
For him, ye gods ! for Crastinus, whose spear
With impious eagerness began the war,
Some more than common punishment prepare ;
Beyond the grave long lasting plagues ordain,
Surviving sense, and never ceasing pain.
Straight, at the fatal signal, all around
A thousand fifes, a thousand clarions, sound ;
Beyond where clouds, or glancing lightnings fly,
The piercing clangors strike the vaulted sky.
The joining battles shout, and the loud peal
Bounds from the hill, and thunders down the vale ;
Old Pelion's caves the doubling roar return,
And Oeta's rocks and groaning Pindus mourn ;
From pole to pole the tumult spreads afar,
And the world trembles at the distant war.

Now flit the thrilling darts through liquid air,
And various vows from various masters bear :
Some seek the noblest Roman heart to wound,
And some to err upon the guiltless ground ;
While chance decrees the blood that shall be spilt,
And blindly scatters innocence and guilt.
But random shafts too scanty death afford,
A civil war is business for the sword :
Where face to face the parricides may meet,
Know whom they kill, and make the crime com-
plete.

Firm in the front, with joining bucklers clos'd,
Stood the Pompeian infantry dispos'd ;
So crowded was the space, it scarce affords
The power to toss their piles, or wield their swords.
Forward, thus thick embattled though they stand,
With headlong wrath rush furious Cæsar's band ;
In vain the lifted shield their rage retards,
Or plaited mail devoted bosoms guards ;
Through shields, through mail, the wounding
weapons go,
And to the heart drive home each deadly blow ;
Oh rage ill match'd ! Oh much unequal war,
Which those wage proudly, and these tamely bear !
These, by cold, stupid piety disarm'd ; [warm'd.
Those by hot blood, and smoking slaughter
Nor in suspense uncertain fortune hung,
But yields, o'ermaster'd by a power too strong,
And borne by fate's impetuous stream along.

From Pompey's ample wings, at length the
horse

Wide o'er the plain extending take their course ;
Wheeling around the hostile line they wind,
While lightly arm'd the shot succeed behind.
In various ways the various bands engage,
And hurl upon the foe the missile rage :
There fiery darts and rocky fragments fly,
And heating bullets whistle through the sky :
Of feather'd shafts, a cloud thick shading goes,
From Arab, Mede, and Ituræan bows :
But driven by random aim they seldom wound ;
At first they hide the heaven, then strew the
ground ;

While Roman hands unerring mischief send,
And certain deaths on every pile attend.

But Cæsar, timely careful to support
His wavering front against the first effort,
Had plac'd his bodies of reserve behind,
And the strong rear with chosen cohorts lin'd.
There, as the careless foe the fight pursue,
A sudden band and stable forth he drew ;
When soon, oh shame ! the loose barbarians yield,
Scattering their broken squadron's o'er the field,
And show, too late, that slaves attempt in vain,
The sacred cause of freedom to maintain.
The fiery steeds impatient of a wound,
Hurl their neglected riders to the ground ;
Or on their friends with rage ungovern'd turn,
And trampling o'er the helpless foot are borne.
Hence foul confusion and dismay succeed,
The victors murder, and the vanquish'd bleed :
Their weary hands the tir'd destroyers ply,
Scarce can these kill, so fast as those can die.
Oh, that Emathia's ruthless guilty plain
Had been contented with this only stain ;
With these rude bones had strewn her verdure
o'er,

And dy'd her springs with none but Asian gore !
But if so keen her thirst for Roman blood,
Let none but Romans make the slaughter good ;
Let not a Mede nor Cappadocian fall,
No bold Iberian, or rebellious Gaul :
Let these alone survive for times to come,
And be the future citizens of Rome.
But fear on all alike her powers employ'd,
Did Cæsar's business, and like fate destroy'd.

Prevailing still the victors held their course,
Till Pompey's main reserve oppos'd their force ;
There, in his strength, the chief unshaken stood,
Repell'd the foe, and made the combat good ;
There in suspense th' uncertain battle hung,
And Cæsar's favouring goddess doubted long ;
There no proud monarchs led their vassals on,
Nor eastern bands in gorgeous purple shone ;
There the last force of laws and freedom lay,
And Roman patriots struggled for the day.
What parricides the guilty scene affords !
Sires, sons, and brothers, rush on mutual swords !
There every sacred bond of nature bleeds ;
There met the war's worst rage, and Cæsar's
blackest deeds.

But, oh ! my muse, the mournful theme forbear,
And stay thy lamentable numbers here ;
Let not my verse to future times convey
What Rome committed on this dreadful day ;
In shades and silence hide her crimes from fame,
And spare thy miserable country's shame.

But Cæsar's rage shall with oblivion strive,
And for eternal infamy survive.
From rank to rank, unwearied, still he flies,
And with new fires their fainting wrath supplies.
His greedy eyes each sign of guilt explore,
And mark whose sword is deepest dy'd in gore,
Observe where pity and remorse prevail,
What arm strikes faintly, and what cheek turns
pale.

Or while he rides the slaughter'd heaps around,
And views some foe expiring on the ground,
His cruel hands the gushing blood restrain,
And strive to keep the parting soul in pain.
As when Bellona drives the world to war,
Or Mars comes thundering in his Thracian car;
Rage horrible darts from his Gorgon shield,
And gloomy terror broods upon the field;
Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful gods impart,
And urge the vengeful warrior's heaving heart;
The many shout, arms clash, the wounded cry,
And one promiscuous peal groans upwards to the
Nor furious Cæsar, on Emathia's plains [sky.
Less terribly the mortal strife sustains:

Each hand unarm'd he fills with means of death,
And cooling wrath rekindles at his breath:
Now with his voice, his gesture now, he strives,
Now with his lance the lagging soldier drives:
The weak he strengthens, and confirms the strong,
And hurries war's impetuous stream along,
Strike home, he cries, and let your swords erase
Each well-known feature of the kindred face:
Nor waste your fury on the vulgar band;
See! where the hoary dotting senate stand;
There laws and right at once you may confound,
And liberty shall bleed at every wound.

The curs'd destroyer spoke: and, at the word,
The purple nobles sunk beneath the sword:
The dying patriots groan upon the ground,
Illustrious names, for love of laws renown'd.
The great Metelli and Torquati bleed,
Chiefs worthy, if the state had so decreed,
And Pompey were not there, mankind to lead.

Say thou! thy sinking country's only prop,
Glory of Rome, and liberty's last hope;
What helm, oh Brutus! could, amidst the crowd,
Thy sacred undistinguish'd visage shroud?
Where fought thy arm that day! But ah! forbear!
Nor rush unwary on the pointed spear;
Seek not to hasten on untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Emathia wait:
Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on this bloody plain,
To-day thy steel pursues his life in vain.
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant yet,
To make the measure of his crimes complete;
As yet he has not every law defy'd,
Nor reach'd the utmost heights of daring pride.
Ere long thou shalt behold him Rome's proud lord,
And ripen'd by ambition for thy sword; [mand,
'Then, thy griev'd country vengeance shall de-
And ask the victim at thy righteous hand.

Among huge heaps of the patricians slain,
And Latian chiefs who strew'd that purple plain,
Recording story has distinguish'd well,
How brave, unfortunate Domitius fell.
In every loss of Pompey still he shar'd,
And dy'd in liberty, the best reward;
Though vanquish'd oft by Cæsar ne'er enslav'd,
Ev'n to the last, the tyrant's power he brav'd:

Mark'd o'er with many a glorious streaming
wound,

In pleasure sunk the warrior to the ground;
No longer forc'd on vilest terms to live,
For chance to doom, and Cæsar to forgive.
Him, as he pass'd insulting o'er the field,
Roll'd in his blood, the victor proud beheld:
And can, he cry'd, the fierce Domitius fall,
Forfake his Pompey, and expecting Gaul?
Must the war lose that still successful sword,
And my neglected province want a lord?
He spoke; when, lifting slow his closing eyes,
Fearless the dying Roman thus replies:
Since wickedness stands unrewarded yet,
Nor Cæsar's arms their wish'd success have met;
Free and rejoicing to the shades I go,
And leave my chief still equal to his foe;
And if my hopes divine thy doom aright,
Yet shalt thou bow thy vanquish'd head ere night.
Dire punishments the righteous gods decree,
For injur'd Rome, for Pompey, and for me;
In hell's dark realms thy tortures I shall know,
And hear thy ghost lamenting loud below.

He said; and soon the leaden sleep prevail'd,
And everlasting night his eyelids seal'd.

But, oh! what grief the ruin can deplore;
What verse can run the various slaughter o'er!
For lesser woes our sorrows may we keep,
No tears suffice, a dying world to weep:
In differing groups ten thousand deaths arise,
And horrors manifold the soul surprise.
Here the whole man is open'd at a wound,
And gushing bowels pour upon the ground:
Another through the gaping jaws is gor'd,
And in his utmost throat receives the sword:
At once, a single blow a third extends;
The fourth a living trunk dismember'd stands.
Some in their breasts erect the javelin bear,
Some cling to earth with the transfixing spear.
Here, like a fountain, springs a purple flood,
Spouts on the foe, and stains his arms with blood.
There horrid brethren on their brethren prey;
One starts, and hurls a well-known head away.
While some detested son, with impious ire,
Lops by the shoulders close his hoary fire:
Ev'n his rude fellows damn the cur'd deed,
And bastard-born the murderer aread.

No private house its loss lamented then,
But count the slain by nations, not by men.
Here Grecian streams, and Asiatic run,
And Roman torrents drive the deluge on.
More than the world at once was given away,
And late posterity was lost that day:
A race of future slaves receiv'd their doom,
And children yet unborn were overcome.
How shall our miserable sons complain,
That they are born beneath a tyrant's reign?
Did our base hands, with justice shall they say,
The sacred cause of liberty betray?

Why have our fathers given us up a prey?
Their age, to ours, the curse of bondage leaves;
Themselves were cowards, and begot us slaves.

'Tis just; and fortune, that impos'd a lord,
One struggle for their freedom might afford;
Might leave their hands their proper cause to fight,
And let them keep, or lose themselves, their right.

But Pompey, now, the fate of Rome deserv'd,
And saw the changing gods forsake her side.

Hard to believe, though from a rising ground
 He view'd the universal ruin round,
 In crimson streams he saw destruction run,
 And in the fall of thousands felt his own.
 Nor wish'd he, like most wretches in despair,
 The world one common misery might share:
 But with a generous, great, exalted mind;
 Besought the gods to pity poor mankind,
 To let him die, and leave the rest behind:
 This hope came smiling to his anxious breast,
 For this his earnest vows were thus address'd:
 Spare man, ye gods! oh, let the nations live!
 Let me be wretched, but let Rome survive.
 Or if this head suffices not alone,
 My wife, my sons, your anger shall atone:
 If blood the yet unsated war demand,
 Behold my pledges left in fortune's hand!
 Ye cruel powers, who urge me with your hate,
 At length behold me crush'd beneath the weight:
 Give then your long pursuing vengeance o'er,
 And spare the world since I can lose no more.
 So saying, the tumultuous field he crois'd,
 And warn'd from battle his despairing host.
 Gladly the pains of death he had explor'd,
 And fall'n undaunted on his pointed sword:
 Had he not fear'd th' example might succeed,
 And faithful nations by his side would bleed.
 Or did his swelling soul disdain to die,
 While his insulting father stood so nigh?
 Fly where he will, the gods shall still pursue,
 Nor his pale head shall 'scape the victor's view.
 Or else, perhaps, and fate the thought approv'd,
 For her dear sake he fled, whom best he lov'd:
 Malicious fortune to his wish agreed,
 And gave him in Cornelia's fight to bleed.
 Borne by his winged steed at length away,
 He quits the purple plain and yields the day.
 Fearless of danger, still secure and great,
 His daring soul supports his lost estate;
 Nor groans his breast, nor swell his eyes with
 tears,
 But still the same majestic form he wears.
 An awful grief sat decent in his face,
 Such as became his loss, and Rome's disgrace:
 His mind, unbroken, keeps her constant frame,
 In greatness and misfortune still the same;
 While fortune, who his triumphs once beheld,
 Unchanging sees him leave Pharsalia's field.
 Now, disentangled from unwieldy power,
 O Pompey! run thy former honours o'er:
 At leisure now review the glorious scene,
 And call to mind how mighty thou hast been.
 From anxious toils of empire turn thy care,
 And from thy thoughts exclude the murd'rous
 war:
 Let the just gods bear witness on thy side,
 Thy cause no more shall by the sword be try'd.
 Whether sad Afric shall her loss bemoan,
 Or Munda's plains beneath their burden groan,
 The guilty bloodshed shall be all their own.
 No more the much-lov'd Pompey's name shall
 charm
 The peaceful world, with one consent, to arm;
 Nor for thy sake, nor aw'd by thy command,
 But for themselves, the fighting senate stand:
 The war but one distinction shall afford,
 And liberty, or Cæsar, be the word.

Nor, oh! do thou thy vanquish'd lot deplore,
 But fly with pleasure from those seas of gore:
 Look back upon the horror, guiltless thou,
 And pity Cæsar, for whose sake they flow.
 With what a heart, what triumph shall he come,
 A victor, red with Roman blood, to Rome?
 Though misery thy banishment attends,
 Though thou shalt die, by thy false Pharian
 friends;
 Yet trust securely to the choice of heaven,
 And know thy loss was for a blessing giv'n:
 Though flight may seem the warrior's shame and
 curse,
 To conquer, in a cause like this, is worse.
 And, oh! let every mark of grief be spar'd.
 May no tear fall, no groan, no sigh be heard;
 Still let mankind their Pompey's fate adore,
 And reverence thy fall, ev'n as thy height of power,
 Meanwhile survey th' attending world around.
 Cities by thee possess'd, and monarchs crown'd:
 On Afric, or on Asia, cast thy eye,
 And mark the land where thou shalt choose to die.
 Larissa first the constant chief beheld,
 Still great, though flying from the fatal field:
 With loud acclaim her crowds his coming greet,
 And, sighing, pour their presents at his feet.
 She crowns her altars, and proclaims a feast;
 Would put on joy to cheer her noble guest;
 But weeps, and begs to share his woes at least. }
 So was he lov'd ev'n in his lost estate,
 Such faith, such friendship, on his ruins wait;
 With ease Pharsalia's loss might be supply'd,
 While eager nations hasten to his side;
 As if misfortune meant to bless him more,
 Than all his long prosperity before.
 In vain, he cries, you bring the vanquish'd aid;
 Henceforth to Cæsar be your homage paid, }
 Cæsar, who triumphs o'er you heaps of dead.
 With that, his courser urging on to flight,
 He vanish'd from the mournful city's sight.
 With cries, and loud laments, they fill the air,
 And curse the cruel gods, in fierceness of despair,
 Now in huge lakes Hesperian crimson stood,
 And Cæsar's self grew satiated with blood.
 The great patricians fall'n, his pity spar'd
 The worthless, unresisting, vulgar herd.
 Then, while his glowing fortune yet was warm,
 And scattering terror spread the wild alarm,
 Straight to the hostile camp his way he bent, }
 Careful to seize the hasty flier's tent,
 The leisure of a night, and thinking to prevent.
 Nor reck'd he much the weary soldiers toil
 But led them prone and greedy to the spoil,
 Behold, he cries, our victory complete,
 The glorious recompence attends you yet:
 Much have you done to-day, for Cæsar's sake;
 'Tis mine to show the prey, 'tis yours to take.
 'Tis yours, whatever the vanquish'd foe has left;
 'Tis what your valour gain'd, and not my gift.
 Treasures immense, yon wealthy tents enfold,
 The gems of Asia, and Hesperian gold;
 For you the once-great Pompey's store attends,
 With regal spoils of his barbarian friends:
 Haste then, prevent the foe, and seize that good,
 For which you paid so well with Roman blood.
 He said; and with the rage of rapine stung,
 The multitude tumultuous rush along,

On swords and spears, on fires and sons they tread,
And all remorseless spurn the gory dead.
What trench can intercept, what fort withstand
The brutal soldier's rude rapacious hand;
When eager to his crime's reward he flies,
And, bath'd in blood, demands the horrid prize?

There wealth collected from the world around,
The destin'd recompence of war they found.

But, oh! not golden Arimasps' store,
Nor all the Tagus or rich Iber pour,
Can fill the greedy victors griping hands:
Rome, and the capitol, their pride demands;
All other spoils they scorn, as worthless prey,
And count their wicked labours robb'd of pay.

Here, in patrician tents, plebeians rest,
And regal couches are by ruffians press'd:
There impious parricides the bed invade,
And sleep where late their slaughter'd fires were laid.

Meanwhile the battle stands in dreams renew'd,
And Stygian horrors o'er their slumbers brood.

Astonishment and dread their souls infect,
And guilt sits painful on each heaving breast.

Arms, blood, and death, work in the labouring
brain,

They sigh, they start, they strive, and fight it o'er
again.

Ascending fiends infect the air around,
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning
ground:

Hence dire affright distracts the warriors souls,
Vengeance divine their daring hearts controuls,
Snakes hiss, and livid flame tormenting rolls.

Each, as his hands in guilt have been imbrued,
By some pale spectre flies all night pursued.

In various forms the ghosts unnumber'd groan,
The brother, friend, the father, and the son:

To every wretch his proper phantom fell,
While Cæsar sleeps the general care of hell.

Such were his pangs as mad Orestes felt,
Ere yet the Scythian altar purg'd his guilt.

Such horrors Pentheus, such Agave knew;
He when his rage first came, and she when her's
withdrew.

Present and future swords his bosom bears,
And feels the blow that Brutus now defers.

Vengeance, in all her pomp of pain, attends:
To wheels she binds him, and with vultures
rends,

With rack of conscience, and with whips of
fiends.

But soon the visionary horrors pass,
And his first rage with day resumes its place:

Again his eyes rejoice to view the slain,
And run unwearied o'er the dreadful plain.

He bids his train prepare his impious board,
And feasts amidst the heaps of death abhorr'd.

There each pale face at leisure he may know,
And still behold the purple current flow.

He views the woeful wide horizon round,
Then joys that earth is no where to be found,

And owns, those gods he serves, his utmost wish
have crown'd:

Still greedy to possess the curs'd delight,
To glut his soul, and gratify his sight,

The last funereal honours he denies,
And poisons with the stench Emathia's skies.

Not thus the sworn inveterate foe of Rome,
Refus'd the vanquish'd consul's bones a tomb:

His piety the country round beheld,
And bright with fires shone Cannæ's fatal field.

But Cæsar's rage from fiercer motives rose;
These were his countrymen, his worst of foes.

But, oh! relent, forget thy hatred past,
And give the wandering shades to rest at last.

Nor seek we single honours for the dead,
At once let nations on the pile be laid:

To feed the flame, let heapy forests rise,
Far be it seen to fret the ruddy skies,

And grieve despairing Pompey where he lies.

Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in-
vain

Strews with unbury'd carcases the plain.
What is it to thy malice, if they burn,

Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn?
The forms of matter all dissolving die,

And lost in nature's blending bosom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,

These and the world one common lot shall have;
One last appointed flame, by fate's decree,

Shall waste yon azure heavens, this earth, and sea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,

Where stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.
And though thou scorn their fellowship, yet

know,
High as thy own can soar these souls shall go;

Or find, perhaps, a better place below.
Death is beyond thy goddess fortune's power,

And parent earth receives what'er she bore.
Nor will we mourn those Romans fate, who lie

Beneath the glorious covering of the sky;
That starry arch for ever round them turns,

A nobler shelter far than tombs or urns.
But wherefore parts the loathing victor hence?

Does slaughter strike too strongly on thy sense?
Yet stay, yet breathe the thick infectious stream,

Yet quaff with joy the blood-polluted steam,
But see, they fly! the daring warriors yield!

And the dead heaps drive Cæsar from the field!
Now to the prey, gaunt wolves, a howling
train,

Speed hungry from the far Bistonian plain;
From Pholoe the tawny lion comes,

And growling bears forsake their darksome homes:
With these, lean dogs in herds obscene repair,

And every kind that snuffs the tainted air.
For food the cranes their wonted flight delay.

That erst to warmer Nile had wing'd their way:
With them the feather'd race convene from far,

Who gather to the prey, and wait on war.
Ne'er were such flocks of vultures seen to fly,

And hide with spreading plumes the crowded sky:
Gorging on limbs in every tree they sat,

And dropp'd raw morsels down, and gory fat:
Of their tir'd talons, loosening as they fled,

Rain'd horrid offals on the victor's head.
But while the slain supply'd too full a feast,

The plenty bred satiety at last;
The ravenous feeders riot at their ease,

And single out what dainties best may please.
Part borne away, the rest neglected lie,

For noon-day suns, and parching winds, to dry:
Till length of time shall wear them quite away,

And mix them with Emathia's common clay.

Oh fatal Thessaly! Oh land abhorr'd!
 How have thy fields the hate of heaven incurr'd;
 That thus the gods to thee destruction doom,
 And load thee with the curse of falling Rome!
 Still to new crimes, new horrors, dost thou
 haste,
 When yet thy former mischiefs scarce were past.
 What rolling years, what ages, can repay
 The multitudes thy wars have swept away!
 Though tombs and urns their numerous store
 should spread,
 And long antiquity yield all her dead;
 Thy guilty plains more slaughter'd Romans hold,
 Than all those tombs, and all those urns, infold.
 Hence bloody spots shall stain thy grassy green,
 And crimson drops on bladed corn be seen:
 Each plowshare some dead patriot shall molest,
 Disturb his bones, and rob his ghost of rest.

Oh! had the guilt of war been all thy own,
 Were civil rage confin'd to thee alone;
 No mariner his labouring bark should moor,
 In hopes of safety, on thy dreadful shore;
 No swain thy spectre-haunted plain should know,
 Nor turn'd thy blood-stain'd fallow with his
 plough:
 No shepherd e'er should drive his flock to feed,
 Where Romans slain enrich the verdant mead:
 All desolate should lie the land and waste,
 As in some scorch'd or frozen region plac'd.
 But the great gods forbid our partial hate
 On Thessaly's distinguish'd land to wait;
 New blood, and other slaughters, they decree,
 And others shall be guilty too, like thee.
 Munda and Mutina shall boast their slain,
 Pachynus' waters share the purple stain,
 And Actium justify Pharsalia's plain.

B O O K VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

FROM Pharsalia, Pompey flies, first to Larissa, and after to the sea-shore: where he embarks upon a small vessel for Lesbos. There, after a melancholy meeting with Cornelia, and his refusal of the Mitylenians invitations, he embarks with his wife for the coast of Asia. In the way thither he is joined by his son Sextus, and several persons of distinction, who had fled likewise from the late battle; and among the rest by Deiotarus, king of Gallo-Græcia. To him he recommends the soliciting of supplies from the king of Parthia, and the rest of his allies in Asia. After coasting Cilicia for some time, he comes at length to a little town called Syedra or Syedræ, where great part of the senate meet him. With these, he deliberates upon the present circumstances of the commonwealth, and proposes either Mauritania, Ægypt, or Parthia, as the proper places where he may hope to be received, and from whose kings he may expect assistance. In his own opinion he inclines to the Parthians; but this Lentulus, in a long oration, opposes very warmly; and, in consideration of young Ptolemy's personal obligations to Pompey, prefers Ægypt. This advice is generally approved and followed, and Pompey sets sail accordingly for Ægypt. Upon his arrival upon that coast, the king calls a council, where, at the instigation of Pothinus, a villainous minister, it is resolved to take his life; and the execution of this order is committed to the care of Achillas, formerly the king's governor, and then general of the army. He, with Septimius, a renegade Roman soldier, who had formerly served under Pompey, upon several frivolous pretences, persuades him to quit his ship, and come into their boat; where, as they make towards the shore, he treacherously murders him, in the sight of his wife, his son, and the rest of his fleet. His head is cut off, and his body thrown into the sea. The head is fixed upon a spear, and carried to Ptolemy; who, after he had seen it, commands it to be embalmed. In the succeeding night, one Cordus, who had been a follower of Pompey, finds the trunk floating near the shore, brings it to land with some difficulty: and, with a few planks that remained from a ship-wrecked vessel, burns it. The melancholy description of this mean funeral, with the poet's invective against the gods, and fortune, for their unworthy treatment of so great a man, concludes this book.

Now through the vale, by great Alcides made,
 And the sweet maze of Tempe's pleasing shade,
 Cheerless, the flying chief renew'd his speed,
 And urg'd, with gory spurs, his fainting steed.
 Fall'n from the former greatness of his mind,
 He turns where doubtful paths obscurely wind.
 The fellows of his flight increase his dread,
 While hard behind the trampling horsemen tread:
 He starts at every rustling of the trees,
 And fears the whispers of each murmuring breeze.
 He feels not yet, alas! his lost estate;
 And, though he flies, believes himself still great:

Imagines millions for his life are bid,
 And rates his own, as he would Cæsar's head.
 Where'er his fear explores untrodden ways,
 His well-known visage still his flight betrays.
 Many he meets unknowing of his chance,
 Whose gathering forces to his aid advance.
 With gaze astonish'd, these their chief behold,
 And scarce believe what by himself is told.
 In vain, to covert, from the world he flies,
 Fortune still grieves him with pursuing eyes:
 Still aggravates, still urges his disgrace,
 And galls him with the thoughts of what he was.

His youthful triumph sadly now returns,
His Pontic and piratic wars he mourns,
While stung with secret shame and anxious care
he burns.

Thus age to sorrows oft the great betrays.
When loss of empire comes with length of days.
Life and enjoyment still one end shall have,
Left early misery prevent the grave.
The good, that lasts not, was in vain bestow'd,
And ease once past becomes the present load:
Then let the wife, in fortune's kindest hour,
Still keep one safe retreat within his power;
Let death be near, to guard him from surprise,
And free him, when the fickle goddess flies.

Now to those shores the hapless Pompey came,
Where hoary Peneus rolls his ancient stream:
Red with Emathian slaughter ran his flood,
And dy'd the ocean deep in Roman blood.
There a poor bark, whose keel perhaps might
glide

Safe down some river's smooth descending tide,
Receiv'd the mighty master of the main,
Whose spreading navies hide the liquid plain.
In this he braves the winds and stormy sea,
And to the Lesbian isle directs his way.
There the kind partner of his every care,
His faithful, lov'd Cornelia, languish'd there:
At that sad distance more unhappy far,
Than in the midst of danger, death, and war.
There on her heart, ev'n all the live-long day,
Foreboding thought a weary burden lay:
Sad visions haunt her slumbers with affright,
And Thessaly returns with every night.
Soon as the ruddy morning paints the skies,
Swift to the shore the pensive mourner flies;
There, lonely sitting on the cliff's bleak brow,
Her sight she fixes on the seas below;
Attentive marks the wide horizon's bound,
And kens each sail that rises in the round; [near,
Thick beats her heart, as every prow draws
And dreads the fortunes of her lord to hear.

At length, behold! the fatal bark is come!
See! the swoln canvas labouring with her
doom.

Preventing fame, misfortune lends him wings,
And Pompey's self his own sad story brings.
Now bid thy eyes, thou lost Cornelia, flow,
And change thy fears to certain sorrows, now.
Swift glides the woeful vessel on to land;
Forth flies the headlong matron to the strand.

There soon she found what worst the gods could
do, [knew;
There soon her dear much-alter'd lord she
Though fearful all and ghastly was his hue.
Rude, o'er his face, his hoary locks were grown,
And dust was cast upon his Roman gown.
She saw, and, fainting, sunk in sudden night;
Grief stopp'd her breath, and shut out loathsome
light;

The loosening nerves no more their force exert,
And motion ceas'd within the freezing heart;
Death kindly seem'd her wishes to obey,
And, stretch'd upon the beach, a corpse she lay.

But now the mariners the vessel moor,
And Pompey, landing, views the lonely shore.
The faithful maids their loud lamentings ceas'd,
And reverently their ruder grief suppress'd.

Straight, while with duteous care they kneel a-
round,

And raise their wretched mistress from the ground,
Her lord infolds her with a strict embrace,
And joins his cheek close to her lifeless face:
At the known touch, her failing sense returns,
And vital warmth in kindling blushes burns,
At length, from virtue thus he seeks relief,
And kindly chides her violence of grief:

Canst thou then sink, thou daughter of the
great,

Sprung from the noblest guardians of our state;
Canst thou thus yield to the first shock of fate?

Whatever deathless monuments of praise
Thy sex can merit, 'tis in thee to raise.

On man alone life's ruder trials wait,
The fields of battle, and the cares of state;
While the wife's virtue then is only try'd,
When faithless fortune quits her husband's side.
Arm then thy soul, the glorious task to prove,
And learn, thy miserable lord to love.

Behold me of my power and pomp bereft,
By all my kings, and by Rome's fathers left:
Oh make that loss thy glory; and be thou
The only follower of Pompey now.

This grief becomes thee not, while I survive;
War wounds not thee, since I am still alive:
These tears a dying husband should deplore,
And only fall when Pompey is no more.

'Tis true, my former greatness all is lost;
Who weep for that, no love for me can boast,
But mourn the loss of what they valued most.

Mov'd at her lord's reproof, the matron rose;
Yet, still complaining, thus avow'd her woes:

Ah! wherefore was I not much rather led,
A fatal bride, to Cæsar's hated bed?

To thee unlucky, and a curse, I came,
Unblest by yellow Hymen's holy flame:
My bleeding Crassus, and his fire, stood by,
And fell Erynnis shook her torch on high.
My fate on thee the Parthian vengeance draws,
And urges heaven to hate the juster cause.
Ah, my once greatest lord! ah, cruel hour!
Is thy victorious head in fortune's power?
Since miseries my baneful love pursue,
Why did I wed thee, only to undo?

But see, to death my willing neck I bow;
Atone the angry gods by one kind blow.
Long since, for thee, my life I would have given;
Yet, let me, yet prevent the wrath of heaven.

Kill me, and scatter me upon the sea,
So shall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey.

And thou, where'er thy sullen phantom flies,
Oh, Julia! let thy rival's blood suffice;
Let me the rage of jealous vengeance bear,
But him, thy lord, thy once-lov'd Pompey spare.

She said, and sunk within his arms again;
In streams of sorrow melt the mournful train:
Ev'n his, the warrior's eyes, were forc'd to yield,
That saw, without a tear, Pharsalia's field.

Now to the strand the Mitylenians press'd,
And humbly thus bespoke their noble guest:

If, to succeeding times, our isle shall boast
The pledge of Pompey left upon her coast,
Disdain not, if thy presence now we claim,
And fain would consecrate our walls to fame.

Make thou this place in future story great,
 Where pious Romans may direct their feet,
 To view with adoration thy retreat.
 This may we plead, in favour of the town;
 That, while mankind the prosperous victor own,
 Already, Cæsar's foes avow'd, are we,
 Nor add new guilt, by duty paid to thee.
 Some safety too our ambient seas secure:
 Cæsar wants ships, and we defy his power.
 Here may Rome's scatter'd fathers well unite,
 And arm against a second happier fight.
 Our Lesbian youth with ready courage stands,
 To man thy navies, or recruit thy bands.
 For gold, whate'er to sacred use is lent,
 Take it, and the rapacious foe prevent.
 This only mark of friendship we entreat,
 Seek not to shun us in thy low estate;
 But let our Lesbos, in thy ruin, prove,
 As in thy greatness, worthy of thy love.

Much was the leader mov'd, and joy'd to find
 Faith had not quite abandon'd human-kind.
 To me (he cry'd) for ever were you dear;
 Witness the pledge committed to your care:
 Here in security I plac'd my home,
 My household gods, my heart, my wife, my
 Rome.

I know what ransom might your pardon buy,
 And yet I trust you, yet to you I fly.
 But, oh! too long my woes you singly bear;
 I leave you, not for lands which I prefer,
 But that the world the common load may share.
 Lesbos! for ever sacred be thy name;
 May late posterity thy truth proclaim!
 Whether thy fair example spread around,
 Or whether, singly, faithful thou art found:
 For 'tis resolv'd, 'tis fix'd within my mind,
 To try the doubtful world, and prove mankind.
 Oh grant, good heaven! if there be one alone,
 One gracious power so lost a cause to own,
 Grant, like the Lesbians, I my friends may find;
 Such who, though Cæsar threaten, dare be kind:
 Who, with the same just hospitable heart,
 May leave me free to enter, or depart.

He ceas'd; and to the ship his partner bore,
 While loud complainings fill the sounding shore.
 It seem'd as if the nation with her pass'd,
 And banishment had laid their island waste.
 Their second sorrows they to Pompey give,
 For her, as for their citizen, they grieve.
 Ev'n though glad victory had call'd her thence,
 And her lord's bidding been the just pretence;
 The Lesbian matrons had in tears been crown'd,
 And brought her weeping to the watery board.
 So was she lov'd, so winning was her grace,
 Such lowly sweetness dwelt upon her face;
 In such humility her life she led,
 Ev'n while her lord was Rome's commanding
 head,

As if his fortune were already fled.
 Half hid in seas descending Phœbus lay,
 And upwards half, half downwards shot the day;
 When wakeful cares revolve in Pompey's soul,
 And run the wide world o'er, from pole to pole.
 Each realm, each city, in his mind are weigh'd,
 Where he may fly, from whence depend on aid.
 Weary'd at length beneath the load of woes,
 And those sad scenes his future views disclose,

In conversation for relief he fought,
 And exercis'd on various themes his thought.
 Now sits he by the careful pilot's side,
 And asks what rules their watery journey
 guide;

What lights of heaven his arts attend to most,
 Bound by the Libyan or the Syrian coast.

To him, intent upon the rolling skies,
 The heaven-instructed shipman thus replies:
 Of all yon multitude of golden stars,
 Which the wide rounding sphere incessant bears,
 The cautious mariner relies on none,
 But keeps him to the constant pole alone.
 When o'er the yard the lesser Bear aspires,
 And from the topmast gleam its paly fires,
 Then Bosphorus near-neighbouring we explore,
 And hear loud billows beat the Scythian shore:
 But when Calisto's shining son descends,
 And the low Cynosure tow'rd's ocean bends,
 For Syria straight we know the vessel bears,
 Where first Canopo's southern sign appears.
 If still upon the left those stars thou keep,
 And, passing Pharos, plow the foamy deep,
 Then right a-head thy luckless bark shall reach
 The Libyan shoals, and Syrts unfaithful beach.
 But say, for lo! on thee attends my hand,
 What course dost thou assign? what seas, what
 land?

Speak, and the helm shall turn at thy command.

To him the chief, by doubts uncertain tost;
 Oh, fly the Latian and Thessalian coast:
 Those only lands avoid. For all beside
 Yield to the driving winds, and rolling tide;
 Let fortune, where she please, a port provide.
 Till Lesbos did my dearest pledge restore,
 That thought determin'd me to seek that shore:
 All ports, all regions, but those fatal two,
 Are equal to unhappy Pompey now.

Scarce had he spoke, when straight the master
 veer'd,

And right for Chios, and for Asia steer'd.
 The working waves the course inverted feel.
 And dash and foam beneath the winding keel.
 With art like this, on rapid chariots borne,
 Around the column skilful racers turn:
 The nether wheels bear nicely on the goal,
 The farther, wide in distant circles roll.

Now day's bright beams the various earth dis-
 close,

And o'er the fading stars the sun arose;
 When Pompey gathering to his side, beheld
 The scatter'd relics of Pharsalia's field.
 First from the Lesbian isle his son drew near,
 And soon a troop of faithful chiefs appear.
 Nor purple princes, yet, disdain to wait
 On vanquish'd Pompey's humbler low estate.
 Proud monarchs, who in eastern kingdoms reign,
 Mix in the great illustrious exile's train.
 From these, apart, Deiotarus he draws,
 The long-approv'd companion of his cause:
 Thou best (he cries) of all my royal friends!
 Since with our loss Rome's power and empire
 ends;

What yet remains, but that we call from far
 The eastern nations to support the war?
 Euphrates has not own'd proud Cæsar's side,
 And Tigris rolls a yet unconquer'd tide.

Let it not grieve thee, then, to seek for aid
 From the wild Scythian, and remotest Mede.
 To Parthia's monarch my distress declare,
 And at his throne speak this my humble prayer.
 If faith in ancient leagues is to be found,
 Leagues by our altars and your Magi bound,
 Now string the Getic and Armenian bow,
 And in full quivers feather'd shafts bestow.
 If when o'er Caspian hills my troops I led,
 'Gainst Allans, in eternal warfare bred,
 I fought not once to make your Parthians yield,
 But left them free to range the Persian field.
 Beyond th' Assyrian bounds my eagles flew,
 And conquer'd realms, that Cyrus never knew;
 Ev'n to the utmost east I urg'd my way,
 And ere the Persian, saw the rising day:
 Yet while beneath my yoke the nations bend,
 I fought the Parthian only as my friend.
 Yet more; when Carræ blush'd with Crassus' blood,
 And Latium her severest vengeance vow'd;
 When war with Parthia was the common cry,
 Who stopp'd the fury of that rage, but I?
 If this be true, through Zeugma take your way,
 Nor let Euphrates' stream the march delay;
 In gratitude to my assistance come;
 Fight Pompey's cause, and conquer willing Rome.
 He said; the monarch cheerfully obey'd,
 And straight aside his royal robes he laid;
 Then bid his slaves their humbler vestments
 bring:

And in that servile veil conceals the king.
 Thus majesty gives its proud trappings o'er,
 And humbly seeks for safety from the poor:
 The poor, who no disguises need, nor wear;
 Unblest with greatness, and unvex'd with fear.
 His princely friend now safe convey'd to land,
 The chief o'erpass'd the fam'd Ephesian strand,
 Icaria's rocks, with Colophon's smooth deep,
 And foamy cliffs which rugged Samos keep.
 From Coan shores soft breathes the western wind,
 And Rhodes and Gnidos soon are left behind.
 Then crossing o'er Telmessos' ample bay,
 Right to Pamphilia's coast he cuts his way.
 Suspicious of the land, he keeps the main,
 Till poor Ephelis, first, receives his wandering
 train. [mand

There, free from fears, with ease he may com-
 Her citizens, scarce equal to his band.
 Nor lingering there, his swelling sails are spread,
 Till he discerns proud Taurus' rising head:
 A mighty mass it stands, while down his side
 Descending Dipsas rolls his headlong tide.
 In a slight bark he runs securely o'er
 The pirates once-infested dreadful shore.
 Ah! when he set the watery empire free,
 And swept the fierce Cilician from the sea,
 Could the successful warrior have forethought
 'Twas for his future safety, then, he fought!
 At length the gathering fathers of the state,
 In full assembly, on their leader wait:
 Within Syedra's walls their senate meets,
 Whom, sighing, thus th' illustrious exile greets.

My friends! who with me fought, who with
 me fled,
 And now are to me in my country's stead;
 Though quite defenceless and unarm'd we stand,
 On this Cilician, naked, foreign strand;

Though every mark of fortune's wrath we bear,
 And seem to seek for counsel in despair;
 Preserve your souls undaunted, free, and great,
 And know I am not fall'n entirely, yet,
 Spite of the ruins of Emathia's plain,
 Yet can I rear my drooping head again.
 From Afric's dust abandon'd Marius rose,
 To seize the Falces, and insult his foes.
 My loss is lighter, less is my disgrace;
 Shall I despair to reach my former place?
 Still on the Grecian seas my navies ride,
 And many a valiant leader owns my side.
 All that Pharsalia's luckless field could do,
 Was to disperse my forces, not subdue.
 Still safe beneath my former fame I stand,
 Dear to the world, and lov'd in every land.
 'Tis yours to counsel and determine, whom
 We shall apply to, in the cause of Rome;
 What faithful friend may best assistance bring;
 The Libyan, Parthian, or Ægyptian king.
 For me, what course my thoughts incline to
 take,

Here freely, and at large, I mean to speak.
 What most dislike me in the Pharian prince,
 Are his raw years, and yet unpractis'd sense:
 Virtue, in youth, no stable footing finds,
 And constancy is built on manly minds.
 Nor, with less danger, may our trust explore
 The faith uncertain of the crafty Moor!
 From Carthaginian blood he draws his race,
 Still mindful of the vanquish'd town's disgrace;
 From thence Numidian mischiefs he derives;
 And Hannibal in his false heart survives:
 With pride he saw submissive Varus bow,
 And joys to hear the Roman power lies low.
 To warlike Parthia therefore let us turn,
 Where stars unknown in distant azure burn;
 Where Caspian hills to part the world arise,
 And night and day succeed in other skies;
 Where rich Assyrian plains Euphrates laves,
 And seas discolour'd roll their ruddy waves.
 Ambition, there, delights in arms to reign,
 There rushing squadrons thunder o'er the plain:
 There young and old the bow promiscuous bend,
 And fatal shafts with aim unerring send.
 They first the Macedonian phalanx broke,
 And hand to hand repell'd the Grecian stroke;
 They drove the Mede and Bactrian from the
 field,

And taught aspiring Babylon to yield;
 Fearless against the Roman pile they stood,
 And triumph'd in our vanquish'd Crassus' blood.
 Nor trust they to the points of piercing darts,
 But furnish death with new improving arts,
 In mortal juices dipt their arrows fly,
 And if they taste the blood, the wounded die.
 Too well their powers and favouring gods we
 know,

And wish our fate much rather would allow
 Some other aid against the common foe.
 With un auspicious succour shall they come,
 Nurs'd in the hate and rivalry of Rome.
 With these, the neighbouring nations round
 shall arm,
 And the whole east rouse at the dire alarm.
 Should the barbarian race their aid deny,
 Yet would I choose in that strange land to die:

There let our shipwreck'd poor remains be
thrown,

Our loss forgotten, and our names unknown:
Securely there ill-fortune would I brave,
Nor meanly sue to kings, whose crowns I gave:
From Cæsar free, enjoy my latest hour,
And scorn his anger's and his mercy's pow'r.
Still, when my thoughts my former days restore,
With joy, methinks, I run those regions o'er;
There, much the better parts of life, I prov'd,
Rever'd by all, applauded, and belov'd;
Wide o'er Mæotis spread my happy name;
And Tanais ran conscious of my fame;
My vanquish'd enemies my conquests mourn'd,
And cover'd still with laurels, I return'd.
Approve then, Rome, my present cares for thee;
Thine is the gain, whate'er th' event shall be.
What greater boon canst thou from heaven de-
mand,

Than in thy cause to arm the Parthian's hand?
Barbarians thus shall wage thy civil war,
And those that hate thee in thy ruin share.
When Cæsar and Phraates battle join,
They must revenge, or Crassus' wrongs, or mine.
The leader ceas'd; and straight a murmuring
sound

Ran through the disapproving fathers round.
With these, in high pre-eminence, there sat
Distinguish'd Lentulus, the consul late:
None with more generous indignation stung,
Or nobler grief, beheld his country's wrong.
Sudden he rose, rever'd, and thus began,
In words that well became the subject, and the
man:

Can then Pharsalia's ruins thus controul
The former greatness of thy Roman soul?
Must the whole world, our laws and country,
yield

To one unlucky day, one ill-fought field?
Hast thou no hopes of succour, no retreat,
But mean prostration at the Parthian's feet?
Art thou grown weary of our earth and sky,
That thus thou seek'st a fugitive to fly;
New stars to view, new regions to explore,
To learn new manners, and new gods adore?
Wilt thou before Chaldean altars bend,
Worship their fires, and on their kings depend?
Why didst thou draw the world to arms around?
Why cheat mankind with liberty's sweet sound?
Why on Emathia's plain fierce Cæsar brave,
When thou canst yield thyself a tyrant's slave?
Shall Parthia, who with terror shook from far,
To hear thee nam'd, to head the Roman war,
Who saw thee lead proud monarchs in thy chain,
From wild Hyrcania and the Indian main;
Shall she, that very Parthia, see thee now,
A poor, dejected, humble suppliant bow?
Then haughtily with Rome her greatness mate,
And scorn thy country, for thy groveling fate?
Thy tongue, in eastern languages untaught,
Shall want the words that should explain thy
thought:

Tears, then, unmanly, must thy suit declare;
And suppliant hands, uplifted, speak thy prayer.
Shall Parthia (shall it to our shame be known)
Revenge Rome's wrongs, ere Rome revenge her
own?

VOL. XII.

Our war no interfering kings demands,
Nor shall be trusted to barbarian hands:
Among ourselves our bonds we will deplore,
And Rome shall serve the rebel son the bore.
Why would'st thou bid our foes transgress their
bound,

And teach their feet to tread Hesperian ground?
With ensigns, torn from Crassus, shall they come,
And, with his ravish'd honours, threaten Rome;
His fate those blood-stain'd eagles shall recall,
And hover dreadful o'er their native wall.

Canst thou believe the monarch, who withheld
His only forces from Emathia's field,

Will bring his succours to the waining state,
And bravely now defy the victor's hate?

No eastern courage forms a thought so great.

In cold laborious climes the wintery north
Brings her undaunted hardy warriors forth,

In body and in mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of soul, and steady in the field;

While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease.

Here silken robes invest unmanly limbs,

And in long trains the flowing purple streams.

Where no rude hills Sarmatia's wilds restrain,

Or rushing Tigris cuts the level plain,

Swifter than winds along the champain borne,

At liberty they fly, or fight, or turn,

And, distant still, the vain pursuer scorn.

Nor with like ease they force their warlike way,
Where rough unequal grounds their speed delay.

Whene'er the thicker shades of night arise,
Unaim'd the shaft, and unavailing, flies.

Nor are they form'd with constancy to meet
Those toils, that make the panting soldier

sweat:

To climb the heights, to stem the rapid flood,

To make the dusty noon-day battle good,

Horrid with wounds, and crust'd o'er in blood.

Nor war's machines they know, nor have the skill
To shake the rampire, or the trench to fill:

Each fence that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort impregnable, secure.

Light are their skirmishes, their war is flight,
And still to wheel their wavering troops delight.

To taint their coward darts, is all their care,
And then to trust them to the fitting air.

Whene'er their bows have spent their feather'd
store,

The mighty business of their war is o'er:

No manly strokes they try, nor hand to hand
With cleaving swords in sturdy combat stand.

With swords the valiant still their foes invade;
These call in drugs and poison to their aid.

Are these the powers to whom thou bidst us fly?
Is this the land in which thy bones would lie?

Shall these barbarian hands for thee provide
The grave, to thy unhappy friend deny'd?

But be it so! that death shall bring thee peace,
That here thy sorrows and thy toils shall cease.

Death is what man should wish. But, oh! what
fate

Shall on thy wife, thy sad survivor, wait!

For her, where lust with lawless empire reigns,
Somewhat more terrible than death remains.

Have we not heard, with what abhor'd desires
The Parthian Venus feeds her guilty fires?

How their wild monarch, like the bestial race,
Spreads the pollution of his loud embrace?
Unaw'd by reverence of connubial rites,
In multitudes, luxurious, he delights:
When gorg'd with feasting, and inflam'd with
wine,

No joys can fate him, and no laws confine;
Forbidding Nature, then, commands in vain,
From sisters and from mothers to abstain.
The Greek and Roman with a trembling ear,
Th' unwilling crime of Oedipus may hear;
While Parthian kings like deeds, with glory, own,
And boast incestuous titles to the throne.
If crimes like these they can securely brave,
What laws, what power, shall thy Cornelia save?
Think, how the helpless matron may be led,
The thousandth harlot, to the royal bed.
Though when the tyrant clasps his noble slave,
And hears to whom her plighted hand she gave,
Her beauties oft in scorn he shall prefer,
And choose t' insult the Roman name in her.
These are the powers to whom thou would'st
submit,

And Rome's revenge and Crassus' quite forget.
Thy cause, prefer'd to his, becomes thy shame,
And blots, in common, thine and Cæsar's name.
With how much greater glory might you join,
To drive the Daci, or to free the Rhine!
How well your conquering legions might you lead,
'Gainst the fierce Bactrian and the haughty Mede!
Level proud Babylon's aspiring domes,
And with their spoils enrich our slaughter'd lead-
ers tombs?

No longer, Fortune! let our friendship last,
Our peace, ill-omen'd, with the barbarous East;
If civil strife with Cæsar's conquest end,
To Asia let his prosperous arms extend:
Eternal wars there let the victor wage,
And on proud Parthia pour the Roman rage.
There I, there all, his victories may bless,
And Rome herself make vows for his success.
Whene'er thou pass the cold Araxes o'er,
An aged shade shall greet thee on the shore,
Transfix'd with arrows, mournful, pale, and
hoar.

And art thou (shall he cry, complaining) come
In peace and friendship, to these foes of Rome?
Thou! from whose hand we hop'd revenge in
vain,

Poor naked ghosts, a thin unbury'd train,
That flit, lamenting, o'er this dreary plain?
On every side new objects shall disclose
Some mournful monument of Roman woes;
On every wall fresh marks thou shalt descry,
Where pale Hesperian heads were fix'd on high:
Each river, as he rolls his purple tide,
Shall own his waves in Latian slaughter dy'd.
If sights like these thou canst with patience bear,
What are the horrors which thy soul would fear?
Ev'n Cæsar's self with joy may be beheld,
Enthron'd on slaughter in Emathia's field.
Say then, we grant, thy cautions were not vain,
Of Punic frauds and Juba's faithless reign;
Abounding Egypt shall receive thee yet,
And yield, unquestion'd, a secure retreat.
By nature strengthen'd with a dangerous strand,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.

Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile.
Her monarch, bred beneath thy guardian cares,
His crown, the largess of thy bounty, wears.
Nor let unjust suspicions brand his truth;
Candour and innocence still dwell with youth.
Trust not a power accusom'd to be great,
And vers'd in wicked policies of state.
Old kings, long harden'd in the regal trade,
By interest and by craft alone are sway'd,
And violate with ease the leagues they made:
While new ones still make conscience of the trust,
True to their friends, and to their subjects just.

He spoke; the listening fathers all were mov'd,
And with concurring votes the thought approv'd.
So much ev'n dying Liberty prevail'd,
When Pompey's suffrage, and his counsel fail'd.

And now Cilicia's coast the fleet forsake,
And o'er the watery plain for Cyprus make.
Cyprus to love's ambrosial goddess dear,
For ever grateful smoke the altars there:
Indulgent still she hears the Paphian vows,
And loves the favourite seas from whence she rose.
So Fame reports, if we may credit Fame,
When her fond tales the birth of gods proclaim,
Unborn, and from eternity the same.

The craggy cliffs of Cyprus quickly past,
The chief runs southward o'er the ocean vast.
Nor views he, through the murky veil of night,
The Casian mountains far distinguish'd height,
The high-hung lantern, or the beamy light.
Haply at length the labouring canvas bore
Full on the farthest bounds of Ægypt's shore,
Where near Pelusium parting Nile descends,
And in her utmost eastern channel ends.
'Twas now the time, when equal Jove on high
Had hung the golden balance of the sky:
But, ah! not long such just proportions last,
The righteous season soon was chang'd and pass'd,
And Spring's encroachment, on the shortening
shade,

Was fully to the wintery nights repaid:
When to the chief from shore they made report,
That, near high Casium, lay the Pharian court.
This known, he thither turns his ready sail,
The light yet lasting with the favouring gale.
The fleet arriv'd, the news flies swiftly round,
And their new guests the troubled court confound.
The time was short; howe'er the council met,
Vile ministers, a monstrous motley set.
Of these, the chief in honour, and the best,
Was old Achoreus the Memphian priest:
In Isis and Osiris he believ'd,
And reverend tales from fire to son receiv'd;
Could mark the swell of Nile's increasing tide,
And many an Apis in his time had dy'd;
Yet was his age with gentlest manners fraught,
Humbly he spoke, and modestly he taught.
With good intent the pious seer arose,
And told how much their state to Pompey owes;
What large amends their monarch ought to make,
Both for his own, and for his father's sake.
But fate had plac'd a subtler speaker there,
A tongue more fitted for a tyrant's ear,
Pothinus, deep in arts of mischief read,
Who thus, with false persuasion, blindly led
The easy king, to doom his guardian dead:

To strictest justice many ills belong,
And honesty is often in the wrong :
Chiefly when stubborn rules her zealots push,
To favour those whom fortune means to crush.
But thou, oh royal Ptolemy, be wise ;
Change with the gods, and fly whom fortune flies.
Not earth, from yon high heavens which we ad-
mire,

Not from the watery element the fire,
Are sever'd by distinction half so wide,
As interest and integrity divide.
The mighty power of kings no more prevails,
When justice comes with her deciding scales,
Freedom for all things, and a lawless sword,
Alone support an arbitrary lord.
He that is cruel must be bold in ills,
And find his safety from the blood he spills.
For piety, and virtue's starving rules,
To mean retirements let them lead their fools :
There, may they still ingloriously be good ;
None can be safe in courts, who blush at blood.
Nor let this fugitive despise thy years,
Or think a name, like his, can cause thy fears :
Exert thyself, and let him feel thy power,
And know, that we dare drive him from our
shore.

But if thou wish to lay thy greatness down,
To some more just succession yield thy crown ;
Thy rival sister willingly shall reign,
And save our Ægypt from a foreign chain.
As now, at first, in neutral peace we lay,
Nor would be Pompey's friends, nor Cæsar's prey.
Vanquish'd, where'er his fortune has been try'd,
And driv'n, with scorn, from all the world beside,
By Cæsar chac'd, and left by his allies,
To us a baffled vagabond he flies.
The poor remaining senate loath his sight,
And ruin'd monarchs curse his fatal flight :
While thousand phantoms from th' unbury'd
slain,

Who feed the vultures of Emathia's plain,
Disastrous still pursue him in the rear,
And urge his soul with horror and despair.
To us for refuge now he seeks to run,
And would once more with Egypt be undone.
Rouse then, oh Ptolemy ! repress the wrong ;
He thinks we have enjoy'd our peace too long ;
And therefore kindly comes, that we may share
The crimes of slaughter, and the woes of war.
His friendship shown to thee suspicions draws,
And makes us seem too guilty of his cause :
Thy crown bestow'd, the victor may impute ;
The senate gave it, but at Pompey's suit.
Nor, Pompey ! thou thyself shall think it hard,
If from thy aid, by fate, we are debarr'd.
We follow where the gods, constraining, lead ;
We strike at thine, but with 'twere Cæsar's head.
Our weakness this, this fate's compulsion call ;
We only yield to him who conquers all.
Then doubt not if thy blood we mean to spill ;
Power awes us ; if we can, we must, and will.
What hopes thy fond mistaken soul betray'd,
To put thy trust in Ægypt's feeble aid ?
Our slothful nation, long disus'd to toil,
With pain suffice to till their slimy soil ;
Our idle force due modesty should teach,
Nor dare to aim beyond its humble reach.

Shall we resist where Rome was forc'd to yield,
And make us parties to Pharsalia's field ?
We mix'd not in the fatal strife before :
And shall we, when the world has given it o'er ?
Now ! when we know th' avenging victor's
power ?

Nor do we turn, unpitying, from distress ;
We fly not Pompey's woes, but seek success.
The prudent on the prosperous still attends,
And none but fools choose wretches for their
friends.

He said ; the vile assembly all assent,
And the boy-king his glad concurrence lent,
Fond of the royalty his slaves bestow'd,
And by new power of wickedness made proud.

Where Cæsium high o'erlooks the shoaly
strand,
A bark with armed ruffians straight is mann'd,
And the task trusted to Achilles' hand.

Can then Ægyptian souls thus proudly dare !
Is Rome, ye gods ! thus fall'n by civil war !
Can you to Nile transfer the Roman guilt,
And let such blood by cowards hands be spilt ?
Some kindred murderer at least afford,
And let him fall by Cæsar's worthy sword.
And thou, inglorious, feeble, beardless boy !
Darest thou thy hand in such a deed employ ?
Does not thy trembling heart, with horror, dread
Jove's thunder, grumbling o'er thy guilty head ?
Had not his arms with triumphs oft been crown'd :
And ev'n the vanquish'd world his conquest
own'd ;

Had not the reverend senate call'd him head,
And Cæsar given fair Julia to his bed,
He was a Roman still : a name should be
For ever sacred to a king, like thee.
Ah, fool ! thus blindly by thyself undone,
Thou seek'st his ruin, who upheld thy throne :
He only could thy feeble power maintain,
Who gave thee first o'er Ægypt's realm to reign.

The seamen now advancing near to shore,
Strike the wide sail, and ply the plunging oar ;
When the false miscreants the navy meet,
And with dissembled cheer the Roman greet.
They feign their hospitable land address'd,
With ready friendship, to receive her guest ;
Excusing much an inconvenient shore,
Where shoals lie thick, and meeting currents roar :
From his tall ship, unequal to the place,
They beg him to their lighter bark to pass.

Had not the gods, unchangeably, decreed
Devoted Pompey in that hour to bleed,
A thousand signs the danger near foretel,
Seen by his sad presaging friends too well.
Had their low fawning justly been design'd,
If truth could lodge in an Ægyptian mind,
Their king himself with all his fleet had come,
To lead, in pomp, his benefactor home.
But thus fate will'd ; and Pompey chose to bear
A certain death before uncertain fear.

While now aboard the hostile boat he goes,
To follow him the frantic matron vows,
And claims her partnership in all his woes.
But, oh ! forbear (he cries) my love, forbear ;
Thou and my son remain in safety here.
Let this old head the danger first explore,
And prove the faith of yon suspected shore :

He spoke ; but she, unmov'd at his commands,
 Thus loud exclaiming, stretch'd her eager hands :
 Whither, inhuman ! whither art thou gone ?
 Still must I weep our common griefs alone ?
 Joy still, with thee, forsakes my boding heart ;
 And fatal is the hour whene'er we part.
 Why did thy vessel to my Lesbos turn ?
 Why was I from the faithful island borne ?
 Must I all lands, all shores, alike forbear,
 And only on the seas thy sorrows share ?
 Thus, to the winds, loud plain'd her fruitless
 tongue,
 While eager from the deck on high she hung ;
 Trembling with wild astonishment and fear,
 She dares not while her parting lord they bear,
 Turn her eyes from him once, or fix them there. }
 On him his anxious navy all are bent,
 And wait, solicitous, the dire event.
 No danger aim'd against his life they doubt ;
 Care for his glory only fills their thought :
 They wish he may not stain his name renown'd,
 By mean submission to the boy he crown'd.
 Just as he enter'd o'er the vessel's side,
 Hail, general ! the curs'd Septimius cry'd,
 A Roman once in generous warfare bred,
 And oft in arms by mighty Pompey led ;
 But now (what vile dishonour must it bring)
 The ruffian slave of an Egyptian king.
 Fierce was he, horrible, inur'd to blood,
 And ruthless as the savage of the wood.
 Oh, fortune ! who but would have call'd thee
 kind,
 And thought thee mercifully now inclin'd,
 When thy o'er-ruling providence withheld
 This hand of mischief from Pharsalia's field ?
 But, thus, thou scatter'st thy destroying swords,
 And every land thy victims thus affords.
 Shall Pompey at a tyrant's bidding bleed !
 Can Roman hands be to the task decreed !
 Ev'n Cæsar, and his gods, abhor the deed.
 Say you ! who with the stain of murder brand
 Immortal Brutus's avenging hand,
 What monstrous title, yet to speech unknown,
 To latest times shall mark Septimius down !
 Now in the boat defenceless Pompey fate,
 Surrounded and abandoned to his fate.
 Nor long they hold him in their power, aboard,
 Ere every villain drew his ruthless sword :
 The chief perceiv'd their purpose soon, and
 spread
 His Roman gown, with patience, o'er his head :
 And when the curs'd Achillas pierc'd his breast,
 His rising indignation close repress'd.
 No sighs, no groans, his dignity profan'd,
 No tears his still unsully'd glory stain'd :
 Unmov'd and firm he fix'd him on his seat,
 And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, great.
 Meanwhile, within his equal parting soul,
 These latest pleasing thoughts revolving roll.
 In this my strongest trial, and my last,
 As in some theatre I here am plac'd :
 The faith of Ægypt, and my fate, shall be
 A theme for present times, and late posterity.
 Much of my former life was crown'd with praise,
 And honours waited on my early days :
 Then, fearless, let me this dread period meet,
 And force the world to own the scene complete

Nor grieve, my heart ! by such base hands to
 bleed :

Whoever strikes the blow, 'tis Cæsar's deed.
 What, though this mangled carcase shall be torn,
 These limbs be tof'd about for public scorn ;
 My long prosperity has found its end,
 And death comes opportunely like a friend :
 It comes, to set me free from fortune's power,
 And gives, what she can rob me of no more.
 My wife and son behold me now, 'tis true ;
 Oh ! may no tears, no groans, my fate pursue !
 My virtue rather let their praise approve,
 Let them admire my death, and my remembrance
 love.

Such constancy in that dread hour remain'd,
 And, to the last, the struggling soul sustain'd.
 Not so the matron's feeble powers repress'd
 The wild impatience of her frantic breast :
 With every stab her bleeding heart was torn,
 With wounds much harder to be seen than borne.
 'Tis I, 'tis I have murder'd him ! (she cries)
 My love the sword and ruthless hand supplies.
 'Twas I allur'd him to my fatal isle,
 That cruel Cæsar first might reach the Nile ;
 For Cæsar sure is there ; no hand but his
 Has right to such a parricide as this.
 But whether Cæsar, or whoe'er thou art,
 Thou hast mistook the way to Pompey's heart :
 That sacred pledge in my sad bosom lies,
 There plunge thy dagger, and he more than dies.
 Me too, most worthy of thy fury know,
 The partner of his arms, and sworn your foe.
 Of all our Roman wives, I singly bore
 The camp's fatigue, the sea's tempestuous roar :
 No dangers, not the victor's wrath, I fear'd ;
 What mighty monarchs durst not do, I dar'd.
 These guilty arms did their glad refuge yield,
 And clasp'd him, flying from Pharsalia's field.
 Ah, Pompey ! dost thou thus my faith reward ?
 Shalt thou be doom'd to die, and I be spar'd ?
 But fate shall many means of death afford,
 Nor want th' assistance of a tyrant's sword.
 And you, my friends, in pity, let me leap
 Hence headlong, down amidst the tumbling deep :
 Or to my neck the strangling cordage tie ;
 If there be any friend of Pompey nigh,
 Transfix me, stab me, do but let me die.
 My lord ! my husband !—Yet thou art not dead ;
 And see ! Cornelia is a captive led :
 From thee their cruel hands thy wife detain,
 Reserv'd to wear th' insulting victor's chain.

She spoke ; and stiffening sunk in cold despair ;
 Her weeping maids the lifeless burden bear ;
 While the pale mariners the bark unmoor,
 Spread every sail, and fly the faithless shore.

Nor agonies, nor livid death, disgrace
 The sacred features of the hero's face ;
 In the cold visage, mournfully serene,
 The same indignant majesty was seen ;
 There virtue still unchangeable abode,
 And scorn'd the spite of every partial god.

The bloody business now complete and done,
 New furies urge the fierce Septimius on.
 He rends the robe that veil'd the hero's head,
 And to full view expos'd the recent dead ;
 Hard in his horrid gripe the face he press'd,
 While yet the quivering muscles life confess'd :

He drew the dragging body down with haste,
Then cross a rower's seat the neck he plac'd;
There, awkward, haggling, he divides the bone
(The headsmen's art but then was rudely known).
Straight on the spoil his Pharian partner flies,
And robes the heartless villain of his prize.
The head, his trophy, proud Achilles bears;
Septimius an inferior drudge appears,
And in the meaner mischief poorly shares.
Caught by the venerable locks, which grow
In hoary ringlets, on his generous brow,
To Ægypt's impious king that head they bear,
That laurels us'd to bind, and monarchs fear.
Those sacred lips, and that commanding tongue,
On which the listening forum oft has hung;
That tongue which could the world with ease re-
strain,

And ne'er commanded war or peace in vain;
That face, in which success came smiling home,
And doubled every joy it brought to Rome:
Now pale, and wan, is fix'd upon a spear,
And borne, for public view, aloft in air.
The tyrant, pleas'd, beheld it; and decreed
To keep this pledge of his detested deed.
His slaves straight drain the serous parts away,
And arm the wasting flesh against decay;
Then drugs and gums through the void vessels pass,
And for duration fix the stiffening mass.

Inglorious boy! degenerate and base!
Thou last and worst of the Lagæan race!
Whose feeble throne, ere long, shall be compell'd
To thy lascivious sister's reign to yield;
Canst thou, with altars, and with rites divine,
The rash vain youth of Macedon inshrine:
Can Ægypt such stupendous fabrics build;
Can her wide plains with pyramids be fill'd;
Canst thou, beneath such monumental pride,
The worthless Ptolemæan fathers hide;
While the great Pompey's headless trunk is toss'd
In scorn, unbury'd, on thy barbarous coast?
Was it so much? Could not thy care suffice,
'To keep him whole, and glut his father's eyes?
In this, his fortune ever held the same,
Still wholly kind, or wholly cross, she came.
Patient, his long prosperity she bore,
But kept his death, and this sad day, in store.
No meddling god did e'er his power employ,
To ease his sorrows, or to damp his joy;
Unmingled came the bitter and the sweet,
And all his good and evil was complete.
No sooner was he struck by fortune's hand,
But, see! he lies unbury'd on the sand;
Rocks tear him, billows toss him up and down.
And Pompey by a headless trunk is known.

Yet ere proud Cæsar touch'd the Pharian Nile,
Chance found his mangled foe a funeral pile;
In pity half, and half in scorn, she gave
A wretched, to prevent a nobler grave.
Cordus, a follower long of Pompey's fate,
(His quæstor in Italian Cyprus late)
From a close cave, in covert where he lay,
Swift to the neighbouring shore betook his way:
Safe in the shelter of the gloomy shade,
And by strong ties of pious duty sway'd,
The fearless youth the watery strand survey'd.
'Twas now the thickest darkness of the night,
And waning Phœbe lent a feeble light;

Yet soon the glimmering goddess plainly show'd
The paler corse, amidst the dusky flood.
The plunging Roman flies to its relief,
And with strong arms infolds the floating chief.
Long strove his labour with the tumbling main,
And dragg'd the sacred burden on with pain.
Nigh weary now, the waves instruct him well,
To seize th' advantage of th' alternate swell:
Borne on the mounting surge, to shore he flies,
And on the beach in safety lands his prize.
There o'er the dead he hangs with tender care,
And drops in every gaping wound a tear:
Then, lifting to the gloomy skies his head,
Thus to the stars, and cruel gods, he pray'd:

See, fortune! where thy Pompey lies! and oh!
In pity, one, last little boon bestow.

He asks no heaps of frankincense to rise,
No eastern odours to perfume the skies;
No Roman necks his patriot corse to bear,
No reverend train of statues to appear;
No pageant shows his glories to record,
And tell the triumphs of his conquering sword;
No instruments in plaintive notes to sound,
No legions sad to march in solemn round;
A bier, no better than the vulgar need,
A little wood the kindling flame to feed,
With some poor hand to tend the homely fire,
Is all, these wretched relics now require.
Your wrath, ye powers! Cornelia's hand denies;
Let that, for every other loss, suffice;
She takes not her last leave, she weeps not here,
And yet she is, ye gods! she is too near.

Thus while he spoke he saw where through the
shade

A slender flame its gleaming light display'd;
There, as it chanc'd, abandon'd and unmourn'd,
A poor neglected body lonely burn'd.

He seiz'd the kindled brands; and oh! (he said)
Whoe'er thou art, forgive me, friendless shade;
And though unpity'd and forlorn thou lie,
Thyself a better office shalt supply.

If there be sense in souls departed, thine
To my great leader shall her rites resign:
With humble joy shall quit her meaner claim,
And blush to burn, when Pompey wants the
flame.

He said; and, gathering in his garment, bore
The glowing fragments to the neighbouring shore.
There soon arriv'd, the noble trunk he found,
Half wash'd into the flood, half resting on the
ground.

With diligence his hands a trench prepare,
Fit it around, and place the body there.
No cloven oaks in lofty order lie,
To lift the great patrician to the sky:
By chance a few poor planks were hard at hand,
By some late shipwreck cast upon the strand;
These pious Cordus gathers where they lay,
And plants about the chief, as best he may.

Now while the blaze began to rise around,
The youth sat mournful by upon the ground:
And ah! (he cry'd) if this unworthy flame
Disgrace thy great, majestic, Roman name;
If the rude outrage of the stormy seas
Seem better to thy ghost, than rites like these;
Yet let thy injur'd shade the wrong forget,
Which duty and officious zeal commit,

Fate seems itself, in my excuse to plead,
And thy hard fortune justifies my deed.
I only wish'd, nor is that wish in vain,
To save thee from the monsters of the main;
From vultures claws, from lions that devour,
From mortal malice, and from Cæsar's power.
No longer, then, this humbler flame withstand;
'Tis lighted to thee by a Roman hand.

If e'er the gods permit unhappy me,
Once more, thy lov'd Hesperian land to see,
With me thy exil'd ashes shall return,
And chaste Cornelia give thee to thy urn.
Meanwhile, a signal shall thy care provide,
Some future Roman votary to guide;
When with due rites thy fate he would deplore,
And thy pale head to these thy limbs restore:
Then shall he mark the witness of my stone,
And taught by me, thy sacred ghost atone.

He spoke; and straight, with busy pious hands,
Heap'd on the smoking corse the scatter'd brands:
Slow sunk amidst the fire the wasting dead,
And the faint flame with dropping marrow fed.
Now 'gan the glittering stars to fade away,
Before the rosy promise of the day,
When the pale youth th' unfinish'd rites forsook,
And to the covert of his cave betook.

Ah! why thus rashly would thy fears disclaim
That only deed, which must record thy name?
Ev'n Cæsar's self shall just applause bestow,
And praise the Roman that inters his foe.
Securely tell him where his son is laid,
And he shall give thee back his mangled head.

But soon behold! the bolder youth returns,
While, half consum'd, the smouldering carcase
burns;

Ere yet the cleansing fire had melted down
The fleshy muscles, from the firmer bone.
He quench'd the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them, hasty, in a narrow grave:
Then with a stone the sacred dust he binds,
To guard it from the breath of scattering winds:
And lest some heedless mariner should come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb;
Thus with a line the monument he keeps,
"Beneath this stone the once great Pompey sleeps."

Oh fortune! can thy malice swell so high?
Canst thou with Cæsar's every wish comply?
Must he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie?
But oh! forbear, mistaken man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:
Where there are seas, or air, or earth, or skies,
Where'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey lies:
Far be the vile memorial then convey'd!
Nor let this stone the partial gods upbraid.
Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,
And Nyssa's hill, for Bacchus only, stand;
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
That fought the cause of liberty and Rome!
If fate decrees he must in Ægypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply:
Yield the wide country to his awful shade,
Nor let us bear on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead.

But if one stone must bear the sacred name,
Let it be fill'd with long records of fame.
There let the passenger, with wonder, read,
The pirates vanquish'd, and the ocean freed;

Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war;
And the young Roman knight's triumphal car.
With these, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And every nation of the vanquish'd east:
Tell with what loud applause of Rome, he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove:
Tell too, the patriot's greatest, best renown,
Tell, how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown.
But ah! what marbles to the task suffice.
Instead of these, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes;
Seek the known name our Fasti us'd to wear,
The noble mark of many a glorious year;
The name that wont the trophy'd arch to grace,
And ev'n the temples of the gods found place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
And there that name, that Pompey may be found.

Oh fatal land! what curse can I bestow,
Equal to those, we to thy mischiefs owe?
Well did the wise Cumæan maid of yore
Warn our Hesperian chiefs to shun thy shore.
Forbid, just heavens! your dews to bless the soil,
And thou, withhold thy waters, fruitful Nile!
Like Ægypt, like the land of Æthiops, burn,
And her fat earth to sandy deserts turn.
Have we, with honours, dead Osiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the tinkling timbrel's sound;
Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd with Roman gods;
While, in despite of Pompey's injur'd shade,
Low in her dust his sacred bones are laid!
And thou, oh Rome! by whose forgetful hand
Altars and temples, rear'd to tyrants, stand,
Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghost in banishment to roam?
What though the victor's frown, and thy base
fear,

Bad thee, at first, the pious task forbear;
Yet now, at least, oh let him now return,
And rest with honour in a Roman urn.
Nor let mistaken superstition dread,
On such occasions, to disturb the dead;
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
The impious task should be perform'd with joy:
How would I fly to tear him from the tomb,
And bear his ashes in my bosom home!
Perhaps, when flames their dreadful ravage make,
Or groaning earth shall from the centre shake;
When blasting dews the rising harvest seize,
Or nations sicken with some dire disease:
The gods, in mercy to us, shall command
To fetch our Pompey from th' accursed land.
Then, when his venerable bones draw near,
In long processions shall the priests appear,
And their great chief the sacred relics bear.
Or if thou still possessest the Pharian shore,
What traveller but shall thy grave explore;
Whether he tread Syene's burning soil,
Or visit sultry Thebes, or fruitful Nile:
Or if the merchants, drawn by hopes of gain,
Seek rich Arabia, and the ruddy main;
With holy rites thy shade shall he atone,
And bow before thy venerable stone.
For who but shall prefer thy tomb above
The meaner fane of an Ægyptian Jove?
Nor envy thou, if abject Romans raise
Statues and temples, to their tyrant's praise;

Though his proud name on altars may preside,
And thine be wash'd by every rolling tide;
Thy grave shall the vain pageantry despise,
Thy grave, where that great god, thy fortune, lies.
Ev'n those who kneel not to the gods above,
Nor offer sacrifice or prayer to Jove,
To the Bidental bend their humble eyes,
And worship where the bury'd thunder lies.

Perhaps fate wills, in honour to thy fame,
No marble shall record thy mighty name.
So may thy dust, ere long, be worn away,
And all remembrance of thy wrongs decay:
Perhaps a better age shall come, when none
Shall think thee ever laid beneath this stone;
When Ægypt's boast of Pompey's tomb shall prove
As unbeliev'd a tale, as Crete relates of Jove.

B O O K IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet having ended the foregoing book with the death of Pompey, begins this with his Apotheosis; from thence, after a short account of Cato's gathering up the relics of the battle of Pharsalia, and transporting them to Cyrene in Africa, he goes on to describe Cornelia's passion upon the death of her husband. Amongst other things, she informs his son Sextus of his father's last commands, to continue the war in defence of the commonwealth. Sextus sets sail for Cato's camp, where he meets his elder brother Cn. Pompeius, and acquaints him with the fate of their father. Upon this occasion the poet describes the rage of the elder Pompey, and the disorders that happened in the camp, both which Cato appeases. To prevent any future inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon action, and in order to that to join with Juba. After a description of the Syrtes, and their dangerous passage by them, follows Cato's speech to encourage the soldiers to march through the deserts of Libya; then an account of Libya, the deserts, and their march. In the middle of which is a beautiful digression concerning the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, with Labienus's persuasion to Cato to inquire of the oracle concerning the event of the war, and Cato's famous answer. From thence, after a warm eulogy upon Cato, the author goes on to the account of the original of serpents in Afric; and this, with the description of the various kinds, and the several deaths of the soldiers by them, is perhaps the most poetical part of this whole work. At Leptis he leaves Cato, and returns to Cæsar, whom he brings into Egypt; after having shown him the ruins of Troy, and from thence taken an occasion to speak well of poetry in general, and himself in particular. Cæsar, upon his arrival on the coast of Egypt, is met by an ambassador from Ptolemy with Pompey's head. He receives the present (according to Lucan) with a feigned abhorrence, and concludes the book with tears, and a seeming grief for the misfortune of so great a man.

NOR in the dying embers of its pile
Slept the great soul upon the banks of Nile.
Nor longer, by the earthy parts restrain'd,
Amidst its wretched relics was detain'd;
But, active and impatient of delay, [its way.
Shot from the mouldering heap, and upwards urg'd
Far in those azure regions of the air
Which border on the rolling starry sphere,
Beyond our orb, and nearer to that height,
Where Cynthia drives around her silver light;
Their happy seats the demi-gods possess,
Refin'd by virtue, and prepar'd for bliss;
Of life unblam'd, a pure and pious race,
Worthy that lower heaven and stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious place. }
There Pompey's soul, adorn'd with heavenly light,
Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was
bright.

New to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
The stars and moving planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay. }
But when he saw, how on the shore forlorn
His headless trunk was cast for public scorn;
When he beheld, how envious fortune, still,
Took pains to use a senseless carcase ill,
He smil'd at the vain malice of his foe,
And pity'd impotent mankind below.

Then lightly passing o'er Emathia's plain,
His flying navy scatter'd on the main,
And cruel Cæsar's tents; he fix'd at last
His residence in Brutus' sacred breast:
There brooding o'er his country's wrongs he fate,
The state's avenger, and the tyrant's fate;
There mournful Rome might still her Pompey
find,

There, and in Cato's free unconquer'd mind.
He, while in deep suspense the world yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's self did bear,
Though his companion in the common war.
Though by the senate's just command, they stood
Engag'd together for the public good;
But dread Pharsalia did all doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd side.
His helpless country, like an orphan left,
Friendless and poor, of all support bereft,
He took and cherish'd with a father's care,
He comforted, he bade her not to fear; }
And taught her feeble hands once more the
trade of war.

Nor lust of empire did his courage sway,
Nor hate, nor proud repugnance to obey:
Passions and private interest he forgot;
Not for himself, but liberty he fought.
Straight to Corcyra's port his way he bent,
The swift advancing victor to prevent;

Who, marching sudden on to new success,
 The scatter'd legions might with ease oppress.
 There, with the ruins of Æmathia's field,
 The flying host, a thousand ships he fill'd.
 Who that from land, with wonder, had descry'd
 The passing fleet, in all its naval pride,
 Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant ocean spread,
 Could have believ'd those mighty numbers fled?
 Malea o'erpass, and the Tanarian shore,
 With swelling sails he for Cythera bore:
 Then Crete he saw, and with a northern wind
 Soon left the fam'd Dictæan isle behind.
 Urg'd by the bold Phycuntines churlish pride,
 (Their shores, their haven, to his fleet deny'd)
 The chief reveng'd the wrong, and as he pass'd,
 Laid their un hospitable city waste.
 Thence wafted forward, to the coast he came
 Which took of old from Palinure its name.
 (Nor Italy this monument alone
 Can boast, since Libya's Palinure has shown
 Her peaceful shores were to the Trojan known.)
 From hence they soon descry with doubtful pain,
 Another navy on the distant main.
 Anxious they stand, and now expect the foe,
 Now their companions in the public woe:
 The victor's haste inclines them most to fear:
 Each vessel seems a hostile face to wear,
 And every sail they spy, they fancy Cæsar there.
 But oh, those ships a different burden bore,
 A mournful freight they wafted to the shore:
 Sorrows that might tears, ev'n from Cato, gain,
 And teach the rigid Stoic to complain.
 When long the sad Cornelia's prayers, in vain,
 Had try'd the flying navy to detain,
 With Sextus long had strove, and long implor'd,
 To wait the relics of her murder'd lord; [shore,
 The waves, perchance, might the dear pledge re-
 And waft him bleeding from the faithless shore:
 Still grief and love their various hopes inspire,
 Till she beholds her Pompey's funeral fire,
 Till on the land she sees th' ignoble flame
 Ascend, unequal to the hero's name;
 Then into just complaints at length she broke,
 And thus with pious indignation spoke:
 Oh fortune! dost thou then disdain t' afford
 My love's last office to my dearest lord?
 Am I one chaste, one last embrace deny'd?
 Shall I not lay me by his clay-cold side,
 Nor tears to bathe his gaping wounds provide?
 Am I unworthy the sad torch to bear,
 To light the flame, and burn my flowing hair?
 To gather from the shore the noble spoil,
 And place it decent on the fatal pile?
 Shall not his bones and sacred dust be borne,
 In this sad bosom to their peaceful urn?
 Whate'er the last consuming flame shall leave,
 Shall not this widow'd hand by right receive,
 And to the gods the precious relics give?
 Perhaps, this last respect, which I should show,
 Some vile Egyptian hand does now bestow,
 Injurious to the Roman shade below.
 Happy, my Crassus, were thy bones, which lay
 Expos'd to Parthian birds and beasts of prey!
 Here the last rites the cruel gods allow,
 And for a curse my Pompey's pile bestow.
 For ever will the same sad fate return?
 Still an unburied husband must I mourn,
 And weep my sorrows o'er an empty urn?

But why should tombs be built, or urns be made?
 Does grief like mine require their feeble aid?
 Is he not lodg'd, thou wretch! within thy heart,
 And fix'd in every dearest vital part?
 O'er monuments surviving wives may grieve,
 She ne'er will need them, who disdains to live.
 But oh! behold where yon malignant flames
 Cast feebly forth their mean inglorious beams:
 From my lov'd lord, his dear remains, they rise,
 And bring my Pompey to my weeping eyes;
 And now they sink, the languid lights decay,
 The cloudy smoke all eastward rolls away,
 And wafts my hero to the rising day.
 Me too the winds demand, with freshening gales;
 Envious they call, and stretch the swelling sails.
 No land on earth seems dear as Egypt now,
 No land that crowns and triumphs did bestow,
 And with new laurels bound my Pompey's
 brow.
 That happy Pompey to my thoughts is lost,
 He that is left, lies dead on yonder coast;
 He, only he, is all I now demand,
 For him I linger near this cursed land;
 Endear'd by crimes, for horrors lov'd the more,
 I cannot, will not, leave the Pharian shore.
 Thou Sextus, thou shalt prove the chance of
 war,
 And through the world thy father's ensigns bear,
 Then hear his last command, intrusted to my care.
 "Whene'er my last, my fatal hour shall come,
 "Arm you, my sons, for liberty and Rome;
 "While one shall of our free-born race remain,
 "Let him prevent the tyrant Cæsar's reign.
 "From each free city round, from every land,
 "Their warlike aid in Pompey's name demand.
 "These are the parties, these the friends he leaves,
 "This legacy your dying father gives.
 "If for the sea's wide rule your arms you bear,
 "A Pompey ne'er can want a navy there,
 "Heirs of my fame, my sons, shall wage my war.
 "Only be bold, unconquer'd in the fight,
 "And, like your father, still defend the right.
 "To Cato, if for liberty he stand,
 "Submit, and yield you to his ruling hand,
 "Brave, just, and only worthy to command."
 At length to thee, my Pompey, I am just,
 I have surviv'd, and well discharg'd my trust;
 Through Chaos now, and the dark realms below,
 To follow thee, a willing shade I go:
 If longer with a lingering fate I strive,
 'Tis but to prove the pain of being alive,
 'Tis to be curs'd for daring to survive.
 She, who could bear to see thy wounds, and live,
 New proofs of love, and fatal grief, shall give.
 Nor need she fly for succour to the sword,
 The steepy precipice, and deadly cord;
 She from herself shall find her own relief,
 And scorn to die of any death but grief.
 So said the matron; and about her head
 Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade.
 Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
 She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below:
 There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
 She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain:
 Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
 And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead.
 In vain the beating surges rage aloud,
 And swelling Eurus grumbles in the shroud;

Her, nor the waves beneath, nor winds above,
Nor all the noisy cries of fear can move;
In sullen peace compos'd for death she lies,
And, waiting, longs to hear the tempest rise;
Then hopes the seamen's vows shall all be crost,
Prays for the storm, and wishes to be lost.

Soon from the Pharian coast the navy bore,
And fought through foamy seas the Cyprian shore;
Soft eastern gales prevailing thence alone,
To Cato's camp and Libya waft them on.

With mournful looks from land (as oft, we know,
A sad prophetic spirit waits on woe),
Pompey his brother and the fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the watery field:
Straight to the beach with headlong haste he flies:
Where is our father, Sextus, where? he cries:
Do we yet live? Stands yet the sovereign state?
Or does the world, with Pompey, yield to fate?
Sink we at length before the conquering foe?
And is the mighty head of Rome laid low?

He said; the mournful brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou! whom lands and seas divide,
From woes, which did to these sad eyes betide:
These eyes! which of their horror still complain,
Since they beheld our godlike father slain.
Nor did his fate an equal death afford,
Nor suffer'd him to fall by Cæsar's sword.

Trusting in vain to hospitable gods,
He dy'd, oppress'd by vile Egyptian odds:
By the curs'd monarch of Nile's slimy wave
He fell, a victim to the crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody deed;
These eyes beheld our valiant father bleed:

Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my fear,
Nor thought th' Egyptian could so greatly dare;
But still I look'd, and fancy'd Cæsar there.

But, oh! not all his wounds so much did move,
Pierc'd my sad soul, and struck my filial love,
As that his venerable head they bear,
Their wanton trophy, fix'd upon a spear;
Through every town 'tis shown the vulgar's sport,
And the lewd laughter of the tyrant's court.

'Tis said that Ptolemy preserves this prize,
Proof of the deed, to glut the victor's eyes.
The body, whether rent, or borne away,
By foul Egyptian dogs, and birds of prey:
Whether within their greedy maws entomb'd,
Or by those wretched flames, we saw, consum'd;
Its fate as yet we know not, but forgive:

That crime unpunish'd, to the gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preserv'd alone we grieve.

Scarce had he ended thus, when Pompey, warm
With noble fury, calls aloud to arm;
Nor seeks in sighs and helpless tears relief,
But thus in pious rage express'd his grief.

Hence all aboard, and haste to put to sea,
Urge on against the winds our adverse way;
With me let every Roman leader go,
Since civil wars were ne'er so just as now.
Pompey's unbury'd relics ask your aid,
Call for due rites and honours to be paid.
Let Egypt's tyrant pour a purple flood,
And sooth the ghost with his inglorious blood.
Not Alexander shall his priests defend,
Forc'd from his golden shrine he shall descend:
In Mareotis deep I'll plunge him down,
Deep in the sluggish waves the royal carcase
drown,

From his proud pyramid Amasis torn,
With his long dynasties my rage shall mourn,
And floating down their muddy Nile be borne.

Each stately tomb and monumental stone,
For thee, unburied Pompey, shall atone.
Isis no more shall draw the cheated crowd,
Nor God Osiris in his linen shroud; [cast,
Stript of their shrines, with scorn they shall be
To be by ignominious hands defac'd;
Their holy Apis, of diviner breed,
To Pompey's dust a sacrifice shall bleed,
While burning deities the flame shall feed.
Waste shall the land be laid, and never know
The tiller's care, nor feel the crooked plough:
None shall be left for whom the Nile may flow:
Till, the gods banish'd, and the people gone,
Egypt to Pompey shall be left alone.

He said; then hasty to revenge he flew,
And seaward out the ready navy drew;
But cooler Cato did the youth assuage,
And praising much, compress'd his filial rage.

Meantime the shores, the seas, and skies around,
With mournful cries for Pompey's death resound.
A rare example have their sorrows shown,
Yet in no age beside, nor people known
How falling power did with compassion meet,
And crowds deplor'd the ruins of the great.

But when the sad Cornelia first appear'd,
When on the deck her mournful head she rear'd,
Her locks hang rudely o'er the matron's face,
With all the pomp of grief's disorder'd grace;
When they beheld her, wasted quite with woe,
And spent with tears that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they feel their loss, again complain,
And heaven and earth ring with their cries again.

Soon as she landed on the friendly strand,
Her lord's last rites employ her pious hand;
To his dear shade she builds a funeral pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble spoil.

There shone his arms with antic gold inlaid,
There the rich robes which she herself had made,
Robes to imperial Jove in triumph erst display'd:
The relics of his past victorious days,
Now this his latest trophy serve to raise,
And in one common flame together blaze.

Such was the weeping matron's pious care:
The soldiers, taught by her, their fires prepare;
To every valiant friend a pile they build,
That fell for Rome in curs'd Pharsalia's field:
Stretch'd wide along the shores, the flames extend,
And, grateful to the wandering shades, ascend.

So when Apulean hinds, with art, renew
The wintery pastures to their verdant hue,
That flowers may rise, and springing grass return,
With spreading flames the wither'd fields they
Garganus then and lofty Vultur blaze, [burn,
And draw the distant wandering swains to gaze;
Far are the glittering fires descry'd by night,
And gild the dusky skies around with light.

But, oh! not all the sorrows of the crowd,
That spoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
And charg'd them with neglect of things below;
Not all the marks of the wild people's love,
The hero's soul, like Cato's praise, could move;
Few were his words, but from an honest heart,
Where faction and where favour had no part,
But truth made up for passion and for art.

We've lost a Roman citizen (he said :)
 One of the noblest of that name is dead ;
 Who, though not equal to our fathers found
 Nor by their strictest rules of justice bound,
 Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
 He, for his country's good, transgress'd her law,
 To keep a bold licentious age in awe.
 Rome held her freedom still, though he was great ;
 He sway'd the senate, but they rul'd the state.
 When crowds were willing to have worn his
 He chose his private station to retain, [chain,
 That all might free, and equal all remain.
 War's boundless power he never fought to use,
 Nor ask'd, but what the people might refuse.
 Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his store,
 Yet still he gather'd but to give the more, [poor.
 And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be
 He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm,
 And lov'd peace best, when he was forc'd to
 arm ;
 Upmov'd with all the glittering pomp of power,
 He took with joy, but laid it down with more :
 His chaster household and his frugal board,
 Nor lewdness did, nor luxury afford,
 Ev'n in the highest fortunes of their lord.
 His noble name, his country's honour grown,
 Was venerably round the nations known, [shone.
 And as Rome's fairest light and brightest glory
 When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla toft,
 The commonwealth her ancient freedom lost,
 Some shadow yet was left, some shew of power ;
 Now ev'n the name with Pompey is no more.
 Senate and people all at once are gone,
 Nor need the tyrant blush to mount the throne.
 Oh, happy Pompey ! happy in thy fate,
 Happy by falling with the falling state,
 Thy death a benefit the gods did grant, [want.
 Thou might'st have liv'd those Pharian swords to
 Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain,
 Nor liv'st to see thy Julia's father reign ; [slain.
 Free death is man's first bliss, the next is to be
 Such mercy only I from Juba crave,
 (If fortune should ordain me Juba's slave)
 To Cæsar let him show, but show me dead,
 And keep my carcase, so he takes my head.
 He said, and pleas'd the noble shade below,
 More than a thousand orators could do ;
 Though Tully too had lent his charming tongue,
 And Rome's full forum with his praise had rung.
 But discord now infects the sullen crowd,
 And now they tell their discontents aloud :
 When Tarchon first his flying ensigns bore,
 Call'd out to march, and hasten'd to the shore ;
 Him Cato thus, pursuing as he mov'd,
 Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd :
 Oh, restless author of the roving war,
 Dost thou again piratic arms prepare ?
 Pompey, thy terror and thy scourge is gone,
 And now thou hop'st to rule the seas alone.
 He said, and bent his frown upon the rest,
 Of whom one bolder thus the chief address'd,
 And thus their weariness of war confess'd :
 For Pompey's sake (nor thou disdain to hear)
 The civil war we wage, these arms we bear ;
 Him we prefer'd to peace : but, Cato, now,
 That cause, that master of our arms lies low.
 Let us no more our absent country mourn,
 But to our homes and household gods return ;

To the chaste arms from whose embrace we fled,
 And the dear pledges of the nuptial bed.
 For, oh ! what period can the war attend, [end ?
 Which nor Pharsalia's field nor Pompey's death can
 The better times of flying life are past,
 Let death come gently on in peace at last.
 Let age at length with providential care
 The necessary pile and urn prepare,
 All rites the cruel civil war denies,
 Part ev'n of Pompey yet unbury'd lies.
 Though vanquish'd, yet by no barbarian hand,
 We fear not exile in a foreign land,
 Nor are our necks by fortune now bespoke,
 To bear the Scythian or Armenian yoke ;
 The victor still a citizen we own,
 And yield obedience to the Roman gown.
 While Pompey liv'd, he bore the sovereign sway ;
 Cæsar was next, and him we now obey ;
 With reverence be the sacred shade ador'd,
 But war has given us now another lord :
 To Cæsar and superior chance we yield :
 All was determin'd in Emathia's field.
 Nor shall our arms on other leaders wait,
 Nor for uncertain hopes molest the state, [fate.
 We follow'd Pompey once, but now we follow
 What terms, what safety, can we hope for now,
 But what the victor's mercy shall allow ?
 Once Pompey's presence justify'd the cause,
 Then fought we for our liberties and laws ;
 With him the honours of that cause lie dead,
 And all the sanctity of war is fled.
 If, Cato, thou for Rome these arms dost bear,
 If still thy country only be thy care,
 Seek we the legions where Rome's ensigns fly,
 Where her proud eagles wave their wings on high :
 No matter who to Pompey's power succeeds,
 We follow where a Roman consul leads.
 This said, he leap'd aboard ; the youthful sort
 Join in his flight, and haste to leave the port ;
 The senseless crowd their liberty disdain,
 And long to wear victorious Cæsar's chain.
 Tyrannic power now sudden seem'd to threat
 The ancient glories of Rome's free-born state,
 Till Cato spoke, and thus deferr'd her fate :
 Did then your vows and servile prayers conspire
 Nought but a haughty master to desire ?
 Did you, when eager for the battle, come
 The slaves of Pompey, not the friends of Rome ?
 Now, weary of the toil, from war you fly,
 And idly lay your useless armour by ;
 Your hands neglect to wield the shining sword,
 Nor can you fight but for a king and lord.
 Some mighty chief you want, for whom to
 sweat ;
 Yourself you know not, or at least forget,
 And fondly bleed, that others may be great :
 Meanly you toil, to give yourselves away ;
 And die, to leave the world a tyrant's prey.
 The gods and fortune do at length afford
 A cause most worthy of a Roman sword.
 At length 'tis safe to conquer. Pompey now
 Cannot, by your success, too potent grow ;
 Yet now, ignobly, you withhold your hands,
 When nearer liberty your aid demands.
 Of three who durst the sovereign power invade,
 Two by your fortune's kinder doom lie dead ;
 And shall the Pharian sword and Parthian bow
 Do more for liberty and Rome, than you ?

Base as you are, in vile subjection go,
 And scorn what Ptolemy did ill bestow.
 Ignobly innocent, and meanly good,
 You durst not stain your hardy hands in blood;
 Feebly a while you fought, but soon did yield,
 And fled the first from dire Pharsalia's field;
 Go then secure, for Cæsar will be good,
 Will pardon those who are with ease subdu'd;
 The pitying victor will in mercy spare
 The wretch, who never durst provoke his war.
 Go, fordid slaves! one lordly master gone,
 Like heirlooms go from father to the son.
 Still to enhance your servile merit more,
 Bear sad Cornelia weeping from the shore;
 Meanly for hire expose the matron's life,
 Metellus' daughter sell, and Pompey's wife;
 Take too his sons: let Cæsar find in you
 Wretches that may ev'n Ptolemy out-do.
 But let not my devoted life be spar'd,
 The tyrant greatly shall that deed reward;
 Such is the price of Cato's hated head,
 That all your former wars shall well be paid;
 Kill me, and in my blood do Cæsar right,
 'Tis mean to have no other guilt but flight.

He said, and stopp'd the flying naval power;
 Back they return'd, repenting, to the shore.
 As when the bees their waxen town forsake,
 Careless in air their wandering way they take;
 No more in clustering swarms condens'd they fly,
 But fleet uncertain through the various sky;
 No more from flowers they suck the liquid sweet,
 But all their care and industry forget.
 Then if at length the tinkling brais they hear,
 With swift amaze their flight they soon forbear;
 Sudden their flowery labours they renew,
 Hang on the thyme, and sip the balmy dew.
 Meantime, secure on Hybla's fragrant plain,
 With joy exults the happy shepherd swain;
 Proud that his art had thus preserv'd his store,
 He scorns to think his homely cottage poor.
 With such prevailing force did Cato's care
 The fierce impatient soldiers minds prepare,
 To learn obedience, and endure the war.

And now their minds, unknowing of repose,
 With busy toil to exercise he chose;
 Still with successive labours are they ply'd,
 And oft in long and weary marches try'd.
 Before Cyrene's walls they now sit down;
 And here the victor's mercy well was shown,
 He takes no vengeance of the captive town;
 Patient he spares, and bids the vanquish'd live,
 Since Cato, who could conquer, could forgive.
 Hence, Libyan Juba's realms they mean t' explore,

Juba, who borders on the swarthy moor;
 But nature's boundaries the journey stay,
 The Syrts are fix'd athwart the middle way;
 Yet led by daring virtue on they press,
 Scorn opposition, and still hope success.

When nature's hand the first formation try'd,
 When seas from lands she did at first divide,
 The Syrts, not quite of sea nor land bereft,
 A mingled mass uncertain still she left;
 For nor the land with seas is quite o'erspread,
 Nor sink the waters deep their oozy bed, [head.
 Nor earth defends its shore, nor lifts aloft its
 The site with neither, and with each complies,
 Doubtful and inaccessible it lies;

Or 'tis a sea with shallows bank'd around,
 Or 'tis a broken land with waters drown'd;
 Here shores advanc'd o'er Neptune's rule we find,
 And there an inland ocean lags behind.
 Thus nature's purpose by herself destroy'd,
 Is useless to herself and unemploy'd,
 And part of her creation still is void.

Perhaps, when first the world and time began,
 Her swelling tides and plenteous waters ran;
 But long confining on the burning zone,
 The sinking seas have felt the neighbouring sun:
 Still by degrees we see how they decay,
 And scarce resist the thirsty god of day.
 Perhaps, in distant ages, 'twill be found,
 When future suns have run the burning round,
 These Syrts shall all be dry and solid ground;
 Small are the depths their scanty waves retain,
 And earth grows daily on the yielding main.

And now the loaden fleet with active oars
 Divide the liquid plain, and leave the shores,
 When cloudy skies a gathering storm preface,
 And Auster from the south began to rage.
 Full from the land the founding tempest roars,
 Repels the swelling surge, and sweeps the shores;
 The wind pursues, drives on the rolling sand,
 And gives new limits to the growing land.
 'Spite of the seaman's toil, the storm prevails;
 In vain with skilful strength he hands the sails,
 In vain the cordy cables bind them fast,
 At once it rips and rends them from the mast;
 At once the winds the fluttering canvas tear,
 Then whirl and whisk it through the sportive air.
 Some, timely for the rising rage prepar'd,
 Furl the loose sheet, and lash it to the yard:
 In vain their care; sudden the furious blast
 Snaps by the board, and bears away the mast;
 Of tackling, sails, and masts, at once bereft,
 The ship a naked helpless hull is left.
 Forc'd round and round, she quits her purpos'd
 way,

And bounds uncertain o'er the swelling sea.
 But happier some a steady course maintain,
 Who stand far out, and keep the deeper main.
 Their masts they cut, and driving with the tide,
 Safe o'er the surge beneath the tempest ride:
 In vain did, from the southern coast, their foe,
 All black with clouds, old stormy Auster blow;
 Lowly secure amidst the waves they lay, [way.
 Old ocean heav'd his back, and roll'd them on their
 Some on the shallows strike, and doubtful stand,
 Part beat by waves, part fix'd upon the sand.
 Now pent amidst the shoals the billows roar,
 Dash on the banks, and scorn the new-made shore:
 Now by the wind driven on in heaps they swell,
 The steadfast banks both winds and waves repel:
 Still with united force they rage in vain,
 The sandy piles their station fix'd maintain,
 And lift their heads secure amidst the watery
 plain.

There 'scap'd from seas, upon the faithless strand,
 With weeping eyes the shipwreck'd seaman stand,
 And, cast ashore, look vainly out for land.
 Thus some were lost: but far the greater part,
 Preserv'd from danger by the pilot's art,
 Keep on their course, a happier fate partake,
 And reach in safety the Tritonian lake.
 These waters to the tuneful god are dear,
 Whose vocal shell the sea-green Nereids hear;

These Pallas loves, so tells reporting fame,
Here first from heaven to earth the goddess came
(Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer clime be-
trays,

And speaks the nearer sun's immediate rays),
Here her first footsteps on the brink she staid,
Here in the watery glass her form survey'd,
And call'd herself from hence the chaste Triton-
nian maid.

Here Lethe's streams, from secret springs below,
Rise to the light; here heavily, and slow,
The silent dull forgetful waters flow.

Here by the wakeful dragon kept of old,
Hesperian plants grew rich with living gold;
Long since, the fruit was from the branches torn,
And now the gardens their lost honours mourn.
Such was in ancient times the tale receiv'd
Such by our good forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let inquirers the tradition wrong,

Or dare to question, now, the poet's sacred song.

Then take it for a truth, the wealthy wood

Here under golded boughs low bending stood;

On some large tree his folds the serpent wound,

The fair Hesperian virgins watch'd around,

And join'd to guard the rich forbidden ground

But great Alcides came to end their care,

Stript the gay grove, and left the branches bare;

Then back returning fought the Argive shore,

And the bright spoil to proud Eurytheus bore.

These famous regions and the Syrts o'erpass,

They reach'd the Garamantian coast at last;

Here, under Pompey's care the navy lies,

Beneath the gentlest clime of Libya's skies.

But Cato's soul, by dangers unrestrain'd,

Ease and a full inactive life disdain'd,

His daring virtue urges to go on,

Through desert lands, and nations yet unknown;

To march and prove th' inhospitable ground,

To shun the Syrts, and lead the soldier round.

Since now tempestuous seasons vex the sea,

And the declining year forbids the watery way;

He sees the cloudy drizzling winter near,

And hopes kind rains may cool the sultry air:

So haply may they journey on secure,

Nor burning heats, nor killing frosts endure;

But while cool winds the winter's breath sup-
plies,

With gentle warmth the Libyan sun may rise,

And both may join and temper well the skies.

But ere the toilsome march he undertook,

The hero thus the listening host bespoke:

Fellows in arms! whose bliss, whose chiefest good,
Is Rome's defence, and freedom bought with
blood;

You, who, to die with liberty, from far

Have follow'd Cato in this fatal war,

Be now for virtue's noblest task prepar'd,

For labours many, perilous, and hard.

Think through what burning climes, what
wilds we go,

No leafy shades the naked deserts know, [flow.

Nor silver streams through flowery meadows

But horrors there, and various deaths abound,

And serpents guard th' inhospitable ground.

Hard is the way; but thus our fate demands;

Rome and her laws we seek amidst these sands.

Let those who, glowing with their country's love,

Resolve with me these dreadful plains to prove,

Nor of return nor safety once debate,

But only dare to go, and leave the rest to fate,

Think not I mean the dangers to disguise,

Or hide them from the cheated vulgar's eyes.

Those, only those, shall in my fate partake,

Who love the daring for the danger's sake;

Those who can suffer all the worst can come,

And think it what they owe themselves and Rome,

If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear;

If life be, more than liberty, his care;

Here, ere we journey farther, let him stay,

Inglorious let him, like a slave, obey,

And seek a master in some safer way.

Foremost, behold, I lead you to the toil,

My feet shall foremost print the dusty soil:

Strike me the first, thou flaming god of day,

First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching ray;

Ye living poisons all, ye snaky train,

Meet me the first upon the fatal plain.

In every pain, which you my warriors fear,

Let me be first, and teach you how to bear.

Who sees me pant for drought, or fainting first,

Let him upbraid me, and complain of thirst.

If e'er for shelter to the shades I fly,

Me let him curse, me, for the sultry sky.

If while the weary soldier marches on;

Your leader by distinguish'd ease be known,

For sake my cause, and leave me there alone.

The sands, the serpents, thirst, and burning heat,

Are dear to patience, and to virtue sweet;

Virtue, that scorns on cowards terms to please,

Or cheaply to be bought, or won with ease:

But then she joys, then smiles upon her state,

Then fairest to herself, then most complete,

When glorious danger makes her truly great.

So Libya's plains alone shall wipe away

The foul dishonours of Pharsalia's day;

So shall your courage now transcend that fear;

You fled with glory there, to conquer here.

He said; and hardy love of toil inspir'd;

And every breast with godlike ardour fir'd.

Straight, careless of return, without delay

Through the wide waste he took his pathless way.

Libya, ordain'd to be his last retreat,

Receives the hero, fearless of his fate;

Here the good gods his last of labours doom,

Here shall his bones and sacred dust find room,

And his great head be hid within an humble
tomb.

If this large globe be portion'd right by fame,

Then one third part shall sandy Libya claim:

But if we count, as suns descend and rise,

If we decide by east and west the skies,

Then, with fair Europe, Libya shall combine,

And both to make the western half shall join.

Whilst wide-extended Asia fills the rest,

Of all from Tanais to Nile possess'd,

And reigns sole empress of the dawning east.

Of all the Libyan soil, the kindliest found

Far to the western seas extends its bound;

Where cooling gales, where gentle zephyrs fly,

And setting suns adorn the gaudy sky:

And yet ev'n here no liquid fountain's vein

Wells through the soil, and gurgles o'er the plain;

But from our northern clime, our gentler heaven,

Refreshing dews and fruitful rains are driven;

All bleak, the god, cold Boreas, spreads his wing,

And with our winter gives the Libyan spring,

No wicked wealth infects the simple soil,
 Nor golden ores disclose their shining spoil:
 Pure is the glebe, 'tis earth, and earth alone,
 To guilty pride and avarice unknown:
 There citron groves, the native riches, grow,
 There cool retreats and fragrant shades bestow,
 And hospitably screen their guests below.
 Safe by their leafy office, long they stood
 A sacred, old, unviolated wood,
 Till Roman luxury to Afric past,
 And foreign axes laid their honours waste.
 Thus utmost lands are ranfack'd, to afford
 The far-fetch'd dainties, and the costly board.
 But rude and wasteful all those regions lie
 That border on the Syrts, and feel too nigh
 Their sultry summer sun, and parching sky.
 No harvest, there, the scatter'd grain repays,
 But withering dries, and ere it shoots decays:
 There never loves to spring the mantling vine,
 Nor wanton ringlets round her elm to twine.
 The thirsty dust prevents the swelling fruit,
 Drinks up the generous juice, and kills the root;
 Through secret veins no tempering moistures pass,
 To bind with viscous force the mouldering mass;
 But genial Jove, averse, disdains to smile,
 Forgets, and curses the neglected soil.
 Thence lazy nature droops her idle head,
 As every vegetable sense were dead;
 Thence the wide dreary plains one visage wear,
 Alike in summer, winter, spring appear,
 Nor feel the turns of the revolving year.
 Thin herbage here (for some ev'n here is found)
 The Nafamonian hinds collect around;
 A naked race, and barbarous of mind,
 That live upon the losses of mankind:
 The Syrts supply their wants and barren soil,
 And strow th' inhospitable shores with spoil.
 Trade they have none, but ready still they stand,
 Rapacious, to invade the wealthy strand,
 And hold a commerce, thus, with every distant
 land.

Through this dire country Cato's journey lay,
 Here he pursu'd, while virtue led the way.
 Here the bold youth, led by his high command,
 Fearless of storms and raging winds, by land
 Repeat the dangers of the swelling main,
 And strive with storms and raging winds again.
 Here all at large, where nought restrains his force,
 Impetuous Auster runs his rapid course;
 Nor mountains here, nor stedfast rocks resist,
 But free he sweeps along the spacious list.
 No stable groves of ancient oaks arise,
 To tire his rage, and catch him as he flies;
 But wide, around, the naked plains appear,
 Here fierce he drives unbounded through the air,
 Roars and exerts his dreadful empire here.
 The whirling dust, like waves in eddies wrought,
 Rising aloft, to the mid-heaven is caught;
 There hangs a fullen cloud; nor falls again,
 Nor breaks, like gentle vapours, into rain.
 Gazing, the poor inhabitant deseries,
 Where high above his land and cottage flies;
 Bereft, he sees his lost possessions there,
 From earth transported, and now fix'd in air.
 Not rising flames attempt a bolder flight;
 Like smoke by rising flames uplifted, light
 The sands ascend, and stain the heavens with
 night.

But now his utmost power and rage to boast,
 The stormy god invades the Roman host;
 The soldier yields, unequal to the shock,
 And staggers at the wind's stupendous stroke.
 Amaz'd he sees that earth, which lowly lay,
 Forc'd from beneath his feet and torn away.
 Oh Lybia! were thy pliant surface bound,
 And form'd a solid, close-compacted ground;
 Or hadst thou rocks, whose hollows deep below
 Would draw those raging winds that loosely blow;
 Their fury, by thy firmer mass oppos'd,
 Or in those dark infernal caves inclos'd,
 Thy certain ruin would at once complete,
 Shake thy foundations, and unfix thy seat:
 But well thy flitting plains have learn'd to yield;
 Thus, not contending, thou thy place hast held,
 Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'st the field.
 Helms, spears, and shields, snatch'd from the
 warlike host,
 Through heaven's wide regions far away were
 tost;

While distant nations, with religious fear,
 Beheld them, as some prodigy in air,
 And thought the gods by them denounc'd a war.
 Such haply was the chance which first did raise
 The pious tale, in priestly Numa's days;
 Such were those shields, and thus they came from
 heaven,

A sacred charge to young patricians given;
 Perhaps, long since, to lawless winds a prey,
 From far barbarians were they forc'd away;
 Thence through long airy journeys safe did come,
 To cheat the crowd with miracles at Rome.
 Thus, wide o'er Libya, rag'd the stormy south,
 Thus every way assail'd the Latian youth:
 Each several method for defence they try, [lie:
 Now wrap their garments tight, now close they
 Now sinking to the earth, with weight they press,
 Now clasp it to them with a strong embrace,
 Scarce in that posture safe; the driving blast
 Bears hard, and almost heaves them off at last.
 Meantime a sandy flood comes rolling on,
 And swelling heaps the prostrate legions down;
 New to the sudden danger, and dismay'd,
 The frightened soldier hasty calls for aid,
 Heaves at the hill, and struggling rears his
 head.

Soon shoots the growing pile, and, rear'd on high,
 Lifts up its lofty summit to the sky:
 High sandy walls, like forts, their passage stay,
 And rising mountains intercept their way:
 The certain bounds which should their journey
 guide,

The moving earth and dusty deluge hide:
 So landmarks sink beneath the flowing tide.
 As through mid seas uncertainly they move,
 Led only by Jove's sacred lights above:
 Part ev'n of them the Libyan clime denies,
 Forbids their native northern stars to rise,
 And shades the well-known lustre from their
 eyes.

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
 To warmer, calmer skies they journey'd on.
 The slackening storms the neighbouring sun
 confess, [less,
 The heat strikes fiercer, and the winds grow
 Whilst parching thirst and fainting sweats in-
 crease.

Are these, my friends, the secrets thou wouldst know,

Those doubts for which to oracles we go?

'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,

And horned Ammon can no more unfold.

From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd,

We act the dictates of his mighty mind:

And though our priests are mute, and temples still,

God never wants a voice to speak his will.

When first we from the teeming womb were brought,

With in-born precepts then our souls were } [fraught,

And then the maker his new creatures taught. }

Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men;

He gave us all our useful knowledge then.

Canst thou believe, the vast eternal mind

Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands confin'd?

That he would choose this waste, this barren } ground,

To teach the thin inhabitants around, }

And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd? }

Is there a place that God would choose to love }

Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above, }

And virtuous minds, the noblest throne for Jove? }

Why seek we farther then? behold around, }

How all thou seest does with the god abound, }

Jove is alike to all, and always to be found. }

Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,

To juggling priests for oracles repair;

One certain hour of death to each decreed,

My fix'd, my certain soul from doubt has freed.

The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall;

And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.

So spoke the hero; and, to keep his word,

Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;

But left the crowd at freedom to believe,

And take such answers as the priest should give.

Foremost on foot he treads the burning sand,

Bearing his arms in his own patient hand;

Scorning another's weary neck to press,

Or in a lazy chariot loll at ease:

The panting soldier at his toil succeeds,

Where no command, but great example leads.

Sparing of sleep, still for the rest he wakes,

And at the fountain, last, his thirst he slakes;

Whene'er by chance some living stream is found,

He stands, and sees the cooling draughts go } round.

Stays till the last and meanest drudge be past,

And, till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.

If true good men deserve immortal fame,

If virtue, though distress'd, be still the same;

Whate'er our fathers greatly dar'd to do, }

Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew, }

Their virtues all are his, and all their praise is } due.

Whoe'er, with battles fortunately fought,

Whoe'er with Roman blood, such honours bought?

This triumph, this, on Libya's utmost bound,

With death and desolation compass'd round,

To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,

Thy trophies and thy third triumphal car, }

To Marius' mighty name, and great Jugurthine } war.

His country's father here, O Rome, behold,

Worthy thy temples, priests and shrines of gold!

If e'er thou break'st thy lordly master's chain,

If liberty be e'er restor'd again,

Him shalt thou place in thy divine abodes, [gods.

Swear by his holy name and rank him with thy

Now to those sultry regions were they past, }

Which Jove to stop inquiring mortals plac'd, }

And as their utmost, southern, limits cast. }

Thirsty, for springs they search the desert round,

And only one, amidst the sands, they found.

Well stor'd it was, but all access was barr'd:

The stream ten thousand noxious serpents guard:

Dry Aspics on the fatal margin stood,

And Dipsas thirsted in the middle flood.

Back from the stream the frightened soldier flies,

Though parch'd, and languishing for drink, he } dies:

The chief beheld, and said, You fear in vain, }

Vainly from safe and healthy draughts abstain, }

My soldier, drink, and dread not death or pain. }

When urg'd to rage, their teeth the serpents fix,

And venom with our vital juices mix;

The pest infus'd through every vein runs round,

Infects the mass, and death is in the wound.

Harmless and safe, no poison here they shed:

He said; and first the doubtful draught essay'd;

He, who through all their march, their toil, their } thirst,

Demanded, here, alone, to drink the first.

Why plagues, like these, infect the Libyan } air,

Why deaths unknown in various shapes appear;

Why, fruitful to destroy the cursed land

Is temper'd thus, by nature's secret hand;

Dark and obscure the hidden cause remains,

And still deludes the vain inquirer's pains;

Unless a tale for truth may be believ'd,

And the good-natur'd world be willingly deceiv'd.

Where western waves on farthest Libya beat, }

Warm'd with the setting sun's descending heat, }

Dreadful Medusa fix'd her horrid seat. }

No leafy shade, with kind protection, shields

The rough, the squalid, unfrequented fields:

No mark of shepherds, or the ploughman's toil,

To tend the flocks, or turn the mellow soil:

But rude with rocks, the region all around

Its mistress, and her potent visage, own'd.

'Twas from this monster to afflict mankind,

That nature first produc'd the snaky kind:

On her, at first their forked tongues appear'd;

From her, their dreadful hissings first were heard.

Some wreath'd in folds upon her temples hung;

Some backwards to her waist depended long;

Some with their rising crests her forehead deck;

Some wanton play, and lash her swelling neck:

And while her hands the curling vipers comb,

Poisons distil around, and drops of livid foam.

None, who beheld the fury, could complain;

So swift their fate preventing death and pain:

Ere they had time to fear, the change came on,

And motion, sense, and life, were lost in stone.

The soul itself, from sudden flight debarr'd,

Congeeing, in the body's fortune shar'd.

The dire Eumenides could rage inspire,

But could no more; the tuneful Thracian lyre

Infernal Cerberus did soon assuage,

Lull'd him to rest, and sooth'd his triple rage;

Hydra's seven heads the bold Alcides view'd,

Safely he saw, and what he saw, subdu'd:

Of these in various terrors each excell'd;

But all to this superior fury yield.

Phorcus and Cæto, next to Neptune he,
Immortal both, and rulers of the sea,
This monster's parent's did their offspring dread;
And from her sight her sister Gorgons fled.
Old ocean's waters and the liquid air,
The universal world her power might fear:
All nature's beauteous works she could invade,
Through every part a lazy numbness shed,
And over all a stony surface spread.

Birds in their flight were stopt, and ponderous
grown,
Forgot their pinions, and fell senseless down.
Beasts to the rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were tribes of stone and marble nations found.
No living eyes so fell a sight could bear; [were,
Her snakes themselves, all deadly though they
shot backward from her face, and shrunk away
for fear.

By her, a rock Titanian Atlas grew,
And heav'n by her the giants did subdue:
Hard was the fight, and Jove was half dismay'd,
Till Pallas brought the Gorgon to his aid:
The heavenly nation laid aside their fear,
For soon she finish'd the prodigious war;
To mountains turn'd, the monster race remains,
The trophies of her power on the Phlegrean
plains.

To seek this monster, and her fate to prove,
The son of Danaë and golden Jove,
Attempts a flight through airy ways above.
The youth Cyllenian Hermes' aid implor'd;
The god assisted with his wings the sword,
His sword which late made watchful Argus bleed,
And Iō from her cruel keeper freed.
Unwedded Pallas lent a sister's aid;
But ask'd, for recompence, Medusa's head.
Eastward she warns her brother bend his flight,
And from the Gorgon realms avert his sight;
Then arms his left with her refulgent shield,
And shows how there the foe might be beheld.
Deep slumbers had the drowsy fiend possess'd,
Such as drew on, and well might seem, her last:
And yet she slept not whole; one half her snakes
Watchful to guard their horrid mistress, wakes;
The rest dishevell'd, loosely round her head,
And o'er her drowsy lids and face were spread.
Backward the youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a stroke:
His faltering hand the virgin goddess guides,
And from the monster's neck her snaky head
divides.

But oh! what art, what numbers, can express
The terrors of the dying Gorgon's face!
Whan clouds of poison from her lips arise,
What death, what vast destruction, threaten'd in
her eyes!

'Twas somewhat that immortal gods might fear,
More than the warlike maid herself could bear.
The victor Perseus still had been subdu'd,
Though, wary still, with eyes averse he stood:
Had not his heavenly sisters timely care
Veil'd the dread visage with the hissing hair.
Seis'd of his prey, heavenwards, uplifted light,
On Hermes' nimble wings, he took his flight.
Now thoughtful of his course he hung in air,
And meant through Europe's happy clime to steer;
Till pitying Pallas warn'd him not to blast
Her fruitful fields, nor lay her cities waste.

For who could not have upwards cast their sight,
Curious to gaze at such a wondrous flight?
Therefore by gales of gentle zephyrs borne,
To Libya's coast the hero minds to turn.
Beneath the sultry line, expos'd it lies
To deadly planets, and malignant skies.
Still, with his fiery steeds, the god of day
Drives through that heaven, and makes his burn-
ing way.

No land more high erects its lofty head,
The silver moon in dim eclipse to shade;
If through the summer signs direct she run,
Nor bends obliquely, north or south to shun
The envious earth that hides her from the sun.
Yet could this soil accurst, this barren field,
Increase of deaths, and poisonous harvests yield.
Where'er sublime in air the victor flew,
The monster's head distill'd a deadly dew;
The earth receiv'd the seed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid gore dropt on the sand,
'Twas temper'd up by nature's forming hand;
The glowing climate makes the work complete,
And broods upon the mass, and lends it genial
heat.

First of those plagues, the drowsy asp appear'd,
Then first her crest and swelling neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing blood
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly brood.
Of all the serpent race are none so fell, [swell;
None with so many deaths such plenteous venom
Chill in themselves, our colder climes they shun,
And choose to bask in Afric's warmer sun;
But Nile no more confines them now: What
Can for insatiate avarice be found! [bound
Freighted with Libyan deaths our merchants come,
And poisonous asps are things of price at Rome.

Her scaly folds th' Hæmorrhoids unbends,
And her vast length along the sand extends;
Where'er she wounds, from every part the blood
Gushes resistless in a crimson flood.

Amphibious some do in the Syrts abound,
And now on land, in waters now are found.

Slimy Chelyders the parch'd earth distain,
And trace a reeking furrow on the plain.

The spotted cenchris, rich in various dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies:

Not Theban marbles are so gaily dress'd,
Nor with such party colour'd beauties grac'd

Safe in his earthly hue and dusky skin,
Th' Amodites lurks in the sands unseen:
The swimmer there the crystal stream pollutes;
And swift through air the flying javelin shoots.

The scytale, ere yet the spring returns,
There casts her coat; and there the Dipfas burns;

The Amphibæna doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threatening head she rears
Rais'd on his active tail the parcas stands,
And, as he passes furrows up the sands.

The prester by his forming jaws is known;
The seps invades the flesh and firmer bone,
Dissolves the mass of man, and melts his fabric
down.

The basilisk, with dreadful hissings heard,
And from afar by every serpent fear'd,
To distance drives the vulgar, and remains
The lonely monarch of the desert plains.

And you, ye dragons of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,

In other nations harmless are you found,
 This guardian genii and protectors own'd;
 In Afric only are you fatal; there,
 On wide-expanded wings, sublime you rear
 Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
 The lowing kine in droves you chase, and cull
 Some master of the herd, some mighty bull:
 Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
 By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
 Not elephants are by their larger size
 Secure, but, with the rest, become your prize.
 Resistless in your might, you all invade,
 And for destruction need not poison's aid.

Thus, though a thousand plagues around them
 spread,
 A weary march the hardy soldiers tread, led.
 Through thirst, through toil and death, by Cato
 Their chief with pious grief and deep regret,
 Each moment mourns his friends untimely fate;
 Wondering, he sees some small, some trivial wound,
 Extend a valiant Roman on the ground.
 Aulus, a noble youth of Tyrrhene blood,
 Who bore the standard, on a Dipfas trode;
 Backward the wrathful serpent bent her head,
 And, fell with rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
 Scarce did some little mark of hurt remain,
 And scarce he found some little sense of pain;
 Nor could he yet the danger doubt, nor fear
 That death, with all its terrors, threaten'd there.
 When lo! unseen, the secret venom spreads,
 And every nobler part at once invades;
 Swift flames consume the marrow and the brain,
 And the scorch'd entrails rage with burning pain;
 Upon his heart the thirsty poisons prey,
 And drain the sacred juice of life away.
 No kindly floods of moisture bathe his tongue,
 But cleaving to the parched roof it hung;
 No trickling drops distil, no dewy sweat,
 To ease his weary limbs, and cool the raging heat.
 Nor could he weep; ev'n grief could not supply
 Streams for the mournful office of his eye,
 The never-failing source of tears was dry.
 Frantic he flies, and with a careless hand
 Hurls the neglected eagle on the sand.
 Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying chief's com-
 mand.

For springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the ground,
 For springs in vain, explores the desert round.
 For cooling draughts, which might their aid im-
 part,

And quench the burning venom in his heart.
 Plung'd in the Tanais, the Rhone, or Po,
 Or Nile, whose wandering streams, o'er Egypt
 flow,
 Still would he rage, still with the fever glow.
 The scorching climate to his fate conspires,
 And Libya's sun assists the Dipfas' fires.
 Now everywhere for drink, in vain he pries,
 Now to the Syrtes and briny seas he flies;
 The briny seas delight, but seem not to suffice.
 Nor yet he knows what secret plague he nurs'd,
 Nor found the poison, but believ'd it thirst.
 Of thirst, and thirst alone, he still complains,
 Raving for thirst, he tears his swelling veins;
 From every vessel drains a crimson flood,
 And quaffs in greedy draughts his vital blood.

This Cato saw, and straight, without delay,
 Commands his legions on to urge their way;

VOL. XH.

Nor give th' inquiring soldier time to know
 What deadly deeds a fatal thirst could do.

But soon a fate more sad, with new surprise,
 From the first object turns their wondering eyes.
 Wretched Sabellus by a seps was stung;
 Fix'd to his leg, with deadly death, it hung:
 Sudden the soldier shook it from the wound,
 Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren ground.
 Of all the dire destructive serpent race,
 None have so much of death, though none are less.
 For straight, around the part, the skin with-
 drew,

The flesh and shrinking sinews backward flew,
 And left the naked bones expos'd to view.
 The spreading poisons all the parts confound,
 And the whole body sinks within the wound.
 The brawny thighs no more their muscles boast,
 But, melting, all in liquid filth are lost;
 The well-knit groin above, and ham below,
 Mix'd in one putrid stream, together flow;
 The firm peritonæum, rent in twain,
 No more the pressing entrails could sustain,
 It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gush
 amain.

Small relics of the mouldering mass were left,
 At once of substance, as of form bereft;
 Dissolv'd the whole in liquid poison ran,
 And to a nauseous puddle shrunk the man.
 Then burst the rigid nerves, the manly breast,
 And all the texture of the heaving chest;
 Resistless way the conquering venom made,
 And secret nature was at once display'd;
 Her sacred privacies all open lie
 To each profane, inquiring, vulgar eye.
 Then the broad shoulders did the pest invade,
 Then o'er the valiant arms and neck it spread;
 Last sunk, the mind's imperial seat, the head.
 So snows dissolv'd by southern breezes run,
 So melts the wax before the noon-day sun.
 Nor ends the wonder here; though flames are
 known

To waste the flesh, yet still they spare the bone:
 Here none were left, no least remains were seen;
 No marks to show, that once the man had been.
 Of all the plagues which curse the Libyan land,
 (If death and mischief may a crown demand)
 Serpent, the palm is thine. Though others
 may

Boast of their power to force the soul away,
 Yet soul and body both become thy prey.

A fate of different kind Nasidius found,
 A burning prester gave the deadly wound;
 And straight a sudden flame began to spread,
 And paint his visage with a glowing red.
 With swift expansion swells the bloated skin,
 Nought but an undistinguish'd mass is seen,
 While the fair human form lies lost within.
 The puffy poison spreads, and heaves around,
 Till all the man is in the monster drown'd.
 No more the steely plate his breast can stay,
 But yields, and gives the bursting poison way.
 Not waters so, when fire the rage supplies,
 Bubbling on heaps, in boiling cauldrons rise:
 Nor swells the stretching canvas half so fast,
 When the sails gather all the driving blast,
 Strain the tough yards, and bow the lofty mast.

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The various parts no longer now are known,
 One headless formless heap remains alone;
 The feather'd kind avoid the fatal feast,
 And leave it deadly to some hungry beast;
 With horror seiz'd, his sad companions too,
 In haste from the unbury'd carcase flew;
 Look'd back, but fled again, for still the monster grew.

But fertile Libya still new plagues supplies,
 And to more horrid monsters turns their eyes.
 Deeply the fierce hæmorrhoids imprest
 Her fatal teeth on Tullus' valiant breast:
 The noble youth, with virtue's love inspir'd,
 Her, in her Cato, follow'd and admir'd;
 Mov'd by his great example, vow'd to share,
 With him, each chance of that disastrous war.
 And as when mighty Rome's spectators meet
 In the full theatre's capacious seat,
 At once, by secret pipes and channels fed,
 Rich tinctures gush from every antique head;
 At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
 And rain their odours on the crowd below:
 So the warm blood at once from every part
 Ran purple poison down, and drain'd the fainting heart.

Blood falls for tears, and o'er his mournful face
 The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace:
 Where'er the liquid juices find a way,
 There streams of blood, there crimson rivers stray:
 His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
 And ev'n the pores ooze out the trickling blood;
 In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
 And the whole body seems one bleeding wound.

Lævus, a colder aspic bit, and straight
 His blood forgot to flow, his heart to beat;
 Thick shades upon his eye-lids seem'd to creep,
 And lock him fast in everlasting sleep:
 No sense of pain, no torment did he know,
 But sunk in slumbers to the shades below.

Not swifter death attends the noxious juice,
 Which dire Sabæan aconites produce.
 Well may their crafty priests divine, and well
 The fate which they themselves can cause, foretel.

Fierce from afar a darting javelin shot,
 (For such, the serpent's name has Afric taught)
 And through unhappy Paulus' temples flew;
 Nor poison, but a wound, the soldier flew.
 No flight so swift, so rapid none we know,
 Stones for the sounding sling, compar'd, are flow.

And the shaft loiters from the Scythian bow.

A basilisk bold Murrus kill'd in vain,
 And nail'd it dying to the sandy plain;
 Along the spear the sliding venom ran,
 And sudden, from the weapon, seiz'd the man:
 His hand first touch'd, ere it his arm invade,
 Soon he divides it with his shining blade:
 The serpent's force by sad example taught,
 With his lost hand, his ransom'd life he bought.

Who that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
 Would think that ready death his call obeys?
 Threatening, he rears his knotty tail on high;
 The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
 And fix'd him, his proud trophy in the sky.

Or could we the salpuga's anger dread,
 Or fear upon her little cell to tread?

Yet she the fatal threads of life commands,
 And quickens oft the Stygian sisters' hands.

Pursu'd by dangers, thus they pass'd away
 The restless night, and thus the cheerless day;
 Ev'n earth itself they fear'd, the common bed,
 Where each lay down to rest his weary head:
 There no kind trees their leafy couches strow,
 The sands no turf nor mossy beds bestow;
 But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious toil,
 Expos'd they sleep upon the fatal soil.
 With vital heat they brood upon the ground,
 And breathe a kind attractive vapour round.
 While chill, with colder night's ungentle air,
 To man's warm breast his snaky foes repair,
 And find, ungrateful guests, a shelter there.
 Thence fresh supplies of poisonous rage return,
 And fiercely with recruited deaths they burn.

Restore, thus sadly oft the soldier said,
 Restore Emathia's plains, from whence we fled;
 This grace, at least, ye cruel gods afford,
 That we may fall beneath the hostile sword.
 The Dipsa's here in Cæsar's triumph share,
 And fell Cerastræ wage his civil war.
 Or let us haste away, press farther on,
 Urge our bold passage to the burning zone,
 And die by those ethereal flames alone.
 Afric, thy deserts we accuse no more,
 Nor blame, oh nature! thy creating power:
 From man thou wisely didst these wilds divide,
 And for thy monsters here alone provide;
 A region waste and void of all beside.
 Thy prudent care forbade the barren field
 The yellow harvest's ripe increase to yield;
 Man and his labours well thou didst deny,
 And bad'st him from the land of poisons fly.
 We, impious we, the bold irruption made;
 We, this the serpent's world, did first invade;
 Take then our lives a forfeit for the crime,
 Whoe'er thou art, that rul'st this cursed clime:
 What god soe'er, that only lov'st to reign,
 And dost the commerce of mankind disdain;
 Who, to secure thy horrid empire's bound,
 Had fix'd the Syrts, and torrid realms around;
 Here the wild waves, there the flames scorching
 breath,

And fill'd the dreadful middle space with death.
 Behold, to thy retreats our arms we bear,
 And with Rome's civil rage profane thee here;
 Ev'n to thy inmost seats we strive to go,
 And seek the limits of the world to know.
 Perhaps more dire events attend us yet;
 New deaths, new monsters, still we go to meet.
 Perhaps to those far seas our journey bends,
 Where to the waves the burning sun descends;
 Where, rushing headlong down heaven's azure
 All red he plunges in the hissing deep. [strep,
 Low sinks the pole, declining from its height,
 And seems to yield beneath the rapid weight.

Nor farther lands from fame herself are known,
 But Mauritanian Juba's realms alone.
 Perhaps, while, rashly daring, on we pass,
 Fate may discover some more dreadful place;
 Till, late repenting, we may wish in vain
 To see these serpents, and these sands again.
 One joy at least do these sad regions give,
 Ev'n here we know 'tis possible to live:
 That, by the native plagues, we may perceive.

Nor ask we now for Asia's gentler day,
 Nor now for European suns we pray;
 Thee, Afric, now, thy absence we deplore,
 And sadly think we ne'er shall see thee more.
 Say, in what part, what climate, art thou lost?
 Where have we left Cyrene's happy frost?
 Cold skies we felt, and frosty winter there,
 While more than summer suns are raging here,
 And break the laws of the well-order'd year.
 Southward, beyond earth's limits, are we pass'd,
 And Rome, at length, beneath our feet is plac'd.
 Grant us, ye gods, one pleasure ere we die,
 Add to our harder fate this only joy,
 That Cæsar may pursue, and follow where we
 fly.

Impatient, thus the soldier oft complains,
 And seems, by telling, to relieve his pains.
 But most the virtues of their matchless chief
 Inspire new strength, to bear with every grief;
 All night, with careful thoughts and watchful
 eyes,

On the bare sands expos'd the hero lies;
 In every place alike, in every hour,
 Dares his ill fortune, and defies her power.
 Unweary'd still, his common care attends
 On every fate, and cheers his dying friends:
 With ready haste at each sad call he flies,
 And more than health, or life itself, supplies;
 With virtue's noblest precepts arms their souls,
 And ev'n their sorrows, like his own, controuls.
 Where'er he comes, no signs of grief are shown;
 Grief, an unmanly weakness, they disown,
 And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting
 groan.

Still urging on his pious cares, he strove
 The sense of outward evils to remove;
 And, by his presence, taught them to disdain
 The feeble rage and impotence of pain.
 But now, so many toils and dangers past,
 Fortune grew kind, and brought relief at last.
 Of all who scorching Afric's sun endure,
 None like the swarthy Pŷllians are secure.
 Skill'd in the lore of powerful herbs and charms,
 Them, nor the serpent's tooth, nor poison
 harms;

Nor do they thus in arts alone excel,
 But nature too their blood has temper'd well,
 And taught with vital force the venom to
 repel.

With healing gifts, and privileges grac'd,
 Well in the land of serpents were they plac'd;
 Truce with the dreadful tyrant, death, they
 have,

And border safely on his realm, the grave.
 Such is their confidence in true-born blood,
 That oft with asps they prove their doubtful
 brood;

When wanton wives their jealous rage inflame,
 The new-born infant clears or damns the dame;
 If subject to the wrathful serpent's wound,
 The mother's shame is by the danger found;
 But if unhurt the fearless infant laugh;
 The wife is honest, and the husband safe.
 So when Jove's bird, on some tall cedar's head,
 Has a new race of generous eaglets bred,
 While yet unplum'd, within the nest they lie,
 Wary she turns them to the eastern sky;

Then if, unequal to the god of day,
 Abash'd they shrink, and shun the potent ray,
 She spurns them forth, and casts them quite
 away:

But if with daring eyes unmov'd they gaze,
 Withstand the light, and bear the golden blaze;
 Tender she broods them with a parent's love,
 The future servants of her master Jove.

Nor safe themselves, alone, the Pŷllians are,
 But to their guests extend their friendly care.
 First, where the Roman camp is mark'd, around
 Circling they pass, then chanting, charm the
 ground,

And chase the serpents with the mystic sound.
 Beyond the farthest tents rich fires they build,
 That healthy medicinal odours yield;
 There foreign galbanum dissolving fries,
 And crackling flames from humble wall-wort
 rise;

There tamarisk, which no green leaf adorns,
 And there the spicy Syrian costos burns.
 There centory supplies the wholesome flame,
 That from Thessalian Chiron takes its name;
 The gummy larch-tree, and the thapſos there,
 Wound-wort and maiden-weed perfume the air.
 There the large branches of the long-liv'd hart,
 With southern-wood, their odours strong impart.
 The monsters of the land, the serpents fell,
 Fly far away, and shun the hostile smell.

Securely thus they pass the nights away;
 And if they chance to meet a wound by day,
 The Pŷllian artists straight their skill display.
 Then strives the leach the power of charms to
 show,

And bravely combats with the deadly foe:
 With spittle first, he marks the part around,
 And keeps the poison prisoner in the wound;
 Then sudden he begins the magic song,
 And rolls the numbers hasty o'er his tongue;
 Swift he runs on; nor pauses once for breath,
 To stop the progress of approaching death:
 He fears the cure might suffer by delay,
 And life be lost but for a moment's stay.
 Thus oft, though deep within the veins it lies,
 By magic numbers chas'd, the mischief flies:
 But if it hear too slow, if still it stay,
 And scorn the potent charmer to obey;
 With forceful lips he fastens on the wound,
 Drains out, and spits the venom to the ground.
 Thus, by long use and oft experience taught,
 He knows from whence his hurt the patient got;
 He proves the part through which the poison past,
 And knows each various serpent by the taste.

The warriors thus reliev'd, amidst their pains,
 Held on their passage through the desert plains:
 And now the silver empress of the night
 Had lost, and twice regain'd her borrow'd light,
 While Cato, wandering o'er the wasteful field,
 Patient in all his labours, she beheld.
 At length condens'd in clods the sands appear,
 And show a better soil and country near:
 Now from afar thin tufts of trees arise,
 And scattering cottages delight their eyes.
 But when the soldier once beheld again
 The raging lion shake his horrid mane,
 What hopes of better lands his soul possess?
 What joys he felt, to view the dreadful beast!

Leptis at last they reach'd, that nearest lay,
There free from storms, and the sun's parching
ray,

At ease they pass'd the wintery year away.

When fated with the joys which slaughters yield,
Retiring Cæsar left Emathia's field;

His other cares laid by, he fought alone

To trace the footsteps of his flying son.

Led by the guidance of reporting fame,

First to the Thracian Hellespont he came.

Here young Leander perish'd in the flood,

And here the tower of mournful Hero stood:

Here, with a narrow stream, the flowing tide,

Europe, from wealthy Asia, does divide.

From hence the curious victor passing o'er,

Admiring fought the fam'd Sigæan shore.

There might he tombs of Grecian chiefs behold,

Renown'd in sacred verse by bards of old.

There the long ruins of the walls appear'd,

Once by great Neptune, and Apollo, rear'd:

There stood old Troy, a venerable name;

For ever consecrate to deathless fame.

Now blasted mossy trunks with branches fear,

Brambles and weeds, a loathsome forest rear;

Where once, in palaces of regal state,

Old Priam and the Trojan princes sat.

Where temples once, on lofty columns borne,

Majestic, did the wealthy town adorn,

All rude, all waste, and desolate is laid,

And even the ruin'd ruins are decay'd.

Here Cæsar did each story'd place survey,

Here saw the rock, where, Neptune to obey,

Hesione was bound the monster's prey.

Here, in the covert of a sacred grove,

The blest Anchises clasp'd the queen of love:

Here fair Oenone play'd, here stood the cave

Where Paris once the fatal judgment gave;

Here lovely Ganymede to heaven was borne,

Each rock, and every tree, recording tales adorn.

Here all that does of Xanthus' stream remain,

Creeps a small brook along the dusty plain.

Whilst careless and securely on they pass,

The Phrygian guide forbids to press the grass;

This place, he said, for ever sacred keep,

For here the sacred bones of Hector sleep.

Then warns him to observe, where, rudely cast,

Disjointed stones lay broken and defac'd:

Here his last fate, he cries, did Priam prove;

Here, on this altar of Hercæan Jove.

O poetry divine! O sacred song!

To thee, bright fame and length of days belong;

Thou, goddess! thou eternity canst give,

And bid secure the mortal hero live.

Nor, Cæsar, thou disdain, that I rehearse

Thee, and thy wars, in no ignoble verse;

Since, if in aught the Latian muse excel,

My name, and thine, immortal I foretel;

Eternity our labours shall reward,

And Lucan flourish, like the Grecian bard;

My numbers shall to latest times convey

The tyrant Cæsar, and Pharsalia's day.

When long the chief his wondering eyes
had cast

On ancient monuments of ages past;

Of living turf an altar straight he made,

Then on the fire rich gums and incense laid,

And thus, successful in his vows, he pray'd.

Ye shades divine! who keep this sacred place,
And thou, Æneas, author of my race!

Ye powers, whoe'er from burning Troy did come,

Domestic gods of Alba, and of Rome,

Who still preserv'd your ruin'd country's name,

And on your altars guard the Phrygian flame:

And thou, bright maid, who art to men deny'd;

Pallas, who dost thy sacred privilege confide

To Rome, and in her inmost temple hide;

Hear, and auspicious to my vows incline,

To me, the greatest of the Julian line:

Prosper my future ways; and, lo! I vow

Your ancient state and honours to bestow;

Ausonian hands shall Phrygian walls restore,

And Rome repay what Troy conferr'd before.

He said; and hasted to his fleet away,

Swift to repair the loss of this delay.

Up sprung the wind, and with a freshening gale,

The kind north-west fill'd every swelling sail;

Light o'er the foamy waves the navy flew,

Till Asia's shores and Rhodes no more they view.

Six times the night her sable round had made,

The seventh now passing on, the chief survey'd

High Pharos shining through the gloomy shade;

The coast descri'd, he waits the rising day,

Then safely to the port directs his way.

There wide with crowds o'erspread he sees the
shore,

And echoing hears the loud tumultuous roar.

Distrustful of his fate, he gives command

To stand aloof, nor trust the doubted land.

When lo! a messenger appears, to bring

A fatal pledge of peace from Ægypt's king:

Hid in a veil, and closely cover'd o'er,

Pompey's pale visage in his hand he bore.

An impious orator the tyrant sends,

Who thus, with fitting words, the monstrous gift
commends.

Hail, first and greatest of the Roman name!

In power most mighty, most renown'd in fame:

Hail! rightly now, the world's unrivall'd lord!

That benefit thy Pharian friends afford.

My king bestows the prize thy arms have fought,

For which Pharsalia's field in vain was fought.

No task remains for future labours now;

The civil wars are finish'd at a blow.

To heal Thessalia's ruins, Pompey fled

To us for succour, and by us lies dead.

Thee, Cæsar, with this costly pledge we buy,

Thee to our friendship, with this victim, tie.

Ægypt's proud sceptre freely then receive,

Whate'er the fertile flowing Nile can give:

Accept the treasures which this deed has spar'd;

Accept the benefit, without reward.

Deign, Cæsar! deign to think my royal lord

Worthy the aid of thy victorious sword:

In the first rank of greatness shall he stand;

He, who could Pompey's destiny command.

Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd spoil,

Because not dearly bought with blood and toil:

But think, oh think, what sacred ties were broke,

How friendship pleaded, and how nature spoke:

That Pompey, who restor'd Auletes' crown,

The father's ancient guest was murder'd by the
son.

Then judge thyself, or ask the world and fame,

If services like these deserve a name.

If gods and men the daring deed abhor,
Think, for that reason, Cæsar owes the more;
This blood *for thee*, though not *by thee*, was
spilt;

Thou hast the benefit, and we the guilt.

He said, and straight the horrid gift unveil'd,
And steadfast to the gazing victor held.

Chang'd was the face, deform'd with death all
o'er,

Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted gore,
Unlike the Pompey Cæsar knew before.

He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal boon,

Nor started from the dreadful sight too soon.

Awhile his eyes the murderous scene endure,

Doubting they view; but shun it, when secure.

At length he stood convinc'd, the deed was done;

He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless son:

And straight the ready tears, that staid till now,

Swift at command with pious semblance flow:

As if detesting, from the sight he turns,

And groaning with a heart triumphant mourns.

He fears his impious thought should be descry'd,

And seeks in tears the swelling joy to hide.

Thus the curst Pharian tyrant's hopes were cross'd,

Thus all the merit of his gift was lost;

Thus for the murder Cæsar's thanks were spar'd;

He chose to mourn it, rather than reward.

He who, relentless, through Pharsalia rode,

And on the senate's mangled fathers trode;

He who, without one pitying sigh, beheld

The blood and slaughter of that woeful field;

Thee, murder'd Pompey, could not ruthless see,

But pay'd the tribute of his grief to thee.

Oh mystery of fortune, and of fate!

Oh ill-contrived piety and hate!

And canst thou, Cæsar, then thy tears afford

To the dire object of thy vengeful sword?

Didst thou, for this, devote his hostile head,

Pursue him living, to bewail him dead?

Could not the gentle ties of kindred move?

Wert thou not touch'd with thy sad Julia's love?

And weep'st thou now? dost thou these tears

provide

To win the friends of Pompey to thy side?

Perhaps, with secret rage thou dost repine,

That he should die by any hand but thine;

Thence fall thy tears, that Ptolemy has done

A murder, due to Cæsar's hand alone.

What secret springs foe'er these currents know,

They ne'er, by piety, were taught to flow.

Or didst thou kindly, like a careful friend,

Pursue him flying, only to defend?

Well was his fate deny'd to thy command!

Well was he snatch'd by fortune from thy hand!

Fortune withheld this glory from thy name,

Forbade thy power to save, and spar'd the Roman
shame.

Still he goes on to vent his griefs aloud,

And artful, thus, deceives the easy crowd.

Hence from my sight, nor let me see thee

more;

Haste, to thy king his fatal gift restore.

At Cæsar have you aim'd the deadly blow,

And wounded Cæsar worse than Pompey now;

The cruel hands by which this deed was done,

Have torn away the wreaths my sword had won.

That noblest prize this civil war could give,
The victor's right to bid the vanquish'd live.

Then tell your king, his gift shall be repaid;

I would have sent him Cleopatra's head;

But that he wishes to behold her dead.

How has he dar'd, this Ægypt's petty lord,

To join his murders to the Roman sword?

Did I, for this, in heat of war, disdain

With noblest blood Emathia's purple plain,

To license Ptolemy's pernicious reign?

Did I with Pompey scorn the world to share?

And can I an Ægyptian partner bear?

In vain the warlike trumpet's dreadful sound

Has rous'd the universe to arms around;

Vain was the shock of nations, if they own,

Now, any power on earth but mine alone.

If hither to your impious shores I came,

'Twas to assert at once my power and fame;

Left the pale fury envy should have said,

Your crimes I damn'd not, or your arms I fled.

Nor think to fawn before me and deceive;

I know the welcome you prepare to give.

Thessalia's field preserves me from your hate,

And guards the victor's head from Pompey's
fate.

What ruin, gods! attended on my arms,

What dangers unforeseen! what waiting harms!

Pompey, and Rome, and exile, were my fear;

See yet a fourth, see Ptolemy appear!

The boy-king's vengeance loiters in the rear.

But we forgive his youth, and bid him know,

Pardon and life's the most we can bestow.

For you, the meaner herd, with rites divine,

And pious cares, the warrior's head enshrine;

Atone with penitence the injur'd shade,

And let his ashes in their urn be laid;

Pleas'd, let his ghost lamenting Cæsar know,

And feel my presence here, ev'n in the realms
below.

Oh, what a day of joy was lost to Rome,

When hapless Pompey did to Ægypt come!

When, to a father and a friend unjust,

He rather chose the Pharian boy to trust.

The wretched world that loss of peace shall rue,

Of peace, which from our friendship might
ensue:

But thus the gods their hard decrees have
made;

In vain, for peace, and for repose, I pray'd;

In vain implor'd, that wars and rage might end,

That, suppliant-like, I might to Pompey bend,

Beg him to live, and once more be my friend.

Then had my labours met their just reward,

And, Pompey, thou in all my glories shar'd;

Then, jars and enmities all past and gone,

In pleasure had the peaceful years roll'd on;

All should forgive, to make the joy complete;

Thou shouldst thy harder fate, and Rome my
wars forget.

Fast falling still the tears, thus spoke the chief,

But found no partner in the specious grief.

Oh, glorious liberty! when all shall dare

A face, unlike their mighty lord, to wear!

Each in his breast the rising sorrow kept,

And thought it safe to laugh, though Cæsar
wept.

B O O K X.

THE ARGUMENT.

CÆSAR, upon his arrival in Ægypt, finds Ptolemy engaged in a quarrel with his sister Cleopatra; whom, at the instigation of Photinus, and his other evil counsellors, he had deprived of her share in the kingdom, and imprisoned: she finds means to escape, comes privately to Cæsar, and puts herself under his protection. Cæsar interposes in the quarrel, and reconciles them. They in return entertain him with great magnificence and luxury at the royal palace in Alexandria. At this feast Cæsar, who at his first arrival had visited the tomb of Alexander the Great, and whatever else was curious in that city, inquires of the chief priest, Achoreus, and is by him informed of the course of the Nile, its stated increase and decrease, with the several causes that had been till that time assigned for it. In the meantime Photinus writes privately to Achilles, to draw the army to Alexandria, and surprise Cæsar: this he immediately performs, and besieges the palace. But Cæsar, having set the city and many of the Ægyptian ships on fire, escapes to the island and tower of Pharos, carrying the young king and Photinus, whom he still kept in his power, with him; there having discovered the treachery of Photinus, he puts him to death. At the same time Arsinoë, Ptolemy's younger sister, having by the advice of her tutor, the eunuch Ganymedes, assumed the regal authority, orders Achilles to be killed likewise, and renews the war against Cæsar. Upon the mole between Pharos and Alexandria he is encompassed by the enemy, and very near being slain, but at length breaks through, leaps into the sea, and with his usual courage and good fortune swims in safety to his own fleet.

Soon as the victor reach'd the guilty shore,
Yet red with stains of murder'd Pompey's gore,
New toils his still prevailing fortune met,
By impious Ægypt's genius hard beset.
The strife was now, if this detested land
Should own imperial Rome's supreme command,
Or Cæsar bleed beneath some Pharian hand.
But thou, oh Pompey! thy diviner shade,
Came timely to this cruel father's aid;
Thy influence the deadly sword withstood, [blood.
Nor suffer'd Nile, again, to blush with Roman
Safe in the pledge of Pompey, slain so late,
Proud Cæsar, enters Alexandria's gate:
Ensigns on high the long procession lead;
The warrior and his armed train succeed.
Meanwhile, loud-murmuring, the moody throng
Behold his fasces borne in state along;
Of innovations fiercely they complain,
And scornfully reject the Roman reign.
Soon saw the chief th' untoward bent they take,
And found that Pompey fell not for his sake.
Wisely, howe'er, he did his secret fear,
And held his way with well-dissembled cheer.
Careless, he runs their gods and temples o'er,
The monuments of Macedonian power;
But neither god, nor shrine, nor mystic rite,
Their city, nor her walls, his soul delight:
Their caves beneath his fancy chiefly led,
To search the gloomy mansions of the dead:
Thither with secret pleasure he descends,
And to the guide's recording tale attends.

There the vain youth who made the world his
That prosperous robber, Alexander, lies. [prize,
When pitying death, at length, and freed mankind,
To sacred rest his bones were here consign'd:
His bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,
With just contempt, around the injur'd world.
But fortune spar'd the dead; and partial fate,
For ages, fix'd his Pharian empire's date.
If ere our long-lost liberty return,
That carcase is reserv'd for public scorn:

Now, it remains a monument confest,
How one proud man could lord it o'er the rest.
To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
The vast ambitious spoiler ow'd his birth:
There, soon, he scorn'd his father's humbler reign,
And view'd his vanquish'd Athens with disdain.
Driv'n headlong on, by fate's resistless force,
Through Asia's realms he took his dreadful
course:

His ruthless sword laid human nature waste,
And desolation follow'd where he pass'd.
Red Ganges blush'd, and fam'd Euphrates' flood,
With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
When, undistinguishing, his wrath destroys:
Such to mankind, portentous meteors rise,
Trouble the gazing earth, and blast the skies.
Nor flame, nor flood, his restless rage withstand,
Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan sand:
O'er waves unknown he meditates his way,
And seeks the boundless empire of the sea;
E'en to the utmost west he would have gone,
Where Tethys' lap receives the setting sun;
Around each pole his circuit would have made,
And drunk from secret Nile's remotest head,
When nature's hand is wild ambition stay'd.
With him, that power his pride had lov'd so well,
His monstrous universal empire, fell:
No heir, no just successor left behind,
Eternal wars he to his friends assign'd,
To tear the world, and scramble for mankind.
Yet still he dy'd the master of his fame,
And Parthia to the last rever'd his name:
The haughty East from Greece receiv'd her doom,
With lower homage than she pays to Rome.
Though from the frozen pole our empire run,
Far as the journeys of the southern sun;
In triumph though our conquering eagles fly,
Where'er soft zephyrs fan the western sky;
Still to the haughty Parthian must we yield,
And mourn the loss of Carræ's dreadful field;

Still shall the race untam'd their pride avow,
And lift those heads aloft which Pella taught to bow,
From Cæsum now the beardless monarch came
To quench the kindling Alexandrian's flame.

Th' unwarlike rabble soon the tumult cease,
And he, their king, remains the pledge of peace;
When veil'd in secrecy, and dark disguise,
To mighty Cæsar Cleopatra flies.

Won by persuasive gold, and rich reward,
Her keeper's hand her prison-gates unbarr'd,
And a light galley for her flight prepar'd.

Oh, fatal form? thy native Ægypt shame!
Thou lewd perdition of the Latian name!

How wert thou doom'd our furies to increase,
And be what Helen was to Troy and Greece!

When with an host, from vile Canopus led,
Thy vengeance aim'd at great Augustus' head;

When thy shrill timbrel's sound was heard from far,
And Rome herself shook at the coming war;

When doubtful fortune, near Leucadias' strand,
Suspended long the world's supreme command,

And almost gave it to a woman's hand.
Such daring courage swells her wanton heart,

While Roman lovers Roman fires impart:
Glowing alike with greatness and delight,

She rose still bolder from each guilty night.
Then blame me, hapless Anthony, no more,

Lost and undone by fatal beauty's power;
If Cæsar, long inur'd to rage and arms,

Submits his stubborn heart to those soft charms;
If, reeking from Emathia's dreadful plain,

And horrid with the blood of thousands slain,
He sinks lascivious in a lewd embrace,

While Pompey's ghastly spectre haunts the place:
If Julia's chaste name he can forget,

And raise her, brethren of a bastard set;
If indolently he permits, from far,

Bold Cato to revive the fainting war;
If he can give away the fruits of blood,

And fight to make a strumpet's title good.
To him disdainful, or to feign a tear,

Or spread her artfully dishevell'd hair,
In comely sorrow's decent garb array'd,

And trusting to her beauty's certain aid,
In words like these began the Pharian maid:

If loyal birth and the Lagæan name,
Thy favouring pity, greatest Cæsar, claim,

Redress my wrongs, thus humbly I implore,
And to her state an injur'd queen restore.

Here shed thy juster influence, and rise
A star auspicious to Ægyptian skies.

Nor is it strange for Pharos to behold
A woman's temples bound with regal gold:

No laws our softer sex's powers restrain,
But undistinguish'd equally we reign.

Vouchsafe my royal father's will to read,
And learn what dying Ptolemy decreed;

My just pretensions stand recorded there,
My brother's empire and his bed to share.

Nor would the gentle boy his love refuse,
Did curs'd Photinus leave him free to choose;

But now in vassalage he holds his crown,
And acts by power and passions not his own.

Nor is my soul on empire fondly set,
But could with ease my royal rights forget;

So thou the throne from vile dishonour save,
Restore the master; and depose the slave.

What scorn, what pride, his haughty bosom swell,
Since, at his bidding, Roman Pompey fell;

(Ev'n now, which oh! ye righteous gods avert,
His sword is levell'd at thy noble heart)

Thou and mankind are wrong'd, when he shall
Or in thy prize, or in thy crime to share. [dare,

In vain her words of warrior's ears assail'd,
Had not her face beyond her tongue prevail'd;

From thence resistless eloquence she draws,
And with the sweet persuasion gains her cause.

His stubborn heart dissolves in loose delight,
And grants her suit, for one lascivious night.

Ægypt and Cæsar, now, in peace agreed,
Riot and feasting to the war succeed:

The wanton queen displays her wealthy store,
Excess unknown to frugal Rome before.

Rich, as some fane by lavish zealots rear'd,
For the proud banquet, stood the hall prepar'd:

Thick golden plates the latent beams infold,
And the high roof was fretted o'er with gold:

Of solid marble all, the walls were made,
And onyx ev'n the meaner floor inlay'd;

While porphyry and agat, round the court,
In massy columns, rose a proud support.

Of solid ebony each post was wrought,
From swarthy Meroë profusely brought:

With ivory was the entrance crusted o'er,
And polish'd tortoise hid each shining door:

While on the cloudy spots enchas'd was seen
The lively emerald's never-fading green.

Within, the royal beds and couches shone,
Beamy and bright with many a costly stone.

In glowing purple rich the coverings lie;
Twice had they drunk the noblest Tyrian dye;

Others, as Pharian artists have the skill
To mix the party-colour'd web at will,

With winding trails of various silks were made,
Where branching gold set off the rich brocade.

Around, of every age, and choicer form,
Huge crowds, whole nations of attendants swarm:

Some wait in yellow rings of golden hair,
The vanquish'd Rhine show'd Cæsar none so fair:

Others were seen with swarthy woolly heads,
Black as eternal night's unchanging shades,

Here squealing eunuchs, a dismember'd train,
Lament the loss of genial joys in vain:

There nature's noblest work, a youthful band,
In the full pride of blooming manhood stand.

All duteous on the Pharian princes wait,
The princes round the board recline in state,

With mighty Cæsar, more than princes great.
On ivory feet the citron board was wrought,

Richer than those with captive Juba brought.
With every wile ambitious beauty tries

To fix the daring Roman's heart her prize.
Her brother's meaner bed and crown she scorns,

And with fierce hopes for nobler empire burns;
Collects the mischiefs of her wanton eyes,

And her faint cheeks with deeper roses dyes;
Amidst the braidings of her flowing hair,

The spoils of orient rocks and shells appear;
Like midnight stars, ten thousand diamonds deck

The comely rising of her graceful neck;
Of wondrous work, a thin transparent lawn

O'er each soft breast in decency was drawn:
Where still by turns the parting threads withdrew,

And all the panting bosom rose to view.

Her robe, her every part, her air, confess
 The power of female skill exhausted in her dress.
 Fantastic madness of unthinking pride,
 To boast that wealth, which prudence strives to
 In civil wars such treasures to display, [hide!
 And tempt a soldier with the hopes of prey!
 Had Cæsar not been Cæsar, impious, bold,
 And ready to lay waste the world for gold,
 But just as all our frugal names of old;
 This wealth could Curius or Fabricius know,
 Or ruder Cincinnatus from the plough,
 As Cæsar, they had seiz'd the mighty spoil,
 And to enrich their Tiber robb'd the Nile.
 Now, by a train of slaves, the various feast
 In massy gold magnificent was plac'd:
 Whatever earth, or air, or seas afford,
 In vast profusion crowns the labouring board.
 For dainties, Ægypt every land explores,
 Nor spares those very gods her zeal adores.
 The Nile's sweet wave capacious crystals pour,
 And gems of price the grapes delicious store;
 No growth of Marcotis' marshy fields,
 But such as Meroë maturer yields;
 Where the warm sun the racy juice refines,
 And mellows into age the infant wines.
 With wreaths of nard the guests their temples
 And blooming roses of immortal kind; [bind,
 Their dropping locks with oily odours flow,
 Recent from near Arabia, where they grow:
 The vigorous spices breathe their strong perfume,
 And the rich vapour fills the spacious room.

Here Cæsar Pompey's poverty disdain'd, [gain'd
 And learn'd to waste that world his arms had
 He saw th' Ægyptian wealth with greedy eyes,
 And wish'd some fair pretence to seize the prize.
 Sated at length with the prodigious feast,
 Their weary appetites from riot ceas'd;
 When Cæsar, curious of some new delight,
 In conversation sought to wear the night:
 Then gently thus address the good old priest,
 Reclining decent in his linen vest:
 O wife Achoreus! venerable seer!
 Whose age bespeaks thee heaven's peculiar care,
 Say from what origin thy nation sprung,
 What bounderies to Ægypt's land belong?
 What are thy people's customs, and the modes,
 What rites they teach; what forms they give their
 Each ancient sacred mystery explain, [gods
 Which monumental sculptures yet retain.
 Divinity disdains to be confin'd,
 Fain would be known, and reverenc'd by mankind.
 'Tis said thy holy predecessors thought
 Cecropian Plato worthy to be taught:
 And sure the sages of your schools have known
 No soul more form'd for science than my own.
 Fame of my potent rival's flight, 'tis true,
 To this your Pharian shore my journey drew;
 Yet know the love of learning led me too.
 In all the hurries of tumultuous war,
 The stars, the gods, and heavens, were still my
 Nor shall my skill to fix the rolling year [care.
 Inferior to Eudoxus' art appear.
 Long has my curious soul, from early youth,
 Toil'd in the noble search of sacred truth:
 Yet still no views have urg'd my ardour more,
 Than Nile's remotest fountain to explore.
 Then say what source the famous stream supplies,
 And bids it at revolving periods rise;

Show me that head from whence, since time be-
 The long succession of his waves has run; [gun,
 This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,
 The sword be sheath'd, and earth be blest with
 peace.

The warrior spoke; and thus the seer reply'd:
 Nor shalt thou, mighty Cæsar, be deny'd.
 Our fires forbade all, but themselves, to know,
 And kept with care profaner laymen low:
 My soul, I own, more generously inclin'd,
 Would let in daylight to inform the blind.
 Nor would I truth in mysteries restrain, [plain;
 But make the gods, their power, and precepts,
 Would teach their miracles, would spread their
 praise,

And well-taught minds to just devotion raise.
 Know then, to all those stars, by nature driven
 In opposition to revolving heaven,
 Some one peculiar influence was given.
 The sun the seasons of the year supplies,
 And bids the evening and the morning rise;
 Commands the planets with superior force,
 And keeps each wandering light to his appointed
 course.

The silver moon o'er briny seas presides,
 And heaves huge ocean with alternate tides.
 Saturn's cold rays in icy climes prevail;
 Mars rules the winds, the storm, and rattling hail;
 Where Jove ascends, the skies are still serene;
 And fruitful Venus is the genial queen:
 While every limpid spring, and falling stream,
 Submits to radiant Hermes' reigning beam.
 When in the Crab the humid ruler shines,
 And to the sultry Lion near inclines,
 There fix'd immediate o'er Nile's latent source,
 He strikes the watery stores with ponderous force;
 Nor can the flood bright Maia's son withstand,
 But heaves, like ocean, at the moon's command:
 His waves ascend, obedient as the seas,
 And reach their destin'd height by just degrees.
 Nor to its bank returns th' enormous tide,
 Till Libra's equal scales the days and nights di-
 Antiquity, unknowing and deceiv'd, [vide.
 In dreams of Ethiopian snows believ'd:
 From hills they taught, how melting currents ran,
 When the first swelling of the flood began.
 But, ah, how vain the thought! no Boreas there
 In icy bonds constrains the wintery year,
 But sultry southern winds eternal reign,
 And scorching suns the swarthy natives stain.
 Yet more, whatever flood the frost congeals,
 Melts as the genial spring's return he feels:
 While Nile's redundant waters never rise,
 Till the hot Dog inflames the summer skies;
 Nor to his banks his shrinking stream confines,
 Till high in heaven th' autumnal balance shines.
 Unlike his watery brethren presides,
 And by new laws his liquid empire guides.
 From dropping seasons no increase he knows,
 Nor feels the fleecy showers of melting snows.
 His river swells not idly, ere the land
 The timely office of his waves demand;
 But knows his lot, by Providence assign'd,
 To cool the season, and refresh mankind.
 Whene'er the Lion sheds his fires around,
 And Cancer burns Syene's parching ground;
 Then, at the prayer of nations, comes the Nile,
 And kindly tempers up the mouldering soil.

Nor from the plains the covering god retreats,
Till the rude fervour of the skies abates;
Till Phœbus into milder autumn fades,
And Meroë projects her lengthening shades.
Nor let inquiring sceptics ask the cause,
'Tis Jove's command, and these are nature's laws,

Others of old, as vainly too, have thought
By western winds the spreading deluge brought;
While at fix'd times, for many a day, they last,
Possess the skies, and drive a constant blait;
Collected clouds united Zephyrs bring,

And shed huge rains from many a dropping
wing, [spring.]

To heave the flood, and swell th' abounding
Or when the airy brethren's steadfast force
Resists the rushing current's downward course.
Backward he rolls indignant, to his head:

While o'er the plains his heapy waves are spread.

Some have believ'd, that spacious channels go
Through the dark entrails of the earth below;
Through these, by turns, revolving rivers pass,
And secretly pervade the mighty mass;
Through these the sun, when from the north he
And cuts the glowing Ethiopic skies, [flies,
From distant streams attracts their liquid stores,
And through Nile's spring th' assembled waters
pours:

Till Nile, o'er-burden'd, disembogues the load,
And spew the foamy deluge all abroad.

Sages there have been too, who long maintain'd,
That ocean's waves through porous earth are
drain'd;

'Tis thence their saltness they no longer keep,
By slow degrees still fresh'ning as they creep:
Till at a period, Nile receives them all,
And pours them loosely spreading, as they fall,

The stars, and sun himself, as some have said,
By exhalations from the deep are fed;

And when the golden ruler of the day
Through Cancer's fiery sign pursues his way,
His beams attract too largely from the sea;
The refuse of his draughts the nights return,
And more than fill the Nile's capacious urn.

Were I the dictates of my soul to tell,
And speak the reasons of the watery swell,
To Providence the task I should assign,
And find the cause in workmanship divine.
Let streams we trace, unerring, to their birth,
And know the parent earth which brought them
While this, as early as the world begun, [forth:
Ran thus, and must continue thus to run;
And still, unfathom'd by our search, shall own
No cause, but Jove's commanding will alone.

Nor, Cæsar, is thy search of knowledge strange;
Well may thy boundless soul desire to range,
Well may she strive Nile's fountain to explore;
Since mighty kings have sought the same before;
Each for the first discoverer would be known,
And hand, to future times, the secret down;
But still their powers were exercis'd in vain,
While latent nature mock'd their fruitless pain.
Philip's great son, whom Memphis still records,
The chief of her illustrious scepter'd lords,
Sent, of his own, a chosen number forth,
To trace the wondrous stream's mysterious birth.
Through Æthiopia's plains they journey'd on,
Till the hot sun oppos'd the burning zone:

There, by the god's resistless beams repell'd,
An unbeginning stream they still beheld.
Fierce came Sesostris from the eastern dawn;
On his proud car by captive monarchs drawn;
His lawless will, impatient of a bound,
Commanded Nile's hid fountain to be found:
But sooner much the tyrant might have known,
Thy fam'd Hesperian Po, or Gallic Rhone,
Cambyzes too, his daring Persians led,
Where hoary age makes white the Ethiop's head;
Till sore distress'd and destitute of food,
He stain'd his hungry jaws with human blood;
Till half his host the other half devour'd,
And left the Nile behind them unexplor'd.

Of thy forbidden head, thou sacred stream,
Nor fiction dares to speak, nor poets dream.
Through various nations roll thy waters down,
By many seen, though still by all unknown;
No land presumes to claim thee for her own. }
For me, my humble tale no more shall tell,
Than what our just records demonstrate well;
Than God, who bade thee thus mysterious flow,
Permits the narrow mind of man to know.

Far in the south the daring waters rise,
As in disdain of Cancer's burning skies;
Thence, with a downward course, they seek the
Direct against the lazy northern wain: [main,
Unless when, partially, thy winding tide
Turns to the Libyan or Arabian side.

The distant Seres first behold thee flow;
Nor yet thy spring the distant Seres know.

'Midst sooty Ethiops, next, thy current roams;
The sooty Ethiops wonder whence it comes;
Nature conceals thy infant stream with care,
Not lets thee, but in majesty, appear.

Upon thy banks astonish'd nations stand,
Nor dare assign thy rise, to one peculiar land.

Exempt from vulgar laws thy waters run,
Nor take their various seasons from the sun:
Though high in heaven the fiery solstice stand,
Obedient winter comes at thy command.

From pole to pole thy boundless waves extend;
One never knows thy rise, nor one thy end.

By Meroë thy stream divided roves,
And winds encircling round her ebon groves;
Of sable hue the costly timbers stand,
Dark as the swarthy natives of the land:
Yet, though tall woods in wide abundance spread,
Their leafy tops afford no friendly shade;

So vertically shine the solar rays,
And from the lion dart the downward blaze.

From thence, through deserts dry, thou jour-
ney'st on, }

Nor shrink'st, diminish'd by the Torrid Zone,
Strong in thyself, collected, full, and one.

Anon, thy streams are parcell'd o'er the plain.
Anon the scatter'd currents meet again;

Jointly they flow, where Philæ's gates divide
Our fertile Ægypt from Arabia's side;

Thence, with a peaceful, soft descent, they creep,
And seek, insensibly, the distant deep;

Till through seven mouths, the famous flood is lost,
On the last limits of our Pharian coast;

Where Gaza's isthmus rises, to restrain
The Erythræan from the midland main.

Who that beholds thee, Nile! thus gently flow,
With scarce a wrinkle on thy glassy brow,

Can guess thy rage, when rocks resist thy force,
And hurl thee headlong in thy downward course;
When spouting cataracts thy torrent pour,
And nations tremble at the deafening roar;
When thy proud waves with indignation rise,
And dash their foamy fury to the skies?
These wonders reedy Abatos can tell,
And the tall cliffs that first declare thy swell;
The cliffs with ignorance of old believ'd
Thy parent veins, and for thy spring receiv'd.
From thence huge mountains nature's hand pro-
To bank thy too luxurious river's sides; [vides,
As in a vale thy current she restrains,
Nor suffers thee to spread the Libyan plains:
At Memphis, first, free liberty she yields,
And lets thee loose to float the thirsty fields.

In unsuspected peace securely laid,
Thus waste they silent night's declining shade.

Meanwhile accusom'd furies still infest,
With usual rage, Photinus' horrid breast;
Nor can the ruffian's hand from slaughter rest. }
Well may the wretch, distain'd with Pompey's
Think every other dreadful action good. [blood,
Within him still the snaky sister's dwell,
And urge his soul with all the powers of hell.
Can fortune to such hands such mischief doom,
And let a slave revenge the wrongs of Rome!
Prevent th' example, preordain'd to stand
The great renown of Brutus' righteous hand!
Forbid it, gods! that Cæsar's hallow'd blood,
To liberty by fate a victim vow'd,
Should on a less occasion e'er be spilt,
And prove a vile Egyptian eunuch's guilt.
Harden'd by crimes, the bolder villain, now,
Avows his purpose with a daring brow;
Scorns the mean aids of falsehood and surprise,
And openly the victor chief defies.
Vain in his hopes, nor doubting to succeed,
He trusts that Cæsar must, like Pompey, bleed.

The feeble boy to curs'd Achilles' hand
Had, with his army, given his crown's command;
To him, by wicked sympathy of mind,
By leagues and brotherhood of murder join'd,
To him, the first and fittest of his friends,
Thus, by a trusty slave, Photinus sends:

While stretch'd at ease the great Achilles lies,
And sleep sits heavy on his slothful eyes,
The bargain for our native land is made,
And the dishonest price already paid.
The former rule no longer now we own,
Usurping Cleopatra wears the crown.
Dost thou alone withdraw thee from her state,
Nor on the bridal of thy mistress wait?
To-night at large she lavishes her charms,
And riots in luxurious Cæsar's arms.
Ere long her brother may the wanton wed,
And reap the refuse of the Roman's bed;
Doubly a bride, then doubly shall she reign,
While Rome and Egypt wear, by turns, her chain.
Nor trust thou to thy credit with the boy, [ploy.
When arts and eyes, like hers, their powers em-
Mark with what ease her fatal charms can mould
The heart of Cæsar, ruthless, hard and old;
Were the soft king his thoughtless head to rest,
But for a night, on her incestuous breast:
His crown and friends he'd barter for the bliss,
And give thy head and mine for one lewd kiss;

On crosses, or in flames, we should deplore
Her beauty's terrible resistless power.
On both, her sentence is already pass'd,
She dooms us dead, because we kept her chaste,
What potent hand shall then assistance bring?
Cæsar's her lover, and her husband king.
Haste, I adjure thee by our common guilt,
By that great blood which we in vain have spilt,
Haste, and let war, let death, with thee return,
And the funereal torch for Hymen's burn.
Whate'er embrace the hostile charmer hold,
Find, and transfix her in the luscious fold.
Nor let the fortune of this Latian lord
Abash thy courage, or restrain thy sword;
In the same glorious guilty paths we tread,
That rais'd him up, the world's imperious head,
Like him, we seek dominion for our prize,
And hope, like him, by Pompey's fall to rise.
Witness the stains of yonder blushing wave,
Yon bloody shore, and yon inglorious grave.
Why fear we then to bring our wish to pass?
This Cæsar is not more than Pompey was.
What though we boast no birth, nor noble name,
Nor kindred with some purple monarch claim?
Conscious of fate's decree, such aid we scorn,
And know we were for mighty mischief born.
See, how kind fortune, by this offer'd prey,
Finds means to purge all past offence away:
With grateful thanks Rome shall the deed approve,
And this last merit the first crime remove.
Stripp'd of his titles, and the pomp of power,
Cæsar's a single soldier and no more.

Think then how easily the task were done,
How soon we may an injur'd world atone:
Finish all wars, appease each Roman shade,
By sacrificing one devoted head.
Fearless, ye dread united legions, go;
Rush, all undaunted, on your common foe:
This right, ye Romans! to your country do;
Ye Pharians! this your king expects from you.
But chief, Achilles! may the praise be thine: }
Haste thou, and find him on his bed supine,
Weary with toiling lust, and gorg'd with wine. }
Then strike, and what their Cato's prayers demand,
The gods shall give to thy more favour'd hand.

Nor fail'd the message, fitted to persuade;
But, prone to blood, the willing chief obey'd.
No noisy trumpets sound the loud alarm,
But silently the moving legions arm:
All unperceiv'd, for battle they prepare,
And bustle through the night with busy care.
The mingled bands who form'd this mongrel
host,

To the disgrace of Rome were Romans most;
A herd, who had they not been lost to shame,
And long forgetful of their country's name,
Had blush'd to own ev'n Ptolemy their head:
Yet now were by his meaner vassal led.
Oh! mercenary war, thou slave of gold!
How is thy faithless courage bought and sold?
For base reward thy hireling hands obey;
Unknowing right or wrong, they fight for pay, }
And give their country's great revenge away. }
Ah, wretched Rome! for whom thy fate prepares,
In every nation, new domestic wars;
The fury, that from pale Thessalia fled,
Rears on the banks of Nile her baleful head,

What could protecting Ægypt more have done,
 Had she receiv'd the haughty victor's son?
 But thus the gods our sinking state confound,
 Thus tear our mangled empire all around:
 In every land fit instruments employ,
 And suffer ruthless slaughter to destroy.
 Thus ev'n Ægyptian parricides presume
 To meddle in the sacred cause of Rome;
 Thus, had not fate those hands of murder ty'd,
 Success had crown'd the vile Achilla's side,
 Nor wanted fit occasion for the deed;
 Timely the traitors to the place succeed,
 While in security the careless guest,
 Lingered as yet, his couch supinely prest:
 No gates, no guards, forbade their open way.
 But all dissolv'd in sleep and surfeits lay;
 With ease the victor at the board had bled,
 And lost in riot his defenceless head;
 But pious caution now their rage withstands,
 And care for Ptolemy withholds their hands:
 With reverence and remorse, unknown before,
 They dread to spill their royal master's gore;
 Lest, in the tumult of the murderous night,
 Some erring mischief on his youth may light.
 Sway'd by this thought, not doubting to succeed,
 They hold it fitting to defer the deed.
 Gods! that such wretches should so proudly dare!
 Can such a life be theirs to take, or spare!
 Till dawn of day the warrior stood repriev'd,
 And Cæsar at Achillas' bidding liv'd.

Now o'er aspiring Casium's eastern head
 The rosy light by Lucifer was led; [borne,
 Swift through the land the piercing beams were
 And glowing Ægypt felt the kindling morn:
 When from proud Alexandria's walls afar,
 The citizen's behold the coming war,
 The dreadful legion's shine in just array,
 And firm, as to the battle, hold their way.
 Conscious, meanwhile, of this unequal force,
 Straight to the palace Cæsar bends his course:
 Nor in the lofty bulwarks dares confide,
 Their ample circuit stretching far too wide:
 To one fix'd part his little band retreats,
 There mans the walls and towers, and bars the
 gates.
 There fear, there wrath, by turns, his bosom tears;
 He fears, but still with indignation fears.
 His daring soul, restrain'd, more fiercely burns,
 And proudly the ignoble refuge scorns.
 The captive lion thus, with generous rage,
 Reluctant foams, and roars, and bites his cage.
 Thus, if some power could Mulciber inflame,
 And bind him down in Ætna's smoky cave,
 With fires more fierce th' imprison'd god would
 And bellow in the dreadful deeps below. [glow.
 He who so lately, with undaunted pride,
 The power of mighty Pompey's arms defy'd,
 With justice and the senate on his side; }
 Who, with a cause which gods and men must hate,
 Stood up, and struggled for success with fate;
 Now abject foes and slaves insulting fears,
 And shrinks beneath a shower of Pharian spears.
 The warrior who disdain'd to be confin'd
 By Tyrian Gades, or the eastern Inde,
 Now in a narrow house conceals that head,
 From which the fiercest Scythians once had fled, }
 And horrid Moors beheld with awful dread.

From room to room irresolute he flies,
 And on some guardian bar or door relies.
 So boys and helpless maids, when towns are won,
 To secret corners for protection run.
 Still by his side the beardless king he bears,
 Ordain'd to share in every ill he fears:
 If he must die, he dooms the boy to go,
 Alike devoted to the shades below;
 Resolves his head a victim first shall fall,
 Hurl'd at his slaves from off the lofty wall.
 So from Æetes fierce Medea fled,
 Her sword still aim'd at young Absyrtos' head;
 Whene'er she sees her vengeful fire draw nigh,
 Ruthless she dooms the wretched boy should die.
 Yet ere these cruel last extremes he proves,
 By gentler steps of peace the Roman moves;
 He sends an envoy, in the royal name,
 To chide their fury, and the war disclaim.
 But impious they nor gods nor kings regard,
 Nor universal laws, by all rever'd;
 No right of sacred characters they know,
 But tear the olive from the hallow'd brow;
 To death the messenger of peace pursue,
 And in his blood their horrid hands embrue.

Such are the palms which curs'd Ægyptians
 Such prodigies exalt their nation's name. [claim,
 Nor purple Theffaly's destructive shore,
 Nor dire Pharnaces, nor the Libyan Moor,
 Nor every barbarous land, in every age,
 Equal a soft Ægyptian eunuch's rage.

Incessant still the roar of war prevails,
 While the wild host the royal pile assails.
 Void of device, no thundering rams they bring,
 Nor kindling flames with spreading mischief fling:
 Bellowing around they run with fruitless pain,
 Heave at the doors, and thrust and strive in vain:
 More than a wall, great Cæsar's fortune stands,
 And mocks the madness of their feeble hands.

On one proud side the lofty fabric stood
 Projected bold into th' adjoining flood;
 There, fill'd with armed bands, their barks draw
 near,

But find the same defending Cæsar there:
 To every part the ready warrior flies,
 And with new rage the fainting fight supplies;
 Headlong he drives them with his deadly blade,
 Nor seems to be invaded, but t' invade.
 Against the ships Phalaric darts he aims;
 Each dart with pitch and livid sulphur flames.
 The spreading fire o'er-runs their unctuous sides,
 And, nimbly mounting, on the top-mast rides:
 Planks, yards and cordage, feed the dreadful blaze;
 The drowning vessel hisses in the seas;
 While floating arms and men, promiscuous strow'd,
 Hide the whole surface of the azure flood.
 Nor dwells destruction on their fleet alone, [town;
 But, driven by winds, invades the neighbouring
 On rapid wings the sheeted flames they bear,
 In wavy lengths, along the reddening air.
 Not much unlike, the shooting meteors fly,
 In gleamy trails, athwart the midnight sky.

Soon as the crowd behold their city burn,
 Thither, all headlong, from the siege they turn.
 But Cæsar, prone to vigilance and haste,
 To snatch the just occasion ere it pass'd,
 Hid in the friendly night's involving shade,
 A safe retreat to Pharos timely made.

In elder times of holy Proteus' reign,
 An isle it stood, incompass'd by the main:
 Now by a mighty mole the town it joins,
 And from wide seas the safer port confines.
 Of high importance to the chief it lies,
 To him brings aid, and to the foe denies:
 In close restraint the captive town is held,
 While free behind he views the watery field.
 There safe, with curs'd Photinus in his power,
 Cæsar defers the villain's doom no more.
 Yet, ah! by means too gentle he expires;
 No gnashing knives he feels, no scorching fires;
 Nor were his limbs by grinning tigers torn,
 Nor pendent on the horrid cross are borne:
 Beneath the sword the wretch resigns his breath,
 And dies too gloriously by Pompey's death.

Meanwhile, by wily Ganymede convey'd,
 Arsinoë, the younger royal maid,
 Fled to the camp; and with a daring hand
 Assumes the sceptre of supreme command:
 And, for her feeble brother was not there,
 She calls herself the sole Lagæan heir.
 Then, since he dares dispute her right to reign,
 She dooms the fierce Achilles to be slain.
 With just remorse, repenting fortune paid
 This second victim to her Pompey's shade.
 But oh! nor this, nor Ptolemy, nor all
 The race of Lagos doom'd at once to fall,
 Not hetacombs of tyrants shall suffice,
 Till Brutus strikes, and haughty Cæsar dies.

Nor yet the rage of war was hush'd in peace,
 Nor would that storm, with him who rais'd it,
 cease.

A second eunuch to the task succeeds,
 And Ganymede the power of Ægypt leads:
 He cheers the drooping Pharians with success,
 And urg'd the Roman chief with new distress.
 Such dangers did one dreadful day afford,
 As annals might to latest times record,
 And consecrate to fame the warrior's sword.

While to their barks his faithful band de-
 scends,
 Cæsar, the mole's contracted space defends.
 Part from the crowded key aboard were pass'd,
 The careful chief remain'd among the last;
 When sudden Ægypt's furious powers unite,
 And fix on him alone th' unequal fight.
 By land the numerous foot, by sea the fleet,
 At once surround him, and prevent retreat.
 No means for safety or escape remain,
 To fight, or fly, were equally in vain:
 A vulgar period on his wars attends,
 And his ambitious life obscurely ends.
 No seas of gore, no mountains of the slain,
 Renown the fight on some distinguish'd plain:
 But meanly in a tumult must he die,
 And, over-borne by crowds, inglorious lie:
 No room was left to fall as Cæsar should,
 So little were the hopes his foes and fate allow'd.
 At once the place and danger he surveys,
 The rising mound, and the near neighbouring seas:
 Some fainting struggling doubts as yet remain:
 Can he, perhaps, his navy still regain?
 Or shall he die, and end th' uncertain pain?
 At length, while madly thus perplex'd he burns,
 His own brave Scæva to his thought returns;
 Scæva, who in the breach undaunted stood,
 And singly made the dreadful battle good;

Whole arm advancing Pompey's host repell'd,
 And, coop'd within a wall the captive leader held.
 Strong in his soul the glorious image rose,
 And taught him, sudden, to disdain his foes;
 The force oppos'd in equal scales to weigh,
 Himself was Cæsar, and Ægyptians they;
 To trust that fortune, and those gods, once more,
 That never fail'd his daring hopes before.
 Threatening, aloft his flaming blade he shook,
 And through the throng his course resistless took:
 Hands, arms, and helmed heads before him fly,
 While mingling screams and groans ascend the sky.
 So winds, imprison'd, force their furious way,
 Tear up the earth, and drive the foamy sea.
 Just on the margin of the mount he stay'd,
 And for a moment, thence, the flood survey'd;
 Fortune divine! be present now, he cry'd;
 And plung'd, undaunted, in the foamy tide.
 Th' obedient deep, at fortune's high command,
 Receiv'd the mighty master of the land;
 Her servile waves officious Tethys spread,
 To raise with proud support his awful head.
 And, for he scorn'd th' inglorious race of Nile
 Should pride themselves in aught of Cæsar's spoil,
 In his left hand, above the water's power,
 Papers and scrolls of high import he bore;
 Where his own labours faithfully record
 The battles of ambition's ruthless sword:
 Safe in his right, the deadly steel he held,
 And plow'd, with many a stroke, the liquid field;
 While his fix'd teeth tenaciously retain
 His ample Tyrian robe's imperial train:
 Th' encumber'd folds the curling surface sweep,
 Come slow behind, and drag along the deep.
 From the high mole, from every Pharian prow,
 A thousand hands a thousand javelins throw:
 The thrilling points dip bloodless in the waves,
 While he their idle wrath securely braves.
 So when some mighty serpent of the main
 Rolls his huge length athwart the liquid plain,
 Whether he range voracious for the prey,
 Or to the sunny shore directs his way,
 Him if by chance the fishers view from far,
 With flying darts they wage a distant war:
 But the fell monster, unappall'd with dread,
 Above the seas exerts his poisonous head;
 He rears his livid crest and kindling eyes,
 And, terrible, the feeble foe defies;
 His swelling breast a foamy path divides,
 And, careless, o'er the murmuring flood he glides.
 Some looser Mæse, perhaps, who lightly treads
 The devious paths where wanton fancy leads,
 In heaven's high court, would feign the queen of
 Kneeling in tears before the throne of Jove, [love,
 Imploring, sad, th' almighty father's grace,
 For the dear offspring of her Julian race.
 While to the just recording Romans eyes,
 Far other forms, and other gods arise;
 The guardian furies round him rear their heads,
 And Nemesis the shield of safety spreads;
 Justice and fate the floating chief convey,
 And Rome's glad genius wafts him on his way;
 Freedom and laws the Pharian darts withstand,
 And save him for avenging Brutus' hand.
 His friends, unknowing what the gods decree,
 With joy receive him from the swelling sea;
 In peals on peals their shouts triumphant rise,
 Roll o'er the distant flood, and thunder to the skies.

HOMER'S HYMN

TO

C E R E S,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY RICHARD HOLE, LL.B.

—chartis nec furta nocent, et secula profunt;
Solaque non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

MARTIAL.

HOMER'S H Y M N

C E R S

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY RICHARD WOLF, LL.D.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE EDITOR, AND A GLOSSARY OF THE PROPER NAMES.

Illustrated by

P R E F A C E.

THIS translation of the Hymn to Ceres was undertaken at the particular request of the gentleman, who favoured the world with a criticism on that most valuable fragment of antiquity, in the Appendix to the 63d vol. of the Monthly Review; and to whose assistance the author acknowledges himself to have been greatly indebted.

The following extract from that criticism will, I apprehend, be sufficient to give the reader some general idea of the poem itself; and at the same time it will afford entertainment to the curious, to be informed of the extraordinary and unexpected circumstances which contributed to its publication.

The author of the criticism introduces his remarks with observing, that "the discovery of this ancient and truly beautiful Greek poem was no less singular than interesting; and that the admirers of classic literature will think themselves under great obligations to the learned and ingenious editor * for the pains he hath taken to gratify their curiosity, not only by an elegant edition of the poem itself, but by his very valuable notes and observations, which tend to illustrate its beauties, and to throw a light on some of its obscurities.

"Ruhnkenius informs us that nothing was more distant from his expectations than the discovery of this Hymn to Ceres. He knew, indeed, that a poem, bearing that title, and ascribed to Homer, existed in the second century: but as it had long been considered as irretrievably lost, he had formed no hopes of ever seeing it rescued from the obscurity to which it had been consigned:—at least he could not have flattered himself, that on a discovery of so unexpected a treasure, the charge of presenting it to the public, would have been intrusted to him.

"For the satisfaction of our readers, it is necessary to mention the most interesting particulars that relate to this singular and valuable discovery.

"Some years since, a German, Christian Frederic Matthæi, who had been educated by the learned Ernesti, and credited the discipline of that celebrated master, by his skill and erudition, was invited to settle at Moscow, and to assist in a plan of literature, for which his abilities and acquirements most eminently qualified him. On his arrival at that city, he was informed, equally

to his astonishment and satisfaction, that a very copious treasure of Greek manuscript was deposited in the library of the Holy Synod, which no person in that country had either the abilities to make use of, or the curiosity to examine. Struck with the relation of a circumstance so unexpected, and at the same time so peculiarly flattering to the taste of this learned man, he immediately seized the opportunity that was luckily offered him, to explore this repository of hidden treasure. After having examined several curious books, he discovered a manuscript copy of the works of Homer, written about the conclusion of the 14th century, but evidently a transcript from a very ancient and most valuable copy, which, besides the Iliad and the Odyssey, contained also sixteen of the hymns, which had been long published under the name of Homer.—But this was not all. Twelve lines of a lost hymn to Bacchus, and the hymn to Ceres, were preserved in this curious and long unnoticed manuscript. Exulting, as indeed he well might, in an acquisition so unexpected, and at the same time so valuable, he, with singular disinterestedness, communicated it to our editor, that he might present it to the world without those delays, which would, in all probability, have retarded the publication of it at Moscow.

"Matthæi, indeed, was well acquainted with the talents and extraordinary erudition of Ruhnkenius; and as he knew too that his learned friend had been particularly engaged in the study of the hymns of Homer, in order to give the public a complete edition of them, he could not have intrusted this poem to the charge of a person more qualified to do justice to its publication than our editor. With this hymn many various readings, tending to illustrate and explain some obscure passages in those already published, were also communicated to Ruhnkenius.

"The editor observes, that as there was only one copy of this hymn to Ceres, to which he could have recourse, he was frequently obliged to call in the aid of conjecture, in order to determine the reading, or guess at the sense, of some obscure passages. And when an editor makes so good a use of his * ingenuity as Ruhnkenius, the most scrupulous and fastidious critic will scarcely be disposed to find fault with him.

"The editor declines the hazardous task of

* *David Ruhnkenius, an eminent professor at the university of Leyden.*

* *Ad ingenium, codicis vicarium confugi.*

RUBEN.

translation. We are sorry, that his scruples on this head should have deprived us of a pleasure, which we are sure he could have given us by a Latin version of this hymn. It is certain, that translations have been (as our editor says) the source of contentions; and we may add, that they have frequently been made the refuge of indolence. Nevertheless, they have their peculiar uses; and we hope ere long to see a translation of this poem executed with correctness and taste by some learned and ingenious hand. Such a translation would insure its own success; and would be as acceptable to the learned, as to those who are incapable of reading the poem with ease and fluency in the original.

"Having given a general account of the discovery of this hymn to Ceres, the editor examines with what propriety it may lay claim to the muse of Homer for its birth.

"Pausanias hath asserted more than once, and that not accidentally, but by design, that Homer had written such a hymn: and the old Scholiast on the Alexipharmics of Nicander speaks of hymns that were attributed to Homer, in which a circumstance relating to Ceres is mentioned. † But this hymn records no such circumstance; and therefore the editor conjectures, that the critic, through forgetfulness or inadvertence, mistook Homer for Orpheus: or else he must have seen another hymn ascribed to Homer different from the present.

"As to Pausanias, our editor hints, that his judgment with respect to the subject of Homer's

* "*Homerum hymni auctorem edit. testis idoneus, Pausanias, nec semel, et quasi prætereundo, sed quatuor locis, et constanter, Attic. 38. bis. Messen 30. Corinth. 14.*"—See Rubnkenius's preface, page 6. N. B. The lines quoted by Pausanias from this hymn have but a slight verbal variation (together with the transposition of a line), easy enough to be accounted for from the inadvertence of some copyist; unless he himself made the mistake by having quoted from memory.

† The old Scholiast, in the passage referred to above, says, "That the goddess laughed at the ludicrous speeches of Iambe, as is related in the hymn ascribed to Homer." Now since Rubnkenius can discover no trace of such a circumstance in this hymn, he suspects that the old critic, through forgetfulness, had confounded it with one of the hymns of Orpheus; or else that he had read some other hymn besides the present, which bore the name of Homer, and recorded this incident of Ceres and Iambe.

And yet it is by no means certain but that this may be the very hymn referred to by the Scholiast on Nicander; for it is worthy of observation, that immediately after Iambe is introduced by the poet, as accomodating the goddess with a seat, there is undoubtedly an omission of some lines, which are necessary to connect one passage with another. In its present state, it is abrupt and disjointed; from whence this question naturally arises:—May it not be presumed, that the incident above mentioned occurred in the lines which are lost in the present copy?

hymns is not to be implicitly followed. He allows this writer great merit, as a critic; but thinks, that the splendour of the subject too much dazzled his understanding to permit him to decide with impartiality.

"He ingeniously acknowledgeth, that he hath some doubts, with respect to the high and illustrious origin ascribed to this hymn: But as no positive external evidence can be produced to determine the point, he chooses to rest his argument on what appears to him, the more certain ground of internal proof; and observes, that though it be exquisitely beautiful, yet that it is evidently deficient in some of Homer's more striking and predominant characteristics. It wants his energy and spirit:—that vigour, that inspiration, which animates and gives an irresistible power, as well as an enchanting beauty, to the poems of that sublime and inimitable bard.

"But though this poem be dispossessed of the claim ascribed to it in the old manuscript of Moscow, viz. as the production of Homer, yet the editor hesitates not to give it the honour of very high antiquity. He is of opinion, that it was written immediately after Homer; or at least in the age of Hesiod. The *Χρυσὸν ἀργυροειδὲς*—the venerable wrinkles of hoary age are deeply marked on the very face of it. This will be visible to all that are skilled in the Greek classics. Such will perceive, and as it were feel, its antiquity, by a sensation that cannot be communicated or explained to the reader who hath not been particularly conversant in those studies.

"The editor congratulates the age on the discovery of this curious poem,—rescued by mere accident from the darkest retreats of oblivion; and perhaps, but at a slight distance from inevitable perdition.—He deems it to be an acquisition, not only calculated to gratify the curiosity of the connoisseurs in classic antiquity, or to entertain those lovers of Greek poetry whose studies are made subservient to a refined and elegant species of amusement; but he also esteems it, as of particular use to the critic, as it tends to illustrate some obscure passages both in the Greek and Latin poets.

"He closes his preface with observing, that, content with the honour of publishing this hymn, he leaves the farther comparison of it with the other poets of antiquity, for the sake of mutual illustration, to the skill and industry of other critics."

To the preceding remarks it may not be improper to add, that the account, which Apollodorus hath given of Ceres, agrees with such peculiar exactness (a few incidents excepted) with the essential and leading circumstances of this hymn, that I imagine the curious reader would be pleased to see it entire; and at the same time it may be considered as a general argument to the hymn itself.

* "Pluto, being inflamed with a violent love for Proserpine, carries her off secretly by the assistance of Jupiter.—Ceres traverses the earth

* The lines marked with inverted commas perfectly agree with the story of the poem.

" day and night with lighted torches in quest of her: Having learned from some skilled in divination, that she was conveyed away by Pluto—enraged at the gods, she forsakes heaven, and assumes the form of a woman." She goes to Eleusina, and sits down at first on a stone called Agelaston, from the grief she then suffered, not far from the fountain Callichorus;—from thence she proceeds to the house of Celeus, at that time king of Eleusis, and is introduced to the females of his family, by whom being requested to sit down, an old woman called Iambe, excites mirth by reviling the goddess. On which account it is said, a licence of speech is allowed to women when performing the mystical rites of Ceres.

" Celeus at that time had a son by Metanira, whom Ceres undertook to nurse, and being willing to make him immortal, she placed the child by night in the midst of the fire, by that means to take from him the corruptible part of his nature.

" The child who was called Demophon, grew and flourished daily beyond belief.—Metanira watched the actions of the goddess, and cried aloud when she saw him covered with fire.—On this, the child was instantly taken out, and Ceres revealed herself." She then prepared a chariot for Triptolemus, Metanira's eldest son, drawn by winged dragons, that he should travel in it over the world, and instruct mankind in sowing wheat, which she gave him for that purpose.

" In the meantime Jupiter commanded Pluto to restore Proserpine: But he, fearing she would stay a long time with her mother, * gave her the seed of the pomegranate to eat; which she did in obedience to his commands, not foreseeing the consequence."—Ceres placed a heavy stone over Ascalaphus the son of Acheron and Gorgyra in the infernal regions, for bearing false testimony against her. " At last Proserpine was compelled to stay with Pluto one † third of the year, and the other part she spent with the gods."—This is what they relate of Ceres. Ap. L. 1. C. 5.

I shall not enter into a particular discussion of the nature or merits of the Hymn to Ceres.—In the following attempt to translate it, I equally wished to avoid the extremes of a servile version, and a diffuse imitation. How far I have succeeded in adhering to the sense of the poet, without abridging the privilege of a free translator, must be left to the determination of the candid reader.

* *Ραιας ιδωντι φαλειν κοππον*, are literally the words made use of by the poet in this hymn.

† Ovid indeed represents the matter otherwise.

*Nunc dea regnorum numen commune duorum,
Cum matre est totidem, totidem cum conjuge
menses.* Metam. lib. v.

—But the account of Apollodorus agrees, in this respect, with the hymn; and the general similarity is so striking, that one would imagine he had copied from it.

HOMER'S HYMN TO CERES.

CERES, to thee belongs the votive lay,
Whose locks in radiance round thy temples play,
And Proserpine, whom, distant from thy sight,
Fierce Pluto bore to realms of endless night.
For thus decreed the god, whose piercing eyes
Trace every act, whose thunder shakes the skies,
That she, whose hands the golden sickle bear,
And choicest product of the circling year,
Rich fruits, and fragrant-breathing flowers, should know

The tender conflicts of maternal woe. 10

In Nyssia's vale, with nymphs a lovely train,
Sprung from the hoary father of the main,
Fair Proserpine consum'd the fleeting hours
In pleasing sports, and pluck'd the gaudy flowers.

Around them wide the flamy crocus glows,
Through leaves of verdure blooms the opening rose;

The hyacinth declines his fragrant head,
And purple violets deck th' enamell'd mead.

The fair Narcissus far above the rest,
By magic form'd, in beauty rose confess. 20
So Jove, t' ensnare the virgin's thoughtless mind,
And please the ruler of the shades design'd.
He caus'd it from the opening earth to rise,
Sweet to the scent, alluring to the eyes.

VOL. XII,

Never did mortal, or celestial power,
Behold such vivid tints adorn a flower.
From the deep root an hundred branches sprung,
And to the winds ambrosial odours flung;
Which lightly wafted on the wings of air,
The gladden'd earth, and heaven's wide circuit share. 30

The joy-dispensing fragrance spreads around,
And ocean's briny swell with smiles is crown'd.

Pleas'd at the sight, nor deeming danger nigh,
The fair beheld it with desiring eye:

Her eager hand she stretch'd to seize the flower,
(Beauteous illusion of th' ethereal power!)

When, dreadful to behold, the rocking ground
Disparted—widely yawn'd a gulf profound!—

Forth-rushing from the black abyss, arose
The gloomy monarch of the realm of woes, 40

Pluto, from Saturn sprung—The trembling maid
He seiz'd, and to his golden car convey'd.

Borne by immortal steeds the chariot flies:
And thus she pours her supplicating cries—

Assist, protect me, thou who reign'st above
Supreme and best of gods, paternal Jove!

But ah! in vain the hapless virgin rears
Her wild complaint—nor god nor mortal
hears!—

3 H

Not to the white-arm'd nymphs with beauty
crown'd, [found.
Her lov'd companions, reach'd the mournful
Pale Hecate, who in the cell of night 51
Muses on youthful pleasure's rapid flight;
And bright Hyperion's son, who decks the skies
With splendour, only heard the virgin's cries
Invoke the father of th' ethereal powers—
But he, at distance from their airy bowers,
Sits in his hallow'd fane;—his votaries hears,
Accepts their offerings, and rewards their prayers.
While hell's dread ruler in his car convey'd
To realms of darkness the reluctant maid. 60
Long as she view'd the star-bespangled skies,
And ocean's many-teeming waters rise;
While earth's gay verdure fled not from her view,
Nor Phœbus yet his cheerful light withdrew;
So long the ray of hope illum'd her breast,
Nor sunk her soul, undaunted though distressed.
Her mother still she thought would meet her fight,
And friendly powers who dwelt in realms of
light.—
E'en ocean's depth resounded to her cry,
And lofty mountains towering to the sky! 70
At length, the shrieks of woe her mother
hears—
Her heavenly breast the shaft of anguish tears.
The blooming wreath she from her brow unbinds;
Rends her bright locks, and gives them to the
winds:
Then (mournful emblem of her inward woes!)
A sable veil athwart her shoulders throws.
As some fond bird her ravish'd young deplores,
And every secret shade in vain explores;
To seek the fair she flies o'er sea and land,
The burning torches waving in her hand. 80
Nor gods, nor men the author of her woes
Unfold—no birds of omen'd flight disclose.
Nine tedious days in vain the queen ador'd
The various regions of the earth explor'd;
Nor did she taste, while she her course pursued,
The balmy nectar, or ambrosial food;
Nor ever in the cool translucent wave,
Toil's sweet relief, her form of beauty lave,
On the tenth morn, as chasing night's dull
gloom,
Aurora's beams the purpled east illum'd, 90
Pale Hecate before her view appear'd,
Her hand the faintly-gleaming taper rear'd,
And thus began: Oh thou! to whom we owe
Those joys, the season's circling flight bestow;
What god, what mortal dar'd the impious deed,
That makes a heavenly breast with sorrow bleed?
I heard thy daughter's voice implore relief;
Unknown to me the author of her grief—
She ceas'd; nor did the goddess make reply,
But sudden wav'd the flaming torch on high, 100
And fought the ruler of the day; whose fight
From the pure regions of unclouded light
All actions views.—Before his car they came;
The burning car, and horses breathing flame,
Stopp'd sudden. Ceres thus: Oh Phœbus hear!
My fame, my ancient dignity revere!
If e'er my blessings gave thy soul delight,
Those blessings now by friendship's act requite,
A daughter late was mine of beauteous form—
(Sweet tender plant, uprooted by a storm!) 110

Distant I heard her loud-lamenting cries;
But fate severe denied her to my eyes.
Oh thou! who crown'd with ether's purest light,
Through earth and ocean dart'st thy boundless
light,
Tell me what god, what mortal has convey'd
Reluctant from these arms my darling maid?
Daughter of Rhea! he replied, I hear
With grief thy wrongs, and dignity revere.
Blame not th' ethereal race—from heaven's dread
king,
Who dwells mid' black'ning clouds, thy sorrows
spring. 120
Pluto, by his decree the virgin bore,
Where darkly-frowning on th' infernal shore,
His lofty palace stands—no more repine;
No cause for anguish, nor for shame is thine.
He, brother to the god who rules on high,
Now hails her empress of the lower sky:
For Saturn's awful race superior reign
O'er heaven, o'er hell, and earth-encircling main.
He said; and then (his course no more delay'd)
Spoke to his fiery steeds—his steeds obey'd. 130
Whirl'd rapid onwards through th' illumin'd
skies,
The flame-rob'd chariot kindles as it flies:
Swift, as when rushing through the blaze of day,
Darts the fierce eagle on his distant prey.
But deeper anguish rends the mother's soul,
And thoughts of vengeance in her bosom roll;
She shuns th' imperious power who rules on high,
And quits th' immortal synod of the sky.
Then, furious from Olympus' airy height
To earth precipitates her rapid flight. 140
There mingling with the race of man, she shares
Their various toils—consum'd with grief appears
Her beauteous form;—unknown from shore to
shore
She roves; till Celeus hospitable door [shore
Receives her steps—He in Eleusis reign'd,
Where still her rites, and honours are maintain'd.
Beside a path, while o'er her drooping head
His grateful shade the verdant olive spread;
As by her feet Parthenius' waters flow,
She sits, a pallid spectacle of woe. 150
Her faded cheeks no more with beauty bloom'd,
But now the form of wrinkled age assum'd.
She seem'd like those whom each attractive grace
Forfakes, when time with wrinkles marks the
face;
From whom the Cyprian power indignant flies,
Her gifts refuses, and her charms denies;
Who, in some regal dome, by fate severe,
Are doom'd to nurse, and serve another's heir.
Four gentle nymphs light-moving o'er the plain
Approach; four brazen urns their arms sus-
tain— 160
Great Celeus was their fire—he bade them bring
The limpid water from Parthenius spring.
Lovely they seem'd as heaven's immortal powers:
Youth's purple light, and beauty's opening flowers
Glow'd on their cheeks—Callidice the fair,
And meek Clauidice with pensive air;
Then Demo, and Callithoe's riper grace
Appear'd, the eldest of the lovely race.
They hail the power unknown—(For mortal
eyes
How hard to penetrate a god's disguise!) 170

Who, and whence art thou, Dame! whose brow
appears

Mark'd by the traces of revolving years?

Why dost thou shun yon peopled town? in grief

Why lonely sit?—there thou wilt find relief:

There, matrons, like thyself, who long the load

Of life have borne, and traced its rugged road,

Employ'd in labours, such as best engage

The pleas'd attention of declining age,

With tender maids thy sorrows shall condole,

And acts of friendship cheer thy drooping soul!

Hail nymphs unknown! the goddess thus re-
join'd, 181

Accept the tribute of a grateful mind.

Would you the story of my sorrows know,

Attend to no fictitious tale of woe.

Reluctant from the Cretan coast I came;

Dear native land! and Doris is my name.

To ruffians' force who plough the wat'ry way,

I fell an helpless, unresisting prey.

The bark bounds swiftly o'er the liquid main,

And soon the coast of Thericus we gain. 190

The vessel safely moor'd,—a female band

Prepare the banquet on the neighb'ring strand;

Whilst wide around us eve's gray vapours rise,

And her dim shades roll slowly through the skies.

But, deeply-musing on my woes, I pine,

Nor share the feast, nor taste the cheerful wine.

When through the sky night's deeper gloom was
spread,

Unnotic'd, trembling o'er the beach I fled.

The spoilers' lust of gold I rendered vain;

Unransom'd, thus escap'd the galling chain 200

Of servitude---long time from shore to shore

I wander'd---various toils and perils bore.

To me e'en now unknown, ere you unfold,

The land I tread, the people I behold.

To you, ye virgins! may th' ethereal powers,

Who o'er Olympus dwell in airy bowers,

Shed choicest favours! may your consorts prove

Of lovely form, deserving of your love!

And be your children with such beauty blest,

As hope can image in a parent's breast! 210

Then gentle maids, in pity to my woes,

How best I can obtain relief, disclose,

In yonder town---with pleasure I'll engage

In tasks best suited to my feeble age.

Well-skill'd in household toils, to please my lord

The couch I'll spread, and crown his festive
board.

Or should a child be trusted to my care,

These arms shall nurse him, and these knees shall
bear.

She ceas'd;---the loveliest of a lovely line,

Callidice replied; no more repine! 220

But know, whate'er th' immortal gods ordain,

It is our part to suffer, not complain---

Enough for us that justice rules their mind,

Whose wisdom, like their power, is unconfin'd,

The chiefs, who here supreme dominion hold,

Be it my task, O stranger! to unfold:

Through whom, Eleusis hostile rage defies;

Beneath whose care yon guardian ramparts rise;

From whom protecting law derives its force,

And awful justice holds its steady course.

Triptolemus, of deep-revolving mind,

Diocles noble, Polyxenas kind;

With every milder grace Eumolpus crown'd,

And stately Dolichus in arms renown'd.

Superior to the rest, o'er these domains,

Our honour'd sire, the mighty Celeus reigns---

Each chief a lovely consort boasts, who guides

Domestic labours, and at home presides:

Not one of them who would thy suit reject,

But sooth thy sorrows, and thy age respect: 240

For sure, thou seem'st of more than mortal race,

Though time with wrinkles marks thy pallid face.

But if thou here wilt rest, without delay

We'll to our mother's ears thy tale convey,

If she approves, accept a welcome there---

An only child, an unexpected heir,

Born to his parents in declining age,

Our darling pleasure, will thy cares engage.

Should'st thou preserve him (kindly thus em-
ploy'd) 249

Till ripening manhood make thy labours void,

Such gifts hereafter he'll on thee bestow,

As those will envy most, who best shall know.

The virgin ceas'd; nor aught the goddess said,

But bow'd submissive her assenting head.

The liquid crystal fills their polish'd urns;

Each nymph exulting to the town returns.

Arriv'd at Celeus' dome, they quick disclose

The stranger's humble suit, and tale of woes

To * Metanira---pleas'd at the request,

Maternal fondness glowing in her breast, 260

She bids them to the matron thus declare,

That ample treasures should reward her care.

Like the kine's lowing race, that sportive bound

Along the plain with flowery verdure crown'd;

Or the sleek fawn, when he at first perceives

Spring's genial warmth, and crops the budding
leaves;

Thus joyful through the beaten road they past,

With robes collected to promote their haste.

Their tresses, like the crocus' flamy hue, 269

In waving radiance round their shoulders flew.

Now to the place, where fate the heavenly dame

Beside the murmuring stream, the virgins came.

Their mother's suit they urge, nor she denies---

While thoughts of sorrow in her bosom rise,

Wrapt in the fable veil her course she bends;

The robe dark-flowing to her feet descends.

Soon they approach to Celeus' stately gate;

Within the lofty hall the † mother fate

Beside the threshold---frequent to her breast

The child, the darling of her soul she prest. 280

Each nymph to greet her much-lov'd parent flies,

While Ceres distant stands in humble guise.

Lo! suddenly before their wond'ring sight

Her form increasing, to the temple's height

Ascends---her head with circling rays is crown'd,

And wide th' ethereal splendour spreads around!

Awe, veneration, seiz'd the mother's breast,

And pallid fear was on her cheeks impress---

Upstarting from her couch she'd fain resign

The seat resplendent to her guest divine: 290

With looks unwilling she the suit denies,

And fixes on the ground her radiant eyes.

But kind lambe with a modest mien

A seat provided for the season's queen:

* The wife of Celeus.

† Metanira.

A lambkin's snowy fleece she o'er it spread;—
Still deeply musing nought the goddess said:
But round her head the dusky mantle drew,
To hide her deep-felt anguish from their view.

Be it thy care to nurse this lovely boy,
Child of my age, an unexpected joy 300
By favouring gods bestow'd!—should through thy
cares,

My Demophon arrive at manhood's years;
Others shall at thy happier state repine,
Such high rewards, such treasure shall be thine!

Oh woman! favour'd by the powers of heaven,
To whom the gods this beauteous child have given,
Ceres replied, I take with joy thy heir—

No nurse unskill'd receives him to her care:
Nor magic spell, nor roots of mighty power, 309
From earth's dark bosom torn at midnight hour,
Shall hurt thy offspring—to defeat each charm,
And herb malignant of its power disarm,
Full well I know.—She said, and to her breast
The infant clasp'd, and tenderly carest.

Thus Ceres nurs'd the child—exulting joy
Reign'd in his parents hearts—meanwhile the boy
Grew like an offspring of ethereal race;
Health crown'd his frame, and beauty deck'd his
face.

No mortal food he ate:—the queen ador'd
Around him oft ambrosial odours pour'd; 320
Oft as the child was on her bosom laid,
She heavenly influence to his soul convey'd.
At night, to purge from earthly dross his frame,
She kindled on the earth th' annealing flame;
And like a brand, unmark'd by human view,
Amid the fire wide-blazing frequent threw
Th' unconscious child—his parents wond'ring trace
Something divine, a more than mortal grace
Shine in his form;—and she design'd, the boy
To chance superior, and to time's annoy, 330
Crown'd with unceasing joys in heaven should
reign—

Those thoughts a mother's rashness render'd vain!
One fatal night, neglectful of repose,
Her couch forsaking, Metanira rose;
And from her secret stand beheld the flame
Receive the infant.—Terror shakes her frame!
She shrieks in agony—she smites her thighs;
And thus she pours her loud-lamenting cries.—

Oh Demophon, my child! this stranger guest,
What causeless rage, what frenzy has possess'd? 340
Consuming flames around thy body roll,
And anguish rends thy mother's tortur'd soul!

Wrath seiz'd the goddess; her immortal hands
Sudden she plung'd amid the fiery brands;
And full before th' afflicted mother's view,
On the cold floor the blameless infant threw,
And furious thus began: Oh mortals vain!
Whose folly counteracts what gods ordain!
Who lost in error's maze, will never know
Approaching blessings from impending woe! 350
Long, for the rashness that thy soul possess'd,
Shall keen reflection agonize thy breast.

For, by that oath which binds the powers supreme
I swear! by sable Styx, infernal stream!
Else had thy son in youth's perpetual prime
Shar'd heavenly joys, and mock'd the rage of time.
But now 'tis past! from fate he cannot fly!—
Man's common lot is his—he breathes to die!—

But since a goddess on her knees carest 359
Thy child—since oft he slumber'd on her breast,
Fame shall attend his steps, and bright renown
With wreathes unfading shall his temples crown.
In future times, torn by discordant rage,
Eleusis' sons commutual war shall wage;
(Then Demophon)

Know then that Ceres, from whose bounty flow
Those blessings the revolving years bestow,
Who, both from gods and man's frail race demands
Her honours due, before thy presence stands.
Away, and let Eleusis' sons unite, 370
Where steep Callichorus' projecting height
Frowns o'er the plain, a stately fane to rear:
Her awful rites its goddess shall declare.

There with pure hearts upon the hallow'd shrine
Your victims slay, and sooth a power divine!
This said; the front of age so late assum'd
Dissolv'd—her face with charms celestial bloom'd.
The sacred vesture that around her flew,
Through the wide air ambrosial odours threw:
Her lovely form with sudden radiance glow'd; 380
Her golden locks in wreaths of splendour flow'd.
Through the dark palace stream'd a flood of light,
As cloud-engender'd fires illumine the night
With dazzling blaze—then swiftly from their view,
Urg'd by indignant rage, the goddess flew.

In Metanira's breast amazement reign'd:—
Silent she stood; nor long her knees sustain'd
Their tottering weight—she sunk in grief profound.
The child neglected, shrieking on the ground
Beside her lay: his agonizing cries 390
The sisters hear, and from their couches rise:
They snatch him from the floor—the fire suppress
One lights anew—one fondly to her breast
The infant folds—by filial duty sway'd,
Another hastes to Metanira's aid.

And now they gather'd round th' afflicted child,
And bath'd his beauteous form with dust defil'd:
With broken sobs he ceas'd not to complain;
A different nurse he sought, but sought in vain.

To sooth the goddess' rage, with awe impress'd,
In deep consult they pass the hours of rest; 401
Till night her dreary shadows roll'd away,
And bright Aurora brought the cheerful day:
Then, as she bade, around whose brow divine,
The blooming flowers, a lovely wreath, entwine,
They, to the ruler of Eleusis' state,
The wonders of th' eventful night relate.

The sages of the land conven'd, his will
He thus unfolds; that on th' impending hill
Of steep Callichorus, to the bright-hair'd power 410
An altar rise, and stately temple tower.
Gladly the chiefs assent—with busy care
The people soon the splendid fabric rear.
A power superior aids their warm desire;—
They hail the omen, and with joy retire.

There Ceres, distant from the powers divine,
Sits deeply musing in her hallow'd shrine.
The eager wish to view her daughter's face,
Again to fold her with a fond embrace,
Consumes her beauteous form—alternate roll 420
The tides of grief and vengeance in her soul.
She to the earth her genial power denies:
The corn unfruitful in its bosom lies:
The oxen draw the crooked plough in vain
No waving verdure decks the blasted plain

Pale famine spreads around—each mortal breast
Is sunk with woe, and by despair possess'd.
One common fate had now involv'd them all,
And the blest gods who in th' ærial hall
Of high Olympus reign, by man ador'd, 430
Their votaries' vows, and offerings had deplor'd:
But Jove revolving on the ill's design'd
By Ceres;—to appease her wrathful mind,
Sends the bright goddess of the splendid bow,
Whose gold-bespangled wings with lustre glow—
Through yielding air with matchless speed she
flew;

Eleusis' temple rose before her view.
There, while rich incense wafted fragrance round,
Clad in her sable veil the queen she found,
And thus began: 'The ruler of the sky 440
Calls thee to meet th' assembled gods on high—
Oh haste! with them celestial pleasures prove;
Nor fruitless be the words that come from Jove!

Iris in vain her soothing words address;
The goddess yields not to her kind request:
In vain, at his command who sways the skies,
Th' immortals sue—she hears and she denies:
Their proffer'd honours, and their gifts disdain,
And in her breast relentless vengeance reigns.
Firmly resolv'd where high Olympus towers, 450
She ne'er would mingle with th' ethereal powers,
Nor fruitful earth's productive force renew,
Till her lov'd daughter met her longing view.

When the dread power whose thunder shakes
the skies,
From whose keen sight no act unnotic'd lies,
Heard her determin'd will; he gave command
To Maia's son, who bears the golden wand,
That straight to Erebus he wing'd his way,
And woo the god whom shadowy forms obey
With words persuasive; that his queen ador'd 460
In Stygian realms, might be to heaven restor'd,
And mingling with the powers celestial, ease
Her mother's anxious soul, and wrath appease.

Hermes obeys, and from the realms of day
To Tartarus directs his rapid way;
There, in the centre of the earth profound,
The monarch of th' infernal realms he found
High-thron'd in gloomy state—beside her lord
Fair Proserpine her mother's loss deplor'd,
Who, deep-revolving in her troubled mind, 470
Dire vengeance 'gainst th' ethereal race design'd.

Hermes began; Oh thou! whose awful head
Is crown'd with sable locks—to whom the dead
Submissive reverence pay—the fire of gods
Great Jove decrees, that from these dark abodes,
By me, thy consort crown'd with beauty's charms,
Should be to heaven restor'd, and Ceres' arms.
For know, such vengeful thoughts her soul inspire,
That e'en the immortal gods must feel her ire.
No golden harvests now the plains adorn, 480
In earth she hides the life-sustaining corn,
And man must fall;—to those who rule the skies
No honours shall be paid, no prayers arise.
Far, far from them, with rage-enkindled heart,
She, in the lofty temple sits apart,
Rear'd by Eleusis to her power divine,
Where clouds of incense roll around her shrine.

The gloomy monarch Jove's commands obey'd;
Reluctant smiles his dark-bent brows display'd:
And thus his blooming consort he address; 490
Go Proserpine! let pleasure sway thy breast,

No more let memory recal the past,
But to thy mother's fond embraces haste—
'Tis fruitless, nay, 'tis folly to complain—
Nor I a husband that deserves disdain—
Brother to Jove supreme!—Hence then my fair!
And soon again to Pluto's arms repair.
Honour to thee, the heavenly powers shall pay;
Thee shall the shadowy forms of hell obey:
And those, who ne'er on earth invoc'd thy aid,
Nor victims flew, nor rich oblations paid, 501
By thee condemn'd, shall prove eternal pains
In the dark realms where endless horror reigns.

He said; and sudden from her seat arose
His lovely bride—her heart with transport glows;
Then Pluto fear'd, left from the realms above,
And Ceres, object of her filial love,
She'd ne'er return; and fraudulent decreed
The fair should taste the rich pomegranate's seed—
A fatal pledge! The ruler of the dead 510
Then to their view his sable coursers led;
And yok'd them to the splendid car—his bride
Assum'd the seat, with Hermes by her side,
The god, whose fury to the infernal plains
Hurl'd hapless Argus;—firm he grasp'd the reins,
And wav'd the lash—the steeds impetuous flew:
The realms of darkness vanish'd from their view.
Onward they rush, impatient of delay,
Nor seas, nor rapid streams impede their way;
Nor towering heights, which dark'ning clouds
surround; 520

Nor low-sunk vales with verdant herbage crown'd.
With steady ardour, unabated force,
Through depth of air they urge their rapid course;
Till Ceres' sacred temple they behold,
Where clouds of incense round her altar roll'd.

Soon as the goddess view'd her daughter's face,
With eager speed she rush'd to her embrace.
Thus when the hind her long-lost fawn espies,
In transport from the mountain's brow she flies.

Thou, here with Ceres, daughter of my love, 530
Shalt stay, high-honour'd by the powers above:
But if thou aught in Pluto's drear abode
Hast ate, thou must retrace the gloomy road;
And with th' infernal god his sceptre share
One tedious third of the revolving year:
The rest, shalt thou partake with heavenly powers.
And when with herbage green, and blooming
flowers

Spring decks the earth, thou shalt ascend the skies;
A joy to mortal and celestial eyes.

Say, by what art thy unsuspecting mind 540
The god deceiv'd?—Thus Proserpine rejoind:
When the wing'd herald of the powers above
Came with the mandate of all-ruling Jove,
Again to bear me to th' ethereal skies,
And give me to thy long-desiring eyes;
That thus thy vengeful rage might be suppress'd:
My heart with transport bounded in my breast.
But then, so hell's imperious lord decreed;
I ate reluctant the pernicious feed.

Joyful I wander'd through the verdant plain,
Leucippe, Phæno, Rhodia in my train: 551
With them Electra, Iania stray'd,
And Rhodope in beauty's charms array'd:
Ocyroe too was there of roseate hue;
Her golden locks around Chryseis flew:

Calypso's charming form, Urania's grace,
 And Galaxaure's love-inspiring face:
 Pallas, who bids the rage of battle glow,
 And chaste Diana with her sounding bow.
 In pleasing sports the fleeting hours we wear, 560
 And pluck the blushing honours of the year.
 Lilies and hyacinths the air perfume;
 The crocus glows, th' expanding roses bloom:
 But lovelier far I view with joyful eyes
 The fair Narcissus from the earth arise. [pride,
 This wondrous flower, the meadow's blooming
 I rush'd to seize—The rent earth opening wide
 A dreary gulf disclos'd: from thence appear'd
 The mighty king in Tartarus rever'd,
 And bore me to his golden car—in vain 570
 I weep, resist, and to the gods complain.
 Swift flies his chariot to the realms below,
 And still my bosom bleeds at former woe!

With mutual joy they now sweet converse hold,
 And now each other in their arms enfold;
 And, all the live-long day, the transports prove
 That flow from filial and maternal love.
 No thoughts of vengeance Ceres' soul infest;
 But harmony and pleasure rule her breast.

Soon Hecate approach'd, and hail'd the fair, 580
 A splendid fillet bound her flowing hair:
 To Proserpine her breast with friendship glow'd,
 And all her acts a kind attention show'd.

And now th' all-seeing god whose thunders shake
 Th' ærial regions, thus to Rhea spake:
 Around whose form her robes in darkness flew;
 From whom her birth the queen of seasons drew.
 Let Ceres hasten to th' ethereal plain,
 And every honour she desires, obtain.
 Her Proserpine, with heavenly powers shall share
 In joy, two parts of the revolving year, 591
 The rest in realms of night.—The thunderer said:
 The willing goddess his commands obey'd;
 And from Olympus' cloud-encircled height
 Bends to Callicorus her lofty flight:
 O'er the drear region desolation frown'd,
 So late with fruits, and waving verdure crown'd.

But soon the earth its wonted power regains;
 Again the harvest clothes th' extended plains;
 Increasing ploughshares turn the grateful soil, 600
 And weighty sheaves reward the lab'ers toil.

Through air's ungenial void the goddess bends
 Her flight sublime, and now on earth descends.
 Each kindred power to hail the other flies,
 Joy rules their hearts, and sparkles in their eyes.
 At length sage Rhea, 'round whose awful head
 The wreath of splendour glow'd, to Ceres said.

Jove calls my daughter to th' ethereal plain;
 Such honours as thy soul desires, obtain.
 He wills, two parts of the revolving year, 610
 Thy Proserpine shall heavenly pleasures share;
 The rest in realms of night.—His sacred nod
 Confirm'd the promise of th' all-ruling god.
 Haste then—no more oppose with wrathful mind
 Heaven's mighty lord mid dark'ning clouds en-
 shrin'd:

But thy kind influence to the earth impart,
 And with thy blessings cheer man's drooping heart.
 The power, whose brow the flowery wreath en-
 obeys her word—her anger she resigns. [twines,
 Th' extended plains with fruits and flowers are
 crown'd, 620

And plenty reigns, and nature smiles around.
 Then to the chiefs, who o'er Eleusis sway'd,
 Whose righteous laws the grateful realm obey'd,
 Eumolpus, and Triptolemus the sage,
 Diocles skill'd to tame the courser's rage,
 Kind Polyxenus, and the king who reign'd
 Supreme, great Celeus, she her rites explain'd;
 Those sacred mysteries, for the vulgar ear
 Unmeet; and known, most impious to declare!
 Oh! let due reverence for the gods restrain 630
 Discourses rash, and check inquiries vain!

Thrice happy he among the favour'd few,
 To whom 'tis given those glorious rites to view!
 A fate far different the rejected share;
 Unblest, unworthy her protecting care,
 They'll perish; and with chains of darkness bound,
 Be plung'd for ever in the gulf profound!

Her laws establish'd, to the realms of light,
 With Proserpine she wings her towering flight:
 The sacred powers assume their seat on high, 640
 Beside the god, whose thunders shake the sky.

Happy, thrice happy he of human race,
 Who proves deserving their benignant grace!
 Plutus, who from his unexhausted stores
 To favour'd mortals boundless treasure pours,
 Th' auspicious deities to him shall send;
 And prosperous fortune shall his steps attend.

And now, O Ceres! at thy hallow'd shrine
 Submissive bow the Eleusinian line:
 Antron's dark rocks re-echo with thy praise, 650
 And sea-surrounded Paros thee obeys.
 Goddess! through whom the season's circling flight
 Successive blessings pours, and new delight;
 And thou, O lovely Proserpine, reward
 With honour'd age, and tranquil joys, the bard
 Who sings your acts; and soon his voice he'll raise,
 And other strains shall celebrate your praise.

NOTES ON THE HYMN TO CERES.

Ver. 32. "And ocean's briny swell with smiles
 is crown'd."

The same figure is used by the Psalmist some-
 what heightened.—"The vallies shall stand so
 thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing."
 Psal. lxx. 14.

Ver. 49. "Not to the white-arm'd nymphs with
 beauty crown'd,

Her lov'd companions reach'd the mournful sound."

The original is, *οὐδ' ἀγλαοκαρποὶ ἰλαται*; "nei-

"ther did the beautiful fruited olives hear her."
 This passage Ruhnkenius gives up as unintelligible.
 Probably *ισαίροι* should be read instead of *ἰλαται*,
 and in that case it would signify; "Neither did her
 beautiful-wristed (white-arm'd) companions
 hear her voice." *Αγλαοκαρπος* is used by Pin-
 dar in that sense, and applied to Thetis in his third
 Nemæan Ode.

Ver. 56. "But he, at distance from their airy
 Sits in his hallow'd fane"— [bowers,

This idea is very consistent with the imperfect system of heathen polytheism in the earlier ages of Greece, when it was supposed Jupiter himself could know nothing of any transaction, unless locally present. Thus Thetis advises Achilles to leave the army, and retire to his ships; and promises that, when Jupiter returned from a feast in Ethiopia, she would request him to favour their cause. This passage is thus elegantly translated by Mr. Pope—

"The fire of gods, and all th' ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feast of Ethiopia's blameless race.
Twelve days, the powers indulge the genial rite;
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount, &c."

Il. Lib. i. l. 554.

Ver. 76. "A fable veil athwart her shoulders
"throws."

Ceres is said to have worn a black veil by the Grecian poets, either as a sign of sorrow for the loss of Proserpine, or to conceal her grief from observation. But it was used as an ornamental part of dress, richly embroider'd and transparent, in very early ages. Homer describes a beautiful one offered by the Trojan matrons at the altar of Minerva: (Il. Lib. 6. l. 293.) And Penelope's is thus described by Pope, in his translation of the eighteenth book of his *Odyssey*.

"A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems to shade."

We find Rebecca makes use of one, on being informed that Isaac was approaching to meet her. (Gen. xxiv. 65.) When Judah meets Thamar likewise, she is described, as covering herself with a veil, (Gen. xxxviii. 14.) This phrase is rather remarkable, as Judah, on that account possibly, supposed her to be a courtesan; and it is said, that slaves formerly in Greece wore larger veils than other people. Euripides makes Andromache complain in his play of that name—"I was conducted from my husband's bed to the strand, my face covered with the veil of a captive." It is well known, that the veil of female slaves in the Levant, at present, covers the whole body, and that the Greeks have been more tenacious of their old customs, than most other nations. May not this account for the daughters of Celeus, though struck with the venerable appearance of Ceres, proposing an employment to her, on seeing her wear a veil appropriated to women of inferior rank, which otherwise would have scarcely been consistent with their amiable characters? (See l. 275.)

Ver. 98. "Unknown to me the author of her
"grief."

Some part of Hecate's speech appears to have been lost. She relates nothing more to Ceres, than what she knew before; and yet, from what follows, one would suppose that her information had convey'd to the goddess some additional cause for grief and vexation.

Ver. 159. "Four gentle nymphs light-moving
"o'er the plain approach."

This circumstance is mentioned by Pausanias, and bears some resemblance to that beautiful pas-

sage in Genesis, which gives so pleasing an idea to the simplicity and artless benevolence of the primitive times:—when Rebecca went with her pitcher to the well, and found there the servant of Abraham—"He ran to meet her and said, Let me I pray thee drink a little water of thy pitcher—And she said, Drink, my Lord: and she hastened and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink: and when she had done giving him drink, she said; I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking. And she hastened, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels." Gen. xxiv. 17. Can modern politeness exceed the humanity of the action, or refinement in language improve the description of it!

Ver. 184. "Attend to no fictitious tale of woe
Reluctant from the Cretan coast I came."

This affirmation of truth by way of proem to a fabulous relation, seems to reflect no great credit on the integrity of Ceres, or judgment of the bard. It is, however, no uncommon mode of beginning a narrative story among the Grecian poets, and Proserpine uses nearly the same expression when she acquaints Ceres with the manner in which she was carried off by Pluto. Ulysses, in giving a false account of himself to Minerva, begins with assuring her that he would speak merely what was true, and then says he was of Cretan extraction. (Od. B. 14. l. 192.) What is rather remarkable, in giving two other feigned accounts of himself, he declares that he was born in Crete. (Od. B. 13. l. 256. and B. 19. l. 181.) From these concurrent circumstances, may not * Cretan falsehood have been a proverbial expression long before the days of Epimenides, and glanced at both in the *Odyssey* and in this poem?

It is somewhat strange that people of suspected characters in regard to truth, generally preface their speeches with some compliment to their own veracity, or with expressing a detestation of falsehood; and, if they mean to deceive, begin with protesting that they had no such design; though true policy would suggest to them the expediency of avoiding the slightest insinuation which might lead even to a suspicion of deceit. But the language of falsehood has been similar in all ages, and the Roman poet, with great judgment, makes Sinon, after having mentioned the only true circumstance of his story, proceed in this manner—

—"nec si miserum fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemq; improba finget."
Æn. L. 2.

"Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and abhors a lie."—PITT.

Virgil is perhaps more conspicuous for his intimate acquaintance with the minute recesses of the human heart, than for the extent of his knowledge, or the sublimity of his genius.

Ver. 297.—"the dusky mantle drew
To hide her deep-felt anguish from their view."

Here probably should follow the lines which the

* Κεντρίσας ἡνιωτάς.

A. H. iiij

Scholiast on Nicander alludes to,—(See Preface,) and likewise some explanation of the miraculous appearance assumed by Ceres, which induced them not to look on her as a goddess, but to consider it as a sign of her being favoured by some deity, or an omen of divine approbation in regard to her taking charge of Demophon.—Something of this kind seems to be wanting, for by the few lines of Metanira's speech that are preserved, and immediately follow, we find her impressed with no veneration for Ceres, but speaking to her with the greatest freedom.

Ver. 337. "She shrieks in agony—she smites her thighs."

This was a common method among the ancients of expressing grief, or any violent emotion of the mind.—Plutarch in his life of Fabius, says, "That he struck his thigh on seeing his troops flying from their enemies"—probably through shame and vexation. Arius expresses rage and indignation in the same manner.—Il. Lib. 12. l. 162. And Achilles his surprise and anger.—Il. Lib. 15. l. 125.—In the holy scripture it is represented as a sign of sorrow and unfeigned repentance. Thus Jeremy xxxi. 19. "Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh." And Ezekiel much to the same purport says, xxi. 12. "Cry and howl, son of man! for it shall be upon my people: it shall be upon all the princes of Israel"—terrors by reason of the sword shall be upon my people; smite therefore upon thy thigh!"—i. e. in token of grief and contrition.

Ver. 528. "In transport from the mountain's brow she flies."

It is evident from the few and imperfect words preserved in the original Greek manuscript, that an affectionate dialogue between Ceres and Proserpine took place, after this line.—There is great reason to regret the frequent defects of the Moscow MS. in this part of the poem.

Ver. 535. "One tedious third of the revolving year."

See an observation on this passage at the end of the preface.—Some few lines of the original seem to have been lost, where the vacancy is left in the page, from the abruptness of Ceres' question to Proserpine.

Ver. 548. "I ate reluctant the pernicious feed."

Here appears to be an omission, unless the speech of Proserpine has been transposed through some mistake. It should probably have begun with the following line—

"Joyful I wander'd through the Nyfian plain."

And after that which now concludes the speech, should follow the account of Mercury's coming to her in the palace of Pluto, with which it now begins. As it stands at present, Proserpine concludes her narrative with telling Ceres, that she is still sorrowful, and the lines that immediately follow, describe their mutual joy at meeting each other.

Ver. 580. "Soon Hecate approach'd."

This passage is rather obscure in the original—she seems indeed both here and in other two places to have been introduced very needlessly,

unless something allegorical was intended. The interview between Rhea and Ceres, which almost immediately follows, appears plainly to be so.

Ver. 628. "Those sacred mysteries for the vulgar ear

Unmeet; and known most impious to declare."

Diodorus observes of the religious rites prescribed by Orpheus, meaning the Eleusinian mysteries, that it was unlawful for those not initiated to inquire into their meaning; and there was a law at Athens, which condemned those to death who divulged any thing concerning them.

Ver. 638. "Her laws established."

Herodotus, in the second book of his history, relates that the mystic rites of Isis were originally carried from Egypt to Greece by the daughters of Danaus; and that the Pelasgic women were instructed by them in the nature, design, and forms of their celebration. From the same authority, strengthened by that of Apollodorus, it hath been supposed that these mysteries, disguised under other names and other forms, were afterwards celebrated at Eleusis in honour of Ceres; and obtained the name of Thesmophoria.

The Eleusinian mysteries were, however, divided into two distinct classes. The Thesmophoria were in the subordinate class.

A striking similitude hath been frequently observed, by the curious inquirers into ancient customs, between the mysteries of Isis and Ceres: and the supposition, that the latter were borrowed from the former, is supported by the strongest analogy, as well as by the most respectable authority.

Many of the learned indeed have conjectured that Greece was indebted to Orpheus for their introduction into that country: and that this ancient bard had an eye to the Egyptian mysteries in their institution; and accommodated the general plan of the one, to the particular genius and design of the other. Some have even conjectured that the hymns which have been transmitted to the present times, under the name of Orpheus, were the same that were originally sung at the celebration of the rites of Ceres. This honour, Pausanias remarks, had never been conferred on the hymns of Homer; who, probably, by indulging his fancy in fictions of its own creation, and departing with too bold a licence from the established traditions of the gods, had rendered his hymns unfit for their worship. It was for this unwarrantable stretch of poetic liberty that his works were proscribed by Plato.

The Egyptian priests threw an awful and ambiguous veil over their religious rites; and, having enjoined silence and secrecy, as indispensable terms of initiation, gave an air of pomp and solemnity to institutions that were trifling, and doctrines that were absurd. The simplest truths were lost in the crowd of mystic rites which gathered thick upon them; and, while historical facts were veiled beneath the dress of allegory, it was difficult to distinguish the real from the fictitious; or to tell, with certainty, where the annalist ended his record, and where the mythologist took up his fable.

The Grecians changed the names, but retained and exaggerated the stories of Egypt; they sometimes debased, at other times they improved and

embellished them. That which amused the fancy, at length was admitted as the truth; and what at first was meant to be figurative, was, in process of time, believed to be literal.

If this hymn should not be supposed to allude to the Egyptian Isis, figured under the character of Ceres, and to Proserpine, as an emblem of the * corn being hid part of the year beneath the earth; may not the story on which it is founded be simply this?—The conjecture is vague, but it is hoped excusable, as many instances occur of the Greek poets blending history with allegory.

Pluto, probably king of the Molossians, wages war against the Eleusinians, wastes their country,

* So *Persephone* signifies in the Phœnician language, from whence *Proserpine* is supposed to have been derived.

and carries off their corn—a famine ensues—Jupiter, his brother, ruler over great part of Greece, who had connived at the invasion, thinks proper at length to obtain a peace for them, on their paying to Pluto one third of their tillage by way of tribute. They again cultivate their country, and Rhea, Ceres, and Jupiter are reconciled; i. e. the earth produces corn, and the people are under the protection of their neighbouring king.

Ver. 644. "Pluto, who from his unexhausted stores."

The conclusion of the story seems evidently allegorical, and intended to convey this plain and excellent moral. "That those people shall grow rich who apply diligently to agriculture, and the cultivation of their lands. Plutus probably was called the son of Ceres on that account.

P R E F A C E

SIX OLYMPIC ODES,

OF

P I N D A R.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

SIX OF LYMPIC ODES

OF

P I N D A R.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY HENRY JAMES FIFE, ESQ.

P R E F A C E.

It is surprising, that while the prince of Roman lyric poetry has been either imitated or translated by every dabbler in Helicon, his Grecian archetype should have remained almost unattempted. Horace, it is true, sets forth in strong terms, the danger attending such an attempt; while Cowley, by his ill success, has but too truly verified his prediction. But the regularity and confinement of Latin versification by no means suited the Pindaric muse, used to the more extended licence, and varied dialects, of the Greek: And the failure of Cowley must be imputed to the great liberties he took in altering, not only the expressions, but the apparent meaning of the poet he professed to imitate; and, to use his own phrase, being determined not to fall into the common error of other translators, by fearing to shoot beyond his mark; he has but too often shot far wide of it.

The English is, of all languages, most calculated to copy the lyric compositions of Greece; witness the *Elfrida* and *Caractacus* of Mason, and the incomparable odes of Gray. And how well Mr. West has employed that language in the translation of Pindar, and how happily he has avoided the danger, foretold by Horace, and ex-

perienced by Cowley, is too well known to require any repetition.

That translations of the ancient poets, if faithfully executed, and the connection of their thoughts properly preserved, are of use even to the learned reader, is asserted by one of the best critics this country ever produced. The author of *Polymetis* informs us, that he never perfectly understood the satires and epistles of Horace, till he read Pope's imitations of them. How necessary, then, must such assistance be to the explanation of a poet, of all others the most daring in his flights; and whose meaning has been so much perplexed by fanciful and tasteless commentators!

Of my own attempt I shall only say, that I have studiously endeavoured to give the sense of the original as exactly as possible; not taking too great a liberty in paraphrasing, on one hand; nor on the other, suffering the spirit of the poet to escape me, by adhering too closely to his letter. I have added notes on some obscure passages, in which I often refer to Mr. West's dissertation on the Olympic games; with whose performances I never mean to interfere, my utmost ambition being only to follow his steps, though I fear, *haud passibus aequis*.

O D E IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA, ON HIS VICTORY IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, after an invocation to Jupiter, extols Psaumis for his victory in the chariot race, and for his desire to honour his country. From thence he takes occasion to praise him for his skill in training horses, his hospitality, and his love of peace; and mentioning the history of Erginus, excuses the early whiteness of his hair.

STROPHE.

O THOU who o'er the realms above!
By the unwearied thunder borne,
Urgest thy shining car! immortal Jove!
Again the circling hours return
Awakes my lyre, and sends me forth
A witness of heroic worth.
Sweet to the virtuous ever sound the lays
Which tell a friend's success, or chant his praise.
O son of Saturn! who on *Ætna's* brow,
The woody load of Typhon's giant breast,
Hold'st thy abode; O let the graces now
Incline thee to assist the strain, address'd

10

To greet the victor in the Olympic strife;
Of every virtuous deed, the lustre, and the life.

ANTISTROPHE.

Triumphant on his conquering car
With Pisa's sacred olive crown'd,
Lo! Psaumis comes; the echoing shores afar
Fair Camarina's praise resound;
For to his own illustrious name
The patriot joins his country's fame.
O may the immortal gods propitious hear
His future vows, and grant each pious prayer!
Well is he skill'd to train the generous steed,
Fair plenty crowns his hospitable gate,

20

With breast sincere he courts the placid meed
Of peace, the guardian power of every state.
No hues fallacious tinge my honest lay,
Experience to the world will every truth display.

EPODE.

Experience taught each Lemnian maid
No more to scorn * Clymenus' valiant son,
What time in brazen arms array'd

* *Ergenes*.

In the long course the envied prize he won,
When, taking from Hypsipyle the crown,
He thus the royal maid address'd:
Behold the man! nor great in speed alone!
My hand unvanquish'd, undismay'd my breast.
These silver tresses lo! are spread
Untimely, on a youthful head;
For oft capricious nature's rage,
Gives to the vigorous brow, the hoary tint of
age. 40

NOTES ON ODE FOURTH.

Psaumis of Camarina was, according to the Scholiast, the son of Acron; and got the victory in the chariot race in the eighty-second Olympiad, about the time that Rome was governed by the Decemviri. Camarina was a city of Sicily, now called Camarana.

Ver. 1. Who o'er the realms above
By the unwearied thunder borne,
Urgest thy shining car,——

I find the word *Ελαίη* rendered in most of the Latin interpretations *vibrator*, or *impulsor*. And in Sudorius's poetical version, printed at the end of the Oxford Pindar, it is thus translated:

O qui coruscâ fulgura dexterâ
Fulmenque torques.——

The word *Ελαίη* in this sense, when connected with *ἀκαμανίποδος*, strikes me, as occasioning a confusion of images; but, by considering it as derived from a very usual sense of *Ελαύνω*, viz. *equito*, this confusion is removed. My opinion is favoured by the elder Scholiast, who says, *τὴν βροντὴν ὁ Πίνδαρος ὡς ἵππον ὑφίσταται τῇ Διὶ διὸ καὶ ἀκαμανίποδα αὐτὴν εἶπεν*: And the more modern Scholiast, though he afterwards rather inclines to the other interpretation, says first, *Ἐλαίη ὑπερτάτῃ βροντῇ. ὡς ἐπὶ ἵππῳ χεῖται, τῷ λόγῳ*.

Ver. 28. Experience to the world will every

truth display.] I own this transition seems to me the most abrupt and confused of any in Pindar; and the story of Erginus appears to be brought in without any apparent reason, as the poet himself makes no mention of Psaumis's gray hairs, though all his scholiasts and commentators do.

Ver. 33—Hypsipyle]—She was daughter of Thoas, king of Lemnos, and instituted funeral games in honour of her father: to which the Argonauts were invited; amongst whom was Erginus, the son of Clymenus, who, having white hair, was ridiculed by the Lemnian women, as unfit to contend for the prize; but beating Zetus and Calais, sons of Boreas, in the race, their contempt was changed into admiration. The learned reader must forgive my accenting the penultimate of Clymenus, which he will call making a false quantity. I shall shelter myself from his indignation, by pleading our common pronunciation of many Greek names; for example, Cleomenes, Eumenes, &c. though I could defend myself on more safe principles, viz. the different effects of accent and quantity, the subject is amply treated of, as far as it relates to the Greek language, by the late master of Eton school, in his answer to Dr. Galley; and is brought home to English versification in an excellent treatise just published, entitled, "An Essay on the Harmony of Human Speech;" to both which ingenious performances, I refer the reader who is desirous of information on this much-disputed point.

O D E VI.

TO AGESIAS, OF SYRACUSE, ON HIS VICTORY GAINED BY THE ATHENE, OR CHARIOT DRAWN BY MULES.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, after comparing the opening of his ode to the beautiful portico of a palace built by a skilful architect, celebrates Agesias on account of his Olympic victory, his being guardian of the altar of Jupiter, and being admitted to the rights of a citizen at Syracuse; and from these circumstances compares him to Amphiaras. Then he mentions his ancestors; and speaking of Pitana, and Evadne, has a long digression on the birth of Iamus. The poet then returns to Agesias, and declares himself to be in some measure of the same country; and exhorts Æneas, the leader of the chorus, to exert himself;

directing him to celebrate Ageſias, for his being an inhabitant of Sicily, and for his friendship with Hiero, king of Syracuſe: And congratulating him on his good fortune in having two countries, concludes with a prayer to Neptune for his proſperity.

STROPHE I.

THE ſkilful architect whoſe dædal hand
Contrives the far-reſplendent dome to raiſe,
Bids the bright porch on ſhapely columns ſtand,
That rich with gold and poliſh'd marble, blaze.—
So we ſuperbly pour along
In conſcious dignity the opening ſong.
To him Olympia's wreath who wears,
Who guards the thunderer's ſacred fane,
And every ſocial bleſſing ſhares,
With Syracuſa's happy train; 10
Each friendly voice ſhall notes of triumph blow,
And each unenvious hand, a votive wreath beſtow.

ANTISTROPHE I.

In this thrice honour'd ſtate by fortune placed
The happy ſon of Soſtratus behold!
Nor is the warrior, or the ſeaman graced
By ſloth: 'Tis toil muſt every worth unfold.
Honour and endleſs fame await
The man, who ſeeks through danger to be great.
To thee, Ageſias, ſhall belong
The worthy praiſes, which of old 20
Adraſtus with no flattering tongue
On Amphiarus, ſacred ſeer! beſtow'd:
What time the fatal earth with yawning womb,
Him and his fiery ſteeds cloſed living in the tomb.

EPODE I.

Now ſeven funeral pyres begun
To ſhed a lurid blaze around,
When * Talaus' ſorrowing ſon
Pour'd to the Theban hoſt this mournful ſound:
" O how I languish to behold
" The braveſt of my warrior train, 30
" Well ſkill'd the deep beſtſts of fate to unfold,
" Or ſpread deſtruction o'er the embattl'd plain!"
To him, the Syracuſan youth, belong
Such praiſe, to whom I tune the Olympic ſong.
No ſon of diſcord, I proclaim
His worths, his triumphs are the ſame:
And with an oath confirm the unerring ſtrain,
Form'd by the favouring help of all Aonia's train.

STROPHE II.

Come then, O Phintia! to the ſhining car
With ſpeed, with ſpeed, the foaming courſers join;
That whirling o'er the pureſt paths afar.
We reach his anceſtors high-honour'd line.
Above the reſt my courſers know
When Piſa's olive decks the hero's brow,
To bear him o'er the ſounding road
Where, far from dark oblivion's cell,
Bright honour holds her high abode,
And fame and glory ever dwell.
Now wide the gates of harmony diſplay, 49
For to Eurota's ſhores I guide the ſounding lay.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To fair Pitana ſing, who whilom bore
Evadne, beauteous in her hair that flows.
Compreſs'd by Neptune on the ſilent ſhore,
With ſtricteſt care ſhe hid her virgin throes;
But when the circling moons her pain
Maturely brought, ſhe bade her female train,

* Adraſtus.

To Æpytus' parental hands
With ſilent care the child convey;
Phaſana's turrets who commands,
Where Alpheus pours his ſilver-winding way: 60
On whoſe enamell'd brink ſhe learn'd to prove,
In great Apollo's arms, the bluſhing rites of love.

EPODE II.

As o'er heaven's eternal field
Roll'd the hours in circling pace,
Time to Epytas reveal'd
The produce of the ſtolen embrace;
Now to Pytho's ſacred ſhrine
Eager flies the anxious king.
To try the aſſiſtance of the powers divine,
And to his labouring boſom quiet bring. 70
Evadne in his abſence, left alone,
With trembling hands unloos'd her purple zone;
And, wandering far from human aid,
Beneath the wood's impervious ſhade,
Laid her young offspring on the foſtering earth;
Smil'd for Lucina's power on his auſpicious birth.

STROPHE III.

Not long, Iamus, on the lonely glade
Unnotic'd, unprotected, didſt thou lie:—
For by the gods command, lo through the ſhade!
Two watchful dragons dart with azure eye.
And from the bees transparent hoard 80
Thy little breſt with dulcet nurture ſtor'd.
Meanwhile from Pytho's rocky ſhore
The wandering king, return'd again,
With anxious care now tried to explore
The fruit of fair Evadne's plain;
For ſhining Phœbus from his ſacred ſhrine
Proclaim'd Evadne's love, and own'd the boy
divine.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And openly proclaim'd his future worth
Above mankind in myſtic lore to ſhine, 90
And ne'er be wanting in the happy birth
Of glorious ſons:—thus ſpake the voice divine!
Five days were paſs'd the mother's pain,
Unfound the infant by the careful train.
Far from the reach of every eye,
Deep in the irriguous ruſhes laid,
While purple violets growing by,
With dewy leaves his body ſhade:
His mother's voice at length the place proclaim'd,
And from his fragrant couch the heavenly infant
nam'd. 100

EPODE III.

As the gently circling hours
Still their foſtering influence ſhed,
And opening manhood's roſeate flowers
Kindly crown'd his blooming head;
Deſcending then to Alpheus' ſhores,
While round his head the night-winds blow,
He calls the god who rules where ocean roars,
And Phœbus dreadful with his ſilver bow:
Deſiring public fame, and fair renown,
Might with their verdant wreaths his temples
crown.— 110
Soon each paternal voice divine
Own'd him as ſprung from heavenly line;

"Rise, son, and this propitious sound pursue,
Till Pisa's crowded plains rise to thy raptur'd view."

STROPHE IV.

The hero straight the voice obey'd; and now
Cronius, thy cliffs and rocky heights they scale;
There the kind gods the twofold art bestow
Of angury, that never knew to fail;
There, many a dreadful labor done,
At length when great Alcmena's son 120
Arriv'd, and bade the awful shrine
Sacred to potent Jove arise,
And first began those rites divine,
Where courage wins the Olympic prize;
He rais'd the crowded fane's prophetic fame,
Whilst Græcia's shouting sons Iamus worth pro-
claim.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Hence endless fame, and happy fortunes wait
On the Iamida's exulting race.—
Those who in virtue's rugged ways are great
The most conspicuous paths of life shall grace, 130
Still glorious deeds the hero speak
Though envy burst her venom'd cheek,
And teach her offspring to despise
The man, on Pisa's trophied plain
Whose courfers know th' Olympic prize
In the twelve-turn'd course to gain.—
Nor have the gods, Agefias, given to air
Thy fire's propitious vows, and every pious prayer.

EPODE IV.

Who beneath the sacred shade
Which Cyllene's mountains shed, 140
Honours due for ever paid
To Hermes' venerable head;
To him who cleaves the yielding skies,
The herald of the ethereal train,
Who in the Olympic strife appoints the prize,
And guards Arcadia's happy-peopled plain.
He and his thundering fire to thee decreed,
O son of Sostratus! the glorious meed.—
A sudden thought I raptur'd feel,
Which, as the whetstone points the steel; 150
Brightens my sense, and bids me warbling raise
To the soft breathing flute, the kindred notes of
praise.

STROPHE V.

From fair Arcadia too my line I bring,
From Stymphalus the bright Metopa came,
Mother of warlike Thebes, whose silver spring
I drink, and votive songs of triumph frame.
Æneas, bid your friends now raise
Their voices to Parthenian Juno's praise;
Then shall be known if we avoid
Of dullness the long-borne disgrace 160
Which ancient malice has employ'd
To stigmatize Bæotia's race;
To thee the secrets of the muse belong,
And well thou know'st to guide the far resound-
ing song.

ANTISTROPHE V.

To Syracuse's and Ortygia's praise,
Tell them aloud to swell the exulting strain:
Whose plains with blameless sceptre Hiero sways,
Performing sacred rites to Ceres' fane,
To her loved daughter, Pluto's love;
And him the king of gods, Ætnean Jove. 170
Him the sounding lyre and song,
Know and honour as their friend;
Ne'er may time that rolls along
To his blessings give an end,
Still may he, fortune's friend, with cheerful
voice
In bold Agefias' worth and votive hymns rejoice.

EPODE V.

Stymphalus' maternal walls,
And Arcadia's fleecy glades
Leaving:—here his fortune calls
To Sicilia's fragrant shades; 180
Either country claims him now;—
When the midnight tempests roar,
And raging loud the stormy whirlwinds blow,
Two anchors best the shatter'd vessel moor.
On each may heaven its guardian care bestow!—
And thou who rulest where ocean's torrents
flow,
Amphitrite's honour'd mate,
Through the rocks and shoals of fate
Propitious guide Agefias' bark along,
And grace with livelier flowers my rapture-breath-
ing song. 190

NOTES ON ODE SIXTH.

Agefias, the son of Sostratus, is sometimes called of Syracuse, sometimes of Stymphalus, a city of Arcadia; and the opinion of most of the commentators seems to be, that, of his father's side, he was a Syracusan, of his mother's an Arcadian: but from the tenor of the ode itself, I rather incline to think he was a native of Stymphalus, and afterwards inhabited Syracuse: most likely drawn thither by the friendship of Hiero; and this idea I have followed in my translation. *Συνακισθήναι τῶν κλεινῶν Συρακῶσαν*, seems, I think, to intimate his being admitted to a participation of the rights of the Syracusans, rather than his being a citizen himself. And where the poet makes use of the expression *μάτρως ἀνδρὶς*, it may only mean that his maternal ancestors lived in the part of Arcadia contiguous to the mountain Cyllene, and

were priests of Mercury. But I can see no reason to infer from this that his paternal ancestors were not Arcadians; or to imagine from any other part of the ode, that they were inhabitants of Sicily. One of the Greeks who accompanied the younger Cyrus in his expedition, near a century after this, was of the same name and country, and is often mentioned by Xenophon, who had a particular friendship for him.

Mr. West, in his learned dissertation on the Olympic games, gives the following account of the *ἀπὴν*. "The Apene was a chariot drawn by two mules, after the manner of the *synoris**, as Pausanias tells us; and was introduced into the Olym-

* The *synoris* was a chariot drawn by two full-aged horses.

the games by one Afandraftus, as we learn from Pindar's Scholiast. I have called it a chariot, though, if it resembled the apenē described by Homer in the 24th Iliad, it should more properly be called a waggon: And indeed that account of it agrees best with what Pausanias says, who observes, that the race of the apenē could pretend to neither antiquity, nor beauty; and that mules were held in such detestation by the Eleans, that they permitted none of those animals to be bred in their country."

Ver. 13. In this thrice honour'd state by fortune placed—

The original is

Ἴσῳ γὰρ ἐν τέττῳ πεδί-
λῳ δαιμόνιον πόδ' ἔχων.

To stand in a person's shoes, is a well-known English proverbial expression. This is a striking instance of the different genius of languages; what is sublime in the Greek would be the height of ridicule in English.

Ver. 21. Adraftus with no flattering tongue
On Amphiaras, sacred seer! bestow'd:

Adraftus, son of Talaus, was king of the Argives: Polynices, son of Oedipus, married his daughter; who being killed, Adraftus made war with the Thebans in behalf of his son Therfander; where he lost a battle before each of the seven gates of the city; and being unable to recover the dead bodies of his soldiers, he applied to Theseus, who prevailed on the Thebans to permit him to erect a funeral pile before each gate. Amphiaras, son of Oicleus, was a celebrated augur that accompanied him, and was swallowed up by the earth, at the command of Jupiter.

—ὁ δ' Ἀμφιάρεϊ
Σκίσειν κεραυνῷ παρδία
Ζεὺς, τὰν βαθύσερον χθόνα.

Κρύψεν δ' αἶψ' ἵπποις. Nem. xi. 57.

Ver. 29. O how I languish to behold
The bravest of my warrior train.

In the original it is,

Ποθῶν στρατιάς
Ὀφθαλμὸν ἐμῶς —

So Pindar, speaking of the ancestors of Theron, says,

—Σικελίας τ' ἔσαν
Ὀφθαλμὸς —Olymp. II. 17.

Ver. 39. Come then, O Phintia! —Φίντις. Dorice for Φάλις, anima. I have chosen to keep the Greek word as a proper name. Sudorius does the same in his Latin version; only he puts *Philtis*.

Junge sed promptos mihi jam jugales
Philtis.—

Ver. 54. —[*Virgin Throes*.] In the original, παρθενίαν ᾠδήνα. The Scholiast says. Παρθένιος δὲ λεγόνται παῖδες, οἱ κρύφα τιχόμενοι τῶν νομιζόμενων παρθένων εἶναι. Those secretly produced by reputed virgins, are called maiden children.

Ver. 72. With trembling hands unloosed her purple zone.] The meaning of Κάλπιδά τ' ἀργυρέαν, I confess, I do not understand, and therefore have not attempted to explain it. Sudorius has it,

—Evadne patulis sub umbris
Arborum, zonam posuit simulque
Hydriam auratam—

This is an advantage the Latin translators have over those who attempt to give the sense of an ancient poet in their native language. If the Greek is rendered faithfully, without offending the rules either of concord or quantity, it is sufficient. The reader may find out the meaning if he can. There are numberless instances of this in Sudorius's version. The paraphrase of this passage in the Oxford Pindar is as follows—Atque interim illa, solutâ virgineâ zonâ, parturiendo prævias prænunciasque aquas, & sanguinem cum sætu fundens, &c.—Another Commentator says, Est autem *verecunda* partûs descriptio, ἀργυρέα κάλπις, Argentea Amphora, est aqua sætum præcurrens, zona φοινικόχερος est sanguineus humor, et involucrium in quo sætus uterum maternum egreditur. I am at a loss which to admire most, the ingenuity or the decency of these remarks.

Ver. 108. And from his fragrant couch the heavenly infant named.

Iamus from ἴος, *viola*. Scholiast.

Ver. 135. Thy fire's propitious vows—

In the original,

Μάτρωες ἄνδρες—

Ver. 159.—The long borne disgrace
Which ancient malice has employ'd
To stigmatize Boeotia's race.

Βοιωτίαν ὄν, the expression in the original, was a proverbial phrase throughout Greece, ridiculing the national dullness of the Boeotians.

O D E VIII.

TO ALCIMEDON, ON HIS OLYMPIC VICTORY; TIMOSTHENES, ON HIS NEMEAN VICTORY; AND MELESIAS, THEIR PRECEPTOR.

THE ARGUMENT.

Though this is called an Olympic Ode, the poet does not confine himself to Alcimedon, who won the prize in those games; but celebrates his brother Timosthenes, for his success at Nemea, and Melesias, their instructor. The ode opens with an invocation to the place where the games were held. Pindar then, after praising Timosthenes for his early victory in the Nemean games, mentions Alcimedon, and extols him for his dexterity, and strength; his beauty, and his country Ægina; which he

celebrates for its hospitality, and for its being under the government of the Dorians after the death of Æacus; on whom he has a long digression, giving an account of his assisting the gods in the building of Troy. Then, returning to his subject, he mentions Meleſias as skilled himself in the athletic exercises, and therefore proper to instruct others; and, enumerating his triumphs, congratulates him on the success of his pupil Alcimedon; which, he says, will not only give satisfaction to his living relations, but will delight the ghosts of those deceased. The poet then concludes with a wish for the prosperity of him and of his family.

STROPHE I.

OLYMPIA! mother of heroic games!
Queen of true prophecy! beneath whose grove
While the red victims pile the aspiring flames,
The augurs search the high behests of Jove:
Thence try to know on whom he'll deign to smile
Of those, who, by the means of glorious toil,
Seek on the dusty cirque with generous pain,
Virtue's immortal meed, and honour'd rest to
gain.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For to the supplications of the good
He ever deigns a favouring ear to give,
O Pisa's woody shades, o'er Alpheus flood
That wave, my wreath-bestowing song receive;
Eternal fame, and endless honours shine,
On him whose brows thy sacred leaves entwine.—
For different pleasures, different bosoms glow;
And various ways to bliss the indulgent gods be-
flow.

EPODE I.

Timosthenes, what fair renown
Was on your almost infant actions shed,
When genial Jove resolv'd with fame to crown
Thine and thy brother's youthful head! 20
What time Nemea shouts thy conquering name,
And Pisa's groves Alcimedon proclaim:
Lovely shone his form, and face;
Nor did his deeds that form disgrace,
When, victor in the glorious strife,
He bade the listening woods around
Ægina's sea-girt shores resound;
Whose regions gave him life.

STROPHE II.

There sacred Themis sits, beloved of Jove,
Her favourite people's ever-watchful guard. 30
The crowded coasts where various nations move
To judge with skill, and sway in peace, is hard;
By heaven's decree, amidst the briny flood
This isle, to every stranger sacred, stood
A column firm, O ne'er may rolling time,
Or black misfortune, change the hospitable clime!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here Doria's warlike race their reign begun;
Here, after Æacus, their empire rose,
Whom potent Neptune, and Latona's son,
The friend, and partner of their labor, chose, 40
What time with social care, those heavenly powers
Crown'd Ilion's sacred seat, with strengthen'd
towers:
For even then the hostile fates decreed
Her ample fanes should fall, her hardy warriors
bleed.

EPODE II.

When the massy work was rais'd,
Three azure dragons on the new-made wall
With fury sprung—the people saw amazed
Two on the ground expiring fall;
The third with horrid roars the summit gain'd:
When Phœbus thus the fatal sign explain'd: 50

“ O Æacus, the insulting foe
Shall lay the haughty turrets low,
Which thou hast rear'd with mortal hands:
Ilion, I see thy fate decreed;
And in this omen plainly read
Immortal Jove's commands.

STROPHE III.

“ Nor shall without thy race these bulwarks
fall,
Thy sons at first shall shake the new-form'd state;
The hostile gods thy grandson's offspring call,
To seal its doom, and close the work of fate.” 60
Thus spoke the god, and straight o'er Xanthus'
tide

His skilful hands the heavenly couriers guide,
Till midst the warrior race his chariot stood
Of Amazonian dames, by Iſther's frozen flood.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Immortal Neptune's golden horses now
To sea-beat Iſthmus bear his rapid car:
There Æacus on Corinth's lofty brow
They leave, spectator of the sportive war.—
No bliss alike charms all.—The votive lays
Shall envy blast, that chant Meleſias' praise? 70
Whose infant sinews, courting fair renown,
Obtain'd Nemea's wreath, and fam'd Olympia's
crown.

EPODE III.

After, with manly sinews strong,
He in the great pancratium won the prize:—
To teach, must surely to the skill'd belong,
Experience fools alone despise:
Full well the hero knows above the rest
To form with precepts sage the manly breast;
To point the surest path that leads
To glorious acts, and daring deeds, 80
And future wreaths of fame prepare;
And well his * pupil's fair renown,
Who now has won the thirtieth crown,
Reward's his teacher's care.

STROPHE IV.

By fortune favour'd, nor by manhood less,
Four striplings in the strife he overcame,
Bade infamy their vanquish'd limbs oppress,
And sent them home with foreheads veil'd in
shame;
While to his grandfire's hoary head he brings
Triumphant joy, whence health, whence vigour
springs; 90
For he whom fortune fans with prosperous breath,
Forgets the pains of age, and near approach of
death.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Mnemosyne, awake the silver lyre,
Tune to Blephiadæ the sounding song:
Well their brave brows the flowery bands re-
quire,
To whom now six Olympic crowns belong,

* Alcimedon.

Nor will the muse forget the honour'd head
Though sunk to earth, and number'd with the dead.
The virtuous actions of the good and brave,
Shall rouse the sleeping dust, and pierce the silent
grave. 100

EPODE IV.

Iphion 'midst the infernal seats
The pleasing news from Hermes' daughter hears;
He to Callimachus the tale repeats,
Who drinks it with exulting ears:

That Jove's supreme behest had deign'd to
grace
With Pisa's sacred meet their happy race,
Still may he good on good bestow,
No pallid sickness let them know,
Nor Nemesis their social band
By cursed discord e'er disjoin;
But happy may they ever shine,
To bless their native land! 110

NOTES ON ODE EIGHTH.

Ver. 17. *Timosthenes, what fair renown.]*
Though this, as an Olympic ode, should belong
chiefly to Alcimedon, the poet here first men-
tions his brother, and addresses himself particular-
ly to him.

Ver. 31. The crowded coasts where various na-
tions move

To judge with skill, and sway in peace, is hard.

The president Montesquieu, has the following ob-
servation in his Spirit of Laws: * Platon dit que
dans une ville où il n'y a point de Commerce
Maritime, il faut la Moitié moins de Loix Ci-
viles. Et cela est très vrai, le Commerce in-
troduit dans une même Pays différent sortes de
peuples, un grand nombre de conventions, d'Espe-
ces de biens, et de manières d'acquérir.

Ainsi dans une ville commerçante il y a moins
de Juges et plus de Loix. Esprit de Loix, Liv. xx. 18.

There is the following passage in the fourth
book of Plato de Legibus, near the beginning.

Εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἐπιθαλαττῖα τε ἔμελλον εἶναι καὶ εὐλί-
μενος, καὶ μὴ πάμφορος, ἀλλ' ἐπιδοὺς πολλῶν,
μεγάλῃ τινὸς ἔδει σωτῆρος τε αὐτῇ, καὶ νομοθετῶν
θεῶν τινῶν, εἰ μὴ πολλὰ τε ἔμελλον ἦθι, καὶ
ποικίλα καὶ φαῦλα ἔξεν τοιαύτη φύσει, γενο-
μένη.

Ægina was an island in the Ægean sea; and
according to the Scholiast, had four hundred and
eighty thousand inhabitants.

Ver. 37. *Here Dorias' warlike race their reign
begun.]* The scholiast informs us, that Peleus and
Telamon, having killed their half-brother Phocus,
fled, one to Thessalia, the other to Salamis; and
Æacus dying in Ægina without a successor, Tri-
acus, an Argive, assembling some of his country men
who were of the race of the Dorians, invaded the
island, and took possession of it.

Ver. 57. *Nor shall without thy race her bul-
warks fall.]* It is in the original,

Οὐκ ἄτερ παιδῶν σθέν' ἂλ'

λ' ἅμα πρώτοις ἀρξέσθαι

Καὶ τεύχεσσι.

This is one of the passages of Pindar that is ra-
ther obscure. I have followed the common opi-
nion of the Commentators, who suppose πρώτος to

* De Legibus, Lib. 8.

allude to Peleus and Telamon, who assisted Her-
cules in his war against Laomedon: And τεύχεσσι
to mean Pyrrhus; who, according to Virgil, slew
Priam, and was great grandson to Æacus. Su-
dorius does the same:

—Natus at impias

Invadet arces hasque multa

Cæde madens pronepos cremabit.

Ver. 69. *No bliss alike charms all.]* This is
rather an abrupt sentence, and does not seem to
arise naturally out of the subject. Which, after
all that has been said concerning the irregularity
of Pindar, is seldom the case with our poet, per-
haps never, when he is rightly understood. The
original is,

Τεμπνὸν δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον ἴσσειναι ἔδεν.

And Sudorius's version,

Res nulla cunctos æque homines juvat.

The Scholiast says, the ancients were much divid-
ed in their opinions concerning this passage; some
supposing it to relate to the several ways Nep-
tune, Apollo, and Æacus went when they part-
ed; some to the different exploits of Alcimedon,
Timosthenes, and Melesias.

Ver. 74. He in the great Pancratiun won the
prize.

The Pancratiun from παν and κράτος, was the
most laborious of the Athletic exercises. Some
writers have improperly confounded it with the
Pentathlon. There is a most accurate account of
it in West's dissertation on the Olympic games;
to which I refer the reader who desires fuller in-
formation on the subject.

Ver. 94. Tune to Blepsiadæ the sounding song.

According to the Scholiast, the Blepsiadæ were a
particular tribe in Ægina, to which Alcimedon
belonged; all of whom the poet imagines to be
interested in the glory of his hero.

Ver. 101. Iphion midst the infernal seats

The pleasing news from Hermes' daughter
hears.

In the original it is

Ἐρμῆα δὲ θυγατρὸς ἀκούσας Ἰφίων

Ἀργείας.

There is a singular beauty in personifying *Ἀγγελία*, and making her daughter to Mercury, which it is impossible to translate, as I know no English word capable of rendering *Ἀγγελία*. Sudorius did not find his Latin more happy.

Iphio ut illic Angeliam audiet
Natam volantis Mercuris alitem.

I could also have used the Greek word; but I think it has not at all the happy effect which

strikes me so much in the original. The Scholiast says, some suppose Iphion and Callimachus to be simply relations to Alcimedon; others, that they were his father and uncle. I think this passage in the ode strongly favours the latter opinion:

Πατρὶ δὲ πατρὸς ἐνέπνευσεν μένος
Γέγραος ἀντίπαλον.

The address to the grandfather supporting the supposition of his father being dead.

O D E IX.

TO EPHARMOSTUS OF OPUS, ON HIS OLYMPIC AND PYTHIAN VICTORIES.

THE ARGUMENT.

PINDAR begins the ode with mentioning the hymn composed by Archilochus, and indiscriminately sung before such of the Olympic victors as were not fortunate enough to have a poet to celebrate their particular exploits. He then invokes the Muses, to assist him in praising Epharmostus for his success at Olympia and Pythia, and tells them it requires no common share of genius. He then, speaking of his country, commends him for raising its honour by his skill and success in athletic exercises, and implores the assistance of the Graces; asserting, that no glory can be expected without the aid of the superior Powers,—by whose help, he says, Hercules was able to oppose Neptune, Apollo, and Pluto. Here he checks himself, reflecting, that it is wrong to sing of any thing that may cast dishonour on the gods; and, describing Deucalion's flood, addresses Epharmostus and the citizens of Opus, as being descendants from him and Pyrrha, by means of their daughter Protogenia, who was carried away by Jupiter, and had a son by him named Opus, who founded the city of that name. Him he celebrates for his hospitality, and, enumerating his friends, particularly mentions Menætius. From thence he digresses to the story of his son Patroclus and Achilles attacking Telephus. The poet now, invoking again the Muses, desires to commemorate the victories gained by Epharmostus and his kinsman Lampromachus; and gives an account of their various triumphs; and, asserting the superiority of native over acquired merit, and giving mental accomplishments the preference to all others, he concludes with a compliment to his hero.

STROPHE I.

THE lay Archilochus prepared, the meed
Of every victor on Olympia's sand,
Might have sufficed thrice chanted, to proceed
Brave Epharmostus and his social band;
But from her bow let each Aonian maid
The glittering shafts of harmony prepare,
The heights of sacred Elis to invade,
Her shady forests, and her pastures fair;
Seats sacred still to thunder-bearing Jove,
Which Pelops gain'd, the dower of Hippodamia's
love.

ANTISTROPHE I.

To Pythia too one dulcet arrow send,—
Nor does that poet humble lays require
The chiefs who sing, for glory that contend.—
To princely Opus now the silver lyre
Awake, and chant her son's athletic worth.
Opus, where Themis, with her daughter, reigns,
Divine Enomia.—Mindful of his birth,
He decks the capital of Locris' plains
With ev'ry flow'r on Alpheus' brink that grows,
And every blooming wreath Castalia's cirque
bestows.

EPODE I.

My votive voice, in soothing lays,
Shall sing the much-loved city's praise;

And, swifter than the courser scours the plain,
Or the winged galley cleaves the yielding main,
Will send the messenger of Fame
Through all the admiring world, her honours to
proclaim.

If haply my assiduous hand
Shall cull the flowers that deck the Graces' land,
For every bliss that crowns mankind,
Must from the powers superior rise;
And every plan's by them design'd,
That forms the valiant or the wife.

STROPHE II.

Favoured by them, Alcides' nervous arm
Repelled the monarch of the briny flood;
Nor did the silver bow his heart alarm,
But, firmly, angry Phœbus' rage he stood;
Nor could stern Pluto's rod his breast dismay,
Which drives the dying to his drear abodes:—
Rash muse, desist! nor urge the impious lay;
Hateful's the wisdom that blasphemes the gods.—
'Tis madness, strength absurdly thus to boast,
And mortal might compare with Heaven's trium-
phant host.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Let war and discord, with the ills they
bring,
Be banished distant from the ethereal train:

Fair Protogenia's new-raised city sing,
Where, from Parnassus to the level plain,
Deucalion and his mate descending first,
By Jove's command the rising dome design'd;
While from the stones their living offspring burst,
To fill the nations, and renew mankind.--- 50
Let strains like these their pleas'd descendants
hear, [the ear.
Old wine delights the taste, new numbers charm

EPODE II.

Of old o'er earth's involved head,
The congregated waters spread,
And o'er the wasted country urged their course;
Till Jove, relenting, check'd their ruthless force,
And bade their native beds again
The raging waves absorb, and spare the ravaged
plain.
From Pyrrha and Deucalion then
Your fires arose, a hardy race of men. 60
Thence your honour'd lineage springs,
The offspring of a god's embrace;
And hence, for ever native kings,
With glory reigns the warlike race.

STROPHE III.

Opus, thy daughter erst Olympic Jove
To shady Mænalus from Elis bore;
And there compressing with impetuous love,
Restor'd her to her plighted * lord once more,
Her womb then teeming with the heavenly child;
Left fate his days without a son should claim. 70
The hero on the foster'd infant smil'd,
Pleas'd with his form, and gave his grandfire's
name,
And subjects brave bestow'd, and fain domains;
Whence Opus' lofty walls, and Locris' hardy
swains.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Drawn by his virtues, to whose friendly towers,
From Argos' Thebes' and Pisa's fertile plain,
And fair Arcadia, crowd the social powers,
Menætiæ, chief among the warrior train,
He lov'd, from Actor and Ægina sprung: 79
Whose son, when wrong'd Atreides call'd to arms,
Was nobly found the vengeful train among;
Who, when the Greeks from Telephus' alarms
Found shameful safety on the friendly flood
With Peleus' godlike son, the threatening storm
withstood.

* Locrus.

EPODE III.

From hence the skilful well might find
Th' impatience of Patroclus' mind:
Achilles, therefore, with parental care,
Advis'd him ne'er alone to tempt the war.— 89
O could I soar on daring wings,
Where, in her rapid car, the muse exulting sings;
(For ample power, and eager will,
Attend with duteous care her footsteps still);
Thy social worth, and Isthmian prize,
Lampromachus, should grace my lay.
When fame beheld both trophies rise
Congenial, in one rolling day.

STROPHE IV.

Twice, Epharmostus, too, thy matchless might
Fair Corinth saw, and twice Nemea's ground:
Argos, thy manly brows with glory dight,
And Attica thy youthful forehead crown'd: 100
What praise thou mett'st in Marathon's sam'd
course!

Now, scorning with the beardless youths to run,
Match'd with the veteran race, thy rapid force,
Temper'd with skill, the silver goblet won;
Shout with exulting voice the friendly train,
To see the loveliest youth the fairest trophies gain.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

In Lycian Jove's high feast with wonder glow'd
Parrhasia's sons, thy valour to behold;
And fair Pellana on thy worth bestow'd
Her prize, a guard secure from winter's cold, 110
Iolaus' tomb, and fair Eleusis' plain,
Wash'd by the briny wave, thy deeds attest.—
Though men by labour strive applause to gain,
Yet native merit ever shines the best;
Nor shall the wreaths attain'd by toil and care,
With heaven-descended might, and inborn wrath
compare.

EPODE IV.

Not every path extends the same,
But various are the roads to fame;
With different eyes the same pursuits we view,
Nor all one wish with equal zeal pursue; 120
But his great fame shall highest soar, [lore.
Who climbs the arduous heights of science' sacred
By which inspir'd, I now proclaim
My hero's strength, his courage, and his fame;
Who, conqueror on Oilia's plain,
Bade the bright meed of victory twine,
Great Ajax, round thy votive fane,
And grac'd with wreaths the hallow'd shrine.

NOTES ON ODE NINTH.

Ver. 1. *The Lady Archilochus prepared, &c.*
The Scholiast tells us, Archilochus composed an
ode on the victory gained by Hercules and Iolaus
at Olympia, called *Καλλινικός* from the first word
in it. Its beginning being *ὦ Καλλινικε, χαῖρε*
ἄναξ Ἡράκλειε. This ode it was customary to sing
before every person who gained the prize at Olym-
pia, if he had no poet to compose one purposely
for the occasion.

Ver. 5. But from her bow let each Aonian maid
The glittering shafts of harmony prepare.

This manner of expression is not uncommon with
our poet; he uses it in the second Olympic ode:

Ἐπεχε νῦν σκοπᾷ τόξον
Ἄγε θυμέ τινα βάλλομεν
Ἐκ μαλθακᾶς αὐτὲ φρε-
-νᾶς εὐκλείας οἴσους
Ἰέντες; ἐπὶ τοι
Ἀκράγαντι τανύσαις.

Come on, thy brightest shafts prepare;
And bend, O muse, thy sounding bow;

Say through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows shall we throw?
On Agrigentum fix thine eye;
Thither let all thy quiver fly. WEST.

And a little before in the same ode:

Πολλὰ μοι ὑπαγκῶ-
-νος ἀκία βέλῃ
Ἐνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
Φανῶντα συνετοῖσι.

It is surprising that a man of Cowley's genius could give so very puerile a turn as he has to the first quoted passage,

Leave, wanton muse, thy roving flight,
To thy loud string the well-flecht arrow put,
Let Agrigentum be the butt,
And Theron be the white.

Ver. 10. *Hippodamia*] The learned reader must again forgive me for sacrificing quantity to the genius of our verse and language. I have taken the same liberty afterwards with *Protogenia*. *Iphigenia* and *Hyperion* are commonly pronounced in the same manner.

Ver. 33. *Favoured by them Alcides' nervous arm.*] The Scholiast gives the following account of this passage: "These were the causes which induced Hercules to make war with the gods. With Neptune, for assisting the Pylians, whom he attacked for this reason: Having killed one *Trachinius*, and flying on account of the murder, he came to *Neleus* for his aid in expiating the crime; which being refused him, he made war on the Pylians, whom Neptune assisted, being father to *Neleus* and *Peleas*. With *Apollo*, because, when he consulted his oracle at *Pytho*, he was told that the god was absent; which enraged him so much, that he carried away the tripod. And with *Plato*, on account of his bringing away *Cerberus* by the command of *Eurytheus*."

Ver. 45. *Fair Protogenia's new raised city sing.*] The city of *Opus* is here called *Protogenia* from the daughter of *Deucalion*.

Ver. 49. While from the stones their living offspring burst,
To fill the nations, and renew mankind.

This is the original:

— ἄτερ
Δ' εὐνᾶς ὁμόδαμον
Κτισάσθαι λίθινον γένον.
Λαοὶ δ' ὀνόμασθαι.

By this means, giving the etymology of the Greek word *Λαῖς*, *populus*. *Sudorius* in his version gives the exact sense of *Pindar*, by keeping the Greek work, which could not have been done with propriety in an English translation:

— Jactu lapidum dederunt
Alteram prolem, vocitant et inde
Λαῖν Achivi.

The story of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* renewing the race of mankind, by throwing stones over their heads, is thus told by *Ovid*:

Descendunt velantque caput, tunicae re-
cingunt.

Et jussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt:
Saxa, (quis hoc credat nisi sit pro teste vetustas?)
Ponere duritiem cœpere suumque rigorem
Mollisque morâ molliraque ducere formam.

Ov. Met. l. I.

Ver. 50. Old wine delights the taste; new numbers charm the ear.

Perhaps the poet here means to hint to his patron, the advantage he has in having an ode purposely composed for him, instead of having only the old one, common to all the Olympic conquerors

Ver. 65. *Opus, thy daughter, &c.*] This means *Protogenia*, daughter of *Deucalion*, who is mentioned before; she was married to *Locrus*, from whom the country took its name. *Opus* and *Deucalion* are the same person.

Ver. 82. *And when the Greeks from Telephus' alarms,*] *Telephus* was son of *Hercules*, and, opposing the Greeks in their march to *Troy*, was dangerously wounded by *Achilles*, and afterwards healed by the rust of the same spear that gave the wound:

*Telephus æternâ consumptus tabe perisset,
Si non quæ nocuit dextra tulisset opem.*

Ov. Trist. l. v. el. ii.

As I have mentioned *Achilles*, I must beg the reader's indulgence for a short digression on the story of his being rendered invulnerable by bathing in the *Styx*; which appears to have no foundation in any classic author, and seems to be one of those additions which the Gothic writers were so fond of making to the fables of antiquity: but though the classic authors are silent on the subject themselves, all their commentators are full of it. The following half verse of *Statius*,

— Ad Stygios iterum fero mergere fontes.

Stat. Achil. l. i. 134.

is the only line of any ancient poet that can at all be supposed to allude to such a fable; but is not sufficient of itself, unsupported by any other authority, to make us conclude that it was current in his time, though perhaps it might give rise to it in the imagination of subsequent authors. *Monsieur Boile*, in his Dictionary, says, speaking of *Achilles*, "Ou a dit que sa mere l'ayant plongé dans les eaux du *Styx* pour le rendre invulnerable, ne put procurer cet avantage au talon parce qu'elle tenoit son fils par là. *Fulgence* au chapitre 7 du livre 3, et le Scholiaste d' *Horace* sur l'ode 13 du livre 5, marquent qu'elle le tint par le talon. Ceux qui disent qu'il mourut d'une blessure au talon, comme *Hygin* au chapitre 107, et *Quinte Calaber* au vers 62 du livre 3, conviennent au fond avec les deux autres; *Servius* sur le vers 57 du 6 livre d' *Éneide* dit en general qu'il étoit invulnerable, "excepta parte qua a matre tentus est." *Bayle*, Dict. Art. *ACHIL*.

Whatever *Servius*, *Fulgentius*, &c. may say, sure I am, that there is no word of *Achilles* being invulnerable, or dying by a wound in his heel, in

any ancient Greek poet, nor in Virgil, Horace, or Ovid; and almost every fable of antiquity is alluded to in some or other of the writings of the Iast. Homer actually gives an account of his being wounded in the hand by Asteropæus, who threw two darts together, one of which was innocent:

Τῷ δ' ἐτέρῳ, μιν πῆκυν ἐπιγρᾶδὸν βάλε χει-
 ρός
 Λεξιτερῆς, σὺτο δ' αἶμα κελαϊνεφές——
 Iliad xxi. 166.

One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
 Spun forth——

POPE.

Virgil says,

Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque
 Corpus in Æacidæ.

Æneis, l. vi. 57.

And whoever will take the trouble to read the account of the battle between Achilles and Cycnus, in the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, will, I believe, be convinced that the poet had never heard the story of Achilles being invulnerable, as well as his antagonist.

Mr. Warton, in his History of English Poetry, mentions Statius as a great favourite of the Romantic writers; from that half line, therefore, of his above quoted, it is very probable, they borrowed this story, in every circumstance agreeing

so well with the character of Gothic fiction. Cervantes informs us of a hero of romance, nearly in the same circumstance. Don Quixote, speaking of the various miraculous endowments of different knights, says: "One has the gift of never being enchanted; another to have such impenetrable flesh as never to be wounded, as was the case of the famous Roldan, one of the twelve peers of France, of whom it is reported, that he was incapable of receiving a wound except in the sole of his left foot; and there it must be made with the point of a large needle, and no other weapon whatever. Therefore, when Bernardo del Carpio killed him at Roncevalles, seeing it impossible to wound him with steel, he lifted him from the ground in his arms, and strangled him, recollecting the death that Hercules gave to Antæus, that fierce giant, said to be a son of the earth."

Don Quixote, Part III. Book iv. Chap. 32.

Ver. 93. Thy social worth and Isthmian prize,
 Lampromachus, shall grace my lay.

The Scholia make Lampromachus a kinsman and fellow-citizen of Epharmostus. The elder Scholiast says, that some were of opinion he won the Isthmian crown the same day that his friend did the Olympic; others, that they were both Isthmian prizes; the younger Scholiast only mentions the last opinion. Indeed it was not likely that the Olympic and Isthmian games should be celebrated at the same time.

O D E X.

TO AGESIDAMUS, SON OF ARCHESTRATUS, AN EPIZEPHYRIAN LOCRIAN, ON HIS
 VICTORY OBTAINED BY THE CÆSTUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet begins the ode, by apologizing to Agesidamus, for having so long delayed composing it, after promising to do it. He then compliments him upon his country, and consoles him for being worsted at the beginning of the contest, till encouraged by Ias, by relating the same circumstance of Hercules and Patroclus. He then describes the institution of the Olympic games, by Hercules, after the victory he had obtained over Augeas, and the sons of Neptune and Molione; and enumerates those who won the first prizes in the athletic exercises. He then, returning to Agesidamus, and congratulating him on having a poet to sing his exploits, though after some delay, concludes with praising him for his strength and beauty.

STROPHE I.

O MUSE, awake the Olympic lay,
 Which to Archestratus' brave son we owe;
 The meed I promised to bestow,
 Oblivion's icy hand had wiped away:
 And thou, O truth, the favourite maid
 Of thundering Jove, vouchsafe thy aid,
 To quell their slanderous falsehoods, who pretend
 I e'er with wilful aim deceived a trusting friend.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Full many an hour has rolled away [glow,
 Since shame has made my cheeks with crimson
 So long the promised meed to owe: 11
 But now the song, with interest, I'll repay;

And, as where ocean's billows roar,
 They clear from stain the pebbled shore,
 So shall the breath of this my friendly strain,
 To listening crowds assert my spotless faith again.

EPODE I.

Where, gently fann'd by Zephyr's balmy
 breeze,
 Fair truth o'er Locris' colony presides;
 Her guardian, sweet Calliope she sees,
 While warlike Mars the generous care divides. —
 Bold Cycnus, in the hard-fought field, 21
 Forced Hercules at first to yield;
 Agesidamus, so thy might
 Was wavering in the Olympic fight.

Till, as Achilles' friendly tongue
 Patroclus' fainting limbs new strung;
 So Ilas' words thy drooping spirits fire [inspire.
 Thy slumbering virtues rouse, and godlike deeds

STROPHE II.

When emulation warms the breast, [gain;
 The youth (heaven aiding) matchless fame shall
 But few the envied prize obtain 31
 By slothful luxury and inglorious rest;
 Now, custom bids my Muse proclaim
 Jove's festival and solemn game,
 With which Alcides honour'd Pelops' shrine,
 When Neptune's baffled sons confess'd his power
 divine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

When his triumphant arm had laid,
 O blameless Cteatus! thy glory low;
 And bold Eurytas felt the blow,
 O'ercome by stratagem in Cleon's glade; 40
 From proud Augéas, to obtain
 The promised meed of toil and pain;
 And wreak on Molion's sons the fatal day, [lay.
 When stretch'd on Elis' plains his slaughter'd army

EPODE II.

Soon did the * faithless king his fraud repay,
 He saw his country's fairest hopes expire:
 Saw his exulting cities fall a prey
 To vengeful slaughter, and consuming fire;
 Saw desolation's iron reign
 Extend o'er all his fair domain.— 50
 Vain are the endeavours to withstand
 The vengeance of a mightier hand;
 Awhile he rashly tried to oppose
 The forceful entry of his shouting foes;
 Till, seeing fell destruction round him wait,
 Amidst the press he sought a voluntary fate.

STROPHE III.

On Pisa's plains the son of Jove
 Assembled, with their spoils, his conquering band;
 And bade forever sacred stand
 To his eternal fire this hallow'd grove: 60
 Bade sacred fences straight surround
 The Altis' consecrated ground;
 Whilst round, the festive seats with splendor gleam,
 And crown the verdant brink of Alpheus' honour'd
 stream.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alpheus, who, with the imperial train
 Of high Olympus, shares the sacrifice;
 Where the Saturnian summits rise,
 With site conspicuous from the trophied plain;—
 'There, erst when Oenomaus swayed,
 In snow was wrapped the unnoticed glade. 70
 On the first rites propitious smiled the fates;
 And time, on whom even truth for confirmation
 waits;

EPODE III.

He, rolling on with never-ceasing course,
 To the succeeding race of men, declares,
 How the rich spoils of war's resistless force,
 The godlike hero 'midst his army shares;
 And bids the festive games still cheer
 Again each fifth-revolving year.—
 Who in the contests now ordained,
 The first Olympic wreath obtained? 80

* Augéas.

Whose coursers in the rattling car,
 Or limbs exerted in the sportive war,
 Or feet inured to urge the rapid race,
 Snatched from their baffled foes the matchless
 olive's grace?

STROPHE IV.

On the long stadium's even course.
 Oconus, great Licymnius' valiant son,
 The prize with active footsteps won, [force:
 Who brought from Media's plains his friendly
 Resplendent with the wrestler's oil,
 Fair victory crown'd the * Tegean's toil: 90
 While brave Doryclus, from Tirynthe's shore,
 The castus' manly prize from all his rivals bore.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Conspicuous on his conquering car,
 The Muse Mantinian Semos' coursers sing;
 Phrastor the unerring javelin flings:
 While, by Eniceus' sinews hurl'd afar,
 Beyond the rest the discus flies.—
 Resound the shores with friendly cries:
 While lovely Luna pours her argent light
 Full-orb'd, and cheers with rays the gloomy shades
 of night. 100

EPODE IV.

The echoing woods, and vaulted temples round,
 Ring with the jocund shouts, and festive strain.
 Following their great example, we resound
 Their glories who the Olympic olive gain;
 And in the far-resounding verse
 The manly victor's praise rehearse,
 And tune the hymn to awful Jove;
 Who, 'midst the sapphire plains above,
 Bids the bright-gleaming lightning fly,
 And darts the thunder through the trembling sky:
 Breathed to soft flutes sweet sounds the lingering
 lay,

Which, formed on Dirce's brink, though long de-
 ferred, we pay.

STROPHE V.

As grateful comes the long hoped air;
 As to the expecting fire whom age and pain
 To second child-hood bend again,
 The happy offspring of a legal heir;
 The joyful tidings straight impart
 New vigour to his sinking heart;
 For wealth itself the dying breast offends,
 When to a stranger's hand the envied gift de-
 scends. 120

ANTISTROPHE V.

So he who at dread Pluto's gate
 Arrives unsung;—though worth and fair renown
 His every word and action crown.
 What shining honour shall that worth await?
 Thy ears, the lyre, and dulcet flute,
 Agesidamus! shall salute;
 O'er thy fair fame distil mellifluous lays,
 And all Pieria's choir afford thee ample praise.

EPODE V.

And on his country too we must bestow
 The faithful tribute of a votive verse: 130
 On Locris' race the honied stream shall flow
 While their victorious son my lays rehearse;
 Whom, by Olympia's awful shrine,
 My eyes beheld, with strength divine,

* Echemus.

In the stern conflict bear away
The envied trophies of the day.
Lovely his form, while youth's soft grace
Shed smiling beauty o'er his face;

Youth's bloom divine, which, join'd to potent
love,
The ruthless arm of death, from Ganymedes
drove. 140

NOTES ON ODE TENTH.

VER. 12. But now the song with interest I'll re-
pay.

Pindar, having so long delayed sending the ode, according to his promise, accompanied it with another small one, to atone for his neglect: this is the eleventh ode; which is from thence intitled *Tónos*, interest. It is translated by West.

Ver. 17. Where gently fanned by Zephyr's bal-
my breeze,

Fair truth o'er Locris' colony presides.

There was a colony of Locrians established in that part of Italy called Magna Græcia; who, from their western situation, were stiled Epizephyrian Locrians. Agesidamus was of this colony; the ode being inscribed in the original, *Ἀγισιδάμῳ, Ἀίχρῳ Ἐπιζεφυρίῳ*.

Ver. 21. Bold Cynus in the hard-fought field,
Forced Hercules at first to yield.

Hercules, making war with Cynus, the son of Mars (the Cynus slain by Achilles was a son of Neptune), on account of his cruelty, was at first defeated, though he afterwards overcame and killed him. From this circumstance, and from Patroclus being encouraged by the exhortations of Achilles at the siege of Troy, he consoles Agesidamus for being worsted at the beginning of the conflict, till he assumed fresh strength and spirits from the encouragement of Ias, his *Ἀλσιπῆς*, or anointer: whose business it was, not only to prepare the combatants for the contest, by anointing them, but also to instruct them in the athletic exercises; as appears from what is said of Melesias in the eighth Olympic ode, who in the title of it is stiled *Ἀλσιπῆς*, Unctor. This Ias the elder Scholiast calls Iolas; and the younger Scholiast, and after him Sudorius, Hylus. I have chosen to keep the name as it is in Pindar.

Ver. 35. Jove's festival and solemn game,
With which Alcides honoured Pelops' shrine.

The poet here gives an account of the first institution of the Olympic games, by Hercules, after the victory he had obtained over Augeas, and his allies Cteatus and Eurytus, sons of Neptune and Molione; with whom he made war, to obtain the reward promised him by Augeas: and to revenge the loss of his army, which had been before cut to pieces by Cteatus and Eurytus; in which were slain his brother Iphicles, and also Telamon and Calcedon.

Ver. 62. *The Altis' consecrated ground.*] The Altis was a grove near the Olympic stadium, sacred to Jupiter; in which were placed the statues of the Olympic conquerors. In West's dissertation there is a particular account of it.

Ver. 65. Who worshipped with imperial train
Of high Olympus, shares the sacrifice.

In the original it is,

Μετὰ δώδεκ' ἀνάντων θεῶν.

There were six altars erected by Hercules, to twelve of the principal gods: the first was dedicated to Jupiter and Neptune; the second, to Juno and Minerva; the third to Mercury and Apollo; the fourth, to Bacchus and the Graces; the fifth to Diana and Alpheus; the sixth to Saturn and Rhea.

Ver. 85. *On the long Stadiums even course.*] The poet here gives the names of the conquerors at the first institution of the Olympic games, in the six different exercises, viz. the foot race; the palé, or wrestling; the cæstus; the chariot race; darting; and throwing the discus; all of which, with other exercises added afterwards, are accurately described in West's dissertation on the Olympic games.

Ver. 112.—*Formed on Dirce's brink.*] Dirce was the name of a fountain near Thebes, supposed to have been wife to Lycus, king of Thebes, and transformed into a fountain by Jupiter, after having been torn to pieces by horses, for her cruelty to Antiope.

O D E XIII.

TO XENOPHON, OF CORINTH, ON HIS VICTORY IN THE STADIC COURSE, AND PENTATHLON, AT OLYMPIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet begins his ode, by complimenting the family of Xenophon, on their successes, in the Olympic games, and their hospitality; and then celebrates their country, Corinth, for its good government and for the quick genius of its inhabitants. in the invention of many useful and ornamental arts. He

then implores Jupiter to continue his blessings on them, and to remain propitious to Xenophon; whose exploits he enumerates, together with those of Theſſalus and Ptoëdorus, his father, and grandfather. He then, launches out again in praise of Corinth and her citizens, and relates the story of Bellerophon. He then, checking himself for digressing so far, returns to his hero, relates his various successes in the inferior games of Greece, and concludes with a prayer to Jupiter.

STROPHE I.

WHILST I rehearse the illustrious house's praise,
Thrice victor in Olympia's sportive war;
To friends and strangers open; let my lays
The fame of happy Corinth bear afar:
Which as a gate to Neptune's Isthmus stands,
Proud of her blooming youth and manly bands;
There, fair Eunomia, with her sister train
Blest peace and justice, hold their sacred reign;
Who wealth and smiling ease on mortals shower,
From Themis' genial care, drawing their natal
hour.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But bloated insolence and fell disdain
Far from their peaceful seats they drive away.
Now lovely deeds inspire my sounding strain,
And honest boldness swells my rising lay;
When native worth the generous bosoms feel,
'Tis hard the shining virtues to conceal.
Corinth, on thee the blooming hours bestow
The envied wreaths from manly deeds that flow,
And teach thy dædal sons with careful heart,
First to explore the way of many a useful art.

EPODE I.

Who bade the bullock sacred bleed
To Bacchus in the Dityrambic rite?
Who first with reins the generous steed
Directed in his rapid flight?
And bade the sculptured bird of Jove
The temple's massy roofs above,
For ever fixed on either end,
His ornamental wings extend?
While the sweet muse her silver sounds inspires,
And Mars with glorious flame the warriors bosom
fires.

STROPHE II.

Olympia's honour'd patron! potent Jove!
Whose sovereign mandates o'er the world extend,
O with propitious ear my strain approve,
And, to fair Corinth's virtuous sons a friend,
On Xenophon let gales propitious breathe,
And take with hand benign the victor wreath
He won: surpassing, when on Pisa's shore,
What mortal valor had perform'd before;
The Stadic course re-echoed his renown,
And with knit limbs he gained the Pentathletic
crown.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And twice conspicuous on the trophied course
The Isthmian parsley graced his victor brow;
Nor did Nemea's cirque condemn his force—
And where the sacred waves of Alpheus flow
His father Theſſalus the olive wore
By swiftness gain'd, and since on Pythia's shore,
One sun beheld his might, 'midst wondering eyes
Obtain the Stadic, and Diaulic prize;
And the same month, to grace his honour'd brow,
The third triumphal wreath did Attica bestow.

EPODE II.

Seven times with resolute force
Did Theſſalus the Hellenian trophies gain,

With Ptoëdorus too, his fire,
He triumphed on the Isthmian plain.
The swelling joy, the sounding song,
Still follow as they go along;
What wreaths! what honours! too, they bore
From Pythia's and Nemea's shore!—
He who recounts their various crowns, as well
May number all the sands where ocean's billows
swell.

STROPHE III.

Some medium though will every praise beseech,—
Which 'tis the first of wisdom still to know.—
While, with no alien voice, the much-lov'd theme
The fame of Corinth from my lips shall flow;
And I her chiefs, and prudent fires rehearse,
No sounds fallacious shall disgrace my verse:
There Sisyphus arose, whose wiles could shine
With matchless force and lustre near divine;
Medea there, whom Venus' flames inspire
The Grecian ship to save, and cheat her cruel fire.

ANTISTROPHE III.

When warred the Greeks on Phrygia's hostile
On either side her sons embattled stood, [strand,
Though to bear Helen from the ill-fated land,
Her warriors with the Attridæ crossed the flood;
Yet some, who those with vengeful spears repell'd
From Corinth's race their honour'd lineage held,
For Lycian Glaucus to the Achaian host
Trembling before his lance, would often boast
His fires' abode, and wealth, and wide domain,
Where fair Pirene's waves enrich the fertile plain.

EPODE III.

Who by the silver fountain's side
Much labour found, and much affliction knew,
While winged Pegasus he tried,
Medusa's offspring to subdue;
Till, sleeping on his native plains,
Minerva gave the golden reins;
"Awake, Æolian king! awake!"
"This sacred gift with transport take;
"Show it to Neptune, potent god of steeds,
"While at his hallowed shrine the votive bullock
bleeds."

STROPHE IV.

The Ægis-bearing maid Minerva spoke,
While midnight slumbers clos'd his heavy eyes;
Straight from the dull embrace of sleep he broke,
And seiz'd with eager hand the glittering prize:
Cæranus' son he fought, the neighbouring peer,
And pour'd the wondrous tidings in his ear;
That, as in awful Pallas' holy fane,
Sleep o'er his temples spread her leaden reign;
Before him stood confess'd the warlike maid,
And by his side at once the golden bridle laid.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

The wondering augur bade him straight obey
Each mystic mandate of the dream divine;
To Neptune first the votive bullock pay;
Then to equestrian Pallas rear a shrine:
Beyond his hopes the gods with favouring will
The object of his wishes soon fulfil;

For brave Bellerophon, with joyful look,
The sacred present of th' immortals took;
Threw it with ease about his arching head,
And peaceful in his hand th' ethereal courser led.

EPODE IV.

Now, shining in refulgent arms, 111
The winged Pegasus his limbs bestrode;
And seeking war's severe alarms,
To Amazonia's plains he rode;
And, 'midst the chilling reigns of frost,
O'ercame the female archer-host.
His arms Chimæra's flames subdue;
The dauntless Solymi he flew.—
I pass the death his cruel fate decreed, [steed.
When Jove's eternal stalls receiv'd th' immortal

STROPHE V.

While thus the shafts of harmony I throw, 121
Let me not aim too wide with erring hand;
The Muses now command the strain to flow
To Olygæthidæ's triumphant band;
Recount the early praise and young renown
On Isthmia's and Nemea's cirque they won;
In verse concise stupendous deeds display,
And with an oath confirm the wonderous lay;
That in both stadiums for their vigour fam'd,
Full sixty victor wreaths the herald's voice pro-
claim'd. 130

ANTISTROPHE V.

How oft their brows the Olympic olive
grac'd,
To fame already have my numbers given,
What future crowns shall on their heads be
plac'd,
Though we may hope, is only known to heaven:
Yet if new strifes their genius bids them prove,
We trust th' event to Mars, and mighty Jove.
Oft from Parnassus' heights the meed they bore,
And Argos' fields, and Thebes' resounding
shore;
And well can witness Lycian Jove's high fane,
The manly toils it saw on fair Arcadia's plain.

EPODE V.

Pellana's fields, and Sycion's coast; 141
Megara, and the Æacides' domain;
Eleusis' cirque and freedom's boast,
Fair Marathon's triumphant plain;
Proud Ætna and Eubœa green,
Have their victorious trophies seen.
Through Græcia's realms their large amount
Of wreaths, in vain the muse would count.—
Assist, immortal Jove! my soaring lays,
And crown with honour'd ease my calm-revolv-
ing days. 150

NOTES ON ODE THIRTEENTH.

VER. 1. The illustrious house

Thrice victor in Olympia's sportive war.

The poet here alludes to the several prizes gained by Xenophon, his father Theffalus, and his grandfather Ptæodorus; all which are mentioned in the ode, and not to three prizes won by Xenophon alone, as some commentators have imagined, making *Σταδίου δρόμον* not to signify one exercise, but two. I leave the precise meaning of these words to be determined by those who are more curious in these sort of conjectures; but I think the poet's intention is to put out of all doubt, by the expression *οἶκον τρισολυμπιονίκων*; which plainly relates to Xenophon's family, and not to himself.

Ver. 25. And bade the sculptured bird of Jove,
The temple's massy roofs above,
For ever fix'd on either end,
His ornamental wings extend.

This is rather an obscure passage, and relates to a particular ornament of the Grecian temples, viz. the *Aëtoma*, or figure of an eagle placed there; the invention of which the poet here ascribes to the Corinthians. The Scholiast adds, it was called double, from its form; or rather from there being one placed on each end of the temple, *Δίδυμον δὲ φησὶν ὅτι διπλᾶτον αἰετώματα τὰ ὀπίσθιν καὶ ἔμπροσθεν*. Sudorius only differs from me by placing it within the temple; and perhaps he is in the right, as the word in the original is *ἐνθάδε*;

—vel intra,

Templa aquilæ speciem locavit?

I have seen a Latin comment on Pindar, which supposes *αἰτώμα* to mean a part of the temple itself; and to be so called, from its extending on each side as an eagle does its wings. *Sciendum est αἰτώμα locum et partem templi fuisse, ita dictam quia αἰὼς etiam dicta est propterea quod in modum aquilæ extendentis alas formata esset*. Comment. in Pind. auctore Benedicto Aretio Bernensi, p. 189.

Ver. 37. Surpassing, when on Pisa's shore,
What mortal valour had perform'd before;
The stadiac course re-echoed his renown,
And with knit limbs he gain'd the Pentathletic crown.

The mention only of two prizes here, confirms, I think, my opinion of the passage spoken of in the full note. The Pentathlon consisted of five different exercises, viz. leaping, running, quoiting, darting, and wrestling; thus expressed in a Greek epigram;

Ἰσθμια καὶ Πυθοὶ Διοφῶν ὁ Φίλωνος ἐνίκᾳ,
Ἄλμα, Ποδοκρίην, Δίσκον, Ἀκόντα, Πά-
λην.

Anthologia, l. i. cap. i. epig. 8.

What made it so extraordinary for the Pentathlete to succeed in any of the other exercises, was the great application, and strict and peculiar regimen, necessary to be observed in the attaining

perfection in any one of the Gymnastic exercises; which care the Pentathlete was obliged to divide amongst so many. Plato confirms this in his *Ερσσαι*; where he makes Socrates answer to a person who affirms philosophy to consist in a general knowledge: *Δοκίς γάρ μοι λίσσιν οἷον ἐν τῇ ἀγωνίᾳ εἰσὶν οἱ Πένταθλοι πρὸς τὰς δραμίας, ἢ τὰς πελίαςας, καὶ γὰρ ἐκείναι τέτων μὲν λείπονται κατὰ τὰ τέτων ἄλλα, καὶ δεύτεροι εἰσὶ, πρὸς τὰς τῶν δ' ἄλλων ἀθλητῶν, πρῶτοι, καὶ μικρῶσιν αὐτές.* "You seem to speak of a person like the Pentathlete; who, when matched with a runner, or darter in their own particular exercises, is always inferior, though he may be the first among the other Athlets (i. e. those of his own profession), and overcome them." Longinus has also a passage much to the same purpose; when, comparing Hyperides with Demosthenes, he mentions the various merits of the former, and says, "He bears the second rank in almost every thing, like a Pentathlete, who, though he may be inferior to those who hold the first estimation in their several particular exercises, yet excels all others of the same class with himself." *Ὡς ὁ Πένταθλος, ὥς τῶν μὲν πρῶτιόν ἐν ἀπασίτων ἄλλων ἀγωνιστῶν λείπεσθαι, πρῶτιόν δὲ τῶν ἰδιωτῶν.*

Ver. 48. The Isthmian parsley crown'd his victor brow.

The prizes in the four sacred games are enumerated in the following line:

Ἀθλα δὲ τῶν Κότινος, Μῆλα, Σέλινα, Πίτυς.

The latter of which, i. e. a garland made of the leaves of the wild pine, was the reward given in the Isthmian games. But Pindar's Scholiast informs us, that *σίλινα*, the parsley, was also sometimes given at the Isthmian games, as well as the Nemean; only with this difference, that the Isthmian parsley was dried, and the Nemean green. The third question of the fifth book of Plutarch's *Symposiacs* assigns the reasons for changing the pine branch for the parsley, and afterwards restoring the pine again,

Ver. 48. *Diaulic prize.*] The Dialus was a foot-race, twice the length of the Stadic, consisting of two Stadiums, as that did of one.

Ver. 77. For Lycian Glaucus to the Achaian host, Trembling before his lance, would often boast His fire's abode, and wealth, and wide domain, Where fair Pirene's waves enrich the fertile plain.

Glaucus was king of Lycia, great great grandson to Bellerophon; though Pindar says *Πατρὸς ἀρχὰν* & τ. λ. He was an ally of Priam's at the siege of Troy. In Homer, he gives an account of his whole lineage, and the story of Bellerophon, at large, in his speech to Diomedes, in the sixth Iliad. It is too long to insert here.

Ver. 121. While thus the shafts of harmony I throw.

This is another instance of that manner of expression I have taken notice of in the note upon the fifth line of the ninth ode.

Ver. 124. *To Oligæthide's triumphant band.*] The Oligæthidæ, were a tribe, or division of the people at Corinth, to which Xenophon belonged. The Scholiast says, the number of their prizes was equal in each of the games, viz. Thirty in the Isthmian, and Thirty in the Nemean. *Ἐξηκοντά-κισ γὰρ ἀμφοτέρω τοῖς ἀγῶσιν Ἰσθμίοις καὶ Νεμείοις ἀνεκυρῆχθησαν οἱ Ὀλιγαίθιδαι, τριάκοντα ἐν ἑκάστῳ ἀγῶνι.*

Ver. 137. *Oft from Parnassus' heights, &c.*] The poet here, as in several of his other odes, enumerates the exploits of his patron and his family, in those inferior festivals which were held in almost every city throughout Greece; and where the same exercises were performed, though the prizes were not so honourable as in the four principal ones, viz. the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian; which were called, by way of eminence, sacred. A list of these festivals, with the occasion of them, and the places where they were held, may be found in the twentieth chapter of the first volume of Potter's *Grecian Antiquities*.

C O N T E N T S.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

	Page		Page
Preface, - - - - -	iii.	Book XIV. Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus, - - - - -	84
Book I. The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon, - - - - -	1	Book XV. The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax, - - - - -	89
Book II. The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces, - - - - -	7	Book XVI. The sixth Battle: The Acts and Death of Patroclus, - - - - -	97
Book III. The Duel of Menelaus and Paris, - - - - -	16	Book XVII. The seventh Battle; for the Body of Patroclus: The Acts of Menelaus, - - - - -	105
Book IV. The Breach of the Truce, and the first Battle, - - - - -	20	Book XVIII. The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan, - - - - -	112
Book V. The Acts of Diomed, - - - - -	25	Book XIX. The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon, - - - - -	118
Book VI. The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache, - - - - -	34	Book XX. The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles, - - - - -	122
Book VII. The single Combat of Hector and Ajax, - - - - -	40	Book XXI. The Battle in the River Scamander, - - - - -	127
Book VIII. The second Battle, and the Distress of the Greeks, - - - - -	45	Book XXII. The Death of Hector, - - - - -	133
Book IX. The Embassy to Achilles, - - - - -	50	Book XXIII. - - - - -	138
Book X. The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulysses, - - - - -	57	Book XXIV. The Redemption of the Body of Hector, - - - - -	147
Book XI. The third Battle, and the Acts of Agamemnon, - - - - -	63	A general View of the Epic Poem, and of the Iliad and Odyssey: Extracted from Bosu, - - - - -	156
Book XII. The Battle at the Grecian Wall, - - - - -	71		
Book XIII. The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: The Acts of Idomeneus, - - - - -	75		

POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

	Page		Page
Book I. Minerva's Descent to Ithaca, - - - - -	165	Book XIII. The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca, - - - - -	227
Book II. The Council of Ithaca, - - - - -	169	Book XIV. The Conversation with Eumæus, - - - - -	231
Book III. The Interview of Telemachus and Nestor, - - - - -	173	Book XV. The Return of Telemachus, - - - - -	236
Book IV. The Conference with Menelaus, - - - - -	179	Book XVI. The Discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus, - - - - -	241
Book V. The Departure of Ulysses from Calypso, - - - - -	187	Book XVII. - - - - -	245
Book VI. - - - - -	193	Book XVIII. The Fight of Ulysses and Inis, - - - - -	251
Book VII. The Court of Alcinous, - - - - -	196	Book XIX. The Discovery of Ulysses to Euryclea, - - - - -	255
Book VIII. - - - - -	200	Book XX. - - - - -	260
Book IX. The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, and Cyclops - - - - -	205	Book XXI. The Bending of Ulysses Bow, - - - - -	264
Book X. Adventures with Æolus, the Lestrigons, and Circe, - - - - -	210	Book XXII. The Death of the Suitors, - - - - -	268
Book XI. The Descent into Hell, - - - - -	216	Book XXIII. - - - - -	273
Book XII. The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis, - - - - -	222	Book XXIV. - - - - -	276
		Conclusion of the Notes, - - - - -	281
		Postscript, - - - - -	283

WEST'S PINDAR.

	Page		Page
Preface, - - - - -	293	Ergoteles the son of Philanor of Hemira, - - - - -	309
The First Olympic Ode. Inscribed to Hiero of Scyracuse, - - - - -	298	The Fourteenth Olympic Ode. Inscribed to Afopheus the son of Cleodemus of Orchodemus, - - - - -	ib.
The Second Olympic Ode. Inscribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, - - - - -	300	The First Pythian Ode. Inscribed to Hiero of Ætna, King of Syracuse, - - - - -	310
The Third Olympic Ode. Inscribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, - - - - -	303	The First Nemean Ode. Inscribed to Chromius of Ætna, - - - - -	313
The Fifth Olympic Ode. Inscribed to Psaumis of Camarina, - - - - -	304	The Eleventh Nemean Ode. Inscribed to Aristagoras, - - - - -	315
The Seventh Olympic Ode. Inscribed to Diagoras the son of Damagetus of Rhodes, - - - - -	305	The Second Isthmian Ode. Written upon occasion of a Victory obtained in the Chariot-Race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum, - - - - -	316
The Eleventh Olympic Ode. Inscribed to Agefidamus of Locris, - - - - -	308		
The Twelfth Olympic Ode. Inscribed to			

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

	Page		Page
RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.		The Ninth Pastoral; or, Lycidas and Mœris, - - - - -	352
To Mr. Dryden, on his excellent Translation of Virgil, - - - - -	321	The Tenth Pastoral; or, Gallus, - - - - -	353
To Mr. Dryden, on his Translation of Virgil, By Henry Grahame, - - - - -	322	VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.	
To Mr. Dryden, By H. St. John, - - - - -	ib.	Dedication to the Right Honourable Philip Earl of Chesterfield, - - - - -	355
To Mr. Dryden, on his Virgil. By Ja. Wright, - - - - -	ib.	Essay on the Georgics. By Mr. Addison, - - - - -	358
VIRGIL'S PASTORALS.		Book I. - - - - -	361
Dedication to the Right Honourable Hugh Lord Clifford, Baron of Chudleigh, - - - - -	323	Book II. - - - - -	366
The Life of Pub. Virgilius Maro. Written by William Walsh, Esq. - - - - -	325	Book III. - - - - -	373
A short Account of his Person, Manners, and Fortune, - - - - -	331	Book IV. - - - - -	380
Preface to the Pastorals, with a short Defence of Virgil, against some of the Reflections of Monsieur Fontenelle. Written by William Walsh, Esq. - - - - -	335	VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.	
The First Pastoral; or, Tityrus and Melibœus, - - - - -	342	Dedication to the Most Honourable John Marquis of Normandy, Earl of Mulgrave, &c. - - - - -	387
The Second Pastoral; or, Alexis, - - - - -	343	Book I. - - - - -	413
The Third Pastoral; or, Palamon, - - - - -	344	Book II. - - - - -	421
The Fourth Pastoral; or, Pollio, - - - - -	346	Book III. - - - - -	430
The Fifth Pastoral; or, Daphnis, - - - - -	347	Book IV. - - - - -	438
The Sixth Pastoral; or, Silenus, - - - - -	348	Book V. - - - - -	446
The Seventh Pastoral; or, Melibœus, - - - - -	350	Book VI. - - - - -	455
The Eighth Pastoral: or, Pharmaceutria, - - - - -	351	Book VII. - - - - -	465
		Book VIII. - - - - -	474
		Book IX. - - - - -	482
		Book X. - - - - -	491
		Book XI. - - - - -	502
		Book XII. - - - - -	512

PIT'S VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

	Page		Page
Book I. - - - - -	527	Book VII. - - - - -	579
Book II. - - - - -	535	Book VIII. - - - - -	587
Book III. - - - - -	544	Book IX. - - - - -	595
Book IV. - - - - -	552	Book X. - - - - -	604
Book V. - - - - -	560	Book XI. - - - - -	615
Book VI. - - - - -	569	Book XII. - - - - -	625

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

	Page		Page
Dedication to the Right Honourable Charles Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, - - -	639	Satire VIII. - - - - -	691
Satire I. - - - - -	668	Satire IX. - - - - -	695
Satire II. - - - - -	670	Satire X. - - - - -	698
Satire III. - - - - -	672	Satire XI. - - - - -	702
Satire IV. - - - - -	677	Satire XII. - - - - -	705
Satire V. - - - - -	679	Satire XIII. - - - - -	707
Satire VI. - - - - -	681	Satire XIV. - - - - -	710
Satire VII. - - - - -	688	Satire XV. - - - - -	714
		Satire XVI. - - - - -	716

DRYDEN'S PERSIUS.

	Page		Page
Satire I. - - - - -	721	Satire IV. - - - - -	727
Satire II. - - - - -	724	Satire V. - - - - -	729
Satire III. - - - - -	725	Satire VI. - - - - -	732

ROWE'S LUCAN.

	Page		Page
Dedication to the King, - - - - -	737	PHARSALIA Book IV. - - - - -	773
Preface, giving some Account of Lucan and his Works. By James Welwood, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London, - - - - -	ib.	Book V. - - - - -	784
PHARSALIA, Book I. - - - - -	746	Book VI. - - - - -	793
Book II. - - - - -	755	Book VII. - - - - -	803
Book III. - - - - -	764	Book VIII. - - - - -	813
		Book IX. - - - - -	823
		Book X. - - - - -	838

HOLE'S HOMER'S HYMN TO CERES.

	Page
Preface, - - - - -	847
Hymn to Ceres, - - - - -	849

PINDAR'S OLYMPIC ODES, BY MR. PYE.

	Page		Page
Preface, - - - - -	861	Ode IX. To Epharmostus of Opus, on his Olympic and Pythian victories, - - -	868
Ode IV. To Pfaumis of Camarina, on his victory in the Chariot-race, - - -	ib.	Notes on Ode Ninth, - - - - -	869
Notes on Ode Fourth, - - - - -	862	Ode X. To Agefidamus, son of Archestratus, an Epizephyrian Locrian, on his victory obtained by the Cæstus, - - - - -	871
Ode VI. To Agefias, of Syracuse, on his victory gained by the <i>Arion</i> , or Chariot drawn by Mules, - - - - -	ib.	Notes on Ode Tenth, - - - - -	873
Notes on Ode Sixth, - - - - -	864	Ode XIII. To Xenophon, on his victory in the Stadic Course, and Pentathlon, at Olympia, - - - - -	ib.
Ode VIII. To Alcimedon, on his Olympic victory; Timotheus, on his Nemean victory; and Melesias, their preceptor, -	865	Notes on Ode Thirteenth, - - - - -	875
Notes on Ode Eighth. - - - - -	867		

ROWE'S LUCAN.

	Page		Page
Preface, - - - - -	877	Book I. - - - - -	877
Book I. - - - - -	877	Book II. - - - - -	877
Book II. - - - - -	877	Book III. - - - - -	877
Book III. - - - - -	877	Book IV. - - - - -	877
Book IV. - - - - -	877	Book V. - - - - -	877
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RICHARD BA
Buchbinder
München

